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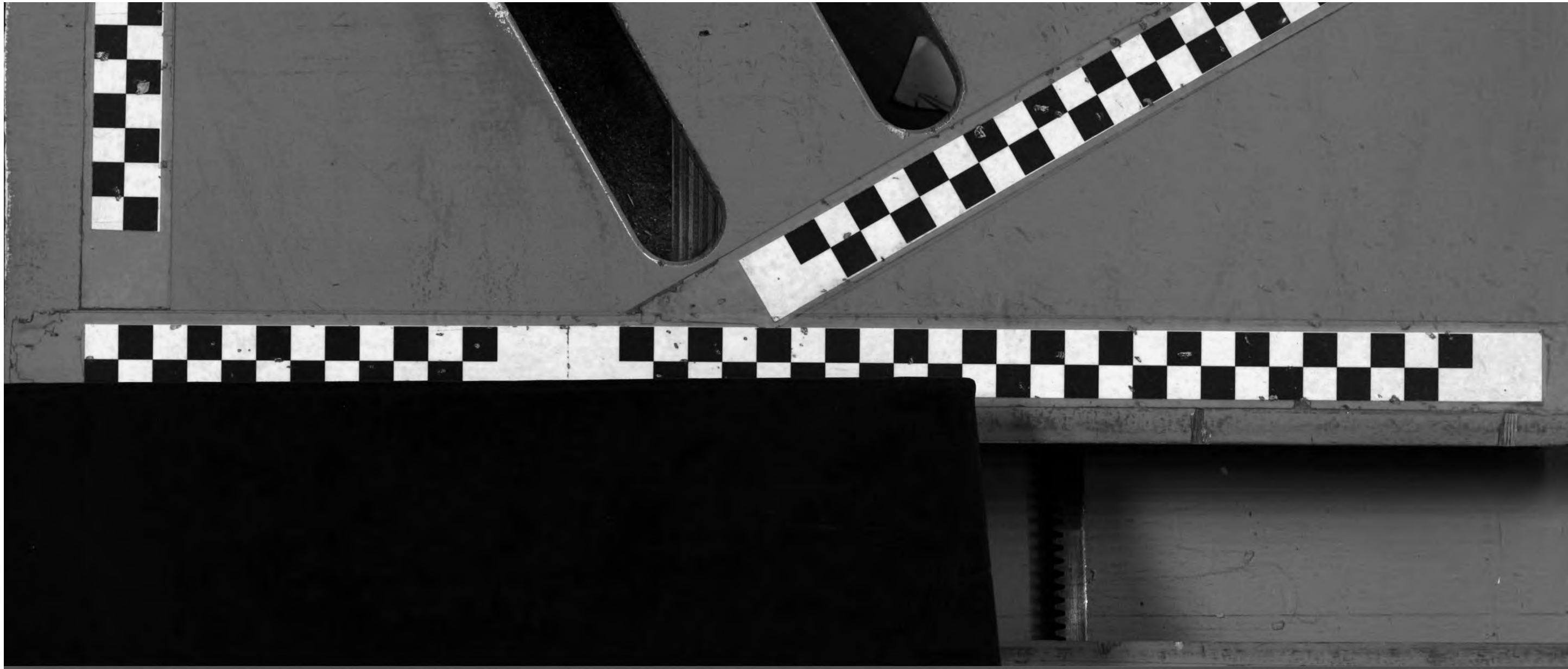

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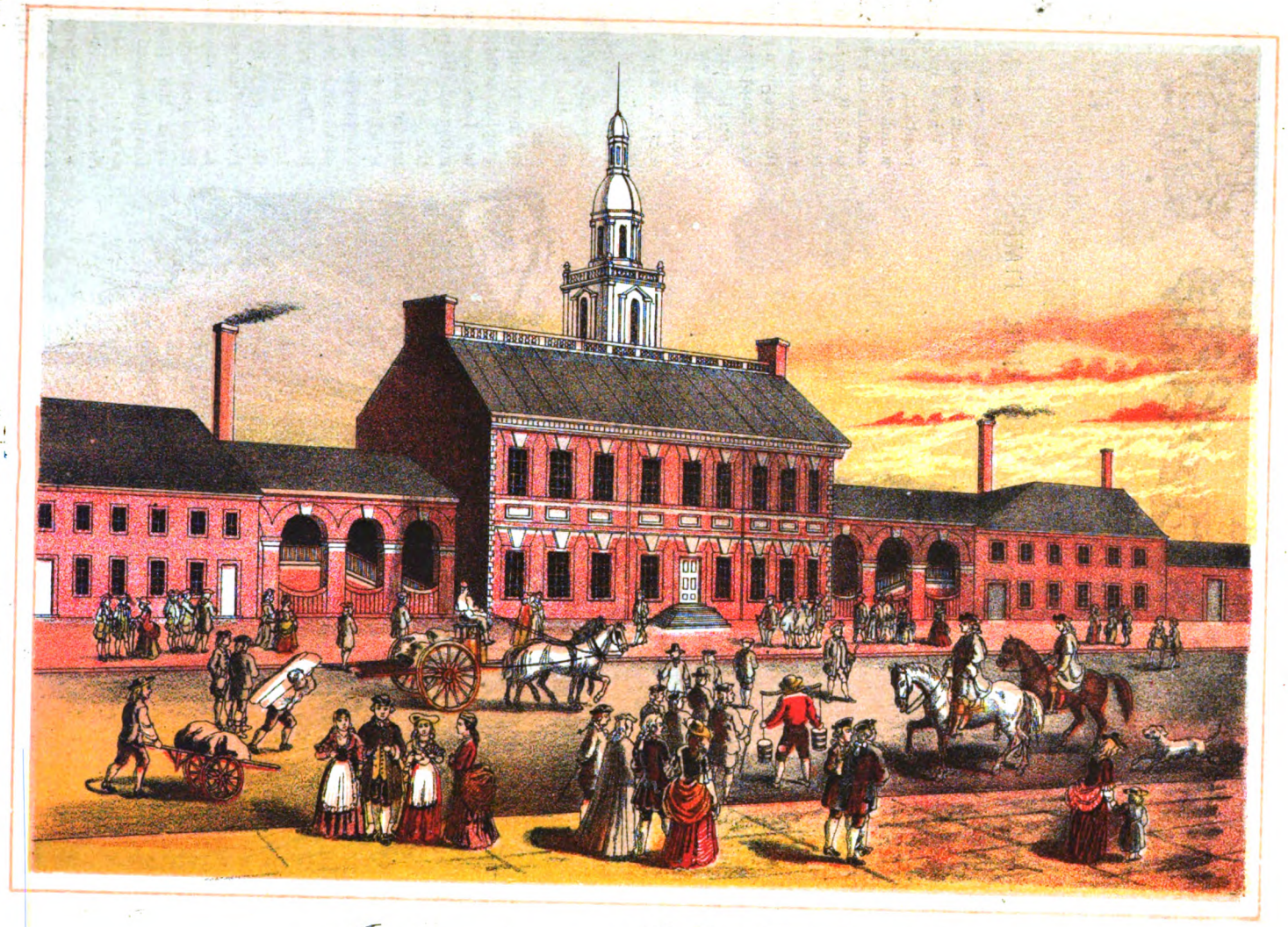

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# INDEX TO VOLUME II.

## LITERATURE.

PAGE

Abbot of Reading, The ..... 592
Adventure with African Apes, An ..... 216
Adventure with a Catamount ..... 356
Adventure with Dyak Pirates ..... 226
Adventure with an Elephant, An ..... 143
Adventure with Hippopotami in Natal ..... 752
Algiers and Algeria. By Colonel T. W. Knox ..... 410
American Prong-horn Antelope ..... 349
Amsterdam, A Glance at ..... 161
Anecdotes of the Peasants of Novara ..... 534
Animated Scarecrow, An ..... 117
Argus Pheasant of Sumatra and Borneo ..... 591
Arsenic Eaters of Styria ..... 39
Artesian Well at Grenelle, Paris ..... 30
Artilleryman and the Elephant, The ..... 466
Automatic Gas Apparatus ..... 638

Babies and their Belongings ..... 359
Banian Tree, The ..... 340
Barney McGee, and How he got his Wife to America ..... 366
Basilewski Palace, Paris, 4, 6; Serenade at ..... 5
Bay Window, The ..... 610
Bear, The (a Newfoundland Sketch) ..... 179
Beeves, A new French Method of Slaughtering ..... 150
Belle Blythewood's Brother ..... 145
Bertha's Casket ..... 151
Bismarck; an Historical Study. By A. H. Guernsey ..... 385
Bosniak Dancing Girl, A ..... 15
Boul or Cheese-Tree in Senegal, Africa ..... 403
Boy's Adventure in the Olden Time ..... 486
Brazil, The Wealth of ..... 447
Buffadero, The, Mexico ..... 295
Burglar Caught by a Girl, The ..... 191

Canadian Travelers lost in the Snow ..... 408
Canute and his Courtiers ..... 119
Cape of Good Hope, A Glimpse at the ..... 480
Cassowary, The ..... 60
Cast into the Lion's Den ..... 61
Cayman, Trapping the ..... 39
Centrifugal Filters ..... 638
Century Plant (*Agave Americana*) ..... 543
Charles Albert Bridge in Savoy ..... 150
Charter Oak, Hartford, Conn ..... 21
Chili ..... 593
Chinchilla, The ..... 574
Choice he Made, The. By Etta W. Pierce ..... 535
Clearing of the Hell Gate Obstructions ..... 628
Coaches and Coaching, Past and Present ..... 230
Coco de mer of the Seychelles Islands, The ..... 534
Cocoanut Trees in Ceylon, Grove of ..... 272
Colkittoch ..... 670
Corn-Grinding in Africa ..... 20
Countess de Coquelicot, The. By Ouida ..... 162
Cromwell and his Contemporaries ..... 673
Cromwell's Cookery Book ..... 294
Curious Lingo, A ..... 370
Curious Mouse-Nests ..... 172
Curious Petition ..... 319
Currant Jelly ..... 238

Daguerreotype, History of the. By Prof. C. A. Joy ..... 122
Dead Man in the Lighthouse, The ..... 695
D'Eon, The Chevalier ..... 292
Detection of Frauds by the Spectroscope. By Prof. C. A. Joy 764
Diamond Ring, The; or, Roxie's Flirtation ..... 702

PAGE

Diamond, The; its Source, Properties and Uses. By Prof. C. A. Joy ..... 375
Dog of the Wreck, The ..... 560
Double Tragedy, A—An Actor's Story ..... 466
Duchess's Diamond, The ..... 208

Eccentric Queen, An ..... 43
Electric Eel, The ..... 476
England, A Mining-Woman in ..... 39
Englishman's Drive, An ..... 251
Entertaining Column, 127, 255, 383, 511, 639 ..... 767
Epistolary Correspondence ..... 371
Escape, An ..... 290
Eventful Interview, An ..... 251
Experiments of an Early Telegrapher ..... 551

Fair Breadmaker of New Windstein ..... 31
Fatal Curiosity—The American Prong-horn Antelope ..... 349
Feats in Swimming ..... 665
Feeding the Birds at Christmas, in Norway ..... 661
Finette Cendron, A Fairy Tale ..... 114
Finniguerra, The Pix of ..... 32
Flower without Leaves or Stem ..... 661
For Twenty Years ..... 743
French Mussel Farm ..... 671

Gavarni ..... 475
Giant Tortoise, The ..... 464
Girl Detective, The ..... 310
Gladys Arden's Disloyalty. By the Author of "She Never told her Love" ..... 705
Goldbrow ..... 753
Grim Experiment, A ..... 33
Guarana ..... 358
Guiana Indians ..... 614

Hairbreadth Escape at Sea, A ..... 465
Harvest Festival in Poland ..... 319
Hawking ..... 303
Hedgecourt ..... 303
Heroic Women of America; Rebecca Motte ..... 742
Hildesheim ..... 610
Hindoo Penitent, A ..... 171
Horseshoes ..... 374
House on the Judengasse, Bamberg, Bavaria ..... 144
How I Shot my first Elephant ..... 653
How the Guiana Indians Live, and How they Prepare Tapioca ..... 614
How to Sweep a Room ..... 655
Humming Bird Hunt in the Region of the Equator, A ..... 563
Humors of the Revolution—the Battle of the Kegs ..... 118
Hunter's Prize The, or Hans van Peleter's Stratagem ..... 662

Icebergs. By Prof. C. A. Joy ..... 50
Indians, What Shall we do With Our ..... 257
Isabella II. of Spain and her Times ..... 1

Judicial Combats among the Ancient Franks ..... 604
Judges' Cave, Westville, Conn ..... 372

Lamantin Fishing ..... 174
Lawyer's Story, A ..... 755
Leaf Insect, or Walking Leaf ..... 503
Legend of the Beetle, The ..... 655
Love in a Glacier ..... 618

Magic Hand, The—An Iceland Legend ..... 240

PAGE
Making Up ..... 690
Man in Europe in the Stone Age ..... 280
Manicure, The ..... 126
Manonie, the Heroine of Fort Laramie ..... 605
Marrying a Muff ..... 692
Mattie Werner's Perplexity ..... 625
Maximilian's Wish ..... 350
McCrea, Jane ..... 502
Memorable Women of America, Jane McCrea ..... 502
Migrations of Birds and Insects ..... 506
Milan Armor of the Sixteenth Century ..... 759
Mining Woman in England, A ..... 39
Mirabeau, a Sensation Drama. By H. B. Baker ..... 551
Monastery of St. Augustine, Canterbury, England ..... 575
Monkeys Attacking a Party of Travelers ..... 762
Morocco Cavalier, A ..... 280
Moscow, Burning of ..... 575
Mrs. Myrton's Murderer ..... 435
Murray, The Predicament of Major ..... 247
Music in Speech ..... 563
My Brief Romance ..... 340
My Duel ..... 498
My First Kangaroo Hunt ..... 180
My Night Lodger ..... 362

Nameless Hero, A ..... 63
Natural Tunnel of Langon ..... 562
New Use for Parrots ..... 751
Night Watchman of Chicago. By A. Shackleford ..... 22
Nothing like Leather ..... 627
Novelist's Law ..... 626
Nuremberg, A Visit to ..... 282

Old English Carved Chests ..... 32
On the Blackwater ..... 406
On the Verge of Death—A Gymnast's Adventure ..... 542
On the Way to Church ..... 670
On Tiptoe ..... 702

Pandanus at Prince's Island, A ..... 121
Panther Hunt, A ..... 293
Parsley Peel ..... 308
Patient Griselda, The ..... 249
Paul and Ruth ..... 107
Peasant Girls of Novara, Italy ..... 534
Peasant Life in Sweden ..... 218
Perilous Play. By Louisa M. Alcott ..... 529
Petroleum, What It Is, and Where We Get It. With a Glance at the Oil Regions of Pennsylvania ..... 513
Photography, History of. By Prof. C. A. Joy ..... 252
Pickerel Fishing ..... 240
Pigeon English ..... 370
Pigtails ..... 397
Pirate of the Lower Saranac. By A. B. Street ..... 434
Pix of Maso Finiguerra—The First Copper-plate Engraving ..... 32

POETRY:
Battle of the Kegs. By F. Hopkinson ..... 119
Calling the Children. By Jennie K. Griffith ..... 106
Day and Night. By Amanda T. Jones ..... 448
Hang Up His Harp, He'll Wake No More. By E. Cook ..... 406
Heart-Leap Well ..... 661
In a Cathedral. By Ada Vrooman Leslie ..... 218
Last Scene, The. By W. Winter ..... 592
Mrs. Smith ..... 476
Pearl Island ..... 308
Retreat, The ..... 282
Sleigh Ride, The ..... 692
Songs of the Winds. By W. R. Wallace ..... 180
The Ruined Abbey. By A. Mathison ..... 151
We are Seven. By Wordsworth ..... 17
Wee Thing, The. By H. Macneil ..... 535
Zenobia Captive. By Ada Vrooman Leslie ..... 15

Point Lace Barbe, The ..... 273
Poisoned Dart, A ..... 657
Polar Bear's Cunning, The ..... 751
Porch of the Convent of Oreza, Wallachia ..... 656
Pounds, John, Gratuitous Instructor of Poor Children ..... 355
Power of Music, The ..... 503
President-making in the United States ..... 129
Pride of a Cow, The ..... 217
Prororoca, The ..... 106
[illegible]ident and the Improvident, The ..... 613

[illegible] Peruvian Cord Records ..... 216

PAGE
Reason in the Horse ..... 106
Reception of Royal Personages and of Envoys in England. By Lady Blanche Murphy ..... 642
Red Thrush Defending Its Nest ..... 363
Rest After Sorrow, 577 ..... 716
Retaliation ..... 183
Revenge and Remorse ..... 546
Robber Crab, The ..... 623
Robbing an Eagle's Nest ..... 527
Roland, Madame ..... 174
Robespierre—A Psychological Problem. By H. B. Baker ..... 425
Roman Pontiffs, The ..... 670
Romance of Rundell's Ruins, The ..... 98
Russian Cook of the Old Faith ..... 405

Samoan and Chinook Head Head-flattening ..... 448
Schaffhausen Cross at Freiburg ..... 592
School for Ladies ..... 627
Science, Recent Progression In, 127, 255, 382, 511, 638 ..... 767
Secret Crime, The ..... 566
Self-registering Rain-gauge ..... 638
Siam, Kings of Opening a Mint ..... 691
Silk in the United States ..... 446
Singular Woman, A ..... 655
Smoking out a Tiger ..... 365
Snakes' Brother, The ..... 241
Soap Mines of California ..... 563
Southern Heroine, A ..... 565
Southern Scenes:—Opossum Hunting, 104; Turtle-shooting, 106; Levee at New Orleans—Cutting and Hauling Sugar-cane, 226; A South Carolina Agriculturist, 348; Charleston Street-Vender, 348; Fisherman's Hut on the Edisto—Shooting Wild Hogs, 486; Negro Boys Playing Circus—An Animated Scarecrow, 610; Returning from the African Church, Richmond—Artist Selecting an Instrument ..... 738
Spanish Gypsy, The ..... 395
Spanish Prison, Visit to a ..... 337
Sporting in Southeast Africa—A Lion Hunt with Moshesh—Kaffir Chief ..... 111
Stolen Deeds, The ..... 439
Study of the Pack Mule, A ..... 190
Stump of a Pipe, The ..... 694
Sweden, Peasant Life in ..... 218

Talbot Diamonds, The ..... 46
Talma. By H. B. Baker ..... 295
Tapioca ..... 614
Telegram, The ..... 17
Terrible Punishment—Peine Forte et Dure ..... 477
Theinkirche at Prague, The ..... 439
Three Days in Quebec ..... 721
Three Famous Standards ..... 543
Three Magic Wells, The ..... 478
Tiger, The ..... 737
Tobacco Pipes ..... 475
Tomb of Queen Ann, Jagellon Cathedral, Cracow ..... 535
Trapping the Cayman ..... 39
Two Children in Black, The ..... 490
Two Pets ..... 702
Tyrannical Feathered Husband, A ..... 188

Underground Wonder, An ..... 315
Unlucky Present, The ..... 762

Venice, its Past and Present ..... 80
Visit to a Spanish Prison ..... 337

Wanderings of a Grain of Sand ..... 506
Washington Eagle, The ..... 445
Washington Parting from his Mother at the beginning of the Revolution ..... 247
We Are Seven ..... 17
What shall we do with our Indians ..... 258
What's in a Name ..... 354
Wheeler Miss, the Heroine of Cawnpore ..... 312
White-crested Hornbill ..... 702
Wild Boar Hunting ..... 497
Wild Boy of the Ardennes, The ..... 180
Willow Switch, The ..... 313
Woman's War, A. By the Author of "Repented at Leisure," etc., 65, 193, 321 ..... 449
Wood-boring Bee, The ..... 761
Writing and Speaking ..... 691

Yan Yost the Spy ..... 754
Young Chevalier Bayard ..... 670
Young Man with Sisters ..... 622

# ILLUSTRATIONS.


PAGE

Adriatic, Marriage of the ..... 82
Adventure with a Catamount ..... 356
Adventure with Dyak Pirates ..... 229
Adventure with an Elephant, An ..... 141
Adventure with Hippopotami in Natal ..... 746
African Apes, An Adventure with ..... 212
After the Hunt ..... 304
Age of a Pyramid, The ..... 447
Alfonso VI., of Spain ..... 9
  Proclamation at Sagunto ..... 8
  Entry into Madrid ..... 12
Algiers and Algeria. By Thomas T. W. Knox ..... 410
Algiers and Algeria—
  Arrival of a new Archbishop ..... 411
  View of Algiers ..... 412
  Moorish Women of Algiers ..... 413
  A Cadi Testifying before the Authorities after the Revolt in 1871 ..... 414
  Algerine Cork-cutter and Jeweler ..... 414
  Algerine Types ..... 415
  Shopping in Algiers ..... 416
  A Moorish Wedding Procession ..... 417
  Arab Dancers—Negro Musicians ..... 418
  Arab Fire-eaters ..... 419
  Religious Mendicants ..... 420
  People Trying to Frighten off Locusts—Fire in a Forest—Inundation ..... 421
  Rebels Defeated by the French—General Lallemant encamped ..... 422
  French Troops in a Rain-storm—Emigrants Arriving from Alsace ..... 423
Amadeus, King of Spain, Opening the Cortes ..... 7
  Leaving Madrid ..... 7
Amsterdam from the Water-side—
  Sunday in the Jews' Quarter ..... 156
  Market-woman ..... 157
  Little Fish Market ..... 160
Anecdotes of the Peasants of Novara ..... 534
Animated Scarecrow, An ..... 117
Ardennes, The Wild Boy of ..... 180
Argus Pheasant of Sumatra and Borneo ..... 591
Arsenic and the Arsenic-eaters of Styria ..... 39
Artesian Well at Grenelle, Paris ..... 28
Artilleryman and the Elephant, The ..... 468
At the Forbidden Books. From a painting by Bougnereau, to face ..... 513

Babies and their Belongings—
  A Lapland Cradle—The Roundabout—The Go-cart—A Pad for the Head ..... 360
  Dutch Custom—Young Italy—Chinese Winter Cradle—Sioux Baby-carriage ..... 361
  Head-flattening ..... 448
Bamberg, Entrance to House in the Juden Gasse ..... 144
Basilewski Palace, Paris, 4, 6; Serenade at ..... 5
Battle of the Kegs, The ..... 340
Banian Tree in the Botanical Garden, Calcutta ..... 340
Barney McGee, and How he got his Wife to America ..... 369
Bay Window, The ..... 613
Bear with Cubs, Wounded ..... 59
Bear, The (a Newfoundland Sketch) ..... 176
Beeves, A new System of Slaughtering ..... 149
Belle Blythewood's Brother ..... 145
Bertha's Casket ..... 153
"Bill of Fare," The ..... 573
Birds of a Feather ..... 168
Bismarck—
  Chamber of Deputies at Berlin ..... 388
  Varzin, Residence of the Prince ..... 388
  King Opening North German Parliament—Bismarck in Council ..... 389
  Religious Question in the Reichstadt—Count von Arnim ..... 392
  Bismarck in his Study ..... 393
  Map of Prussia and the New German Empire ..... 395

PAGE

Boul or Cheese-Tree near Thies, Senegal ..... 404
Boy's Adventure in the Olden Time, A ..... 489
Broken Strap, The. By Sir John Gilbert ..... 576
Buffadero, The ..... 296
Burglar Caught by a Girl ..... 192

Calling the Children ..... 107
Canute and his Courtiers ..... 120
Cape of Good Hope—
  Market Place, Cape Town ..... 481
  Farm-house near town—Simon's Bay ..... 482
  Poort, A Gorge in Table Mountain—Lighthouse Hill ..... 483
  Dutch Farm-house near Worcester—Roman Rocks Lighthouse ..... 484
Captain Jack ..... 266
Cassowary and its Young ..... 60
Cast into the Lion's Den ..... 61
Cayman, Catching a ..... 37
Chapel Cave, near Lewiston, Pa. ..... 316
  Entrance—The Old Man—Curious Fungus ..... 317
Charles Albert Bridge, Savoy ..... 148
Charter Oak, Hartford, Conn., The famous ..... 21
"Cherries are Ripe" ..... 184
Chili—
  Costumes ..... 593
  Church Rock, New Bilbao—Chilians Going to the Baths of Collina ..... 594
  On the Road from Santiago to Valparaiso ..... 595
  View of Valparaiso ..... 596
  Plaza Mayor ..... 597
  Volcano of Antujo—Hurricane in Bay of Valparaiso ..... 598
  A Trilla, or Threshing ..... 599
  The Yamecueca ..... 600
  Terrible Destruction of the Church of La Compañia, December 8th, 1863—Monument Erected on the Site of the Church ..... 601
Chinchilla, The ..... 572
Chinook Head-Flattening ..... 448
Choice he Made, The ..... 537
Christina, Queen of Sweden ..... 41
Christmas at the old Homestead ..... 748
Clearing of the Hell Gate Obstructions ..... 628
Coaches and Coaching—
  The London Four-in-Hand Club ..... 232
  English Coach—Time of Charles II.—of Queen Anne ..... 233
  Swiss Diligence—Overland Mail ..... 234
  English Hackney Coachman, Time of Charles II ..... 235
  Mexican Mail Coach ..... 236
  New York Four-in-Hand Club ..... 237
Cocoanut Trees, Grove of ..... 272
Concert of Amateurs ..... 321
Convent Garden. By Curzon ..... 640
Cornmill, African ..... 20
  Woman of Tetta, Grinding ..... 20
Crookes's Radiometer ..... 638
Cromwell and his Contemporaries—
  Oliver Cromwell, from the Portrait by Cuyp ..... 673
  Cromwell's Bible ..... 675
  Prynne, Bostwick, and Burton on the Pillory ..... 676
  Sir Harry Vane ..... 677
  Cromwell's Watch and Sword ..... 678
  At the Battle of Naseby ..... 679
  Execution of Charles I ..... 680
  Henrietta, of France ..... 681
  Sir Richard Willis's Plot Against Charles II ..... 682
  Oliver Cromwell, from Heade's Copy of the Cooper Portrait ..... 684
  Milton Playing before Cromwell and his Family ..... 685
  The Escape of Charles II ..... 688
Council of Ten Entering the Palace, Venice ..... 83
Countess de Coquelicot, The ..... 161
Crook, General J. A. ..... 269
Curious Mouse-nests ..... 164
Currant Jelly ..... 240

PAGE

Daguerreotype—*Continued:*
Professor Charles's Experiment ..... 122
J. N. Niepce ..... 122
L. Daguerre—House in which Niepce Invented Heliography 123
Unknown Inventor of Sun-pictures ..... 124
Daguerre Discovering Action of Light on Iodide of Silver. 125
Daguerre's House ..... 126
Danton in the Tribune ..... 424
Day and Night ..... 449
Destruction of Ship "Indian Queen" ..... 52
Of "John Rutledge" ..... 55
Dead Man in the Lighthouse, The ..... 697
D'Eon, The Chevalier ..... 292
Detection of Frauds by the Spectroscope ..... 765
Diamond, The—
Military Diamond Escort, Brazil—Diamond Fields, South Africa ..... 376
Diamond-Seekers in Camp, Digging and Washing—Leaving for the Fields ..... 377
Diamond-cutting Works, Holland—Splitting Diamonds.. 378
Polishing—Sizes of Brilliants and Rose-diamonds ..... 379
Gems Found with Gold—Cape Diamonds in the Rough.. 380
The Koh-i-noor, Before and After Recutting—Plan—Mode of Testing ..... 381
The Pitt Diamond ..... 382
Dog of the Wreck, The ..... 560
Don't I Look Well? ..... 345
Double Cocoanut Tree—
Germinating Fruit—Bowl-like Portion of Root—Coco de Mer ..... 533
Double Tragedy, A ..... 469
Duchesse's Diamond, The ..... 209

Eagle, The Washington ..... 444
Eddystone Lighthouse ..... 697
Electric Eels, Mules Driven among ..... 473
English Carved Chest ..... 32
Mining Woman ..... 39
Escape, An ..... 282
Escurial, The ..... 9

Fair Breadmaker of New Windstein ..... 29
Fatal Curiosity—The American Prong-horn Antelope ..... 352
Feeding the Birds at Christmas, in Norway ..... 660
Finette Cendron ..... 113
First Umbrella ..... 751
For Twenty Years ..... 745
French Mussel Farm—Mussel-nets ..... 672
Frightened Tiger, The ..... 737

Gauchey, Dom, Showing his Speaking-tube ..... 548
Germania Guarding the Rhine, face ..... 385
Getting Medical Advice for the Sick Cat. By Watteau ..... 40
Girl Detective, The ..... 309
Goethe's Charlotte. By Kaulbach ..... 585
Goldbrow ..... 753
Grim Experiment ..... 33

Hairbreadth Escape at Sea ..... 465
Hang up his Harp, He'll Wake no More ..... 408
Harvest Festival in Poland ..... 320
Harold Burt, The Night Watchman ..... 25
Hayes, Rutherford B ..... 129
Hedgecourt ..... 305
Hell Gate Obstructions, Clearing of—
Brev. Maj. Gen. John Newton, U. S. A.—Map of Hell Gate, with its Obstructions ..... 628
Coffer-dam and Shaft at Hallett's Point—Visit of Archduke Alexis to the Works ..... 629
View in the Concentric Galleries—Exterior and Interior View of the Rocks ..... 630
Coffer-dam and Entrance to the Avenues ..... 631
Workmen Inserting Cartridges—Primer and Cartridge ... 632
Electric Battery—Bombproof—Workmen Leaving ..... 633
General Newton's Last Inspection—View near the Entrance to the Mine ..... 635
Diagram of the Avenues—Siphon for Flooding the Mine.. 635
Mine Fired by little Mary Newton ..... 636
Hallet's Reef blown up, September 24, 1876 ..... 637
Hendricks, Thomas A ..... 136
Hildesheim, Prussia—
Ancient Rose-Tree ..... 607
Ancient Fountain ..... 608
Hindoo Penitent, A ..... 164
Holy Family, The. By Raphael ..... 201
How the Guiana Indians Live, etc ..... 614
How I Shot my first Elephant ..... 653

PAGE

How the Good Old Clock got Wrong ..... 492
Humming Bird Hunt in the Region of the Equator, 564 ..... 565
Humors of the Revolution—the Battle of the Kegs ..... 116
Hunter's Prize, The ..... 665

Icebergs—
Ships Among The ..... 49
Fall of—Detaching from Glacier—Ice Hummocks—Berg with Lake ..... 50
Specific Gravity of ..... 51
Destruction of Ship "Indian Queen," by an ..... 52
Tunneled Iceberg—Berg with Top Melted Off ..... 53
Destruction of "John Rutledge," by an ..... 54
In Trinity Bay's Broken Berg ..... 55
Sheets of Snow—Berg Showing Water-Lines ..... 56
Panther Anchoring, by an ..... 57
Perilous Seal-Hunting—Walrusses Attacking a Boat ..... 58
Mammoth Found in Iceberg—Wounded Bear ..... 59
If a Body Meet a Body Coming Thro' the Rye ..... 73
Impromptu Vehicle, An ..... 256
Independence Hall, Chromo ..... Frontispiece
Indians—
Group of Prominent Sioux Chiefs ..... 257
Calumet ..... 259
Iowas and Comanches Signing a Treaty in 1867—Satanta Making a Speech ..... 260
Sioux Indians performing the Scalp-Dance ..... 261
Sioux Attacking an Emigrant Train—Scene of the Sioux War of 1865 ..... 262
Issuing Clothes to the Indians—Supplies ..... 263
Indians and the Army—Indians and Peace Commissioners 264
Uintah Mountains ..... 265
Captain Jack ..... 266
Attack on Miners ..... 267
Action Between Sioux and Volunteers ..... 268
Gen. G. A. Crook ..... 269
Crook's Army Advancing ..... 270
Isabella II. of Spain— ..... 1
Journey to Lisbon ..... 2
Arrest of Members of the Cortes—Queen receiving Golden Rose sent by the Pope ..... 3
Imperial Castle at Pau—Isabella and her Family at Pau—Palace Basilewski ..... 4
Serenade to the Queen at Paris ..... 5
Residence in Paris—Abdication ..... 6
Serrano as Regent—Amadeus Opening the Cortes. His Departure ..... 7
Proclamation of Alfonso—Gen. Martinez de Campos ..... 8
Alfonso VI.—Palace of the Escurial ..... 9
Entry into Madrid ..... 12
Palace of La Granja ..... 13
Italian Armor of the 16th Century ..... 760
Italian Fisher Girl, An, face ..... 129

Judges' Cave, Westville, Conn ..... 372
Whalley's First and Present Headstones ..... 272
First Stone at Duxwell's Grave—Duxwell's Monument—Stone at Goff's Grave ..... 373
Judicial Combats among the Ancient Franks—A Woman's Wager of Battle ..... 604

La Granja, Palace of ..... 13
Lamantin Fishing ..... 165
Landscape and Animals. By Tryon ..... 640
Last Scenes, The ..... 592
Lawyer's Story, A ..... 757
Leaf Insect, or Walking Leaf, The ..... 505
Lili. From a painting by Kaulbach ..... 189
Little Truants, The ..... 457
Love in a Glacier ..... 621

Making Up ..... 689
Madrid, 37, 12 ..... 13
Magic Hand, The ..... 241
Mammoth found in Iceberg ..... 59
Man in Europe in the Stone Age ..... 280
Manonie, the Heroine of Fort Laramie ..... 605
Marius at Minturnæ. By Drousis ..... 577
Martinez de Campos, Gen., Proclaiming Alfonso ..... 8
Marrying a Muff ..... 698
Mattie Werner's Perplexity ..... 625
Maximilian's Wish ..... 353
McCrea, Jane, Murder of ..... 504
Mirabeau at Versailles ..... 549
Answering the King's Messenger ..... 553
Outbreak of the Revolution ..... 557
Monkeys Attacking a Party of Travelers ..... 764

PAGE
Morocco Cavalier, A ..... 277
Moscow, Burning of ..... 575
Motte, Rebecca ..... 744
Mrs. Myrton's Murderer ..... 437
Mrs. Smith ..... 476
Musical Party, The. By Worms ..... 193
My Brief Romance ..... 341
My Duel ..... 497
My First Kangaroo Hunt ..... 181
My Night Lodger ..... 365

Nameless Hero, A ..... 64
Natural Tunnel of Langon ..... 561
Niepce, Joseph N. ..... 123
House in which he Invented Heliography ..... 123
Niepce de St. Victor taking Photographs ..... 252
Noyade during the French Revolution ..... 425
Nuremberg—
Royal Palace ..... 281
Bride's Door in St. Lawrence Church ..... 283
Nassau House and Virgin's Fountain ..... 284
Shrine of St. Sebald ..... 285
Duer's House and Tomb ..... 286
The Jungfern Keep—Interior ..... 287
The Frauen-kirche ..... 288

Old English Carved Chests, Time of Queen Elizabeth ..... 32
On the Verge of Death ..... 541
On the Way to Church ..... 671
On Tiptoe ..... 701
"Organist's Widow," The ..... 256
Origin of the Plow, The ..... 65

Pandanus, or Screw Palm Tree at Prince's Island ..... 121
Panther Hunt, A ..... 293
Parsley Peel ..... 308
Patience and Impatience ..... 713
Paul and Ruth ..... 109
Pau—
Palace at ..... 4
Queen Isabella at ..... 4
Pearl Island ..... 308
Perilous Play ..... 529
Pest of the Neighborhood, The ..... 48
Pet Fawn, The ..... 329
Peasant Girls of Novara, Italy ..... 532
Perilous Play. By Louise M. Alcott ..... 529
Petroleum—
A Flatboat Ascending Oil Creek ..... 573
Prospecting for Oil—Diagram of an Oil Well ..... 514
Machinery Used in Boring for Oil ..... 515
Filling Flatboats—Filling Barrels from Tank ..... 516
Pyramids of Barrels ..... 517
General View of an Oil Well ..... 518
Street Scene at Titusville in 1864 ..... 519
Waiting for a Chinaman—"Put Out Your Pipes, Gentlemen" ..... 520
A First-Class Passenger-Packet on Oil Creek in 1864 ..... 521
Teaming on Oil Creek—Flatboat with Cargo of Oil for Pitsburgh ..... 522
Oil Tank of a Flowing Well ..... 523
Depot of Railway at Titusville ..... 524
General View of Oil Creek Valley ..... 525
Photography—
Niepce de St. Victor—Fox Talbot ..... 252
Specimen of Photo Engraving—A. Poitevin ..... 253
Pickerel Fishing ..... 244
Pigtails ..... 397
Pirate of the Lower Saranac, The ..... 433
Pix of Maso Finiguerra—The First Copper-plate Engraving ..... 32
Pleasant Evening Hour ..... 512
Point Lace Barbe, The ..... 273
Poisoned Dart, A ..... 657
Poitevin, Auguste ..... 253
Porch of the Convent of Orezu, Wallachia ..... 656
Pounds, John, Gratuitous Instructor of Poor Children ..... 356
Power of Music, 500 ..... 501
Prague, The Theinkirche at ..... 440
Predicament of Major Murray, The ..... 249
President-making in the United States—
R. B. Hayes ..... 129
W. A. Wheeler ..... 132
S. J. Tilden ..... 133
T. A. Hendricks ..... 134
First Presidential Residence ..... 137
Grant's Inauguration in 1873 ..... 139
A Reception at the White House ..... 140

PAGE
Pride of a Cow, The ..... 217
Prororoca of the Tsien-tsang River, China ..... 104
Pressing to Death of Margaret Clitheroe ..... 477
Provident and the Improvident, The ..... 620
"Puzzled Village Doctor, The ..... 449

Quebec—
Three Days in the Ice Cone at the Falls of Montmorenci ..... 720
Jacques Cartier—Cartier and his Ships on the St. Charles River in 1535 ..... 721
Flight of Stairs Covering Grave of Champlain ..... 722
Death of Wolfe, from West's painting—Monument on the Plains of Abraham—Medal commemorating the Capture of Quebec ..... 723
The Provincial Parliament House ..... 724
The Old St. John's Gate—the New St. John's Gate ..... 725
The Market in the Lower Town, with the Fortifications in the background—a French Rocking-Chair—Market Women Driving into town ..... 726
The Cathedral, Quebec—Christian Brother and Policeman—Old Market Women ..... 727
The Montcalm House—House to which Montgomery's Body was carried—Interior of the Citadel ..... 728
The new Jail—The Montcalm Monument—View in Little Champlain Street ..... 729
Indian Boys at Loretto Making Snow-shoes ..... 730
City Hall and St. Louis Gate—Ruins of the Church of St. Lawrence ..... 731
Scene of the Conflagration in the St. Louis suburb in 1876 ..... 732
Montcalm's Headquarters, with a Distant View of Quebec ..... 733
Monument to Commemorate the Battle of Ste. Foye ..... 734
Portrait of F. X. Garneau, Canadian Historian ..... 735
Madame de la Peltrie Washing and Dressing Indian Children ..... 736
Quiet Cloister, The ..... 512
Quipos, or Peruvian Indian's Cord Record—Quipo Casket of Indian Workmanship ..... 216

Rafflesia Arnoldi, The ..... 66
Raven's Voice, The ..... 401
Reader, The. By Toulmouche ..... 400
Reason in the Horse ..... 105
Reception of Royal Personages and of Envoys in England—
Queen Victoria Receiving the Shah of Persia at the Sovereign's Entrance, Windsor Castle ..... 641
The Shah Landing at Dover—The Shah Replying to the Address of the City of London ..... 642
The State ball at Buckingham Palace—Visit of the Sultan of Turkey to England—His Imperial Majesty Landing at Dover ..... 643
Visit of the Sultan to Her Majesty at Windsor—Reception at Guildhall ..... 644
Presentation of the Address of the Corporation—Embarkation of the Sultan at Clarence Yard, Portsmouth, for the Naval Review ..... 645
The Czar of Russia's Visit to England—Debarkation at Dover—Scotch Music at the Royal Banquet to the Czar ..... 646
Review at Aldershot before the Czar ..... 647
Review at Windsor in Honor of the Khedive of Egypt—Reception of the Khedive by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland—Reception by the Lord Mayor ..... 648
Syed Burgash Bin Said, Sultan of Zanzibar—The Sultan at Lady Frère's Garden Party—Visiting a Factory at Birmingham ..... 649
The Burmese Embassy in England in 1872—The Queen Receiving the Burmese Embassy at Windsor Castle—Visit of Tougawa Minbutaiho, Brother of the Tycoon of Japan ..... 650
Lord Mayor of London Receiving Cav. Venturi, Prefect of Rome—Presentation of Address to the King of the Belgians ..... 651
The Shah Visiting the Egerton Cotton Mills ..... 652
Retaliation ..... 185
Retreat, The ..... 276
Revenge and Remorse ..... 545
Robber Crab, The ..... 624
Robbing an Eagle's Nest ..... 528
Robespierre—
Danton ..... 424
A Noyade ..... 425
Procession of the Goddess of Reason ..... 429
Execution of Robespierre ..... 432
Roland, Madame ..... 169
In her Youth ..... 172
The Summons to the Scaffold in the Reign of Terror ..... 173
Romance of Rundell's Ruins, The, 97 ..... 99
Ruined Abbey, The ..... 15[illegible]

PAGE
Russian Cook of the Old Faith ..... 405

Samoan and Chinook Head-flattening ..... 448
Schaffhausen Cross at Freiburg, Baden ..... 592
Seal-hunting on the Ice Floes, Perilous ..... 59
Secret Crime, The ..... 569
Sioux Indian Babies ..... 361
Sir Walter of Heartleap Well ..... 664
Sleigh Ride, The ..... 692
Sleigh Peddler, The ..... 768
Serrano, Marshal, taking Oath as Regent ..... 7
Smoking out a Tiger ..... 368
Snakes' Brother, The ..... 245
Songs of the Winds ..... 180
Southern Heroine, Anna Elliot ..... 568
Southern Scenes:
Opossum Hunting in Maryland ..... 100
Shooting Turtles ..... 101
Levee at New Orleans ..... 225
Cutting and Hauling Sugar-cane ..... 228
A South Carolina Agriculturist ..... 348
Charleston Street-Vender ..... 349
Fisherman's Hut on the Edisto ..... 485
Shooting Wild Hogs ..... 488
Negro Boys Playing Circus ..... 609
An Animated Scarecrow ..... 612
Returning from the African Church, Richmond ..... 740
Artist Selecting an Instrument ..... 741
Sporting in Southeast Africa—A Lion Hunt ..... 112
Spring of Life, The ..... 128
Stolen Deeds, The ..... 441
Street Sweep of Paris. By Gavarni ..... 472
Stump of a Pipe, The ..... 696
Sweden, Peasant Life in—
The Jul Buske, or Christmas-tree—The Syskon Sang ..... 220
May Day Sports ..... 221
A Horse Fair ..... 222
The Tomte Gubbe ..... 222
Hut on a Clearing ..... 223
Wedding ..... 224
The Slotter Ol ..... 224

Talbot Diamonds, The ..... 45
Talbot, Fox ..... 252
Talma. By H. B. Baker ..... 297
Tallian, Mme ..... 301
Tambourine Player, The, face ..... 257
Tapioca—
Preparation of ..... 616
Cassava Press, Bowl, Quake, or Light Basket ..... 617
Telegram, The ..... 17
Tetta, Woman of, Grinding Corn ..... 20
Theinkirche at Prague, The ..... 440
Three Magic Wells, The ..... 478
Three Famous Standards ..... 543
Thrush, Red, Defending its Nest ..... 364
Tilden, Samuel J. ..... 133
Toilet of a Spanish Gypsy, The ..... 396

PAGE
Tomb of Queen Ann, Jagellon Cathedral, Cracow ..... 540
Tortoise, The Giant ..... 464
Travelers Lost in the Snow ..... 409
Two Children in Black, The ..... 493
Two Pets ..... 704
Tyrannical Feathered Husband, A ..... 188

Uintah Mountains, The ..... 255
Underground Wonder, 316 ..... 317

Venice—
The Rialto—Interior of a Gondola—Venetian Omnibus ..... 80
Views in some Venetian Streets ..... 81
Marriage of the Adriatic ..... 82
Council of Ten entering the Palace ..... 83
Square of St. Mark's—Mode of Arranging Spiles ..... 83
Water Carrier—Mode of Putting up Butter—Only Vehicle Maize-seller ..... 84
Fruit-seller—Afternoon at the Fish Market ..... 85
Ducal Palace ..... 86
Staircase in it ..... 87
Abbey of the Armenian ..... 88
Scene on the Grand Canal—Oil Carrier—Lady Reading on Her Balcony ..... 89
Gondola Entrance—Hotel Victoria—Section of Prison in Doge's Palace—Execution Dungeon—Water Gate—Railroad Gate ..... 90
Inauguration of Folly Week—Bal Masque on the Piazza of St. Mark—At the Theatre ..... 91
Returning from the Fenice Theatre ..... 92
Palazzo Ferro ..... 93
Gates of the Arsenal ..... 94
Emperor of Austria and King of Italy in a Gondola ..... 96
Visit to a Spanish Prison—Friends Without ..... 336

Walruses Attacking a Boat ..... 58
Washington's House, Pearl Street, New York ..... 137
Parting from his Mother ..... 248
Wee Thing, The ..... 536
Wheeler, W. A. ..... 132
Wheeler Miss, the Heroine of Cawnpore ..... 312
Which Hand is it In? ..... 213
Which Will You Have, Crust or Crumb? ..... 108
White-crested Hornbill ..... 700
Widowed Duck, The ..... 384
Wild Boar Hunting ..... 496
Wild Boy of Ardennes, The ..... 177
Willow Switch, The ..... 313
Woman's Tailor in Bearn ..... 384
Wood-boring Bee and its Nest, The ..... 761

Yan Yost the Spy ..... 756
Young Chevalier Bayard ..... 670

Zinc—
Belgium Furnaces for Reduction of—Silesian Furnace ..... 507
Silesian Furnace—Muffler—Furnace for Zinc, White ..... 508
Burning Zinc—Gold Extraction by Zinc ..... 509
Granulating Zinc—Tree of Saturn—Chimney Pots—Brass Furnace ..... 510

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# ISABELLA II., OF SPAIN, AND HER TIMES.

AMONG the political figures brought into prominence by the historical exigencies of the past half century, that of Isabella II., of Spain, is by no means the least important. The history of Spain during this period has been one of continued revolutions and popular disturbances. Until her final retirement from the country removed her altogether from the sphere of politics, Isabella Segunda was the prolific cause, or, at least the occasion, of most of these.

The declination of Spain from a first-class power, owning the sovereignty of the seas, dictating terms, almost of existence, to distant countries; exploring, colonizing, proselytizing in all parts of the world, this fall, although gradual, has been rapid; and we may perhaps say that its more important steps have been taken during the half century of which we write.

ISABELLA II., EX-QUEEN OF SPAIN.

The important position, however, which this country sustains in reference to the Western Continent, and the near relations into which the American people are brought with her colonists, will, for a long time to come, render Spanish history a subject of interest to us.

Recent works upon Spain, and notably that magnificent one illustrated by the truthful and graphic artist, Gustav Doré, have well informed the rest of the world of the nature and characteristics of the Spanish people in their social and domestic life, their religious fervor and bigotry, their games and their industries. But to evoke anything like a just judgment upon the political formation and consistency of the Spanish people, it would be necessary to have a much more thorough insight into their nature

than such superficial, although attractive, works can possibly afford.

A conglomerate nation, composed of material the most diverse and least assimilating, the Spaniards have doubtless carried in themselves the seeds of their decline and dissolution, as a homogeneous nation, for centuries. So little is the Spaniard a patriot, in the blood sense of the term, that his country might almost be considered a confederation of distinct social, if not political, unities, wherein the Castilian, and Andalusian, the Galician, and the Basque own each natural allegiance only to his own province, while, however, sustaining a *quasi* loyalty to the entire aggregate, whenever this is threatened or criticised by the outside barbarian.

A mixed population of native blue-blooded Spaniards, *Gitanos* or gypsies, Basques and actual Moors, resulting from the old conquest of Grenada, could scarcely be expected to assimilate or to remain in agreement as a united people. A race volatile and frivolous, yet with sufficient ferocity in their blood to render them dangerous and ungovernable, it required but a firebrand to set in flames the smoldering possibilities of a political eruption.

This firebrand was furnished in 1830, when Ferdinand VII., then king, inspired and urged thereto by Maria Cristina, his fourth wife, there being no direct heir to the crown, repealed the old Salic law, established by Philip V., by which no female child could succeed to the throne of Spain. This was in view of the probable advent of such a scion, and when, on October 10th of that year, 1830, Maria Isabel Luisa was born, she entered, by reason of this repeal, into the succession to the crown, the order to this effect being confirmed by the decree of the 29th of March, 1830, and the child proclaimed queen, at Madrid, October 2d., 1833.

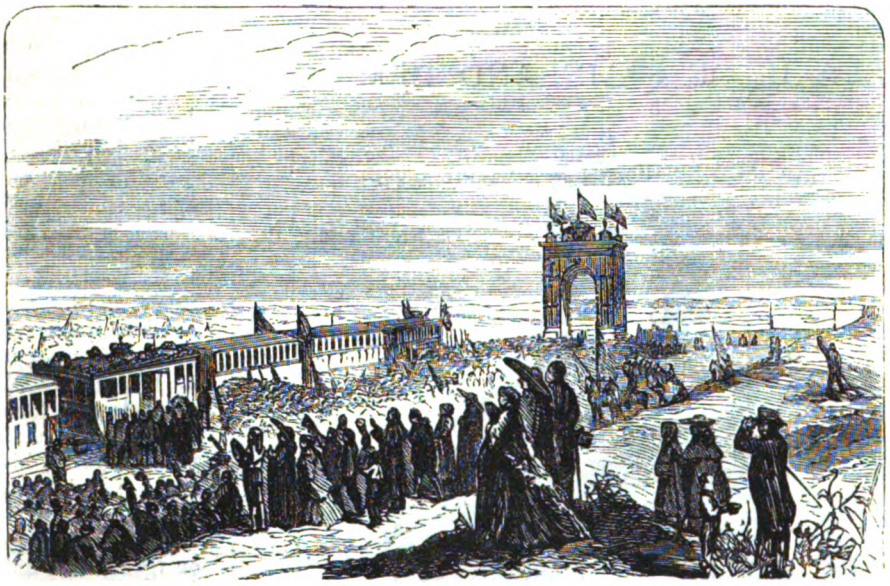
Now this action on the part of King Ferdinand VII., with regard to the succession, displeased his brother Charles Maria Joseph Isidore, "Don Carlos," and may be said to have in a considerable measure originated the rebellious and revolutionary spirit which has since embroiled Spain in continuous civil war.

Naturally such action on the part of the king could not pass without opposition from the direct line, and in September, 1832, the Apostolic party, as it was called—that of Don Carlos—extorted from the king, then lying dangerously ill, a revocation of the decree of 1830. The intrigue was, however, discovered before it had culminated, and through the influence and efforts of the queen-mother the attempt proved a failure. During this illness the queen, Maria Cristina, was appointed regent. Surrounding herself by a ministry composed of the *Moderados*, as they were called, she sought to effect a reconciliation with the Liberal party, in order to break the power of the associates and followers of Don Carlos, now beginning to be known as the Carlists.

The excluded heir to the crown entered a protest against the action of his brother, but the Cortes, in 1834, unanimously decided to sustain the decree by which Don Carlos and his descendants were deprived of the throne.

On September 29, 1833, King Ferdinand died, when Isabella was at once declared queen, her mother, however, continuing to act as regent. This was the signal for a general political conflagration, and civil war ensued. Don Carlos was proclaimed, in the Basque provinces, as Charles V.; and although his greatest strength lay in that section, he was also sustained by a majority of the clergymen, and of the peasantry throughout the kingdom.

On the other side, and sustaining the new régime and the queen-mother, there were the Moderados and Liberals, and the power of these, and chiefly the influence of Maria Cristina, was sufficient to occasion the decree of expulsion enacted in 1834, and confirmed in 1836, by which Don Carlos was banished from the country. The Queen Regent gained her influence chiefly through concessions, and mainly that of the promise of a constitution to Spain.



JOURNEY OF THE QUEEN OF SPAIN TO LISBON.

In the meantime, however, the civil war went on, and for a time the Carlists were successful. The queen-mother was forced to appeal to England and France for aid, and these governments allowed recruiting for the Spanish army in their territory, a force of 10,000 men being raised in England alone.

At this time the Carlist general was Zumalacarregui, a man possessing great military ability and exceeding popularity. Unfortunately for the Carlist cause, this general died when the cause itself began to decline. A change in its fortunes took place, which became still more pronounced when, in 1836, the supreme command of the royal army in the northern provinces was assumed by Espartero.

In the meantime the radical wing of the progressive party having, through its alliance with the queen-mother, succeeded in gaining extraordinary influence at Court, demanded new concessions, and in 1837 the so-called modified constitution of 1812 was adopted in consequence. By the end of August, 1839, actual hostilities had ceased, and a virtual peace was concluded at Vergara by convention between Espartero and General Maroto, the immediate result of which was that Don Carlos fled to France.

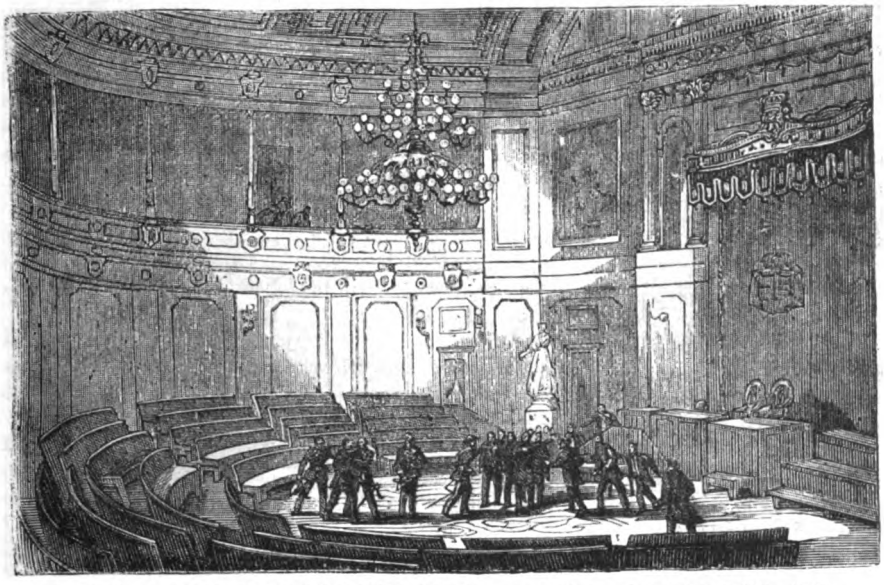
General Cabrera, however, maintained himself with a small Carlist force until July, 1840, when he also withdrew into France, and the Carlist war was at an end. This General, Ramon Cabrera—created, by Don Carlos, Count de Morella—was one of the most distinguished of the early Carlist generals.

Naturally of a bloodthirsty and vindictive disposition, his character in this respect became more ferocious after his mother had been executed by orders of General Mina, the celebrated guerrilla chief, and he thenceforth gave no quar-

ter. He received his first title in 1868, on the occasion of his capturing a fortress of that name.

After his defeat in 1840, and his flight to France, he was imprisoned in the castle of Ham until 1841, and at a later period took part in a number of Carlist uprisings.

But, no sooner had the Carlist war ended when another revolutionary movement broke out, occasioned by the passage through the Cortes of a law abolishing the hitherto existing municipal rights of the Spanish towns. This disturbance proved serious, and the queen-mother found it necessary to appoint Espartero—the leader of the movement—prime minister, and then, accompanied by the chiefs of the Moderados, to embark for France, then as ever since the sanctuary for expatriated Spaniards, royal or otherwise.



ARREST OF THE MEMBERS OF THE SPANISH CORTES, AT MADRID, SPAIN, DECEMBER 27TH., 1866.

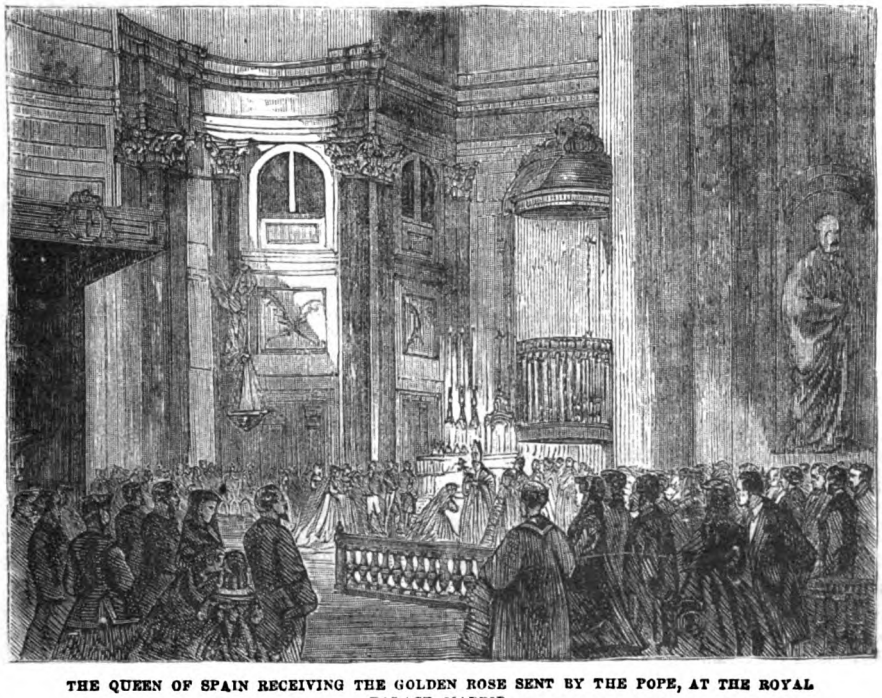
In 1841 the Cortes appointed Espartero regent during the minority of the queen, and Argüelles, an old Constitutionalist of 1812, was selected for her tutor. The administration of Espartero appears to have been exerted for the solid advantage of Spain. New roads were built, canals were dug, mining operations were undertaken and prosecuted with considerable energy, and a more earnest effort appeared to be making for the real advantage of the Spanish people, and with a view of strengthening the Spanish government than had been witnessed for many years.

The new administration, however, could not please everybody, and having ordered the sale of certain ecclesiastical property—always a pregnant occasion for ecclesiastical ire wherever the step has been taken—the Spanish clergy united with the Moderados and Absolutistas, and by this union became strong enough to seriously harass Espartero by instigating insurrections in different parts of the country. The activity of Maria Christina and her partisans in Paris materially conduced to this result. Her hotel in the Rue de Courcelles was a rival Spanish court, and her agents were more accredited at the Tuileries than the ambassadors of the lawful regent. Her offended womanhood thirsted for a large revenge; attainted soldiers stimulated to excess her natural feelings, and the astute sovereign by her side, Louis Philippe, who had already insulted Espartero, knew and discouraged not her plans to win or corrupt the Spanish army. Narvaez and his friends were accordingly sent to Spain by sea and a million of francs by land, as a proper and not altogether unnecessary reinforcement of the cause of Maria Christina.

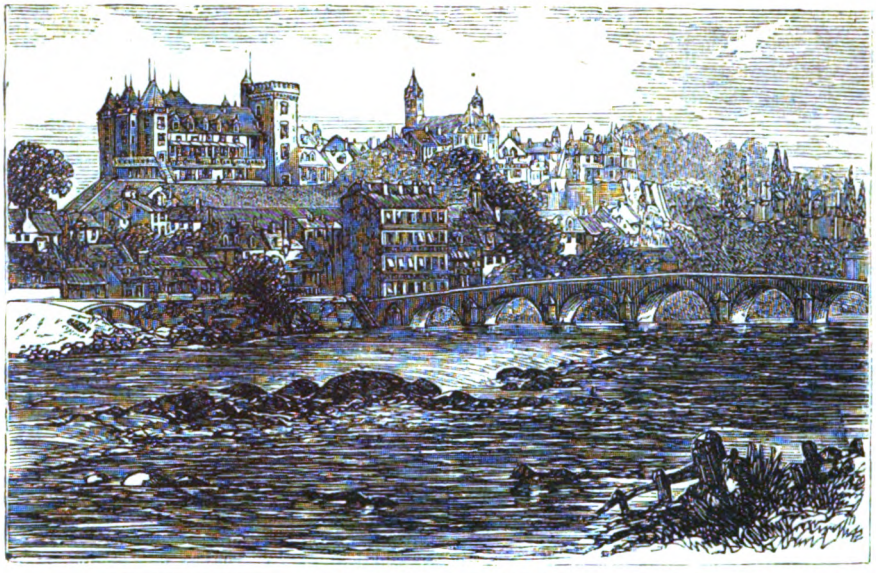
As early as 1840 Narvaez had had a quarrel with Espartero, but having joined an insurrection, which, unfortunately for him, proved unsuccessful, he had been compelled to take the usual route and fly to Paris. There Narvaez accepted the cause of the queen-mother, and her intrigue was so successful against the regent that in 1843 Espartero was compelled to seek refuge on board of an English man-of-war, while Narvaez, having brought about an open rupture between the regent and the Cortes, which was followed by a general insurrection throughout the country, returned to Spain accompanied by Marshal O'Donnell, and the two assumed control of the new outbreak.

In July, 1843, Espartero embarked at Cadiz for England, and, now by a decree of the Cortes, advancing her majority eleven months, the little *infanta* assumed the throne November 8, 1843, under the title of Isabella II.

As a means of emerging from the difficulties of the political situation, and with the hope of reconciling conflicting

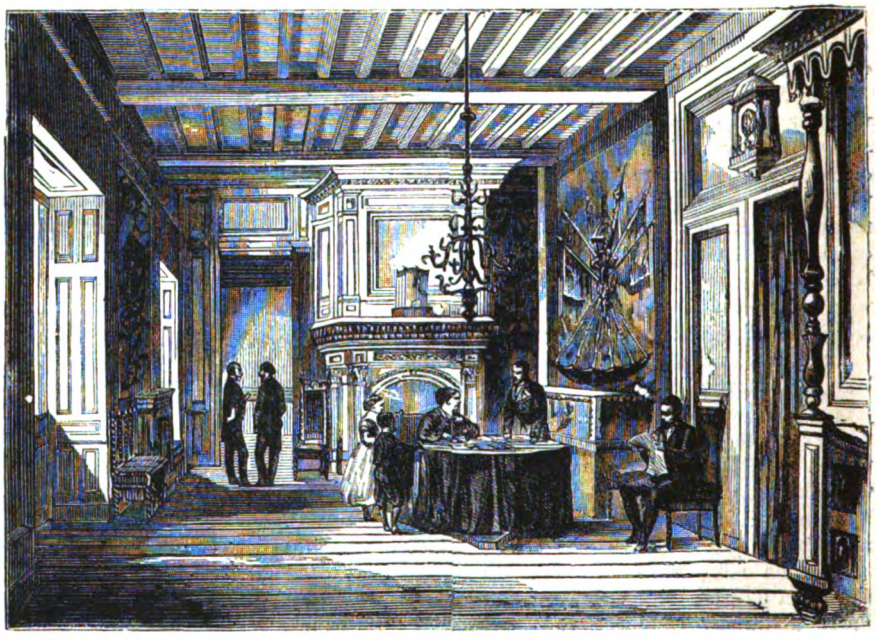


THE QUEEN OF SPAIN RECEIVING THE GOLDEN ROSE SENT BY THE POPE, AT THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.

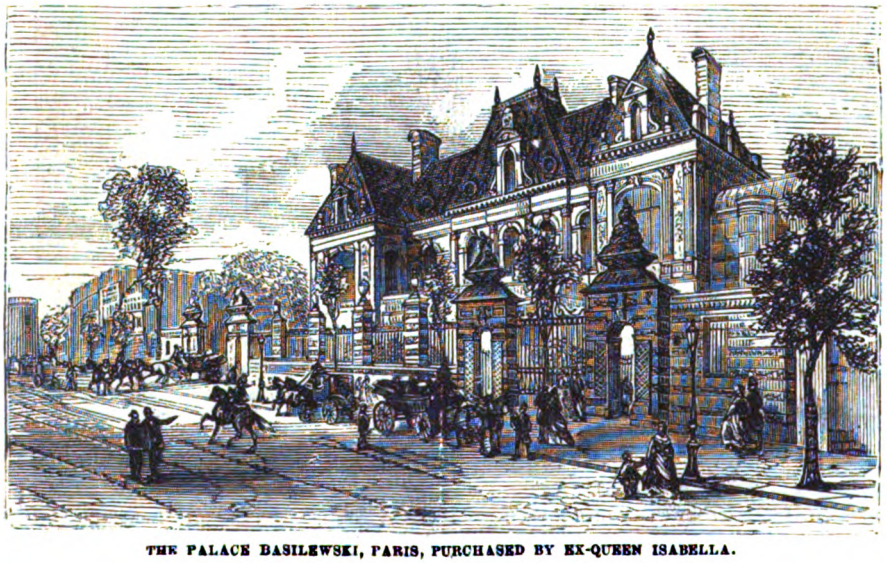


THE IMPERIAL CASTLE AT PAU, FRANCE, A RESIDENCE OF EX-QUEEN ISABELLA.

opinions, it was determined to give a new organization to the country by this premature declaration of the queen's majority. While Espartero retained his legal rights as regent, and the royal manager had yet twelve months to run, this clear infraction of the constitution appeared to be the sole resource. It was justified, perhaps, by the exigencies of the case, but the very policy in the hope of a triumphant result was the most fatal which could have been pursued, for it made Isabella her own mistress, and threw her into the arms of the *camarilla*, the latter being the "kitchen cabinet," made up of personal adherents to the ruling power, and being an intriguing organization of great influence, which accompanied royalty in Spain during many hundred years.



EX-QUEEN ISABELLA, WITH HER CHILDREN AND SUITE, AT THE CASTLE OF PAU, FRANCE.



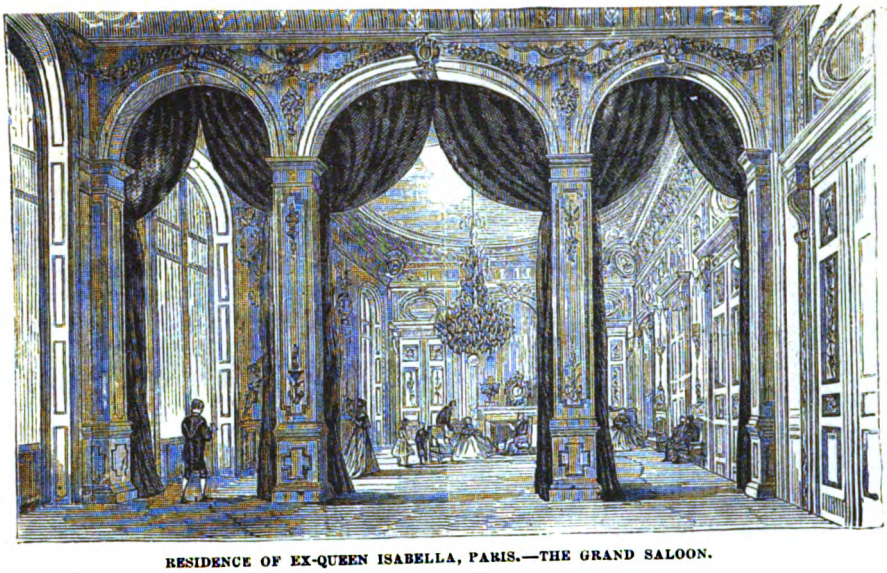
THE PALACE BASILEWSKI, PARIS, PURCHASED BY EX-QUEEN ISABELLA.

The declaration of Queen Isabella's majority was celebrated throughout Spain with unusual rejoicings. The event was naturally regarded as one of primary importance, for it was delusively held to be the close of those turbulent scenes by which the frame of the nation was convulsed and emaciated during her long and stormy minority. Three days were fixed for the demonstrations, and with royal *salvos* of artillery, solemn masses and *Te Deums* in the cathedrals, before immense concourses of people, the ceremonies were exceedingly imposing. A portrait of the young queen was placed in the *ayuntamiente*, or municipal house of each principal city or town, and this was saluted by the officials and the masses. During each day of the rejoicings there were extensive distributions of bread to the poor citizens, to the convents of indigent nuns, and to the prisoners in the national prisons. Each soldier of the different garrisons received a small sum of money extra, per day, while the demonstrations continued. At night the illuminations were very extensive, the streets being brightened by colored vases, wax torches, and chandeliers, while music arose on every side, bells pealed merrily in a thousand churches, and joy beamed on the faces of old and young. The solemn act of the proclamation of the queen's majority was read by the

SERENADE TO QUEEN ISABELLA, AT PARIS.

first *alcade* in each municipal house, and processions led by military bands filled the streets. The town-council halls were decorated, and the entire country was given up to festivities, while Queen Isabella assumed the reins of power and the crown of Spain in the palace of the Escurial.

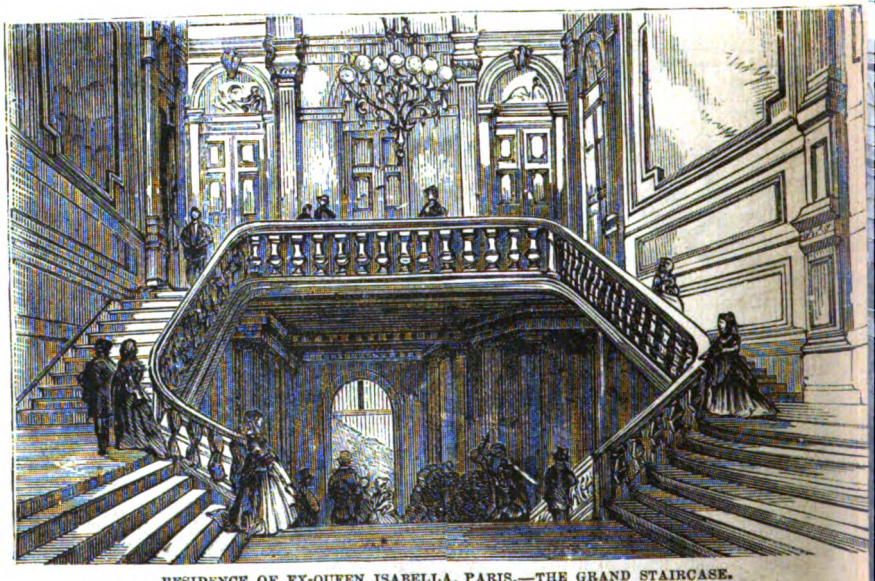
The Escurial, the royal palace of Madrid, was built in 1737 by King Philip V. It is a square structure, 470 feet in dimensions, and 100 feet high, situated on the Plaza del Oriente, and the little river Manzanores, by which the city is skirted. It occupies the site of the Moorish Alcazar,



RESIDENCE OF EX-QUEEN ISABELLA, PARIS.—THE GRAND SALOON.

formerly the home of the Moorish kings. The base of the building is of granite, the upper part dressed with a glittering kind of white stone, which resembles marble. The interior is splendidly decorated, and contains a fine collection of works of art and an unequalled museum of armor. From the windows on one side can be seen, across the river, the woods of the Casa Del Campo, and the plains beyond as far as the Guadarama Mountains.

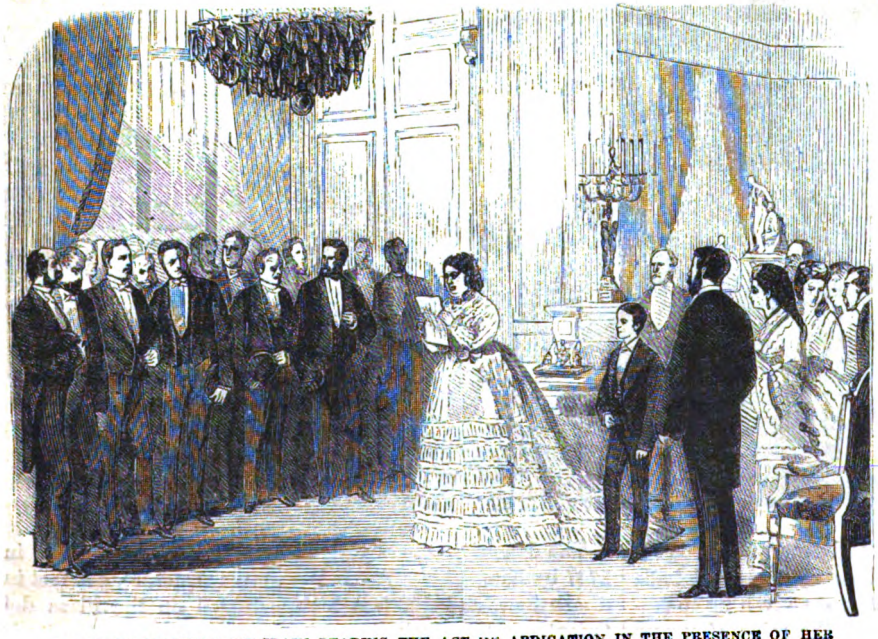
A curious charge is brought against Queen Isabella, related as having occurred only a few weeks after she assumed the throne. It is stated that the *Camarilla*, desirous of getting rid of Olozaga, who had been charged with the duty of forming a new ministry, formed a plot into which Isabella was induced to enter. This was, to make a charge against Olozaga that he had forced her by actual personal violence to sign the decree of the dissolution of the Cortes. The young queen, tutored by the conspirators, actually brought this charge before the Cortes and the deputed grandees of Spain. She accused the prime minister of having procured her signature to the obnoxious document by violence in seizing her hand and forcing her to sign it. This charge was afterward disproven clearly by the one against whom it was brought, and even at this early period of her reign it placed Isabella in a



RESIDENCE OF EX-QUEEN ISABELLA, PARIS.—THE GRAND STAIRCASE.

most painful attitude before th better class of her subjects.

An English writer upon th bit of secret history says: " queen grown hateful before sl had ceased to be a child, a so ereign made contemptible ere sl had strength to wield the sceptr the doll stripped of its gewga trimmings — such was the spe tacle of derision presented t this execrable management, ar such the effect of this encroac ment by unprincipled courtie upon the domain of the respo sibility of the government. T friends of law and order clamor for the reënactment of the Sa law, preferring even a dotard the shape of a man to a woman." The same writer sa of the person of Queen Isabe at this time: "The appearan of Queen Isabel Maria to the e of the stranger is that of a p



EX-QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN READING THE ACT OF ABDICATION IN THE PRESENCE OF HER COURT, AT HER RESIDENCE IN PARIS.

cocious, but somewhat careworn and sickly, girl — exceedingly pale, and with nothing either expressive or interesting in her countenance. But that her brow is encircled with a crown at a period of unparalleled youth, there is little there to arrest your attention. You are neither forbidden nor attracted, beyond deeming her more advanced than her age; but this precocity, as compared with England, is universal in the Peninsula. If you will look more closely you will see a shade pass now and then over her brow, her features indicating waywardness of disposition and a character somewhat spoiled by destiny, and you will not be far mistaken if you draw this conclusion. The queen is said to be willful, subject to pettish fits, at times not a little obstinate, and deficient in intelligence as well as in temper. These qualities are inherited in particular from both father and mother."

MARSHAL SERRANO, AS REGENT OF SPAIN, TAKING THE OATH TO THE CONSTITUTION BEFORE THE CORTES.

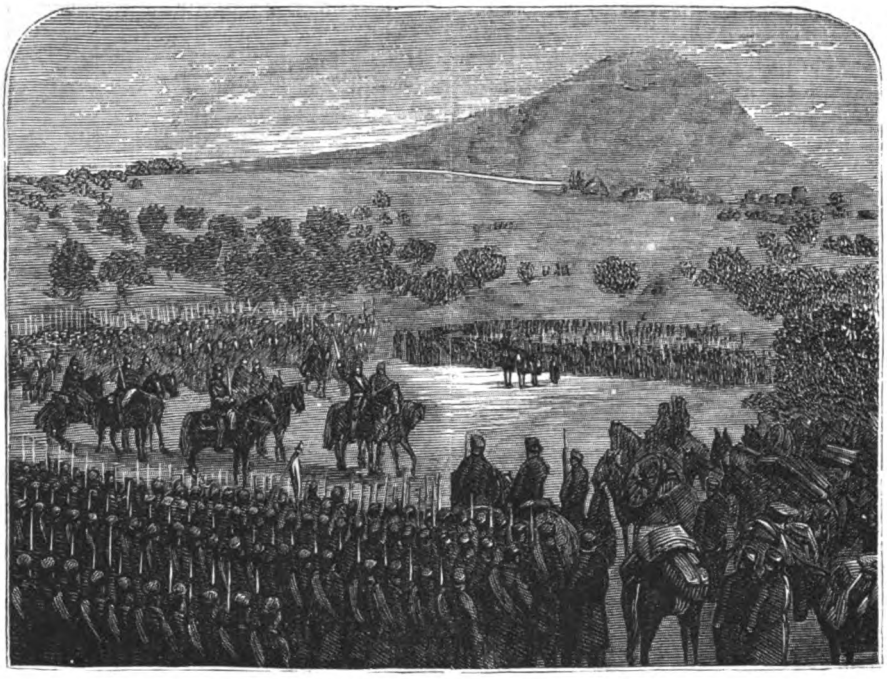
KING AMADEUS OPENING THE CORTES.

At this period the young queen was addicted to candies and sweet stuffs to a most extraordinary degree, and possessed at all times the most excellent museum of confectionery in Europe. Her royal repository was perpetually vanishing, but not less frequently replenished. Extending over every department of the palace, it contained *tortas*, or tarts of moron, the most celebrated in Spain; *panes pantatos*, or painted buns of Salamanca; the paschal *ojalores*; the carnival and Easter dainties; hard *turones* of Alicante, composed of almonds, nut-kernels, filberts, and roasted chestnuts, intermixed with honey and sugars; *dulces*, nut-kernels frosted with sugar; roasted almonds; *avellanas*, a peculiarly nice sort of filbert, whole and in powder; cinnamon, pineapple kernels; jelly custard, marmalade, jam, *blando de heuvos*, or sweetened yolks of eggs; barley-sugar, pomegranate-jelly, *madroño* strawberries, and other curious specimens. Her papers of sweets strewed the palace, her bags of sugar-plums visited the council-chambers, and her *dulces* lined the throne. When she was in a good humor, the most remarkable evidence of amiability which she afforded was in distributing these *bon-bons*

DEPARTURE OF THE EX-KING AND QUEEN.

amongst her ministers and palace officers.

After the return of the queen-mother, her royal daughters and herself were often seen in public, their visits to the churches of Madrid having been somewhat ostentatious. During the ceremonies of the Holy-week, in particular, every one had an opportunity of seeing the royal family at their devotions. The young queen's health at this time was far from good, she being subject to a rather dangerous scrofulous affection, in addition to which her person exhibited symptoms of general dropsy. On this account she was obliged to make frequent journeys to the mineral springs of Catalonia.



PROCLAMATION OF KING ALFONSO, AT SAGUNTO, BY GENERAL MARTINEZ DE CAMPOS.

Maria Cristina had been recalled from France in July, 1844. Narvaez was created Duke of Valencia as a reward for his services, and becoming the prime adviser of the queen and the queen-mother, succeeded in keeping the Liberals well in hand and in restoring temporary quiet to the disturbed kingdom.

During her residence in Paris, Maria Cristina had contracted a secret marriage with Don Ferdinand Muñoz, Duke de Rianzares (December 28th, 1833). This marriage, by royal decree of October 11th, 1844, was consecrated publicly on the thirteenth of the same month.

And now, matters being satisfactorily arranged at home, negotiations were commenced with the Pope, who had condemned the sale of church property. It was hoped that his sanction would completely consolidate Isabella's power and restore peace.

In the meantime an intrigue had been going on, instigated and fostered chiefly by the Orleans party in France, which was of so scandalous a character, and so vile and contemptible in its intention, that we can hardly wonder at its success having brought about the many evils which followed in its train. The restoration of Maria Cristina to influence in Spain was signalized speedily thereafter by the marriage of Isabella to her cousin, Don Francisco de Asis on October 10th, 1846. It is difficult to analyze the occasion and effects of this marriage without being offensive; but as it forms an important portion of the history of the times the effort should be made.

GENERAL MARTINEZ DE CAMPOS, WHO PROCLAIMED ALFONSO KING.

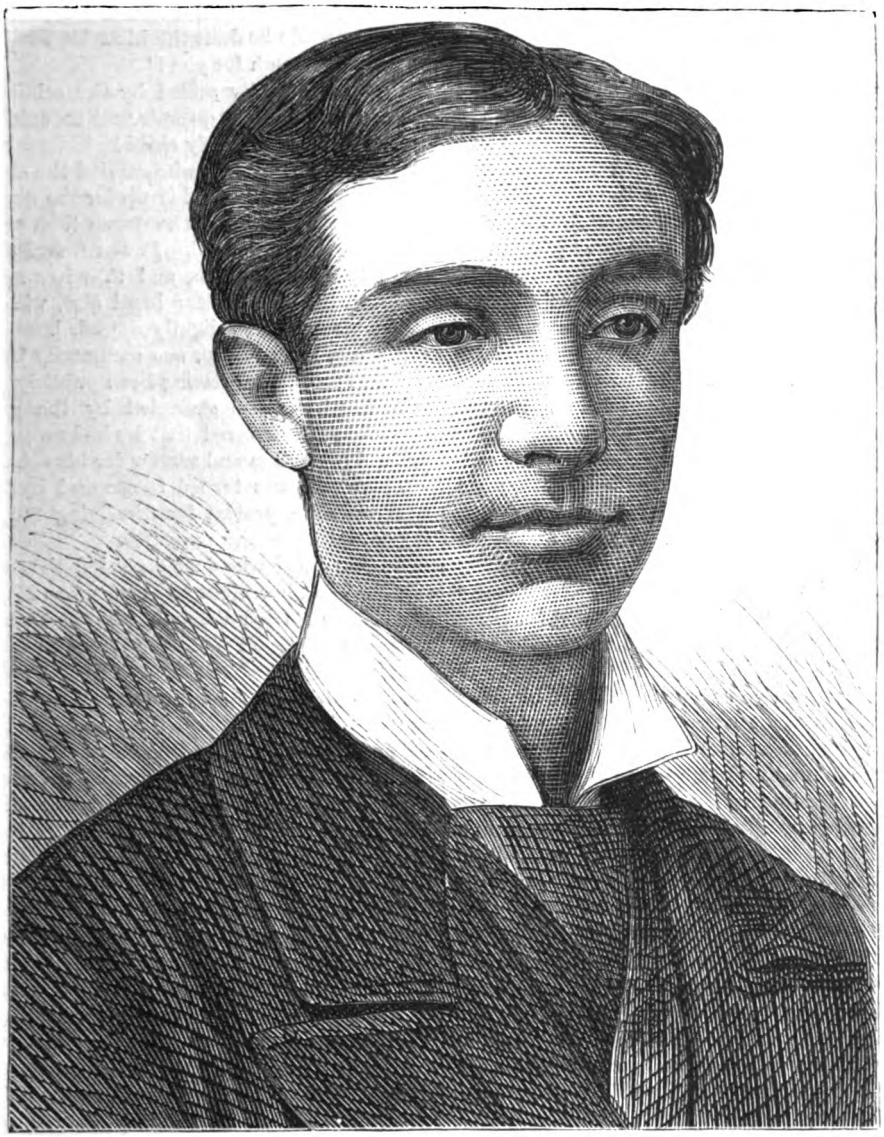
Don Francisco, Duke of Candia, a son of the *infante* Francisco de Paula, brother of Ferdinand VII., was a man physically and mentally incompetent alike. The match was brought about through the intriguing of the Duke de Montpensier, son of Louis Philippe of France, who was married to Maria Ferdinand Luisa, sister of Isabella II. The fact that in default of any issue of the marriage of Isabella, the throne of Spain would fall to the offspring of the Duke de Montpensier and the sister of the queen, will render the occasion of the selection of the nearly imbecile Don Francisco for the husband of the latter sufficiently obvious.

It is doing no more than justice to Queen Isabella to reflect that very much of the impropriety of her after-life might not have existed, and that her entire character and disposition might have grown to be formed on an entirely different model from that which it finally assumed, had the unfortunate girl, then only sixteen years of age, not been made the victim of this rascally transaction in statecraft. Had Isabella been favored with a husband whom she could respect and love, and who loved her, it is fair to assume that her own course of conduct would have been different. Meanwhile, that this course was deliberately assumed and followed by her as an extraordinary and original means of revenge, we can hardly believe. The girl was too young to have conceived so elaborate a scheme; yet it should be observed that alleged statements on her part are not wanting which might lead one to believe that such was actually the case.

At this time Isabella, though physically not beautiful, was by no means without personal attractions. She was certainly plump, vivacious, free in her manners, if not bold, fairly well educated, and a good conversationalist—and a queen. As to her personal appearance, we are informed by one who saw her at this period of her life, that she was indeed far from beautiful, the cutaneous disorder with which she was afflicted rendering her the reverse of pleasing.

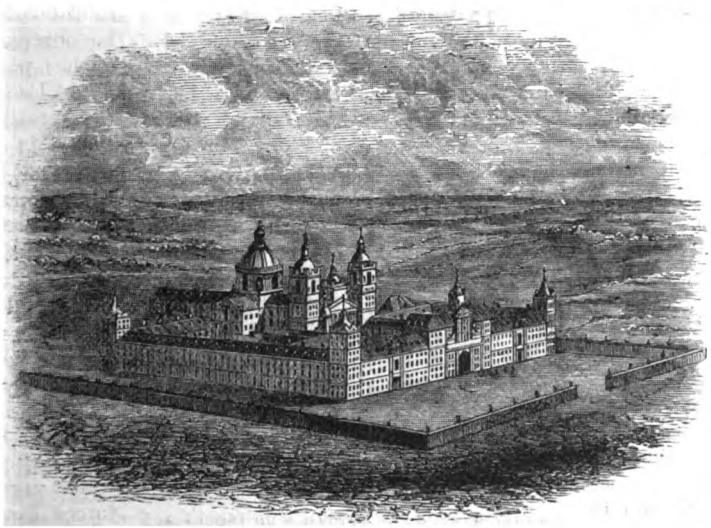
The secret of the intrigue which forced Don Francisco upon Isabella, was not so well kept but that its

purport leaked out, and sinister comments were made in Spain with regard to it, some of which could not have failed to reach the ears of the unfortunate queen. At all events, it appears certain that from the time of her marriage Isabella's conduct was far from discreet. Of a lively and volatile disposition, she threw herself unhesitatingly amid the fascinations of court life, and with little regard for the opinions of the world; and from this time forward there began to fasten itself upon her a reputation for disregard of the conventionalities of social, and even court life, bordering upon libertinism.



ALFONSO VI.

A contemporary writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* says of Francisco de Asis, the husband of Isabella: "As a Spanish Bourbon, he may pass muster; but surely a more pitiful race than these same Spanish Bourbons the sun never shone upon. In vain does one seek among them one name worthy of respect. The feeble and imbecile Charles IV.; Ferdinand, the cruel, treacherous, tyrannical profligate; Carlos, the bigot and the hypocrite; Francisco, the incapable. For the sake of the country whose queen is his wife, we would gladly think well of him—gladly recognize in him qualities worthy of the descendant of a line of kings. It is impossible to do so. The evidence is too strong the other way. He accepted the hand reluctantly placed in his, became a king by title, but remained, what he ever must be, a zero."



PALACE OF THE ESCURIAL.

After this ill-assorted match, things can easily be imagined. Not a year had passed before Europe rang with rumors of the royal quarrels, and a divorce was openly talked of. Despising her husband, with his feeble mind, squeaking voice, and repulsive person, Isabella, imitating the example of her mother and grandmother, worked hard to make the Court of Spain the most corrupt in all Europe.

The bringing about of this disastrous alliance was part and parcel of the state policy of Europe of the time. The hand of Isabella had been offered to the Duke d'Aumale, son of Louis Philippe, but refused by his astute father, who knew that the other nations would not permit the alliance. In exchange, however, he took her sister for his fourth son, the Duke de Montpensier. Then the English Cabinet intrigued for a marrage between Isabella and the Prince of Coburg, cousin of Prince Albert This failing, Louis Philippe, while queen-mother was in Paris, recommended Francisco. He was an imbecile, besotted, drunken, and repulsive in person. He was then called the Duke of Cadiz. Isabella resisted the hatch stubbornly;

but she was compelled to yield. Meanwhile, in the Cortes, which met in October, 1844, the Moderados adopted a constitution by which the rights of the Cortes were limited, while trial by jury for offenses of the press and the national militia were abolished.

In the following year Don Carlos resigned his pretentions to the Spanish throne to his son, and, in 1846, General Cabrera succeeded in once more raising the banner of insurrection in Catalonia, Valencia, and Aragon, but without marked success. In this year Narvaez fell from power, and was made ambassador to Paris.

During the insurrection of 1846 General Prim first came into prominence. This able man was born in Catalonia, in the town of Reus, December 6, 1814. He had first served in the civil war of 1833, and in 1837 he was promoted to the rank of colonel. This advancement he owed to the influence of the queen-mother, and after the flight of the latter, to whose interests he had been attached, Prim associated himself with the opposition to the dictatorship; but being soon compelled by Espartero to fly to France, he there aided the efforts of the queen-mother to bring about her restoration to power.

In 1843, being elected a Deputy to the Cortes for the city of Barcelona, Prim was enabled to return to Spain. But still revolutionary, during the same year he headed a new insurrection against Espartero in his native place, Reus.

After the fall of Espartero and the return of Maria Cristina to Spain, Prim was made a general, with the title of Conde Reus, having, moreover, the post of Governor of Madrid. His advancement and success for the time closed here, however, for having been sent to Barcelona to suppress the revolt there, Prim's management was so inefficient, and, as was suspected, intentionally so, that the whole of Catalonia was involved in the insurrection, which continued an entire year.

Prim, disgraced by the queen, was next tried for high-treason, and for complicity in an attempt to assassinate Narvaez, which occurred at about this time. He was, however, acquitted of the last charge, but was imprisoned for some months on account of the former. From this time until the breaking out of the Russo-Turkish war, in 1853, General Prim remained retired from public life.

In 1849 Queen Isabella established political alliances with Austria and Prussia, and even sent a force to the assistance of the Pope. Meanwhile Narvaez had been chosen President of the Council, and had resumed the reins of the government, holding these until January, 1851, when troubles connected with the financial management sent him into retirement.

By this time Queen Isabella had given birth to a daughter, the Infanta Maria-Isabel, born December 20th, 1851. This daughter was followed, in 1857, by a son, Alfonso Francisco de Asis Ferdinand, Prince of Asturias, born November 28th, now king of Spain. In 1862 another infanta came upon the scene, and in 1864 another, this being the last child of Queen Isabella.

Up to this period Isabella seemed to be firmly seated upon the throne. She had, however, made many enemies. On February 2d, 1852, a desperate attempt was made to assassinate Queen Isabella, by a fanatic named Martin Marino, a Franciscan friar. The queen was on her way, accompanied by her infant daughter, from the royal chapel to the palace, where the would-be regicide had just been saying mass, to her own apartments, preparatory to visiting in state the Church of Atocha, to return thanks for her safe delivery, when the priest approached her in his clerical garb and knelt before her. Thinking that he wished to present some petition, the queen held out her hand, when the assassin immediately drew a dagger, which he aimed at her heart. The weapon struck her on the right side, inflicting a flesh-wound about an inch long and half an inch deep. As he dealt the blow he exclaimed, "Take that! It will be enough for you!"

He was instantly seized by the soldiers and the dagger fell at his feet. The queen's first thought was for her infant, and she cried out "My child! Take care of Isabel." The Marchioness de Pavar, who carried the child, fainted, but an officer took it and raised it up for the queen to see it. The king drew his sword. The queen then walked to her chamber where she swooned. It was found that a bone of her stays had been broken, and that her majesty's dress was soaked with blood. Her hand also, which she had raised at the moment, was slightly wounded.

Marino, the assassin, was summarily tried and sentenced to death; and after having been publicly degraded from the priesthood, he was strangled by the garote. Before his execution he declared that he had no accomplices, and expressed contrition and sorrow for his act.

This event was turned to account by the Conservatives, who made it a pretext for dissolving the Cortes, and adopting severe repressive measures.

Among those who had espoused the cause of the queen-mother upon her flight to France, was Marshal O'Donnell, a Spaniard of Irish descent, who had served against Don Carlos in 1838, and had been raised to the dignity of Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Centre. When Maria Cristina fled, O'Donnell warmly attached himself to her cause and sided against the people and the army. This compelled him to retire to France with the queen-mother.

In 1841, however, he obtained permission to return to Spain; but he soon raised another insurrection against Espartero, and being discomfited fled the country. In 1843, when Espartero was dismissed, O'Donnell received as his reward the Captain-generalship of Cuba.

In 1847, Isabella, her favorite being at that time General Serrano, appointed a new ministry under his advice, which promulgated a general amnesty, one feature of which was the recalling of Espartero from England, and his election to the dignity of Senator. Before the end of the year, however, the Moderados had again succeeded in obtaining control of the State under the energetic leadership of Narvaez, who resigned, however, in 1851, from which time and until 1854 Spain was controlled by short-lived, weak, and frequently changed ministries, mostly of the reactionary order.

In the meantime, Cristina had been speculating with her husband, Muñoz, and a banker named Salamanca. These three managed to obtain possession of very important railroad contracts, and succeeded in forcing upon the country a compulsory loan of 180,000,000 reals. The facts becoming known a new insurrection was organized under the command of O'Donnell and Dulce, since known to Americans as one of the numerous Captain-generals of Cuba. The leaders at once promulgated a call upon the Liberal party to unite and restore the constitution of 1837. Much against her will, Isabella was now forced to call Espartero to power. Charged with the formation of a new government the latter convened a constituent Cortes in accordance with the law of 1837. This body met and elected Espartero their President, November 28, 1854. Two days later he was appointed Prime Minister. This Cortes restored in the main the Liberal Constitution of 1812 and 1837, and declared themselves in favor of religious toleration and of the sale of church property. Further, it was demanded by the Liberal party that the decrees of the Cortes should not be under the sanction of the Crown.

The ascendancy of liberalism, however, lasted only until July, 1856. General O'Donnell had borne a share in this administration along with his ancient rival, but it was quite impossible for two such men to work together. Disagreement was followed by dissension, and that by

intrigue, the result of the latter being at length the retirement of Espartero, when Marshal O'Donnell was appointed prime minister.

The fall of Espartero was the signal for the customary insurrection, and Madrid and certain other cities revolted in the name of the disgraced minister. The difficulty was suppressed, however. and the advance in liberal ideas and toward liberal government ceased; the entire kingdom was declared in a state of siege, the national guard was dissolved, and gradually the old state of things was restored once more under the leadership of Narvaez. The sale of church property was inhibited, and Spain again sunk into her former situation of lassitude under the iron rule which had begun in 1845. In fact, for a number of years the government was bandied about between the two parties as though it were a shuttle-cock. Queen Isabella leaning first to the one and then to the other, only now and then foisting some new favorite into position, and occasionally forced by the power of public opinion to restore to authority and influence one or the other of the established leaders—Espartero, Narvaez, O'Donnell, or Serrano.

The church property question was not finally adjusted until 1859, by a convention with Rome. In 1857 Espartero resigned his dignity as senator, and retired into private life and an obscurity from which he rarely afterward emerged.

At this time the Narvaez ministry once more fell, and the faction of that general was forced to retire from power, a much more liberal ministry being appointed. Marshal O'Donnell again floated to the surface in 1858, and was appointed Minister of War and of the Colonies.

Spain at this time united with France in an expedition against the Emperor of Anam. This expedition conquered a portion of the coast of that country, and at the close of 1859 war was declared against Morocco on account of Moorish piracies and for other reasons. This brought about the sending of O'Donnell into Africa. General Prim also, who since his return from the East in 1854 had represented Barcelona in the lower chamber of the Cortes, and had been raised in 1858 to the dignity of senator, was now appointed to the command of a division of the invading army. Several indecisive conflicts with the Moors took place, but the latter were finally defeated, February 4th, 1860, in a serious battle near Tetuan, which was captured, and in the following April a treaty of peace was signed, in pursuance of which the Sultan of Morocco agreed to pay an indemnity of 400,000,000 reals, besides promising to accord to Spanish trade all the rights at that time extended to that of other nations. As a reward for bringing this war to a successful termination, Marshal O'Donnell, in 1860, was named Duke of Tetuan. He continued to hold the office of minister of war until 1863, when he resigned, displeased at the refusal of the queen to dissolve the chambers at his suggestion. He returned to power at the head of another ministry in 1865, but was replaced the next year by Narvaez.

In 1857 difficulties arose between Spain and Mexico, and diplomatic relations were suspended. As France and England were at this time suffering from similar unpleasant relations with Mexico, the three powers joined against the common enemy, and in 1861 a tripartite treaty was agreed upon, and a joint expedition sent against Mexico, General Prim being in chief command of the Spanish division. The Castle of San Juan de Uloa and Vera Cruz surrendered to the Spanish squadron, December 1st and 17th, 1861. Through the intrigue of Louis Napoleon and others, the unfortunate Maximilian was made Emperor of Mexico, an act which did not meet with favor from the Spanish government, and the Spanish forces were accordingly withdrawn in 1862. The abortive conclusion of the French occupation of Mexico and the miserable fate of the the chivalric Maximilian, are events to which it is not necessary to do more than refer. After taking the Spanish forces to Cuba, General Prim paid a visit to New York, and thence sailed for Spain.

It must not be imagined that during the years of which we have given a brief record the Carlists had been continually quiet. On the contrary, the new aspirant, having succeeded to his father's claims on the crown of Spain, was as active and as earnest in his efforts to forward these as had ever been the former. So, hardly a year had elapsed without a Carlist rising; chiefly, however, in a Basque province.

The people of these provinces during a thousand years enjoyed certain rights, among which were local taxation and self-government, and freedom from conscription. They acknowledged the King of Spain as their manorial lord only, and not as king, turning to him for protection against foreign invasion, and yielding only a limited species of allegiance, consisting in such moneys and troops as they might choose to offer him. Gradually these rights were taken from them under different reigns, partly by force and partly by corruption—until, at the time of Isabella's assuming the throne there were scarcely any of them left, and the civil administration of these provinces was centred in Madrid, when the first Don Carlos readily perceived that the Basque provinces only waited for a leader to rise in revolt. Seizing the occasion, he promised that if they would help him to gain the throne he would restore them all their old fueros. Thus Carlism became mixed up with the Basques, and the latter have grown to associate the name of Don Carlos and Carlism with their ancient freedom. The Basques, however, have always retained the control of their own troops in the hands of *juntas* or provincial assemblies.

Naturally the character of the warfare conducted by these provincials, partly on account of their own nature and partly on account of the mountainous character of their country, was a very different thing from the moving of large consolidated armies on level plains, and so the Spanish gave it the name *guerrilla*, "a little war." The mountain lives of the peasantry, and the familiarity with arms begot by the incessant prowling of robbers, combined to invest the guerrilla life with peculiar attractions. The Catalan and Valencian guerrillero is a politician, but like more peaceful pursuers of the game, a sham one. In troubled times, if Carlism comes in vogue, he starts a Carlist and shoots and robs the natives for his own behoof; if "centralism" is the word, he calls himself a Centralist, and takes toll from both Centralist and Parliamentarians; if "progress" is the shibboleth, he makes the most violent progress in scouring the hills and plundering and stripping whoever is convenient; and if "pronunciamentos" are the order of the day, he pronounces the whole social frame unhinged and himself the only equalizer. He is severely impartial, for he will seize and mulct them all, and so long as a man has money he does not care for his politics. He will squeeze either money or blood out of him indifferently—money if he can get it and blood if he cannot.

But to return to the Carlists.

In 1861, taking advantage of the expedition to Mexico, this defiant and ever-excited faction started afresh under the leadership of General Otega, Governor of the Belearic Islands, who proclaimed as king, the Count de Mont de Moulan, the son in whose favor Don Carlos had resigned his pretentions in 1845. The attempt failed. Otega was captured and shot, and the Count de Montemolin compelled to renounce his claim to the throne. Soon after, however, he repudiated this renunciation at Cologne, but he died at Trieste shortly after, and his brother, Don Juan, took up the gauntlet and asserted his right to the Spanish throne.

From 1861 to 1865 Spain was engaged in difficulties in the Island of St. Domingo and in Peru. The trouble in the latter country was occasioned by the seizure of the

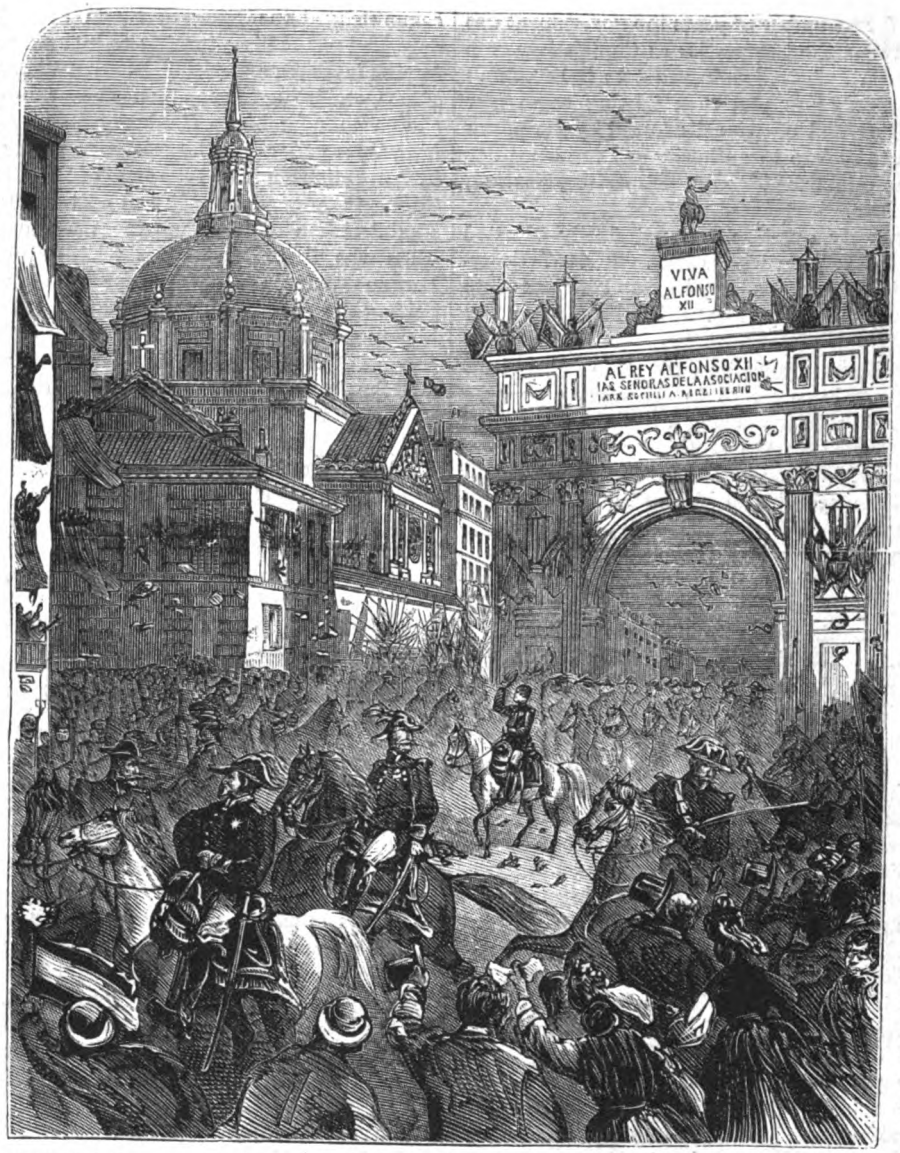
Chincha Islands; and as Chili soon joined Peru, the Spanish forces were glad to withdraw from the Pacific in 1866. In St. Domingo, Spain, having been invited by President Santana, sent troops to his country, and succeeded in holding out until 1863, when an insurrection broke out, and Spain was very glad to retire altogether. From these two military efforts, the Spanish Government cannot be said to have gained either glory or emolument.

This was followed by a necessity very obnoxious to the haughty Spanish sentiment, with regard to possessions, Queen Isabella being forced, in 1865, to give her sanction to the repeal of the law by which the Republic of Dominica had been incorporated in the Spanish monarchy. In the same year, 1865, Isabella ordered the sale of the crown property with the exception of the royal residence and entailed estate, for the benefit of the nation. This concession, however, did not materially alter the condition of public feeling with regard to the queen. The misdeeds of her administration, and her own personal misconduct, had occasioned widespread and increasing dissatisfaction, which now promised to be permanent.

Meanwhile she continued to make mistakes. In 1866 she abolished the freedom of the press, and placed public instruction in the hands of the clergy. General Prim now involved himself in the insurrectionary movements, and in this year, 1866, led one which broke out in various parts of the country, but which, being badly organized, was speedily suppressed. Another attempt in 1867 met with the same result; but in the following year, Gonzales Bravo being at the head of the Cabinet, the reactionary movements were carried so far by the government that a general uprising occurred. In September, 1868, a revolt commenced at Cadiz, which speedily spread throughout Spain.

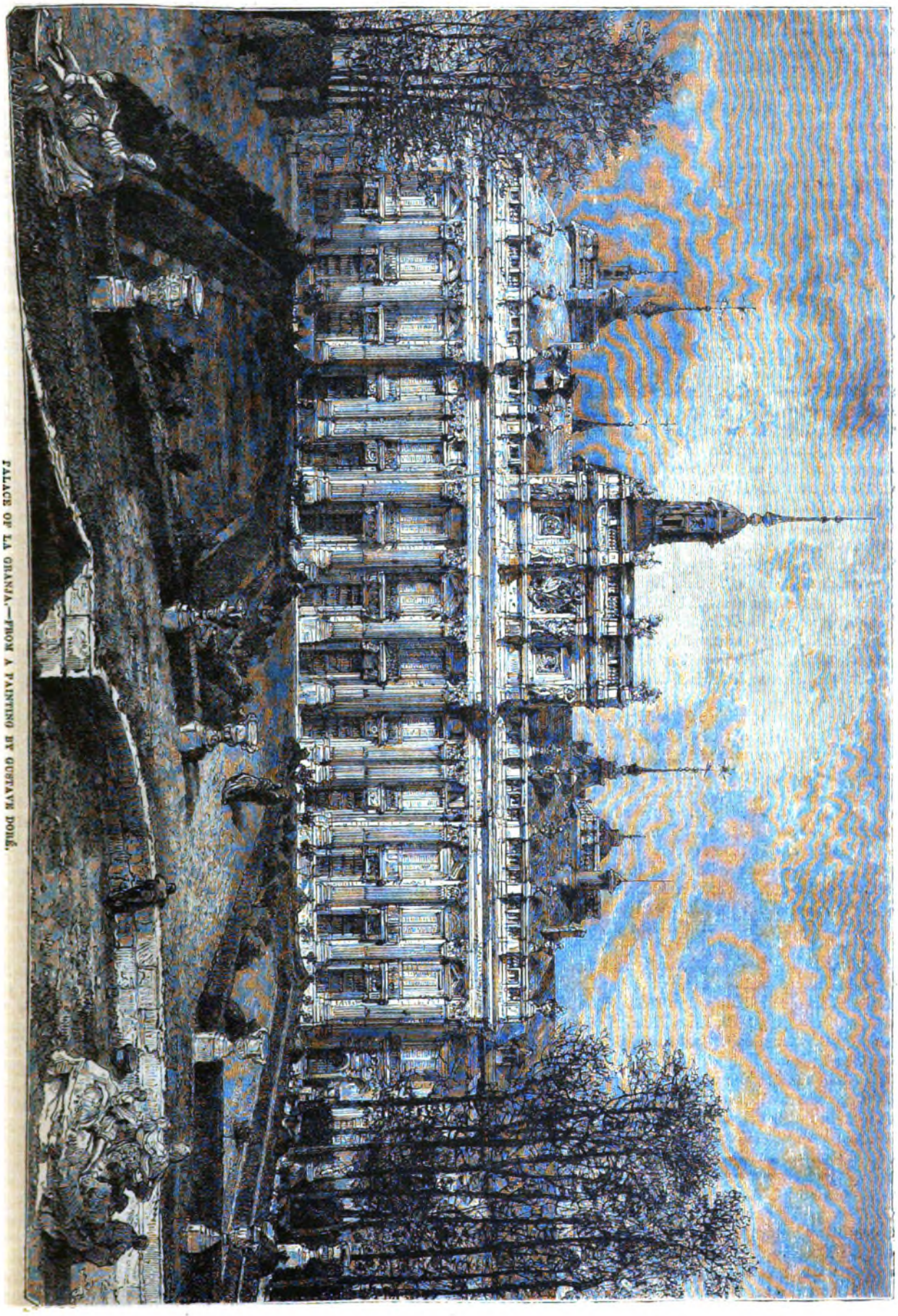
On the 30th of September Isabella was declared by the provisional government to have forfeited the throne; and still on the same day, from Pau, France, she protested against the new order of things, declaring that she had only failed in consequence of her faithful efforts to discharge her duty and benefit her subjects.

Meanwhile, the commander of the fleet off Cadiz, Admiral Topete, declared for the insurgents. Within a few days *pronunciamentos* were made in almost every province. Local and provisional *juntas* were formed to assume control of the movement, and Prim and other generals appeared to place themselves at its head. On the 19th of September, Serrano and Prim were in Cadiz, and on the 21st the insurgents captured Santander, but lost it again on the 24th, after a sharp conflict. In the meantime, Serrano moved against the capital, and on the 28th a fight took place near Cordova, in the province of Andalusia, when the insurgents were defeated. Revolts, however, broke out at Saragosa, all through Andalusia, and in Madrid, in which city the soldiers refused to fight longer for the queen. General Concha resigned, and a provisional *junta* government was established. The Marquis of Novaliches made the last effort for Isabella, in the battle of Alcolsa, but was completely defeated, and fell, wounded, into the hands of Serrano. The victorious general entered the city October 3d, and was received with enthusiasm, and on the 7th he was followed by General Prim in the midst of the greatest excitement; the streets were crowded with people, and deputations from all directions received and escorted General Prim. The procession occupied four hours in passing through the streets, and many were crushed to death in the crowd. All traffic was stopped, and the scene closed with Prim and Serrano embracing, while they addressed the people, amidst cries, "Down with the Bourbons." In the evening Madrid was illuminated.



ENTRY OF KING ALFONSO XII. INTO MADRID—THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH ERECTED IN THE CALLE DE ALCALA.

At the outbreak of the revolt, Queen Isabella had just returned from a visit to the Emperor Napoleon at Biarritz, and was at San Sebastian, in Guipuzcoa, one of the Basque provinces. This city stands on a rocky peninsula, jutting into



PALACE OF LA GRANJA.—FROM A PAINTING BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.

the Bay of Biscay, and is quite insulated at high tide by the overflow of the River Uremea. This estuary is crossed by a long bridge, or in ferry-boats, rowed by women. On a conical hill, called Mount Orgull, 400 feet high, is a castle commanding the town and harbor. The streets of the town are regularly built. The greater portion of the old town was destroyed by Napoleon in 1813. San Sebastian is only ten miles distant from the French frontier. At the depôt at Hendaye, whither Isabella had directed her flight, the emperor, empress, prince imperial, and staff awaited her. Remaining for a time a visitor with the imperial family, Napoleon presented Isabella with the Castle of Pau for her residence, where she remained until November 6th, when she took up her re-idence in the Palace Basilewski, in Paris, which she purchased, and where she has remained since, save during an interval passed at Geneva, while the Franco-Prussian war was progressing.

The Château of Pau, where Isabella found shelter, has some interesting historical associations. It was there that Queen Marguerite, of Navarre, sheltered Calvin and other Protestant reformers, and in 1553 Henry IV. was born there. His cradle, formed of a large tortoise-shell, suspended by cords, is preserved in an apartment on the first floor, with beds, chairs, etc., relics of the founder of the House of Bourbons, from which the ex-Queen of Spain has descended. The town of Pau, where the castle is situated, is the capital of the department of Basses-Pyrenees, and was formerly the capital of the independent kingdom of Navarre. The castle was founded in 1363 by Gaston, Compte de Foix, and its oldest portions, comprising the donjon-keep, of brick, 115 ft. high, and four other towers with their connecting wall, date from that period. The Spanish royal party which found shelter there consisted of Queen Isabella, the King-Consort, Marfiori, the Marquis de Loja, and the queen's confessor, Archbishop Claret, with attendants.

On June 25th, 1870, Isabella abdicated the throne in favor of her son Alfonso Francisco de Asis, Prince of Asturias, now Alfonso XII.

The revolution by which Isabella was dethroned had been closely followed by a furious insurrection in Cuba, and a number of minor revolts in Spain against the power of the provisional government itself. The general disturbance resulted in an anxious search for a suitable prince to assume the crown of Spain. As we have seen, the Carlist claimant had been until 1868 Don Juan, the brother of him to whom the original Don Carlos had bequeathed his right in 1845. After the revolution of 1868 Don Juan abdicated in favor of his oldest son, Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, born March 30th, 1848, who was married February 4th, 1867, to Margarita, daughter of the late Charles III., Duke of Parma.

Among those to whom the crown of Spain was offered, should be mentioned the name of the ex-king Ferdinand, of Portugal, who had abdicated in 1855. Don Ferdinand married, on June 10th, 1869, Elise Hensler, who will be remembered by American opera-goers as a singer who appeared at the New York Academy of Music with Madame La Grange in 1856. Miss Hensler was a Swiss girl by birth, who had been brought to this country when only five years of age, and whose father was a tailor in Washington Street, Boston. She had been sent abroad through the munificence of certain Boston citizens, that her voice, which at an early age had proven to be exceptionally fine, might be cultivated in the schools of Milan. There she made her début at the Opera-house La Scala, and after a brief professional visit to this country, returned to Europe, and attracted the attention of Don Ferdinand, himself an excellent amateur musician, and who, as has been seen, made her his wife.

The connection of this lady with the present history proved to be both positive and important. It is declared on good authority that Don Ferdinand would have accepted the crown of Spain had it not been for the influence of his wife, who refused absolutely her sanction, unless she should be herself accepted as queen-*regnant*. To this the haughty Spaniards would not consent, promising her, however, that if she would withdraw her opposition she should take precedence over all the grandees of Spain, but without the title. The ex-prima donna—now, by-the-way, Countess d'Edla—remained obstinate, and the crown of Spain went further a-begging.

The disastrous and bold struggle, which arose between France and Germany after the presentation of the Hohenzellern-Sigmaringen candidature for the vacant crown, might possibly—so mysterious are the ways of Providence—have been averted, had the peasant-born Swiss girl, with her American ideas, been less solicitous to wear a queenly crown.

The outbreak of the Franco-German war was followed in Spain by furious riots, which led the Cortes, on November 16th, 1870, to offer the crown to Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, second son of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy. Amadeus accepted the crown on December 4th, 1870. On December 28th, General Prim, while riding in his carriage in the streets of Madrid, was mortally wounded by assassins. Two days after, Amadeus landed at Carthagena.

The new monarchy endeavored to rule the country on a constitutional basis, but the Spanish hatred for a foreign prince soon wrought its utter failure. After a short but stormy reign, during which Topete and Serrano were the leading statesmen, Amadeus abdicated February 11, 1873, and the Cortes established a government under Figueras. By this time the Carlist revolution had begun fully to develop itself. Don Carlos had taken command of the insurgents, and declared himself king. Among the commanders under him were his brother, Don Alfonso, accompanied by his wife, Doña Blanca; the Cura Santa Cruz; Dorregarrey, and others. Cabrera had declared for the Madrid government. The insurrection gradually spread over Navarre, the Basque provinces, Catalonia, Aragon, and even Valencia.

On June 18th, 1873, the Cortes proclaimed a democratic federal republic, and elected Pity Margall president. They had previously abolished slavery in Porto Rico. Margall was succeeded, July 19th, by General Nicolas Salmeron, and he, on September 7th, by Don Emilio Castelar. The Republic had scarcely been established, however, when the radical elements commenced a series of the old-fashioned revolutionary movements; and while the Carlists controlled the north, a rebellion broke out in numerous cities in the south and southeast. Alcoy was the scene of frightful atrocities, but with Malaga, Seville, Cadiz, Grenada, and Valencia was easily reoccupied by the government troops under General Pavia; but Cartagena, in which General Contreras led the insurgents, resisted for six months. Here a portion of the Spanish fleet fell into the hands of the insurgents, and with this they made piratical incursions on the coast. The blockade was, however, pushed forward with energy, and after a heavy bombardment the fortress capitulated, Contreras and the other leaders escaping to the coast of Algeria.

In the North, however, the Government troops were unsuccessful, and the force sent to relieve Bilbao utterly failed. Castelar resigned the presidency January 7, 1874, and on the following day the captain-general of Madrid dissolved the Cortes with an armed force. A new ministry was formed under Serrano, who himself took command of the army against the Carlists, and after considerable fighting succeeded in relieving Bilbao in May. In June, however, Marshal Concha, who had taken command, fell before Estella. In January, 1875, Serrano made way for the young Alfonso, son of ex-Queen Isabella, who had been proclaimed king by

Martinez de Campos and the armies of the Centre and North, and who assumed the throne under the designation of Alfonso XII.

The progress of the new king to Madrid and his reception there formed an ovation. In the latter city triumphal arches were erected in the streets, and the procession was received with every evidence of delight and satisfaction on the part of the citizens. Alfonso will not reach his nineteenth year until next November. It is claimed for him that he has an excellent mind, and shows capacity beyond his years. In the latter part of the recent civil war he assumed command himself, and is said to have appeared to good advantage. He is fine looking, good-tempered in his disposition; is said to be very fond of his mother, a sentiment which is certainly displayed in the invitation to her to return to Spain, which is said to have been his act.

The close of this year will thus probably see Queen Isabella once more in Madrid, where in name or in fact she ruled for so many years.

## ZENOBIA CAPTIVE.

(Suggested by Miss Hosmer's Statue.)

Life is not sad, when earthly brows are crowned
With crowns like thine;
Oh, woman, whose divine
And searching hands have snatched our dim Ideal
From out the past's profound,
And shaped it to this Real!

Zenobia, dead and gone,
Steps from her narrow tomb,
Unwinds her scented shroud, and stands
Once more with sad, unsceptred hands,
And yearning eyes o'erbrimmed with gloom,
And spirit far withdrawn.

Across the captive's anguished eyes,
That see, and do not see,
Her own Palmyra's towers arise
To pierce these baleful Roman skies
That smoke with victory.

She hears, and does not hear,
She sees, and does not see;
For her again
The desert smiles in tufts of palm;
The Syrian dews all honey-sweet
Drip slowly as a heavenly rain;
Her city's marble palaces,
With slim spires manifold,
Blaze in the mid-day's fiery gold;
A world is at her feet.
Her sceptre flashes in her hand,
A nation waits her least command:
Earth's greatest cry, "All hail!"
While Rome itself grows pale
At lifting of the desert's vail of sand.

Once more her palace gate
Swings open to the sound
Of silver cymbals, and she sees,
With all a mother's joy elate
Her people bend the knee
To the dark, haughty Three,
And smiles approval as they claim,
In royal purple drest, the Cæsar's awful name.
While in a gliding dream
Egyptian Zabdas at her side
Jeers at the Roman's jealous pride,
So soon to melt before his queen.
Again,
The desert wind is on her cheek,
Her armor glitters in the sun,
Her bright Numidian prances free,
Ten thousand voices shout as one,
Zenobia! Victory!

The Roman helmets flash,
The fierce-eyed people shout;
She knows it not, but hears the clash
Of battling steel, the deathful cries
That pierce a desert's solitude.
Again, Alsarges reels and dies.
Again the smoke of blood
Streams upward through the sunny air,
And lifeless faces all astare
Affright her Syrian skies.

Once more Palmyra's towers arise—
She leads her vanquished home again;
A treacherous mist is in her eyes;
The slow, sad tramp of conquered men,
Strikes madness to her brain.
"My people, hear!" she cries
"Aurelian has not won.
Our banner yet shall be unfurled,
Above the mistress of the world,
Before our work is done!"

And now,
Her brow grows haggard as she dreams—
A sound of wailing smites her ear,
By granite wall and brazen gate
Her eager foemen wait;
By night and day their armor gleams.
Their camp-fires watch the sun go down.
Her throne is crumbling, and her crown
Grows dim within the grasp of Fate!

The dream falls outward. Rome has won!
Zenobia stands
Beneath an alien sun,
With sad unsceptred hands,
And yearning eyes o'erbrimmed with gloom
And spirit far withdrawn.

The insolent trumpets blare,
The conqueror's chariot wheels
Flash on before.
The billows of the human sea
Break at her feet with hollow roar.
Wild shouts of triumph thrill the air,
The very earth beneath her reels,
Exultant at her fall.
But still a queen
Though realmless and discrowned,
With more than royal mien
She walks through all.

One dream has passed. Another shadows by;
Her dark prophetic eye
Has pierced the awful depths of the To Be.
E'en as Palmyra fell
So Rome itself shall fall
From its high heaven to woe's profoundest hell.
And conquered Syria
Upspringing from her tawny couch of sand,
With vengeful will and hand
Shall cry aloud
O'er jubilant land and sea,
Pointing to Rome, the deathless, in her shroud!

—Ada Vrooman Leslie.

## A BOSNIAK DANCING GIRL.

The dance of the Christian women of Bosnia, represented in our engraving, has not the repulsive characteristic of the gypsy dance, or that of the gawazis at Cairo, though it belongs to the same school. It is the same thought in decent language. This girl, with graceful face, movements full of frankness and nobility, pleases the eye and the mind by her poetry of motion, as she keeps time to the music of the gypsy orchestra.

Of course, at the inns and cafés, the girls who dance for a living, with glaring hues and painted faces, seeking to please half-inebriated men, are not such in their dances as we should care to describe.

A BOSNIAK DANCING GIRL.—SEE PAGE 15.

# THE TELEGRAM.

THESE were the last words he said as he left me standing on the piazza of —— Hotel, Long Branch:

"If I can possibly come down to-morrow evening, I will telegraph some time during the day; but if you do not hear from me, you will know that I intend to wait until Saturday."

That was plain enough. How was it possible to mistake so simple and concise a statement? "He" was John Macomber, my betrothed husband, and I verily believe the proudest man on the face of the earth. Not proud of name, lineage, or property; but so stanch in his adherence to principle, so loyal to truth, so earnest in his defense of right, that the tortures of the rack would have had no power to shake him from the pedestal of honest conviction; but proud men and precise men have sometimes been known to make a mistake, and John Macomber's blunder was a bad one for both of us.

As the day on which I was expecting him advanced, in some incomprehensible way I found myself growing very nervous. Reading and writing were both equally out of the question, and, for the first time during the season, I declined to join the company of bathers. I wanted my telegram as soon as it arrived—wanted to be assured that the man of my choice was certainly to be with me that evening, so I waited for it, not for a moment doubting but it would arrive, as John had never, up to this time, disappointed me.

When the operator at last said, with a conscious twinkle in his busy eye, "I rather think Mr. Macomber has forgotten you to-day," I found that I was frequenting the office a little too much for good taste, and after that remained in my room, expecting every moment a servant with the precious document.

THE TELEGRAM.—"I SHRIEKED FOR HELP, HELD ON TO THE SIDE OF THE BOAT, AND KEPT MY BACK TO THE BREAKERS, DETERMINED TO SELL MY LIFE AS DEARLY AS POSSIBLE."

Three hours dragged past. Seven o'clock came, and no telegram; and not until then did I give up the last hope. I tried to comfort myself with the reflection that Saturday was only two days further on, and succeeded so well in conquering my disappointment, that nine o'clock found me with a party of friends on the green before the house, listening to the entrancing music of the orchestra.

"This is Mr. Eustace," said my brother-in-law, sister Minnie's husband. "A friend of mine from New York, Kate. Miss Harris—Mr. Eustace;" and I looked up to find a very handsome and intelligent-looking man, who had, judging from appearances, come to Long Branch with the intention of being well entertained. I saw immediately that Fred expected that I should do my best in that line, and as John was away, and Minnie prevented from joining us on account of indisposition, I decided that it would not only be a pleasant thing to do, but was really a courtesy my relatives had a right to expect of me. I think so now.

When I told you that John Macomber was a proud man, I did not tell you that he was also jealous, I did not know it myself until the time I am coming to now.

"So John hasn't come down?" continued Fred. "Business pressing, I suppose. Would you like to walk on the beach, Eustace? If so, I think Kate will show you the way—eh, Kate?"

"Certainly, I replied, "if Mr. Eustace desires it;" and of course Mr. Eustace did; and it did not seem strange, or in the least opposed to my position as an engaged woman, when, with my hand on this gentleman's arm, we started for a tour of the beach.

The moon was partially obscured. Huge banks of cloud drifted at intervals over her fair golden face, completely shutting it from sight.

It was a weird, beautiful evening, just the time for a walk

arm-in-arm with one's lover—a night to fascinate, to woo, the best and the holiest.

There was no pleasure in this stroll, and very little diversion. I would much rather have been in my own room alone. Oh, how the sea moaned and groaned, and tossed and roared! The great billows splashed in at our feet, almost drowning our voices as we slowly trod the sand. I had no fault to find with my companion. He was a most accomplished conversationalist—genial, witty, and thoroughly alive to the use and mystery of silence.

"Well, well," said he, gayly, after a long pause, "this will never do! I make it a point, Miss Harris, to nurse the sentimental only so long as it contributes to my peace of mind, invariably striking my colors at the first sympton of melancholy. Why, there is a tug at my heart-strings this very moment."

I tried to reply; but a strangely familiar step behind us attracted my attention. Mr. Eustace continued, apparently unaware of my nervousness, and still dreamily:

"I am sometimes half inclined to believe, though, that an occasional sensation of this kind serves to assist in the establishment of one's spiritual equilibrium, and——"

Just then the moon emerged from its hiding-place; the step which had brought my heart with a quick bump to my throat, rapidly passed us; a deep, hard, but well-known voice, said, "Good-evening, Miss Harris," and for a brief second my eyes met John Macomber's. My hand must have trembled, for my companion looked down into my face with an expression of deep solicitude, as he said:

"Excuse me, Miss Harris, but what has alarmed you? Surely not the gentleman who has just shot past us with such velocity? He did look savage, I must confess. Would you like to return now?"

"If you please," I answered, striving in vain to keep my voice steady. I never knew what that man thought of me—never cared much, it is true—and never comprehended how I reached the hotel, or whether the farce of conversation was kept up or not. I had but one thought, and that one, John. How had it all happened? Why had he come in this mysterious manner—a manner so entirely at variance with anything I had ever conceived of his disposition, anything he had ever shown me? Why had he followed me to the beach? My brother-in-law must have directed him; but, if so, why did he pass me in that dreadful fashion?

"Why, how pale you are!" exclaimed Fred, as I hurriedly inquired if he had seen John.

"Seen him? No. He hasn't been here—at least, not to my knowledge; I should think *you* had seen a ghost, though. What in the world is the matter?"

I told him, and he laughed at me; called me a little simpleton; said John Macomber was a thoroughly sensible man, and would always behave like one, under all circumstances. I hadn't seen him; had been thinking of my disappointment, grown nervous, and mistaken some other man for my lover, etc.—as if I didn't know John Macomber!

There was no sleep for me that night. The next morning I made Fred promise that he would call at John's office during the day, and tell him how I came to be walking with his friend. I sent him a note also—a queer kind of composition, I think, it must have been, for I was almost crazed. Fred looked at my pale face and swollen eyes, and evidently came to believe that John *had* passed me on the beach the night before.

Oh, how long that day seemed! But the shades of evening descended, after hours of unutterable misery, and Fred arrived.

"There now," said he, soothingly, "for heaven's sake, don't take on any more. I haven't seen John, although I called at his office three times. His head-clerk thought he would not be in much before three, and I had to leave town before that. I left your note, however, and wrote him one myself that, I guess, 'll bring him to his senses, if he ever gets them. You'll probably hear from him to-morrow. And now dress yourself, and come down to tea, like a good girl. Whatever I did, Kate, I wouldn't come the love-sick. That is a *rôle* entirely out of your line, and immensely unbecoming."

I agreed with him, and quietly decided that my relatives should never again be troubled with any grief of mine, condemned poor Fred as a cross, unsympathizing brute, made a tasteful toilet, and stole quietly out of the hotel, determined to at least enjoy the privilege of solitude, if nothing more. I think I must have walked miles, and at last chanced upon a spot entirely deserted. Here I could rest and think. A little skiff, securely fastened, served for a seat, and I could at least enjoy my own thoughts without fear of interruption. The purple and gold that had crowned the setting sun gradually faded into blue and gray, and one by one the little stars peeped forth.

I realized that it was late to be so long a distance alone from the hotel; but this situation was so comfortable, compared to any other I could conceive of, that I scarcely gave it another thought until, to my surprise and horror, I found that the tiny boat in which I had taken refuge was completely surrounded by water. My abstraction had been so complete, that I had entirely failed to notice the gradual incoming of the tide, and now the great white-capped breakers were rolling in from the sea, and I fully realized that a few moments more would serve to put the finishing stroke to one poor little life; but the strangest thing of all was, I could not bring myself to care much about it. I tried my best, however, to devise some means of reaching *terra firma*, but escape there was none; the water was already over my head, and the little skiff pitching like mad with the force of the waves.

I might just as well have been in the middle of the Atlantic, so far as any assistance I could render myself was concerned. I shrieked for help, held on perseveringly to the side of the boat, and kept my back to the breakers, determined to sell my life as dearly as possible.

The last I remember was giving one wild, fearful cry for John, and imagining I heard voices; then all was chaos.

When I opened my eyes again, I was in my own bed, and half a dozen anxious faces looked down upon me. The past came back like a flash; but my first thought was of John.

"Have you heard from him?" I whispered to Fred, who stood at my right hand, looking very much like a man condemned to the gallows.

"Good Lord! yes, Kate," he replied. (Fred always would use expletives, and on this occasion I think he was fully excusable.) "You're a fool, and he was another. Come here, old fellow, and tell her so yourself, and then perhaps she'll manage to keep from frightening us to death."

Another second, and I was in John Macomber's arms.

He had been jealous, and he owned it. Fred ought to have known better than send me out on the beach with a stranger, and he owned it. I ought to have known better than to have gone, and *I* owned it.

About the telegram? Oh, John declares to this day that he said distinctly, that if he could *not* come, he would telegraph, and I declare he said just the opposite; but we don't talk much of that experience, for it makes us both shudder to think about it.

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He that knoweth not that which he ought to know, is a brute beast among men; he that knoweth no more than he hath need of, is a man among brute beasts; and he that knoweth all that may be known, is as a god amongst men.

## WE ARE SEVEN.

By William Wordsworth.

——A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said,
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered: "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply:
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied:
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply:
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"—
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said: "Nay, we are seven!"

"We are seven," was the persistent answer of the little girl whom Wordsworth met within the area of Goodrich Castle, in the year 1793, when the poet objected to the childish reasoner that two out of the seven in family being, on her own showing, dead and gone, she was out in her arithmetic, and ought to have returned five as the sum-total. Eight years old was that little cottage girl, wildly clad, curly headed, with a rustic, woodland mien, but altogether of a beauty that gladdened the poet who met her on the banks of the Wye; and there was real interest in the question he put to her, how many brothers and sisters had she? "How many? seven in all," she said.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

Her numbers are wrong, and her questioner tries to put her right. If two are in the churchyard laid, then is five the right number, not seven. But the little maid persists in the full number; and shape his demur how he may, urge his objections how he can, the poet is met again and again with the assurance, as one who better ought to know, "O, master, we are seven." Mr. de Quincey has remarked, that the child in this little poem, although unable to admit the thought of death, yet, in compliance with custom, uses the word: "The first that *died* was little Jane." But the graves of her brother and sister she is so far from regarding as any argument of their having died, that she supposes the stranger simply to doubt her statement, and she reiterates her assertion of their graves as lying in the churchyard, in order to prove that they were *living*. Beside those graves she would eat her supper of Summer evenings, and knit her stockings, and hem her kerchief; there would she sit, and sing to them that lay below. That authentic voice, argued Wordsworth, "which affirms life as a necessity inalienable from man's consciousness, is a revelation through the lips of childhood." Elsewhere the little poem is recognised as bringing into day for the first time a profound fact in the abysses of human nature—namely, that the mind of an infant cannot admit the idea of death, cannot comprehend it, "any more than the fountain of light can comprehend the aboriginal darkness." In the words (translated ones) of Leopold Shefer:

Easier to him seems life than A B C,
So willingly he sees funereal trains,
Admires the garland laid upon the coffin,
Beholds the narrow, still, last house of man,
Looks in the grave, and hears, without a fear
The clods fall down upon the coffin lid.

You may teach children the name of death, but they have no idea of what it is; they fear it neither for themselves nor for others; they fear suffering, not death. There are exceptions, of course; such as one of Sydney Smith's children, in delicate health, who used to wake suddenly every night, "sobbing, anticipating the death of parents, and all the sorrows of life, almost before life had begun.

There is a little girl in one of Lord Lytton's fictions, whom her father visits at the French nunnery from time to time, and who, "whenever monsieur goes," one of the nuns records, "always says that he is dead, and cries herself

WOMAN OF TETTA, AFRICA, GRINDING CORN.

quietly to sleep; when monsieur returns, she says that he is come to life again. Some one, I suppose, once talked to her about death; and she thinks, when she loses sight of anyone, that *that* is death." In the same story, we read of two brothers, the younger a mere child, that "Philip broke to Sidney the sad news of their mother's death, and Sidney wept with bitter passion. But children—what can *they* know of death? Their tears over graves dry sooner than the dews." Addressing his daughter Edith, then ten years old, Southey says:

> Thy happy nature from the painful thought
> With instinct turns, and scarcely canst thou bear
> To hear me name the grave. Thou knowest not
> How large a portion of my heart is there!

Ever has been, and will be, admired Steele's picture of a bereaved family, with the children sorrowing according to their several ages and degrees of understanding. "And what troubled me most was, to see a little boy, who was too young to know the reason, weeping only because his sister did." Still more simply told and touching is Steele's own retrospect of earliest grief. This was on the occasion of his father's death, when little Dick was not quite five years old; and much more amazed he was at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with him. Sir Richard remembered how he went into the room where the body lay, and saw his mother sit, weeping, alone by it; how he had his battledore in his hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling papa, having, he knew not how, some slight idea that papa was locked up there.

Mary Lamb illustrates the same topic in the first of her stories of "Mrs. Leicester's School," where the little girl takes her newly-arrived uncle straight to the churchyard, as "the way to mamma." So does Caroline Bowles (Southey) in her poem of the "Child's Unbelief," where a heart-sore elder is troubled by the little one's prattling about the lessons to be learnt for a dead mamma to hear, when she comes by-and-by.

> Yet what, poor infant, shouldst thou know
> Of life's great mystery—
> Of time and space—of chance and change—
> Of sin, decay, and death?

Then, too, we have a record, by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, of *his* first acquaintance with the shadow of death; his memory dimly recalling the image of a little girl, a school-mate, "whom we missed one day, and were told that she had died. But what death was, I never had any very distinct idea [sic], until one day I climbed the low stone wall of the old burial-ground, and mingled with a group that were looking into a very deep, long, narrow hole, dug down through the grim sod, down through the brown loam, down through the yellow gravel, and there at the bottom was an oblong, red box, and a still, sharp, white face of a young man seen through an opening at the end of it." When the lid was closed, and the gravel and stone rattled down pell-mell, and the mourners had gone, and left their dead one behind, then our boy-gazer felt that he had seen death, and should never forget him. But this is a stage in advance of the unbelief of childhood. More in keeping with the spirit of "We are Seven," is that passage in one of the "Twice-told Tales" of Dr. Holmes's gifted friend and compatriot, Nathaniel Hawthorne, where we see a comely woman, with a pretty rosebud of a daughter, come to select a gravestone for a twin-daughter, who had died a month before; the mother calm and woefully resigned, fully conscious of her loss; "but the daughter evidently had no real knowledge of what death's doings were. . . . Her feelings were almost the same as if she still stood side by side, and arm-in-arm, with the departed, looking at the slabs of marble. . . . Perchance her dead sister was a closer companion than in life." A twin-sister might thus be warranted in saying, in death as in life, "We are *one*."

> Couldst thou believe me dead? Thy living sense
> Mistook itself. Howe'er the spirit deems,
> Death cannot lie in life's experience.

William Etty, the painter, describes in his diary a visit to the home of four little motherless children, one of whom wrung his heart by her eager inquiries why mamma did not come back. Told that she was gone to heaven, "Why does she not *write*, then?" asked the wistful little girl. Etty was as willing and cordial a consoler as one in Wordsworth, who

> —— patted tenderly
> The sunburnt forehead of a weeping child,
> A little mourner, whom it was his task
> To comfort . . .
>
> . . "This blossoming child,"
> Said the old man, "is of an age to weep
> At any grave or solemn spectacle,
> Inly distressed or overpowered with awe,
> He knows not wherefore; but the boy to-day
> Perhaps is shedding an orphan's tears."

There is an affecting resemblance to the argument of "We are Seven" in the answer of Jacob's sons in Egypt to their brother Joseph, by them not only unrecognized, but assumed to have long since been dead. "We be twelve brethren, sons of our father: one is not, and the youngest is this day with our father in the land of Canaan." One is not · and yet we be twelve brethren.

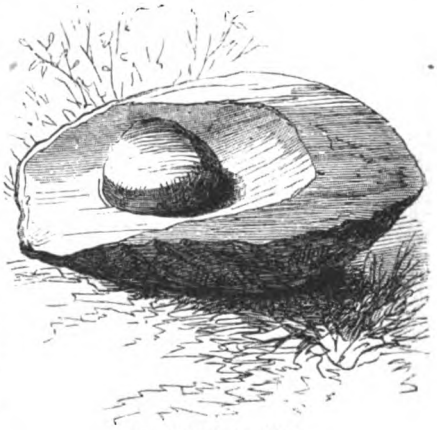
## CORN GRINDING IN AFRICA.

THE late Dr. Livingstone, in his African explorations, tells many interesting incidents in the domestic life of the natives. On the native mode of grinding corn, he says:

"As we were sleeping one night outside a hut, but near enough to hear what was going on within, an anxious mother began to grind her corn about two o'clock in the morning.

"'Ma,' inquired a little girl, 'why grind in the dark?'

"Mamma advised sleep, and



AFRICAN CORN MILL.

administered material for a sweet dream to her darling, by saying:

"'I grind meal to buy cloth from the strangers, which will make you look a little lady.'

"An observer of these primitive races is struck continually with such little trivial touches of genuine human nature.

"The mill consists of a block of granite, syenite, or even mica schist, fifteen or eighteen inches square and five or six thick, with a piece of quartz or other hard rock about the size of a half brick, one side of which has a convex surface, and fits into a concave hollow in the larger and stationary stone. The workwoman, kneeling, grasps this upper millstone with both hands, and works it backward and forward in the hollow of the lower millstone, in the same way that a baker works his dough when pressing it and pushing it from him. The weight of the person is brought to bear on the movable stone, and while it is pressed and pushed forward and backward, one hand supplies every now and then a little grain, to be thus at first bruised and then ground on the lower stone, which is placed on the slope, so that the meal, when ground, falls on to a skin or mat, spread for the purpose.

"This is, perhaps, the most primitive form of mill, and anterior to that in oriental countries, where two women grind at one mill, and may have been that used by Sarah of old, when she entertained the angels."

## THE CHARTER OAK AT HARTFORD.

THIS "old, familiar tree," "whose glory and renown" are as household words to every schoolboy, must be so well known to our readers as to need no particular mention here. The great event to which it owes its name has passed into history. After a long and flourishing life, in the course of which it had successively resisted the storms of Winters and that *edax rerum*, the tooth of time, it finally succumbed to a tornado which swept over part of Connecticut in September, 1856. The citizens of Hartford exhibited profound emotions on the occasion of the untimely end of their venerable forest-patriarch, carrying off pieces of the wood to be converted into canes, snuff-boxes, etc., as relics of the tree. The bells tolled mournfully, a funeral dirge was played by the city band, and the liveliest sensations of grief were displayed over the inanimate remains of the prostrate monarch.

THE FAMOUS CHARTER OAK, HARTFORD, CONN., AS IT APPEARED AT THE TIME OF ITS FALL.

Our engraving is from an original drawing, made by Mr. A. G. Holcomb, one of our own artists, whom we sent to Hartford for this express purpose, only a short time prior to the fall of the tree. It is the very latest portrait taken of the *living* Charter Oak, and therefore possesses a value that increases with years. The following incidents are worthy of being recorded in this connection. This noble old tree stood

upon the beautiful grounds of Hon. Isaac W. Stuart, late the Wyllys' estate, in the southern part of the city. About three years ago some boys built a fire in the hollow of this tree, which burnt out the spunk, and though it was feared that this would kill it, such was not the fact. Fresh sprouts sprung out the next Spring, and Mr. Stuart took great pains to preserve this valued relic of the original forests of New England, but more especially interesting as the tree in which the old British charter of Connecticut was secreted and preserved. At this time the hollow in the trunk of the old oak was so large that a fire company of twenty-seven full-grown men stood up in it together. Before Governor Wyllys came to America he sent his steward forward to prepare a place for his residence. As he was cutting away the trees upon the hill-side of the beautiful "Wyllys Place," a deputation of Indians came to him and requested that he would spare this old hollow oak. They declared that it had "been the guide of their ancestors for centuries." It was spared until September, 1856, finally yielding to the process of natural decay. On the 31st of October, 1687, Sir Edmund Andros, attended by members of his council, and a body-guard of sixty soldiers, entered Hartford to take the charter by force. The General Assembly was in session. He was received with courtesy, but coldness. He entered the Assembly room, and publicly demanded the charter. Remonstrances were made, and the session was protracted till evening. The Governor and his associates appeared to yield. The charter was brought in and laid upon the table. Sir Edmund thought that the last moment of the colony had come, when suddenly the lights were all put out, and total darkness followed. There was no noise, no resistance, but all was quiet. The candles were again lighted, but the charter was gone! Sir Edmund Andros was disconcerted. He declared the Government of Connecticut to be in his own hands, and that the colony was annexed to Massachusetts and other New England colonies, and proceeded to appoint officers. Whilst he was doing this, Captain Jeremiah Wadsworth, a patriot of those times, was concealing the charter in the hollow of Wyllys' oak, now known as the Charter Oak. In 1689 King James was expelled, and on the 9th of May of that year Governor Treat and his associate officers established the Government of Connecticut under the charter which had been preserved in the old hollow oak.

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## The Night Watchman of Chicago.

By C. SHACKLEFORD.

### Chapter I.

HAROLD BURT, night watchman in the building of the "Invulnerable Treasure Repository," of Chicago, glanced at the clock, the hands of which pointed to half-past nine, and, rising from his seat, crossed the marble floor, and pulled a cord that dangled against the wall.

This half-hourly duty was the test of his faithful watch. The cord was connected with a machine in the locked room beyond—the private office of the president—and the dial of the machine every morning bore its silent but unimpeachable testimony to the vigilance of the night watchman.

As the cord dropped from Burt's hand, the deep "boom! boom!" of the Court-house bell smote upon the air.

"Fire!" whispered Burt to himself.

He counted the strokes. Then he drew from his breast-pocket a signal-card, and found the district in which the fire had started.

"Humph! Not far from Saturday night's fire," he soliloquized. "Those westsiders are too selfish. They ought to let some other part of the city have a chance at a fire now."

He sat for some moments, turning the card over and over in his hand, examining the details of the printing, and reading and re-reading the advertisements on the back. In the long, monotonous hours of his watch, his mind seized upon every trifle, and converted it into food for thought.

Presently the bell again tolled. In so large a city, a fire is an almost daily occurrence. When its locality is known, all, save those in its vicinity, resume with indifference their various employments.

A third time the clanging, brazen voice rose discordant on the night. This was the general alarm, which summoned to the scene all the engines of the Fire Department.

Burt, revolver in hand, went to the door.

The night was moonless, but starlit. The warm south wind was blowing a perfect tornado. It was Sunday night, and the street-cars, full of returning church-goers, went rattling and jingling on their way. The walks were full of pedestrians, and down the long streets glittered the straight lines of twinkling gaslights.

When the clamor of the bell died away, there was nothing to remind one that a fearful fire was raging in another part of that vast city.

Ten o'clock.

Burt re-entered the building, and again performed his half-hourly task. He sat down again in the great, silent office, and listened to the muffled sounds of the street—the jingling of bells, the tramp of myriads of feet, the faint tones of human voices.

The reception office of the Repository was a spacious room, with high ceiling, exquisitely frescoed, and marble floor, which resounded loudly in those still night hours to Burt's lightest footfall.

Three or four handsome desks stood ranged about the room, and a division screen of filigree iron-work, delicate and fragile to the eye, but proof against vigorous assault, divided this room from the vestibule.

To the rear end of the room, a massive iron-door barred the entrance to the vaults. The warden of the vaults was a huge Newfoundland dog.

In the long, long, silent and solemn hours of the night, Burt sometimes found it pleasant to hear the faint sound of his unseen associate in police work, as he moved about in his dark prison, or threw himself heavily against the door, preparatory to sleep.

Half-past ten.

The Court-house bell was still clanging at intervals, and Burt again went out.

The crowd in the street was greater, and to the northwest the heavens were reddened with the reflection of the flames.

"What's burning?" said one passer-by to another.

"Only some west-side rookeries," was the answer.

"No, sir," said a third. "Some of those big elevators have gone up."

"Well, this fire will have to stop when it gets to the place of last night's conflagration."

"Oh, yes, That was a clean sweep. Nothing left to burn."

"Pretty high wind. Bad night for a fire. See those sparks!"

"Think the fire can cross the river?"

"Cross the river! Man alive! do you think this a backwoods town, with no fire department?"

"Well," drawled the first voice, "I don't know. A man

told me just now that the bridges and shipping were on fire."

"Oh, guess not!" contemptuously.

Eleven o'clock.

Burt pulled the cord, and sat down again to his vigil.

The voices in the streets grew fainter and fainter. The cars still rumbled on their routes, and at intervals the Court-house bell rang out its useless warning—useless, because all was being done that could be.

The sound of voices and footsteps died away. But the roar of the wind grew louder and louder.

The dog in the vaults began to move restlessly about and whine. Burt could not unlock the vault-door; but he went to it, and called to the dog, bidding him lie down.

At the sound of his voice, the brute grew quiet.

Half-past eleven.

Heavens! how long the night was. Only half-past eleven.

Burt looked out on the almost deserted thoroughfares. The hot, blistering wind went roaring through the streets; and, whirling about high in the air, thick as snow-flakes, were millions of fire-seeds.

Burt watched them fall on the roofs of the buildings, on awnings, on wooden signs—anywhere and everywhere. Then, even as he looked, the Court-house bell again sounded, and the western horizon took a horrible, lurid glow.

When he resumed his vigil in the solemn silence of the deserted room, memory insisted upon recalling to him a certain time when he had run from the fire-fiend, and escaped only with his life, and the money he wore belted about him.

But he hated the thought of those days. He rose, and strode about the room, and whistled under his breath. All in vain. His thoughts, despite himself, would revert to that time, and to that flight for life.

It was so long ago. It seemed as if it must have occurred in another life. How many years? He had to stop and compute. 1871—he was forty-five now. He was twenty-five then. Yes. He was married when he was twenty-two—he frowned darkly as this item entered into the sum—and it was three years after their marriage that she——

"Oh, confound it all!"

He jumped from his seat, and, muttering this imprecation, whirled the chair across the room, and it clattered and crashed on the marble floor, and the echoes thundered through the silent halls.

Twelve o'clock.

Thank heaven, he had something to do, if only to pull a cord!

Another look on the street. A redder sky, a fiercer gale, a thicker rain of sparks. How hot the wind was!

Yet all the time the undercurrent of his mind was still running in the channels of memory.

Yes, that was a night something like this, though that fire was in May. Well, he would not fly so wildly for his life now. His life was little to him to-night; and, as for treasure, he had nothing in the world but a few dollars of his last month's salary. Twenty years ago, in that San Francisco fire, all was different.

He turned impatiently on his heel, and went in again to his dreary watch. He drew his chair up to the register, and kicked it noiselessly open.

How horribly still and solemn it was in that treasure-house. Nothing for a man to do but think, think, think.

Thinking was such confoundedly melancholy work. No wonder men went mad in solitary confinement. When he was young, though, his sister used to call him "Burt, the dreamer."

His sister! There it was again. She was dead. What was the use of thinking of her? Everybody was dead but him.

He recalled this one and that one—a crowd of old acquaintances—all gone. Mother, father, sister—ay, but his brother? Was he dead?

Burt clinched his fist, and a dark frown crept over his bronzed face.

And Burt's wife—the fair, false cheat! Where were they? Had God's judgment reached them yet?

He had saved his life and his money in that awful fire. Then, when he was able to write, he had expressed the money—every dollar of it—to his wife, under the care of the brother, in whose charge he had left her when he went to the mines.

The weeks and months went on. No answer came to his remittance, no letter ever came in response to his.

At last he wrote to the postmaster of the village where his wife lived.

To that missive there came an answer. His brother and wife had left the town together some weeks before, having in their possession a large sum of money, the source of which no one seemed to know.

Burt remembered with photographic clearness every word and detail of that letter. Sitting there, with his chin on his hand, and his elbow resting on his knee, and his eyes bent on the floor, his face was as hard and stern and almost as white as a marble statue, his figure as motionless as carven stone.

Presently the instinct of time, trained by practice of his profession, warned him of his duties. He raised his eyes to the clock.

Half-past twelve.

He stretched out his hand, and, without leaving his seat, pulled the cord, and relapsed again into his musing.

Well, when the letter was read, he dropped like a log to the floor. No one ever knew that, though. He was alone in his room. When he came to his senses he burned the letter, and then very soon left California, and drifted hither and yon about the States.

He never heard of the guilty couple. He never sought them. Why should he? He wanted no man's blood on his hands. And after all—well, no—he would not acknowledge the brotherhood. But their mother?

He rose and strode about the room.

As for his wife—bah! So sweet and innocent and winning as she was. When they parted she put her picture in his hand, and kissed him, and——

Heavens, what a fool he was! Crying, too, after all these years!

He brushed his hand roughly over his eyes.

Well, he had been a fool about her always. He never could bring himself to destroy the picture. He had it now, in its tiny purple velvet case, in his breast-pocket. He had not opened it for years. Suppose now he should look at it again?

One o'clock.

With the picture unopened in his hand, he pulled the cord on the wall, walked slowly to the gas-jet, and pressed the spring of the velvet case. There was a mist in his eyes.

Whiz! The gas flamed up in a long, slender, blue tongue. A deep, sullen detonation from afar. The floor shook. Then all was darkness.

Burt stood stunned. The next moment he thrust the picture in his pocket again, and groped his way to the door.

No twinkling gaslights now adown the streets. An awful silence and desolation brooded in the thoroughfares, lighted now only by the glare of the flames and the rain of fire. The indescribable sounds of a great conflagration, the puff of the engines, the tramp of feet, the inarticulate swell of voices, the crackle and rustle of the fire, and the sullen thud of falling masonry—all these came to Burt's listening ear.

Thicker and thicker came the storm of cinders, sparks and brands. The heavens grew more crimson moment by moment. Louder and louder increased the noises of the

conflagration. When Burt turned to perform his half-hourly task, the fiery legions had formed two sides of a square, and were hemming him in on the west and south.

Half-past one.

La Salle Street a blazing wall, and another branch of fire going north and east, with horrible rapidity, on Adams Street.

Two o'clock.

For the last time Burt groped his way to the cord, and made the final record of his faithfulness. Then back to his watch at the door. The poor imprisoned brute in the vaults moaned and howled, but there was no help for him.

North, south and west the waves of fire surged. Out from their opened cells in the burning Court-house poured the murderers, thieves, burglars, and criminals of every kind, and yelling with joy or affright, plunged into the struggling mass of humanity that now blocked the streets, and were lost to view.

Nearer and nearer, up Randolph Street, strode the fire. Crash after crash of walls. Carriages, hacks, express-wagons, all tearing madly along. Men, women, and children a struggling mass, blocking the streets.

Still Burt stood at his post. Not till the flames burst from the upper windows of the Repository building, and swayed over his head like a brilliant awning, did he throw away his weapon, muffle his head in his great-coat, and plunge into the human current choking the thoroughfares.

Pushing, stumbling, struggling, gasping, Burt was slowly swept along with the crowd that surged toward the lake. State Street was still intact, and he struggled out of the solid, eastward-moving phalanx, and plunged into the mass of humanity that surged upon that street.

He hoped by pushing northward to reach his boarding-house, on Wabash Avenue, before the branch moving east should hem him in, with no refuge but the lake-shore.

In the panic-stricken crowd, the first thought of all was self—only to get away with life, only to save one's own possessions as much as might be—this was the first and last thought.

Delicate women, some of them with babes in their arms, frightened little children, panic-stricken men, numberless vehicles drawn by half-maddened horses—all these struggling together made a scene of the wildest confusion, lighted up by the glare of hundreds of burning buildings, and the storm of firebrands borne on the wings of the whirlwind.

Suddenly something fell from one of the windows in the second story of the building Burt was passing. It was a ledger, which had been thrown out to the express-wagon in waiting, and being aimed, it fell short of the mark.

Burt received only a smart blow on the shoulder, but a man at his right hand was struck so heavily on the side of his head that he fell senseless upon the walk.

No one save Burt, appeared to notice him. The crowd surged on, and in a few moments he must have been trampled to death, had not Burt raised him in his arms. Just as he accomplished this, which was no easy task under the circumstances, a man came running out of the building, and throwing some things into the express-wagon, was just about to jump in after them. The driver, who had recovered the fallen ledger, was ready for a start.

"Hold on!" said Burt, catching the bridle of the nearest horse. "Here's part of your load you've forgotton."

"What do you mean? I don't know that man. What is he to me? Go on, driver."

"He's the man you've pretty nearly killed, if you haven't quite done it! That's what he is to you! He's going in that wagon. That whack your ledger gave him deadheads him on this trip. Here, help me lift him, will you?"

The owner of the load wasted no more time in words. Whether or no he quite comprehended the case was quite undecided, but anything to save time. They lifted the inanimate form quickly into the wagon, and laid it full length on the books and office belongings that composed the load.

"Jump in and hold his head, can't you?" said the gentleman to Burt.

Then, when they had fairly started, the stranger knelt down beside the senseless form lying in Burt's arms, and, opening the vest, felt if the heart still throbbed.

"I guess he's only stunned," he said, at last, with a sigh of relief. "Great heavens! if he had got the full force of that falling ledger, 'twould have killed him, sure. Where do you want him carried?"

"I don't know. Is there any hospital left? Better take him there, I think."

"Yes, there's the County Hospital. We can go there. Who is this man?"

"I don't know. I never saw him till he fell on the sidewalk."

"Oh, I thought you knew him! I say, driver, just drive past the County Hospital on the way, and we'll leave this man."

"All right."

"You can stay and arrange about him, can't you?" to Burt. "You can let me know——'

He paused suddenly, with a short, abrupt laugh.

"Well, I'd forgotten my home and my office were both gone up. I'll tell you. I'll stop to-night—no, to-morrow morning—at the hospital, and make it all right with you."

"Everything is all safe up in this end of the town, unless the wind changes. I have nothing else to do. I can tend to him."

By this time they reached the hospital, and carried in their burden.

"What's your name?" called the stranger, pausing on the threshold in his hasty departure.

"Harold Burt."

The stranger repeated the name, nodded, and was gone.

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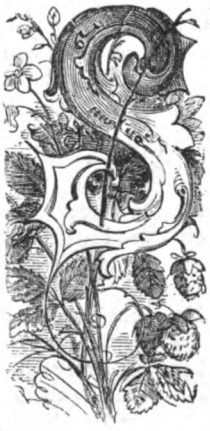
## Chapter II.



SLOWLY the dawn of that awful 9th of October began to illumine the east. Burt, watching at the bedside of the wounded man, saw the pale yellow sunlight begin to bar the dirty white wall of the hospital ward.

The physician had come, and examined the poor man's hurt, and pronouncing it a slight one, had proceeded on his rounds. It was a dismal place in which to wait hour after hour. Moans, and restless tossings, and sighs of pain and weariness—these were all the sounds that broke the stillness of the sick-room. The wounded man lay with his face turned from Burt, and was breathing heavily. They had not removed his clothes, but had just laid him on the cot till consciousness should return. It was weary work waiting.

One of the nurses came in and whispered to another, and Burt caught the words.

"The fire is creeping against the wind. It is a block further south than it was two hours ago. The north-side is afire, too, they say."

"Oh, Lord, have mercy!" cried the listener. "Is the whole city going?"

Burt left his post and went out into the street. From all the houses the furniture had been moved out, and elegant mirrors, rosewood and *brocatelle* chairs, marble-topped tables, clocks, and all kinds of costly household belongings were

HAROLD BURT, THE NIGHT-WATCHMAN.—"'HAROLD, DEAR HAROLD!' CRIED HETTIE, AS SHE RUSHED TOWARD AND KNELT BEFORE HIM."
SEE PAGE 22.

piled up, ready for transportation. The owners hung idly about the porticoes, and discussed the calamity, of whose extent they could form no conception.

There was no water, and the fire burned not only with the fierce wind, but also in the face of it. Where was to be the end?

Burt walked miles. It was impossible to hire any vehicle. Street-cars and omnibusses had ceased to run. At last he reached Harrison Street, and there before him, far as the eye could see, was a blackened plain, half-hidden by a pall of thick smoke that swayed in the wind, and revealed broken walls, shattered arches, crumbling pillars and *débris*, out of which darted little flames like fire-serpents. This was the heart of Chicago.

The streets were crowded with people, moving wildly about, like ants whose hillock some careless foot has swept level with the ground. Burt sauntered about a while, listening to the comments of the crowd, and then went back to the hospital. The nurse met him at the door of the ward.

"Has he waked yet?" asked Burt.

"Yes, partially. I asked him what hurt him. He muttered something about 'slungshot,' and went off again into insensibility."

Harold resumed his post as watcher. About ten o'clock the sleeper moved his head upon the pillow, muttered some broken words, and opened his eyes.

Burt bent forward.

Their glances met.

For some moments the two men continued to gaze steadily at each other.

"Give me some water," whispered the patient.

He put his hand to his bandaged head.

"What's the matter with my head?" he queried, in a half-wondering, half-impatient tone.

Burt put the glass of water to his lips, and lifted him on the pillow as gently and adroitly as any nurse could have done.

As he turned to replace the tumbler, the wounded man followed him with his eyes.

"Harold!" he exclaimed.

"Who calls me Harold?" exclaimed Burt, in astonishment.

He had not heard his baptismal name for years.

"Why, Harold, don't you know me?"

The wounded man stretched out his hands.

"We thought you were dead—Hettie and I!" he cried, joyfully.

Burt recoiled. A frown darkened and hardened his whole face.

"You and Hettie!" he echoed, under his breath. "Then you are Henry," he said, aloud, and gazing intently and wonderingly at the pale face on the pillow.

He came a step nearer.

"Look here," he said, in a low tone of suppressed hate and anger, "I had feared I might kill you when we met. Well, we have met, and I saved your life. Keep the vile boon!"

He made a gesture as if throwing away some loathsome object, and turned away toward the door.

"Harold, wait! Come back! What do you mean by such words, after all these years of silence and neglect?"

Burt strode away, but at the door he paused, deliberated, and returned. He came close to the bedside, and stood over the prostrate man, with a dark, threatening look on his face.

"Tell me—where is she—Hettie?"

"I don't know. She was at No. — Wabash Avenue. Why do you care to know? Harold, if ever a man acted vilely——"

Harold shook his clinched hand.

"Hush! Don't tempt me to right myself, and kill you even now."

He waited a moment to control himself.

"Look you," he said, fixing his keen, resolute look on the other's face; "if I thought you were not good to her——" He paused. "I would end your life this moment, if I knew that she was unhappy."

He checked himself abruptly, and once more walked away.

"Unhappy!" echoed the patient, raising himself on his elbow, and calling after Burt. "Of course she is unhappy. What else did you expect?"

But Burt had shut the door behind him. Nevertheless, he had heard those last words, though at the time they conveyed no meaning to him. He found himself repeating them mentally, as he hurried along the street.

"Unhappy! Of course she is unhappy. What else did you expect?"

Well, was he to blame that her punishment had come upon her? What right had his faithless brother to use that accusing tone, and heap reproaches on him—the abandoned husband?

They had chosen to deceive and betray him, and now their sin had rebounded and brought misery to themselves.

Could that be his brother Henry—that gray-haired, wrinkled, middle-aged man? Ah, yes! It was twenty years since they had met. And Hettie—was she old and faded, too?

Burt could only imagine her young, graceful, and *piquante*. In all the many, many times in which he had imagined his possible meeting with his brother, he had never pictured it like this. He had made no allowance for time and change. The brother from whom he had parted, leaving his young wife in his care, was young and strong, and gay and handsome. This was the image he had carried through all those years of hate and rancor. The brother from whose presence he had just rushed with murder in his soul was a worn, gray-haired, pallid-faced man.

Burt felt a strange chill. This silent change of age had come upon him, also, but imperceptibly. For the first time he realized how far down the shady side of life's hill he had progressed. Alas! the sun of his existence hung low in the western sky. A little while, and his brother, his wife, and himself would all have passed away. Almost he doubted if indeed he were the Harold Burt who had been the sufferer in that long-time tragedy, so unreal did those twenty-year-old events begin to appear to him.

He wandered on with his hands idly clasped behind his back, and his eyes bent on the ground. The crowd jostled him, in his slow, abstracted walk. He heeded them not. He was living in the dead Past. As he neared the confines of the burned district, he roused himself from his reverie, and glanced at the numbers of the houses.

His heart began to throb quickly and suffocatingly, as he noted how close he was to the house where his wife had dwelt. It was hardly more than a block distant. He hurried forward. Six more even numbers—four—three!

Ah, me! He stood like one turned to stone!

The fire had swept over the place he sought, and the site of the house was within the blackened, smoking area of the burned district.

Burt stood a long time looking at the ruins. There was a confused heap of charred masonry, and then, on the northern side, an irregular fragment of the wall, smoke-blackened and jagged, stood desolate and forlorn in the pale-yellow sunlight.

Two women were standing on the walk beside him.

"Ah, sorra's the day that iver I came to this counthry," wailed one, wiping her eyes on a dingy, Magenta-hued

shawl. "Shure, and ivery cent I iver airned is nothing but cinders. The bit o' money put by for the coming over of my mither and my sister—that's gone. And my new shawl—fifteen dollars, and my furs. Indade and indade I'll niver have the likes of thim clothes agin."

"Shure, an' there's many a one has lost so much they'll niver need clothes again," remarked her companion.

"Indade am I thinkin' it's that way with the mistress, bliss her sowl! A kinder, more tinder-hearted lady nor she was I niver see."

"And is it burned she is?"

"Shure, and I think so. Mr. Burt—God rest his sowl!—wint down to his affis. Mrs. Burt got a sheet full of things, and we got to the sidewalk, and she cried afther her bird—and it's fond enough she was of the little craythur. The nixt I knew she was a-flying back afther the bird. That's the last nor I nor onny wan iver see of her. By the same token, there hangs the bird-cage now."

And the poor woman ended with a doleful howl, and dried her eyes again on the Magenta shawl.

Burt waited to hear no more, nor asked any questions. He walked slowly along the street, till he could view the inside of the broken wall. Toward the further end of the second story was a window, and beside it still hung a bird-cage, now bent and blackened by the fierce fire which had swept over it.

There was something so desolate, so pathetic, about this little memento of a stricken home, that for the first time in twenty years the tears filled Burt's eyes.

This, then, was where Hettie had lived. There was the window where she had sat. There hung the cage of the bird whose song lightened her loneliness. Down among the bricks and rubbish were all her little home-treasures. Alas! it might be that there, also, was her grave, and that broken, smoke-stained wall was her only monument. As Burt thought of that, he wrung his hands in silent, wordless anguish.

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### Chapter III.

N the Tuesday morning just succeeding the Monday of the great fire a gentleman, inquiring for Mr. Burt, was shown into the room, and to the cot where Henry Burt was lying.

"Ah, my man," he said, seeing the patient was awake, "how do you feel this morning?"

"Pretty queer about the head, and some fever."

"Queer about the head, eh? No wonder. I suppose you know I threw my tremendous ledger on your pate. I only wonder I didn't kill you outright. However, the doctor says you will come out all right. Where is Mr. Burt? They told me he was here."

"I am Mr. Burt."

"You are? There's a coincidence! The man that I left to take charge of you—in fact, the man who saved your life, told me his name was Burt—Harold Burt."

"Yes. Well, my name is Henry."

"Are you relations?"

"Brothers."

"Well, I don't understand. He told me you were a stranger—declared he never saw you till he picked you up from the sidewalk."

"I don't think he recognized me."

"Well, but how long since he saw you?"

"Twenty years."

"Upon my word! There's a romance. Had not seen each other for twenty years, and he saved your life! Quite like fiction. Where has he gone now?"

"I don't know."

"When will he be back?"

The sick man shook his head.

"The truth is," he said, wearily, "he chose to sever himself from his family years ago. We thought him dead."

"So he has left you again. Have you no friends in the city? I do not know as I can find them in the confusion, but I will try. Meanwhile, I consider myself bound to do what I can to alleviate the pain and sickness I have brought upon you."

"Thank you, sir! I've a sister-in-law in Chicago, with whom I boarded. Her home was burned, though, and I don't know where she is. No use even to try and find her, I suppose."

"I can only advertise when the papers get started." The sick man smiled faintly, and shook his head hopelessly.

"You're very kind," he said, simply.

"Keep up a good heart now," said the visitor, rising. "I shall be in to see you again. I haven't any home, nor office, nor address of any sort; but my name is George Waters, and I'm adjuster for the Salamander Fire Insurance Company. You can find out my whereabouts from them, when I have any whereabouts. Good-by."

Then the genial, chatty young fellow went away, and left Henry Burt to his broken head and sore heart.

The next morning, when Waters came again, he had an item of information for the patient.

"Burt!" he said, in the first pause, "I have a clue to your brother. I happened to be speaking of you to my brother-in-law, President of the Invulnerable Treasure Repository. 'Burt!' he echoed. 'Why, that's the name of our night-watchman. I hope it isn't his skull you broke.' I just told my relative to keep an eye upon him when he came to the surface."

"It's no use," sighed Burt. "He has lost all affection for his wife or for myself."

There the subject was dropped.

The next time Waters called the sick man was sitting up, and had gained the permission of the hospital surgeon to his discharge in a day or two.

"Good as ever, aren't you?" said Waters.

"Yes, sir. Now, if I only had my planing-mill back again, and could find Hettie—that's my sister-in-law—I'd be the happiest man you would see in one long day."

The sick man sat with his back to the door of the ward, but Waters was facing it. At this moment it opened very quietly, and a woman peeped in. She drew back. The nurse entered, looked around the ward, and, motioning the woman to advance, pointed to Burt's chair. The woman stole forward until she stood beside Burt. He raised his eyes, and, seeing her, gave a start and a cry of joy.

"Hettie, is it you? Where did you come from? How did you get here?"

Hettie, laughing and crying by turns, could only hold fast to his hand, and utter little broken sentences of joy.

"How did you know I was here?" queried Burt, at last, gasping for breath.

"Oh, Henry, how can I tell you? I've had a letter from Harold."

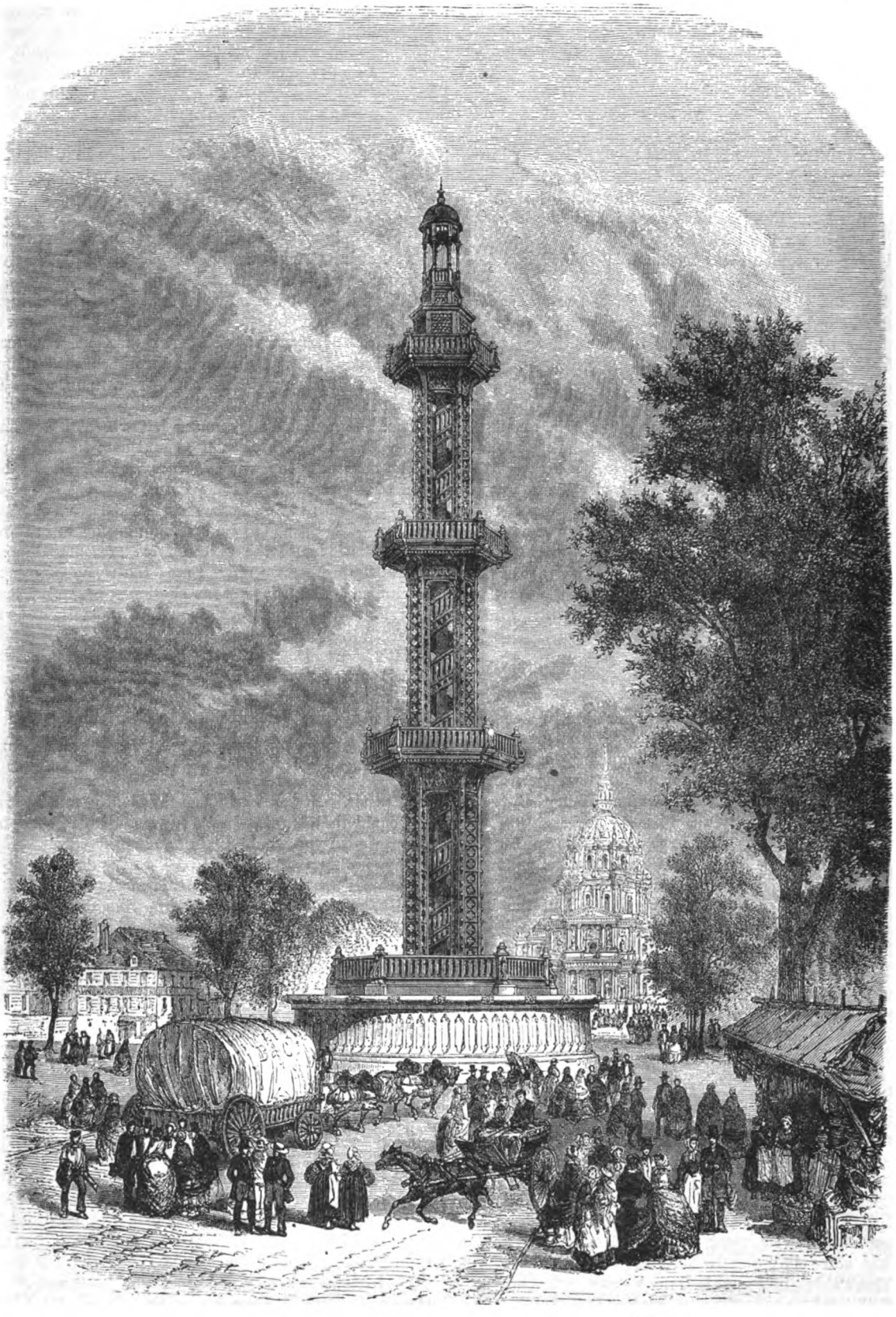
"A letter from Harold! No. Don't go, Mr. Waters. This is Mrs. Burt, my sister-in-law, of whom I told you. Hettie, this is Mr. Waters, a gentleman who has cared for me ever since I was hurt. Well, Hettie, go on. You had a letter from Harold. What did he say?"

He told me where you were. The letter wasn't signed. Here it is. But I knew his writing. Only think, Henry, of his being alive!"

Burt was reading the letter, and she turned, with moistened eyes and heightened color, to Waters, and took him straightway into her joy and confidence.

"I've thought my husband was dead these twenty years, sir, and now I know he's alive. It will all come right. He was such a good man—such a kind husband, and I know he had some good reason for the way he kept away all these years—eh, Henry?" turning again to Burt.

"Yes, it's his writing. He knew where I was. So, you advertised for me, and he answered anonymously?"



THE ARTESIAN WELL AT GRENELLE, NEAR PARIS.—SEE PAGE 30.

"Yes. Oh, Henry, do you think we can find him?"

Waters took the letter Burt handed him to read.

"I advertised for Henry in last night's *Journal*, you know," parenthesized Hettie.

There were only a few lines in the note.

"If the friends of Henry Burt will inquire for him at the County Hospital they will learn his whereabouts."

This was all. No signature. No inside address. Outside it was addressed to Mrs. Hettie Burt, No. — Sangamon Street. This was the address given in the advertisement.

Mrs. Burt took the note, and reverently and very lovingly refolded it.

"I knew his writing instantly; but, only think! for twenty years I thought him dead. It was such a shock to see his writing again. Oh, do you suppose I could find him?"

"You might advertise. He seems to see the advertisements," suggested Waters.

He longed greatly to know why this separation had occurred.

Mrs. Burt drooped her head, and a tear fell upon the letter she still held.

"If I could only see him, he would come back to me, I know," she whispered.

"I have a plan!" suddenly exclaimed Waters. "I will see you, Mrs. Burt, to-morrow or next day, and tell it to you. I must bid you good-by now. Let me see; No. — Sangamon Street. I shall remember your address. Good-by."

And so, full of his new idea, he hurried away to put it into practice.

He found the President of the Invulnerable Treasury Repository in a little fourteen by sixteen room, with the desks of one or two other companies crowded into the apartment.

"All your employés come to light?" queried Waters.

"Pretty nearly all."

"Burt—the night-watchman—have you seen him?"

"Yes. I met him on the street. I told him to come here to-morrow morning."

"Good. I would like to see him in my office afterward."

"Very well."

Then the good-hearted Waters, who dearly loved the part he was playing of good angel to poor wretches, went, with all speed, to ask Mrs. Burt to be on hand the next morning in his office.

"It opens right into the office of the President of the Invulnerable Treasure Repository. If your husband comes, you cannot help seeing him," he said, as he shook hands at parting.

"Really she is a pretty little woman, if she is forty, as I suppose she must be," he soliloquized, on his way home.

THE FAIR BREADMAKER OF NEW WINDSTEIN, GERMANY.—SEE PAGE 31.

"What pretty, bright eyes she has! and that tear in them. I hate to see a woman cry; but, somehow, Mrs. Burt is prettier than ever when she has tears in her eyes."

The next morning, true to his appointment, Burt entered the Treasure Repository office. The president re-engaged him with an undiminished salary.

"By-the-way, I nearly forgot to tell you that Mr. Waters, the gentleman in that office"—pointing to the door of communication between the rooms—"desires to see you."

Burt, who had never learned Mr. Waters's name, opened the door, and recognizing him instantly, walked straight to his desk.

"Well, Burt," began Mr. Waters, "I have been expecting to meet you ever since the fire."

"Yes, sir," acquiesced Burt, and awaited developments.

"Just take a chair, and wait a moment, will you?" pointing to an unpainted white-pine chair that stood some little distance away.

Burt had grown old, thin, and haggard in the trying days since the fire. The remembrance of his lost happiness and former home-joys had been rudely awakened, and the strong man had lived over again the pain and shame and grief of his early manhood.

A moment or so after he was seated, Waters left the room, and passed into the other office. There was a woman sitting at a desk a little distance from Burt, with her back toward him. After a little pause, she turned around.

Burt had barely noticed her presence, but the rustle of her dress caused him to raise his heavy eyes from the floor, and glance toward her. He started to his feet.

"*Hettie!*" he gasped.

Then he sank back in his chair, still keeping his eyes upon her.

"Harold—dear, dear Harold!" cried Hettie, as, rushing toward him and kneeling beside him, she clasped him about the neck.

For a moment he suffered her to hold him thus. Then his brow darkened, and he pushed her gently but firmly away, and rose to his feet.

"It is too late for this," he said, in a low voice.

He stood looking at her gloomily, and yet with a tenderness he hated himself for feeling.

"Ah, Harold, why did you desert me? Look! I have believed in you through all these years of suffering."

"*You* have believed in *me!*" echoed Harold. "Oh, yes, I see! You believe that, come back to me when you would, I would still receive you."

"It was for you to come back to me." And as she said this, Hettie rose to her feet, and stood looking straight in his eyes. "Did you think I cared for your money?" she indignantly continued, after a pause, "that you sent me all your gains, and then left me to think you dead for twenty years? I tell you, had I known you were living, I would not have touched one penny of your money."

"Hettie," said Harold, in a tone of deepest sorrow, "were you so bitter?"

"Bitter?" echoed Hettie. "No; I have always loved you too well."

She turned away, and covered her face with her hands. For one instant she stood thus, and then, snatching up her thick vail, was hurrying from the room.

Harold stepped before the door.

"Wait one moment," he said. "Hettie, why did you refuse to answer my letters—why did you leave me?"

"Your letters? You sent none. I could not even get a reply to those I sent, begging you to write me."

"But you received the money?"

"Yes, but how could I tell whether it was a legacy or not? No letter came with it. Henry tried every way to gain an explanation of it, and to find your whereabouts."

At the mention of his brother's name, Harold's face, which had begun to change and soften, grew dark and stern. He moved aside, to allow her to pass out of the door.

"Harold," she said, with her hand upon the door-knob, "tell me one thing before we part forever. Why did you cease to love me?"

He stood looking at her with unutterable longing and sorrow, but he did not speak.

She came back two or three steps, and laid her hand upon his arm. Cease to love her? Ah, never had she been so dear!

For a moment they stood thus, looking straight into one another's eyes. A sense of awe and solemnity, as if they were disembodied spirits meeting in a spiritual world, took possession of them.

"You left our home without a word to me, and went away with Henry," said Harold, speaking slowly and painfully, like one in a dream.

"Henry had to come here. I had no relative in the world but him, so I came too. I thought you were dead," she whispered, in the same tone.

Then, after twenty years of separation and mutual misunderstanding, they silently kissed each other.

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THAT night George Waters told the Burt romance to his wife over his evening cigar.

"But only think, George, of losing twenty years of happiness out of this short life!" exclaimed the happy little wife, with a shudder.

Waters blew a blue ring of smoke into the air with great deliberation.

"Well, Puss, as Mrs. Gamp says, 'there are some happy creatures as time runs back'ard with.' We will hope Burt and his wife are of that favored class."

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## THE ARTESIAN WELL AT GRENELLE, PARIS.

ARTESIAN wells derive their name from Artois, in France, anciently called Artesium, where they have very long been in use. An artesian well is a small hole bored in the earth to a great depth, till it strikes one of the strong underground-currents of water.

To understand this thoroughly, it is well to know that the interior surface is full of fissures, channels and basins, through which the water is gradually working its way wherever it finds or makes a way. Where the current of one of these rivers is very rapid, and the pressure from above great, and the channel thus tapped, the water is forced up to the height nearly of the basin from which it started. An artesian well must, therefore, be sunk in a lower ground, surrounded by a more elevated tract, which can collect the water.

The deepest well of this kind in the United States, and perhaps in the world, is that sunk by the Belchers, at their sugar refinery in St. Louis. It was driven down to the depth of 2,199 ft., and then, on March 12, 1854, water was reached, but so charged with mineral matter as to be unfit for use.

That of Grenelle, in the Paris basin, was more profitable. It was commenced on the 24th of December, 1833, and on the 26th of December, 1841, at the depth of 1,792 ft., the boring-rod suddenly penetrated the rocky arch of the subterranean aqueduct, and fell some 14 ft. Then the water gushed out, and after a short time became perfectly limpid. It rises 34.10 metres above the mouth of the well—that is, more than 100 feet—and the structure shown in our illustration was erected to support the pipe in which it rises. It was essential to success that it should attain such a height as to allow it to descend to Paris. From this pipe the water

is drawn off to the reservoirs in the Place du Pantheon. Its importance in supplying water may be seen from the fact that it gives out 500,000 gallons in twenty-four hours. The well was near the Place Breteuil, and to make the tall structure needed both useful and ornamental, pipes were laid to conduct the water to the square at the junction of the roads leading to the Military School and the Invalides. Here the architect Delaperche raised the strong yet graceful structure shown in our illustration. It is of cast-iron, from the foundry at Fourchambault, is 42.85 metres, or, we may say, yards in height, and 3.55 metres in diameter at the base. It weighed 100,000 kilogrammes.

As will be seen, it is light and graceful, and may be ascended by a spiral staircase.

## THE FAIR BREADMAKER OF NEW WINDSTEIN.

About the middle of the last century there lived at Walbourg, in Germany, a young nobleman, who cultivated carefully his broad acres, but yet indulged freely in the pleasure of the chase. His remarkable respect and attention to his widowed mother, a lady whom all revered, won him the strange title of the Son of the Lady, and by it he was known far and wide, the recognized type of a good son.

It was his constant habit to ride around every morning and inspect the details of his patrimonial domain, and this master's duty done, to gallop off on the road opened through the forest of Haguenau by the waters of the Sauerbach.

A friendly nod as he rode on answered the frequent greetings and good wishes for his success in his day's hunt, and then the farmers and their hands kept on their work with little thought of him. However, one morning, after he was out of sight, those who greeted him either from field or roadside stood in surprise watching till the last glimpse faded away, and then, with amazement, they asked, "Where is the Lady's Son gone to-day?"

They had all remarked two unusual circumstances, causing them great surprise, and leaving them in a whirl of conjectures. That day the young gentleman was not in the sportsman's dress, and still more unaccountably he turned his bridle toward Woerth, just the opposite direction from the forest of Haguenau.

There would have been far more conjecture had an indiscreet echo repeated out-doors the last words of the son when he took leave of his lady mother.

"Do not grow sad over the hours of my absence," said he. "I do not know how long my journey will be. I can only assure you that I will not return without what you need here."

Now, what the young gentleman's mother needed, in her reluctance to interfere with his active life of daily excursions, was a young companion, affectionate and confiding, who would make it a task of love to aid her in the domestic cares—one to enliven the day with conversation, and repay her fond caress with a gentle smile.

The year before, the lady had, indeed, possessed an amiable companion, an affectionate assistant, sweet words for sweet words, caress for caress. She then still enjoyed her daughter's society. But within a few months that daughter had left her to follow a husband's fortunes. Mademoiselle, in her mother's house, had become madame in a manor-house of her own.

The Lady's Son was uneasy as to the effect of this solitude on his mother, and one day said to her:

"If we cannot recall our runaway, we can, at all events, replace her. Here I am, as old as my father was when he married you. Let me seek a wife, such as will please me and suit you. My marriage will give you a daughter who will not leave you."

This proposition at once pleased the mother, who day by day grew less resigned to her isolation. As she was, in the best sense of the word, a practical woman, and as her long domestic experience enabled her to tell the young man's attention to the essential point most apt to contribute to the peaceful happiness of a home circle, she replied:

"I do not pretend to guide your choice on all points, but bear in mind this recommendation: If on your search you find in a noble house a worthy young girl gayly and cheerfully engaged in useful labor, question your own heart. If it speaks for her, and she is free, try to please her, for she is the woman you require."

The Lady's Son respectfully pressed his lips to the hand his mother held out to him, and then, mounting his steed, rode off.

The memory of his father—a man still honored in the country—and the deep respect inspired by the widow's virtue, would open every door to the young noble. He met, indeed, a cordial welcome at the different manors, whether on mountain-side or valley, that studded the road between Woerth and Niederbronn.

As he carefully concealed the object of his journey, and his hosts, not to say hostesses, were pressing in their invitations to have him prolong his visit, whenever they had an unmarried daughter, he was able to make his observations quite leisurely.

His criterion, as we know, was the combination of the charms of amiable gayety with frankly avowed industry, and natural grace in the accomplishment of daily duties. But where he found grace, beauty, and accomplishments, all taste for needful occupations seemed unknown; and where he found an inclination for serious employments, it was marred by a sullen or unattractive temper. But for the remembrance of his sister, and had he stopped at Niederbronn, he would have come to the final conclusion that music and sprightly conversation are only masks of untidy sloth, and that a taste for work is incompatible with a cheerful disposition or grace in form or action.

He had been but three days on his journey, when he began to grow discouraged. Instead of fixing in advance his next stopping-place, he resolved to leave it to chance, and trust to fortune to guide him to the object of his search. He re-crossed the Falkeinsteinbach, which intersects Niederbronn north and south, then passed over the road from Haguenau to Strasbourg, and letting his horse take the northeast, he reached the charming and industrious village of Joegerthal, where, night and day, the ring of heavy hammers proclaims the laborious life of the people. Following the path by the lake, into which the aged trees dipped their roots and mirrored their branches, he came in sight of the castles of Old and New Windstein, proudly seated like twins on the two hills that form the background of a wonderful landscape.

The Lady's Son let his horse slowly climb the hill whose summit was crowned by New Windstein, and resolutely spurred him into the courtyard of the castle. He found it deserted. All were in the vineyards.

Leaving his horse there to get the rest it needed sorely, he advanced to a door opening on a spiral staircase. What attracted him to this spot was, we confess, the silvery ring of a young, fresh voice, like his sister's, singing in a room on the second floor, a favorite song of his mother's. At the risk of being indiscreet, he followed the guidance of the voice, till the last step of the stairs brought him to an open gothic door. Arrived there, he stood for some time in wrapt contemplation of the songstress, who, utterly unconscious of a stranger's presence, kept on with her task. She was making bread. She was a very graceful young lady; the grace of her movements showed that she was not born for labors such as she now performed both cheerfully and well.

THE PIX OF MASO FINIGUERRA—THE FIRST COPPERPLATE ENGRAVING.

When she perceived the young gentleman, and on hearing his name received his apology—when he learned that this charming girl, who could knead bread, while, like his sister, she sang his mother's favorite ballad, was the heiress of the castle—in fine, when he ascertained that she was doing the work to take the place of a sick servant, he felt that his mother's advice was good; and the next day, armed with the welcome given to his proposals by the parents of the noble maiden, he returned home to tell that mother, who was beginning to grow uneasy at his absence.

"My sister's place is filled. I give you as a new daughter The Fair Breadmaker of New Windstein."

## THE PIX OF MASO FINIGUERRA—THE FIRST COPPERPLATE ENGRAVING.

THE "Coronation of the Virgin," shown in our illustration, is remarkable not only for its merit as a work of art, but still more as being an exact representation of the first specimen of engraving on copper.

Wood engraving, producing a raised surface like type, was older than that of cutting into metal plates. Copper was first used, but steel has since been more widely used. Copperplate engraving arose at about the same time in Italy and Germany. Vasari gives the credit of the first use of this metal to Maso Finiguerra, a native of Florence, who, as a goldsmith, made *niello* work engraving plate for churches, then running into lines cut in the metal a black-colored alloy of silver, lead, copper, sulphur, and borax.

When the surface was polished, the design was brought out beautifully, according to the skill and taste exhibited in the pattern. For the purpose of obtaining a proof of the engraved figure, Finiguerra is said to have made an application of soot and oil, and taken an impression on damp paper. The first impressions taken and put in circulation were from an engraved pix. As these circulated, all admired the effect, and painters like Botticelli and others giving their attention to it, copperplate engraving was rapidly perfected before the middle of the fifteenth century.

## OLD ENGLISH CARVED CHESTS.

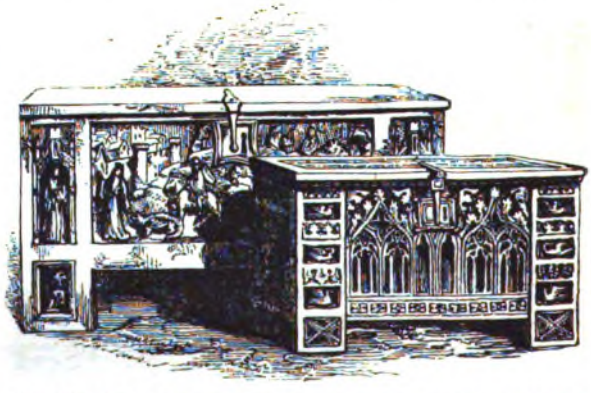
THE modern trunk, when not in use for traveling, is consigned to some storeroom. In olden times, however, a handsome chest stood in many a part of the castle or house, and was not deemed out of place. Such chests figure in many a poem or story. Genevra is not the only heroine who perishes in one of these massive chests of the olden time. The coffer or chest which contained a lady's trousseau on her marriage was often elaborately ornamented.

Our illustration shows some of these, belonging to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and still preserved by ancient English families.

Change of domestic arrangement has now banished such articles, except where they are preserved as curious mementoes of the past.

The carving was sometimes the work of ladies, and fair ladies gave their time to this art, as, indeed, is still occasionally done.

STRONG and many are the claims made upon us by our mother Earth: the love of locality—the charm and attraction which some one homely landscape possesses to us, surpassing all stranger beauties, is a remarkable feature in the human heart. We who are not ethereal creatures, but of mixed and diverse nature; we who, when we look our clearest toward the skies, must still have our standing ground of earth secure—it is strange what relations of personal love we enter into with the scenes of this lower sphere. How we delight to build our recollections upon some basis of reality—a place, a country, a local habitation; how the events of life, as we look back upon them, have grown into the well-remembered background of the places where they fell upon us: here is some sunny garden or summer lane, beautified and canonized forever with the flood of a great joy; and here are dim and silent places, rooms always shadowed and dark to us, where distress or death came once, and since then dwells forever.



OLD ENGLISH CARVED CHESTS, IN THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A GRIM EXPERIMENT.—"IN WALKED DOCTOR VACCA UPON THE LAST STROKE, CALM, PALE, OMINOUS AS A PHANTOM. MISS AYLMER ROSE, TOTTERED TO HIM, AND FELL AT HIS FEET."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

# A GRIM EXPERIMENT.

REMEMBER that the dinner took place on Valentine's Day, and this circumstance is connected in my mind with another—the fact that I received a decidedly comic valentine, just as I was leaving the house; though, I may add, that the representation of myself in a miniature mirror when I opened the missive, and the information annexed ("Portrait of the orang-outang"), was not absolutely "comic" to me.

I was going to dine with Doctor Vacca, in order to meet his patient, and very intimate companion, Mr. Ledyard.

I anticipated the companionship for a few hours of two remarkable men. This will be understood when I explain that both were said to be insane. Lunacy is as attractive as it is sometimes dangerous.

Vacca chose to live in a cottage near the suburbs. It was a fantastic-looking little dwelling, and had the most exquisite garden I ever passed through. The bloom was on it the year round, pipes of hot air running underneath. It may be added that this arrangement, so common now, was such a novelty then, that it was considered one of the most conclusive evidences of the unbalanced condition of the doctor's intellect.

The proprietor himself met me at the door, and conducted me—pulling me by both hands jovially, and walking backward—into his study.

He was a little, stout man, with a broad, merry face, bright-black eyes, and a wide, high, bald forehead. His laugh was certainly charming, his voice was also pleasant, and the piano in the corner proved that he was musical.

At the moment of my entrance, I perceived a tall figure at the window. It rose, and I was introduced to Mr. Ledyard, the madman. He was thin, pale, reserved, mysterious. His hand in mine lay like a cake of ice, but a furnace seemed to be smoldering in either eye. He glanced at me only an instant, and then I comprehended, by some subtle inference, that he liked me.

"We met by a mutual wish, I think," he said, with a faint smile rippling at his lips.

"Yes," I returned, also laughing. "People are nearly always disappointed when they encounter each other for the first time in this way—by previous appointment. But I trust we shan't be."

"You are friends for life!" cried the doctor, binding our hands with his own. "It shall be from now a marriage between you. Bless you, my children! All is over, and I congratulate. Sit down."

The dinner was excellent, though, I need hardly say, peculiar. Vacca, who was fond of indulging in absurdities, placed a chair at the foot of the table, a plate and food, and stationed there that silent guest, who is, however, generally invisible at other feasts—a skeleton.

This wild humor suited the fancy of Mr. Ledyard, and I smile now to see him in my mind's eye gravely bowing and drinking every few moments to our gruesome companion.

We had also several courses in the style of ancient times. Vacca pretended to enjoy them, and even Mr. Ledyard was not averse to eating them, but, for my part, I found them quite the opposite of agreeable.

The doctor talked all the time, and about everything. He was one of those people whom wine really enlivens and improves for the period of its reign; and his abundant fancy charmed and controlled as long as he chose to give it leave.

Mr. Ledyard thawed by degrees in the sunshine of our host's rosy face, and I soon began to find him really interesting. He talked in a low key, and so rapidly that he was occasionally indistinct; but what he said was eminently practical and correct; and I immediately found myself wondering how such a man could be mistaken for a lunatic.

No opportunity to satisfy myself on this point occurred till dinner was over, and we were on our way back to the study.

In the hallway, I whispered the question to Vacca.

"Hist!" he returned. "Wait till you hear him at the piano."

Coffee over and cigars smoked, I mentioned music.

Vacca seconded me warmly. He pulled away the stool, raised the piano-lid and placed his hand upon Mr. Ledyard's shoulder.

"Are you in the mood?" he asked.

This was not the first time I had observed a singular deference in his manner of accosting his patient, and a curious, though primarily, an imperceptible distance between them.

"I hardly know. We will see."

He sat at the keyboard, and struck out carelessly a vague. wild symphony, playing chiefly in the minor keys, and then gradually approached a distinct theme.

If I ever witnessed musical "inspiration," I witnessed it then. The melody seemed to flow like a magnetic current from the tips of his fingers, almost without his volition. His face seemed paler, his chest heaved, his eyes burned brightly, and his lips were tightly compressed.

The music itself was weird, original, not without beauty, but yet unpleasant. In the sombre study, where I perceived nothing but moldy books, oddly-shaped phials, dim, ugly pictures, between the sensations produced by these, and the painful feeling inspired by Mr. Ledyard's performance, I was at length, indeed, nearly ill."

But after a quarter of an hour he rose to go.

"I did not reach my conception," he said, lightly. "You have heard merely the effort. Further trial might weary you."

And then, after an unstudied, easy farewell, he was gone.

I returned to my chair, and lighted a fresh cigar. The doctor did likewise.

"You have seen him," he said, leaning back; "now, what is your opinion?"

"I have none, except that he is the most singular man I ever met. You are correct. He is certainly mad."

"His disease is purely mental, you think?"

"Undoubtedly."

"My dear friend," said Vacca, laying his hand on my knee, "you were never more mistaken. He suffers from a nervous complaint entirely. If I succeed in curing him, you shall see as sensible and well-balanced a gentleman as the world can show."

"You surprise me. Where has he gone now?"

"To the residence of Miss Aylmer. When he is no longer in this condition of imperfect health, they are to be married. He does not chose to make his wife merely the nurse of an invalid. Did you observe——"

"But," I interrogated, "you need not explain further. I see love has, as usual, something to do with the mystery."

"Yes. Before I relate all, however, you must see her."

"A stranger!"

"True; but you will find all this plain in the end. She has heard about you through me. In short, she seeks your acquaintance."

This piece of information very naturally surprised me; but I immediately perceived that something in the shape of a plot was in progress. A dim foreboding—a sensation it would be utterly impossible for me to define—rose within me, and to Vacca's last words I was silent."

He observed it.

"Be under no alarm," he said, "and, above all, do not

disturb yourself with useless conjectures. If I find positive need of your aid in anything I may undertake, I shall not set a trap to obtain it. I should not involve you in anything, be assured, that you should not be permitted to fully examine and understand first. My dealings with you in all our intercourse ought to tell you this."

I begged his pardon, quite reassured, and prepared to go away.

"Expect a note from me within a week," he said, rising. "It will name the evening of our purposed visit to Miss Aylmer. In the meanwhile, if you meet Ledyard—silence!"

He pressed his fat forefinger on his lip; and then we separated.

I think I understood Vacca's theory concerning Mr. Ledyard's disease to be this: some physical derangement had brought about suddenly—with the effect, in fact, of a shock—the mental derangement.

The young man was by no means what is called a *lunatic*. The interview had assured me of that.

He had talked eloquently, logically, and, several times, marvelously. There was nothing singular about his conversation, except, as I have related, the low key and rapidity which marked its delivery.

But there was still—what? Something vague, mysterious, unnatural—something which would be noted only of those whose sanity, in the direct sense of the word, is impaired.

The note arrived after four days. It contained nothing but these words:

"At eight this evening But wait till half-past, in case I do not reach you earlier.

He was, however, quite prompt, and at a quarter to nine I was sitting in the semi-circle around the fire in Miss Aylmer's parlor.

Though not strictly beautiful, she was one of the most distinguished-looking women I had ever seen. It is difficult for those of her sex who are tall and slender to be at the same time graceful; but in this quality she chiefly excelled.

Besides Mr. Ledyard, there were two other gentlemen present when Vacca and I entered. I remember nothing of them, except that one simpered a good deal, and talked in a light, chatty way, while the other was in silence and gravity a very statue.

Miss Aylmer sang, and then cards were proposed. By a preconcerted arrangement with Vacca, he and I did not play; so the game was conducted by Miss Aylmer and her lover against the inspiring gentleman and his stolid friend.

The doctor and I, under the pretense of wishing to examine some bronzes, exiled ourselves upon a distant sofa, and I prepared to hear his revelation.

"The history of Ledyard's misfortune began when he was only nineteen years of age," said Vacca, in a low, earnest voice. "He met Miss Aylmer at that time, and fell in love with her. It was his first passion—the wild, reckless, desperate devotion of an imaginative boy. You know these sort of things—ideals, and never realities."

"Yes, it is true."

"Well, Miss Aylmer was a coquette. After about three or four months a grand quarrel crowned countless minor disputes, and there was a breaking of the marriage engagement. Miss Aylmer declared the breach should never be closed.

"But was not in earnest," I commented, glancing across at the lady in some curiosity.

There was nothing of the coquette's manner about her now, though she was making herself certainly very charming. The simpering gentleman appeared to be especially affected by this. He was bending toward her, basking in the light of her eyes, and chatting more glibly than ever.

"Hearts, you know," he rattled on; "and who doesn't like hearts? But it depends on a man's luck whether his hearts are always trumps, or his trumps are always hearts. Often thought, Miss Alymer, of studying theory of chances here. Get up a table on a card, you know—Sir Isaac Newton sort of thing. Put my name in the book of fame; Alfred Croople handed down to distant posterity. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Whether the lady was in earnest regarding her expressed resolution," pursued Vacca, "I shall not assume the responsibility of saying. I only know the result. Ledyard, to forget his misery, his torture, began the use of opium. Then he gradually approached in his thoughts something more hideous still—suicide!"

"Suicide!"

"Yes; and at length, in an opium-dream, he attempted it. He procured a drug, used it upon himself; and the fearful mineral, whatever it may have been, instead of destroying his life, exerted its effect upon his brain. He did not die, but he went mad—as mad as you see him now."

I pondered in silence upon hearing this; and then I began to have a dim conception of the physician's object in interesting me in Ledyard, in arranging the dinner, in bringing me to meet Miss Alymer this night.

"When the lady perceived what her folly had done, she was, of course, stricken with remorse. At a proper time all was renewed. She hoped to remedy the disastrous effects her thoughtlessness had created. Time passed, and there was still no improvement. She came almost on her knees to me."

"You had been acquainted with him already?"

"Yes. I consented to do what I could, and, after effecting an absolute intimacy with him (a delicate undertaking, I may add), I secretly put him under treatment. There was no result."

"You have now another idea?"

"Yes; not mine, but Miss Alymer's. I told her frankly that unless I could find out what drug Ledyard had used in his attempt at suicide during the dream, all attempts to remove its effects would be without avail."

My suspicion now grew stronger. I listened attentively.

"Miss Alymer had read somewhere, as I had, indeed, myself, that the only method of reviving the memory of an opium-dream is to produce the dream again. That is to say, if I place my money somewhere, while under the intoxication of laudanum, I shall not be able to recall the place until I throw myself once more into the same condition."

"I have often read of this. Well, you were pleased with the suggestion."

"Very much. It had one weak point—if tried, it must either kill outright, and instantly, or cure. For Ledyard's system cannot bear the least stimulant; you must have observed that in his manner of using wine the other day at dinner. He did not drink but half a glass. I could not consent to administer the enormous dose of opium necessary to produce a dream such as the fatal one I have just described to you."

"But might you not prepare his system for its reception by degrees?" I asked. "This is the mode usually adopted in these cases."

"No; the very first grain given him would produce mania of the most fearful description. There is but the one course—to administer the same quantity he took on the night of his attempt at self-destruction. His diary has told me what that quantity was. Now, you perceive, of course, that such a large dose must either destroy him, as it would you or me, or act as it formerly did, and restore him to perfect health. As for the experiment itself, I have no doubt that it would be successful, if the conditions were proper."

"But I infer that you have not abandoned the idea altogether?"

ARSENIC AND THE ARSENIC EATERS IN STYRIA.—SEE PAGE 39.

"We have not; in fact, we have determined to make the trial, be the end what it may."

I drew back in astonishment.

"Miss Aylmer has consented to this?"

"It was she who resolved upon it. She trusts in fate. But if Ledyard is killed, she will die too."

"You objected, at first?"

"Strongly. But once she became possessed of the idea, it grew in her mind until she saw nothing but the certainty of success. She conjured me, with all the eloquence she was mistress of, to make the trial."

"You refused no longer?"

"It would have been impossible. She had threatened to employ some one else; I knew she was in earnest, and, rather than trust so delicate, so strange, so fearful a business in the hands of a man who could feel none other than a professional interest in it, I agreed to assume the responsibility myself."

My interest in so remarkable a woman grew with every instant. Again I glanced at her; but nothing of what was agitating the deepest recesses of her mind disturbed the gayety that sparkled in her eyes and on her lips, and lighted up all her face.

The simpering Mr. Croople was evidently more fascinated than ever.

"Names, names!" he was saying. "Lots of character in names. Miss Aylmer, I think. Balzac used to believe in names. 'Sound a name, and note its ring,' was his plan. He went all over Paris once to find a name for a social martyr he was creating. I don't like my name—nobody does. Ladies can't bear it. At least," he added, bursting into the most showery laughter imaginable, "I can't induce any lady to bear it."

To this she seemed to be listening with the deepest interest; but I very well understood how far away must be her soul.

"Well, I presume you desire me to take some part?"

"A third person is necessary. I have chosen you in preference to any one else."

"Very well; but, remember, I assume the responsibility of nothing."

An hour afterward I was in my room, writing in my journal the substance of what I have recorded here. The further account of Vacca's experiment, and its result, will be given in a transcription of some pages in that volume:

*February 21st.*—I spoke with Miss Aylmer for the first time to-day on the subject of Mr. Ledyard, and the measure we are about to attempt. I knew she loved him, but had no idea how deeply. There was not the least reserve on her part with regard to anything relating to the subject—and this, under the circumstances, was certainly most sensible. She seems to fully understand and appreciate the danger. I feared her eagerness and confidence in the result had led her to overlook this point. We are to begin to-morrow. The first step will be to do all we can to reproduce in Mr. Ledyard's mind the emotions which agitated it at the time when his violent despair led him to do what he did in the dream. Each of us three conspirators is to have a part to play that will require the utmost intelligence, skill, and delicacy in its handling. Mr. Alfred Croople is also unconsciously to aid us. Miss Aylmer will encourage him so far as to lead him on, and, if possible, make her lover jealous. Vacca is, by conversation, to feed this flame, like *Iago;* to create and foster the old morbidity of mind. I am to aid him.

*February 3d.*—Last night, at Miss Aylmer's, the experiment formally commenced. Mr. Croople and his companion, Mr. Jounce, were both present. At their appearance (Mr. Ledyard Vacca and I had come first), Miss Aylmer rose and greeted the former with the most demonstrative effusion. She began by teasing him about his mustache, which, since his last visit, he has waxed most elaborately at the ends. He was so pleased that she should have interested herself in his looks, that he vowed to cut it off if she wished. Very coquettishly she changed her bearing in the matter, and professed to have no care whatever in the subject. But the manœuvre succeeded. Mr. Ledyard's attention was gained, and that was the point desired. He seemed at first surprised, and then amused. We next went to cards. Miss Aylmer refused to play with any one for partner but Mr. Croople. Mr. Ledyard found fresh amusement in this, evidently believing that Miss Aylmer is about to divert herself with an elaborate and lengthy flirtation at poor Mr. Croople's cost, By Vacca's direction, I played against Mr. Jounce, while he and Mr. Ledyard sat talking in a low voice on the sofa. From dropped words I judged they were conversing about an attempt at suicide by poison made a few days since by a famous and learned English barrister. Music, as usual, followed, and Mr. Croople turned over the pages while his enchantress sang. All left at eleven or so, Mr. Ledyard quite in spirits, for him. Nothing has occurred to-day.

*February 25th—Midnight.*—I went to the theatre this evening to see the new *Hamlet.* Near the front of the orchestra sat Vacca and Mr. Ledyard. They gave me a place beside them, but we did not remain after ten, though the acting was excellent. Vacca pretended to have eaten nothing since morning, and we went to Baumgartner's celebrated restaurant for supper. I asked about Miss Aylmer, but Mr. Ledyard had not seen her. He had called, but she was in the country, a

ENGLISH MINING WOMAN.—SEE PAGE 39.

few miles, and would not be at home for a week at the earliest. This must be an absence on purpose, and a part of her plan. We are to see "Othello" to-morrow night. Vacca evidently hopes the play will influence, in some degree, the tone of his patient's mind, which, he has told me, is easily impressed by these things.

*February 26th.*—Seldom have I seen such acting as I witnessed in "Othello" to-night. Mr. D——, the new tragedian, was very fine. The jealousy scenes were perfect. Mr. Ledyard was deeply affected; but made a significant remark at the end: "*Desdemona* must have been a great coquette before her marriage. I am sure of it." Vacca, with much acuteness, allowed a moment to pass, and then asked casually if Miss Aylmer had been heard from yet. Mr. Ledyard noted the train of thought in the doctor's mind, as his face indicated; but said simply, "Not yet." He left him thoughtful, and a shade melancholy.

*February 27th.*—We had arranged to see "Richard III." to-night; but Vacca purposely contrived to be late, so when we reached the theatre there were no places to be had, and we were obliged to go away. Mr. Ledyard had been with the doctor since morning. My clever friend had harped on the subject of jealousy unceasingly, contending, with reason perhaps, that no man was ever jealous entirely without cause, and incidentally that it is woman's nature to wish for a change, and to be deceitful. Mr. Ledyard proposed visiting the comedy theatre at the corner of —— Avenue. Vacca consented, and we went on at once. Passing Miss Aylmer's house, Mr. Ledyard was startled to see a light in the parlors. He glanced through the window, by standing on his tip-toes, and immediately exclaimed, "Good heavens! Azalea is in town. She is there with Mr. Croople. It is very strange." "She has returned unexpectedly," said Vacca; and we proceeded to the theatre. But Mr. Ledyard was exceedingly serious the whole evening, and at the conclusion of the performance quitted us abruptly. "We are succeeding!" exclaimed the doctor, by which I understood that everything that has occurred was prearranged.

*February 28th.*—This evening I called at Miss Aylmer's, and found Mr. Croople present. Poor man, he has been foolish enough to cut off his mustache! His appearance is now most ludicrous; and after I recognized him, which I did not at first, I burst into an involuntary fit of laughter. He took my merriment good-naturedly; but Miss Aylmer gave me a scolding. At nine, in came Vacca and Mr. Ledyard. "You did not answer my note this morning, Azalea," was Mr. Ledyard's first remark, in an irritable tone. "I intended to, but forgot it. However, I can explain now. I came home yesterday." He started. "Are you sure?" "Quite." He looked at her a long while, and then said, "I will speak of this at some other time." It was a dull evening. We are all burning with anxiety—at least we conspirators; Mr. Ledyard is beginning to burn with distrust, for he is aware that Miss Aylmer did not leave town at all; and poor Mr. Croople is burning with love.

*March 3d.*—Though much has occurred, I must relate all briefly. Miss Aylmer and her lover have quarreled. He was really appalled by the deceit she had seemed to practice on him for the sake of such a man as Croople. At first, indeed, he did not believe it; but Miss Aylmer has, with Vacca's aid and mine, played the game so skillfully since, that Mr. Ledyard is now firmly convinced that she is really interested in Croople and wearied of himself. Vacca has outdone himself. The patience, the skill, the *finesse*, the depth of knowledge in intrigue which he has displayed, were worthy of a Machiavel. He has taken his friend's side strongly, and, though at first in favor of a reconciliation, has now concluded that all between him and Miss Aylmer is over. To divert Mr. Ledyard's mind, he has pursued a method that, were it under less grave circumstances, would be amusing beyond measure. He has taken him to see "Medea," performed for the benefit of the lady who has been supporting the actor who played *Hamlet* and *Othello*, Mr. D——. He has also taken him to see a most gloomy French melodrama, in which the hero poisons himself for love. He has been reading "Werther" to him,

CATCHING A CAYMAN.—SEE PAGE 39.

Hugo's "Travailleurs," and other books in which the catastrophe is suicide. In short, for the last few days our unhappy Mr. Ledyard has existed in an atmosphere most sombre and terrible, yet he suspects nothing of our scheme. Miss Aylmer is suffering bitterly, but continues her faith in the ultimate result. Mr. Croople alone is in a state of rapturous felicity.

*March 6th.*—Yesterday Mr. Ledyard, who is nearly bewildered at the recent hurried succession of monstrous events, wrote to Miss Aylmer to know if she intended the breach between them to be final. Vacca had arranged this, of course, remembering that such had been the step before. After the letter had gone, he kept strict watch upon his patient, taking him to see a dramatization of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," and remaining at his house all night, pretending the hour to be too late for a return home. Mr. Ledyard slept but little—not until dawn, in fact—and even then his slumber was broken by hideous dreams. This will continue to be the case until the doctor shall feel compelled to order him some opium, which will bring about a culmination of our designs, and end, one way or the other, all further suspense.

*March 7th.*—No answer yet from Miss Aylmer. This is according to Vacca's instructions. He wishes his patient to still hope. Our anxiety is intense. Mr. Ledyard slept but an hour last night. He looks haggard and wretched, and we must not pause much longer, or he will surely go raving mad. We pity him; but it is too late to go back now, even if we wished to do so.

*March 8th.*—His hopes are now forever shattered. Miss Aylmer wrote him to-day, giving her final decision. She refuses to renew the engagement, feeling convinced (as she professes) that she no longer loves him. It has been decided to give him the opium to-night at his house. He is frantic, and certainly dangerous.

*March 9th.*—Last night at twelve, from a long walk, I reached the house of Mr. Ledyard, accompanied by himself and Doctor Vacca. We went directly to the bedroom, which has been arranged precisely as it was on the night of the attempt at suicide. Our unhappy friend's mind seems to be precisely in the same condition that it was then. Vacca spoke lightly of desiring my aid in giving Mr. Ledyard a small quantity of opium. I consented at once, and he left the apartment to obtain the drug, which he stated he had left in his overcoat pocket in the hall below. But his design was to admit Miss Aylmer, who had followed us in a close carriage. She remained without the room, and Vacca reentered with the necessary quantity, so prepared that its weight escaped the patient's observation. "You have lost so much rest, my dear friend," said Vacca, "that you must lie down dressed as you are. We will leave you, but if you have need of us, ring the bell." (The wire had been cut.) So speaking, we quitted him.

Outside the door we stood face to face with Miss Aylmer—pale and in tears, her hands clasped piteously.

Vacca spoke kindly to her, and signed me to give her my arm below.

"You must retire to the library, Miss Aylmer," he said, very seriously, and it was plain to perceive that he appreciated the gravity of the crisis. "It will be some time before the drug will begin to work. But when all is accomplished, I shall call you, and you may see him through the glass of the inner door. To-morrow you may clasp him, heaven willing, to your arms. I must remain at the post of observation alone."

I led her away, exhorting her to bear up courageously, as all might yet be well.

I shall never forget the hideous dreariness of that long vigil. Our eyes upon the clock, Miss Aylmer and I sat hour after hour scarcely uttering a word.

Outdoors the wind moaned, the trees in the garden creaked, the blinding snow fell.

Within all was silence, except when the chimney rattled, or a coal clattered down the bars of the grate.

One o'clock struck, and then, after a torturing period of delay, the gong suddenly pealed forth two.

I essayed conversation upon indifferent subjects; but the words seemed to cling to my tongue, and would not be uttered.

Three o'clock.

No relief yet.

Four o'clock.

Still we sat watching and waiting.

Five o'clock.

In walked Doctor Vacca upon the last stroke, calm, pale, ominous as a phantom.

Miss Aylmer rose, tottered to him, and fell at his feet.

He took her hands, and looked down into her appealing eyes.

"Shall I tell the truth?" he asked, gravely.

"Conceal nothing," she faltered.

"He is hopelessly insane—a maniac, Miss Aylmer, and three of his servants are now holding him to the bed."

She gave a wild shriek, but instantly afterward rose to her feet.

"I must see him!" she said, her eyes flashing, and her body quivering all over.

"You may—through the glass of the door. Then you had better return home. He must be taken immediately to some retreat. At daylight the carriage shall come."

She sank down again, her fortitude giving way, and burst into a torrent of tears.

"Prepare for a terrible sight, Miss Aylmer," continued Vacca. "I will go in advance of you."

He left the room noiselessly as he had entered.

I thought it best to allow her grief full vent for some moments; and when it had passed, she cleared away her tears, and we took our way to the chamber.

Vacca came out of the apartment, closed the door, and stood with his back against it.

"You will promise to be calm?" he said.

"My weakness is past, sir," she answered, with heroism. "It is enough that I have not killed him—and well for me—for I should have been this minute dead too."

He then went in, and closed and locked the door.

We approached the glass, and looked through.

Near the bed stood three of the house-servants; behind it stood Doctor Vacca; on it lay Mr. Ledyard.

His face was contorted into a thousand frightful grimaces. A ghastly grin overspread it, then an expression of deadly horror, then another of rage, another of misery, another of fiendish hate, another of unutterable anguish!

His breast heaved up and down, and his lower limbs quivered as with a freezing chill.

Suddenly he raised his right arm, and it shook convulsively. The forefinger of the hand darted forth, and pointed, as if in fearful reproach, directly at us.

Miss Aylmer fainted.

The doctor came out, and we bore her to the carriage below, and, in the gray dawn of the morning, it rolled away.

"He is at least alive!" I sighed.

"He is dead," said Vacca, solemnly.

I stared at him in actual terror.

"Yes. He died at one o'clock this morning, never having spoken from the moment the laudanum took effect."

"But the scene I have just witnessed?"

"Was produced by Voltaic electricity. I had made preparation for all possible issues in advance. A battery of two hundred and seventy pair of four-inch plates was brought to this house secretly yesterday. One pole applied to the

nerve of the eyebrow, and another to that of the heel, caused the extraordinary occurrences you have just observed."

"A grim experiment, Vacca!"

* * * * * * *

Miss Aylmer lives in utter seclusion, as she has done for several years. She is still under the impression that Mr. Ledyard is confined in a distant and strictly private lunatic asylum, where, there being none but incurables, visitors are not permitted to call.

## ARSENIC, AND THE ARSENIC-EATERS OF STYRIA.

If the old alchemists had been aware that this metal would have been made the instrument of so many crimes amongst high and low of all degrees, they would probably have represented it by the sign of the "death's head and cross bones."

Arsenic, like alcohol, is one of the good things which was created for man's use and profit, but has been fearfully and wickedly abused.

The learned Dr. Thomson states that the word *arsenicon* (powerful) occurs first in the works of Dioscorides, and some other authors who wrote about the beginning of the Christian era. It denotes in their works the same substance which Aristotle had called sandarache, and his disciple, Theophrastus, arrhenicon, which is a reddish-colored mineral, composed of arsenic and sulphur, used by the ancients in painting, and as a medicine. The *white oxide of arsenic*, or what is known in commerce by the name of arsenic, is mentioned by Avicenna, in the eleventh century; but at what period the metal called arsenic was first extracted from that oxide is unknown. Parcelsus seems to have known it, but the metal does not appear to have been obtained as a simple or single body until Brant, in 1733, described an accurate process for procuring it.

The strangest story in connection with this poison is the fact attested by the most truthful evidence, obtained by Mr. Heisch, the eminent Professor of Chemistry at the Middlesex Hospital School—viz., that the peasants and other persons in Germany, and especially in the metallurgical districts of Styria, actually eat small doses of white arsenic to improve their personal appearance, and also to increase their powers of sustaining fatigue in the ascent of this romantic Alpine region. Amongst the evidence adduced are the following statements: "There is in Stürzburg a well-known arsenic-eater, Mr. Schmid, who now takes daily twelve and sometimes fifteen grains of arsenic. He began taking arsenic from *curiosity*, and appears very healthy, but always becomes sickly and falls away if he attempts to leave it off." They say, "In this part of the world, when a graveyard is full, it is shut up for about twelve years, when all the graves which are not private property are purchased and dug up, the bones collected in the charnel-house, the ground plowed over, and burying begins again. On these occasions the bodies of arsenic-eaters are found almost unchanged, and recognizable by their friends." Many people suppose that the finding of the bodies is the origin of the story of the "Vampire."

## A MINING WOMAN IN ENGLAND.

While we are talking of woman's rights here, how stands it in England, and Europe generally? Woman there shares the labors of man; women are clerks, saleswomen, bookkeepers, farm hands, and even miners. A traveler who recently visited the Merthyr Iron Works says:

"My path leads past a great embankment of cinders, still smoldering, as the lazily-curling white smoke-wreaths show; past great blocks of slag, that look like the shell and pebble plummed boulders of clay found on our eastern seacoast; across a tramway, whose ballasting, save where it is frozen in the shade, seems made of sticky blacking; up a steep bank of damp coal-dust, over a little wall, and along another line of rails, as filthy as the former, which curves out of a low, goblinish tunnel-opening in the hillside, and whose metals are being freed from the viscous mud that clings to them, by a bent old man and a girl in semi-masculine costume and with a most unfeminine face. On one side, the lambent tongues of the Plymouth furnaces—pale pink in the brightest daylight—are flickering above gushing and bellowing steam; on the other, are one or two residences that rank, I suppose, as cottages *ornées* in Merthyr, the ornament of one being a great slab of coal set upon its lawn; low heaps of iron-ore stacked like stones to be broke for road-mending, and each block marked with its miner's number, letter, or distinctive cross; seven or eight young women, in coarse, sleeved pinafores, handkerchiefs tightly bound over their heads, battered hats, bristling with frayed feathers, blue stockings, and, in some instances, masculine overalls, some helping to unload the trucks that come up the shaft, and others pottering with shovels about the "tip," a little hovel at the pit-mouth; a wooden frame above it, gibbeting two great wheels, with broad, flat, glossy bands, that look like magnified figs of negro-head tobacco; and at the foot of the tip, where more girls and a boy or two are shoveling coal, an engine-house, to which access is obtained by a narrow plank uncomfortably near to a hot pipe. This is an iron mine proper, a "mine pit," as it is called in the neighborhood, "mine" being the Glamorganshire miner's equivalent for "ore." The engine-man negotiates with the banksman to become my cicerone, and invites me into the engine-room, to perform my underground toilet. When I have tied a handkerchief round my head, and plastered the engineer's Jim Crow down upon it, buttoned myself into his greasy monkey-jacket, and tucked my trowsers into my boots, he tells me with a chuckle that my wife wouldn't know me now, and turns me out for the inspection of the tip girls, whose reception is fuller of fun than of flattery. My guide is a short, civil fellow, with a bronzed, ruddy face like a sailor's. Fifteen shillings a week, he says, he gets; the overman getting 30s., and the engineman 2s. 8d. a day. The miners, working by the ton, must be good men, he adds, to average 20s. a week."

What women get he does not tell us—probably half the price of a man; and here she stands for you, an English mining woman.

## TRAPPING THE CAYMAN.

Perhaps the most exciting of all the narratives in Mr. Waterton's, the great South American traveler's relations, is that which describes his efforts to entrap a cayman, and his final encounter with one of those terrible animals of the alligator kind which infest the rivers of South America. One day, an hour before sunset, he reached the place which two men, who had joined his party at the Falls, had pointed out as a proper one to find a cayman. There was a large creek close by, and a sandbank gently sloping to the water. Just within the forest on this bank they cleared a place of brushwood, suspended the hammocks from the trees, and then picked up enough of decayed wood for food.

They now baited a shark-hook with a large fish, and put it upon a board, which they had brought on purpose. This board was carried out in the canoe, about forty yards into the river. By means of a string, long enough to reach the bottom of the river, and at the end of which string was fastened a stone, the board was kept, as it were, at anchor. One end of the new rope was reeved through the chain of

the shark-hook, and the other end fastened to a tree on the sandbank.

It was now an hour after sunset. The sky was cloudless, and the moon shone brightly. There was not a breath of wind in the heavens, and the river seemed like a large plain of quicksilver. Every now and then a huge fish would strike and plunge in the water; then the owls and the goatsuckers would continue their lamentations, and the sound of these was lost in the prowling tiger's growl. Then all was still again, and silent as midnight.

The caymen were now upon the stir, and at intervals their noise could be distinguished amid that of the jaguar, the owls, the goatsuckers, and frogs. It was a singular and awful sound, like a suppressed sigh, bursting forth all of a sudden, and so loud that you might hear it above a mile off. First one emitted this horrible noise, and then another answered him; and, on looking at the countenances of the people round him, Mr. Waterton could plainly see that they expected to have a cayman that night. The party were at supper, when the Indian said he saw the cayman coming. Upon looking toward the place, there appeared something on the water like a black log of wood. It was so unlike anything alive, that the Englishman doubted if it were a cayman; but the Indian smiled, and said he was sure it was one, for he remembered seeing a cayman some years ago, when he was in the Essequibo.

GETTING MEDICAL ADVICE FOR THE SICK CAT.—FROM A PAINTING BY WATTEAU.

At last it gradually approached the bait, and the board began to move. The moon shone so bright that they could distinctly see him open his huge jaws, and take in the bait. They pulled the rope. He immediately let drop the bait, and then they saw his black head retreating from the board to the distance of a few yards, where it remained quite motionless. The monster did not seem inclined to advance again, and so they finished their supper. In about an hour's time he again put himself in motion and took hold of the bait, but did not swallow it. They pulled the rope again, but with no better success than the first time. He retreated as usual, and came back again in about an hour. Thus the party watched till three o'clock in the morning, when, worn out with disappointment, they went to the hammocks, turned in, and fell asleep. When day broke, they found that he had contrived to get the bait from the hook, though they had tied it on with string. They had now no more hopes of taking a cayman till the return of night. The Indian went into the woods and brought back a noble supply of game. The rest of the party went into the canoe and proceeded up the river to shoot fish, where they got even more than they could use.

The second night's attempt upon the cayman was a repetition of the first, and was quite unsuccessful. They went fishing the day after, and returned to experience a third night's disappointment. On the fourth day, about four o'clock, they began to erect a stage amongst the trees, close to the water's edge. From this, they intended to shoot an arrow into the cayman. At the end of this arrow was to be attached a string, which would be tied to the rope; and as

AN ECCENTRIC QUEEN.—QUEEN CHRISTINA, OF SWEDEN.—SEE PAGE 43.

soon as the cayman was struck they were to have the canoe ready, and pursue him in the river.

They spent the best part of the fourth night in trying for the cayman, but all to no purpose. Waterton was now convinced that something was materially wrong. He showed one of the Indians the shark-hook, who shook his head and laughed at it, and said it would not do. When he was a boy he had seen his father catch the cayman, and on the morrow he would make something that would answer.

In the meantime they set the shark-hook, but it availed nothing; a cayman came and took it, but would not swallow it. Seeing it was useless to attend the shark-hook any longer, they left it for the night and returned to their hammocks. Ere the English naturalist fell asleep, he was inclined to let the Indian try his own plan.

In the morning, as usual, they found the bait gone from the shark-hook. The Indians went into the forest to hunt, the white men took the canoe to shoot fish and get another supply of turtle's eggs, which they found in great abundance.

The day was now declining apace, and the Indian had made his instrument to take the cayman. It was very simple—there were four pieces of tough, hard wood, a foot long, and about as thick as a little finger, and barbed at both ends; they were tied round the end of the rope in such a manner that if the rope be imagined to be an arrow, these four sticks would form the arrow's head; so that one end of the four united sticks answered to the point of the arrow, while the other end expanded at equal distances round the rope. It was evident that if the cayman swallowed this (the other end of the rope, which was thirty yards long, being fastened to a tree), the more he pulled the faster the barbs would shut. Nearly a mile from where they had their hammocks, the sandbanks were steep and abrupt, and the river very still and deep; there the Indian fixed the machine, which hung suspended a foot from the water, and the end of the rope was made fast to a stake driven well into the sand.

The Indian then took the empty shell of the land tortoise, and gave it some heavy blows with a stick. Waterton asked him why he did that, and he replied that it was to let the cayman hear that something was going on.

Having done this, the party went back to the hammocks. About half-past five in the morning the Indian stole off silently to take a look at the bait. On arriving at the place, he set up a tremendous shout. All now jumped out of their hammocks and ran to him.

They found the cayman, ten feet and a half long, fast to the end of the rope. Nothing now remained to do but to get him out of the water without injuring his scales. The whole party consisted of three Indians from the creek, Mr. Waterton's Indian servant Yan, a negro called Daddy Quashi, and a man named James, whom Quashi was instructing in the art of preserving birds.

"I informed the Indians," continues Mr. Waterton, "that it was my intention to draw the cayman quietly out of the water, and then secure him. They looked and stared at each other, and said, 'I might do it myself, but they would have no hand in it; the cayman would worry some of us.' On saying this, they squatted on the grass with the most perfect indifference.

"Daddy Quashi was for applying to our guns, as usual, considering them our best and safest friends. I immediately offered to knock him down for his cowardice, and he shrunk back, begging that I would be cautious.

"My Indian was now in conversation with the others, and they asked if I would allow them to shoot a dozen arrows into him, and thus disable him. This would have ruined all. I had come above three hundred miles on purpose to get a cayman uninjured, and not to carry back a mutilated specimen. I rejected their proposition with firmness, and darted a disdainful eye upon the Indians.

"Daddy Quashi was again beginning to remonstrate, and I chased him on the sandbank for a quarter of a mile. He told me afterwards, he thought he should have dropped down dead with fright, for he was firmly persuaded, if I had caught him, I should have bundled him into the cayman's jaws. Here, then, we stood in silence, like a calm before a thunderstorm. They wanted to kill him, and I wanted to take him alive.

"I now walked up and down the sand, revolving a dozen projects in my head. The canoe was at a considerable distance, and I ordered the people to bring it around to the place where we were. The mast was eight feet long, and not much thicker than my wrist. I took it out of the canoe and wrapped the sail round the end of it. Now it appeared clear to me, that if I went down upon one knee, and held the mast in the same position as the soldier holds his bayonet when rushing to the charge, I could force it down the cayman's throat, should he come open-mouthed at me. When this was told to the Indians they brightened up, and said they would help me pull him out of the river.

"Daddy Quashi hung in the rear. I showed him a large Spanish knife which I always carried in the waistband of my trousers; it spoke volumes to him, and he shrugged up his shoulders in absolute despair. The sun was just peeping over the high forests on the eastern hills, as if coming to look on, and bid us act with becoming fortitude. I placed all the people at the end of the rope, and ordered them to pull till the cayman appeared on the surface of the water; and then, should he plunge, to slacken the rope, and let him go again into the deep.

"I now took the mast of the canoe in my hand (the sail being tied round the end of the mast), and sunk down upon one knee, about four yards from the water's edge, determining to thrust it down his throat, in case he gave me an opportunity, I certainly felt somewhat uncomfortable in this situation. The people pulled the cayman to the surface; he plunged furiously as soon as he arrived in these upper regions, and immediately went below again on their slackening the rope. They pulled again, and out he came. This was an interesting moment. I kept my position firmly, with my eye fixed steadfastly on him.

"By the time the cayman was within two yards of me, I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation. I instantly dropped the mast, and sprang up, and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat, with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his fore legs, and by main force twisted them on his back; thus they served me for a bridle."

The cayman now seemed to have recovered from his surprise, and probably fancying himself in hostile company, began to plunge furiously, and lashed the sand with his long and powerful tail. Mr. Waterton was out of reach of the strokes of it, by being near his head, but the brute made his rider's seat extremely uncomfortable.

The people roared out in triumph, and were so vociferous that it was some time before they heard their master tell them to pull him and his singular beast of burden further inland. He was apprehensive the rope might break, in which case there would have been every chance of going under the water with the cayman.

The people now dragged them above forty yards on the sand. "It was the first and last time, "says Waterton, "I ever was on a cayman's back. Should it be asked how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer, I hunted some years with Lord Darlington's fox-hounds."

After repeated attempts to regain his liberty, the cayman gave in, and became tranquil through exhaustion. They now managed to tie up his jaws, and firmly secured his fore feet, but they had another severe struggle for superiority before the huge monster was finally conveyed to the canoe, and

then to the place where they had suspended the hammocks, where, after he was slain, the enthusiastic naturalist commenced dissecting him, thus making a valuable addition to scientific knowledge.

## AN ECCENTRIC QUEEN.

THE astrologers, in 1626, predicted that a son would be born to the great Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, and that ill-fortune would attend both mother and child.

It turned out differently. The child who came upon the stage was a daughter.

"She will be clever enough, at all events," said Gustavus, "for she has already deceived everybody."

This daughter, Christina, became Queen of Sweden when only five years of age. With all her cleverness, however, it was not till she was eighteen years old that she assumed the reins of government. She was educated on a liberal plan, which embraced a wide range of learning. Greek and Latin both became familiar to her, she knew several modern languages, and investigated the many mysteries of art and philosophy. She possessed a strong understanding, and affected an extraordinary love of letters, and even of abstract speculation.

The young queen's learned turn of mind was united to a disposition for manly sports and exercises. Her presence, voice, and manners were altogether masculine. She was a great horsewoman, and could drive a sledge with the utmost skill and rapidity. Any fare suited her, no matter whether it chanced to be tough beef or the most delicate morsel. In conversation, her language was remarkably unfeminine and forcible.

Her dress was very simple. A visitor to her court valued her riding-habit at a few shillings. She wore no ornaments. Her hair was combed once a week; but sometimes, when engaged on deeper problems than ordinary, she let it go untouched for a fortnight. Her toilet took only a quarter of an hour, except on Sundays, when double that time was devoted to it. Her linen was spotted with ink. Once an outspoken friend suggested washing to her as a commendable practice. "Washing!" she answered; "that's all very well for people who have nothing else to do!" In short, she was a blue-stocking of the most severe type.

But she had some great merits. One of these was her unwearied industry; she loved work, and the more of it she had she was the better pleased Twelve hours a day were devoted by her to study. If she had five hours of sleep she reproached herself next morning for indulging in too great luxury. She hated idle people, sham and hypocrisy. Although she was below the middle stature, she would have no heels to her shoes, but wore them with even soles, that she might not seem one hair's breadth higher than the truth.

When we have added to the above particulars the fact that she was passionate, proud, and revengeful, we have perhaps a clear enough idea of the character of Christina, the young Queen of Sweden, who was crowned in 1650, under circumstances of more than ordinary splendor and rejoicing.

As a queen she knew how to keep her people in order. "It was a wonderful thing," says a Flemish writer of her time, "to see how, at the very opening of her mouth, every person present trembled. Even the great General Wrangel, who had made all Germany shake in their shoes, was, in the presence of this princess, as meek as a lamb."

Christina was courted by several princes of Europe. She rejected them for various reasons; the true ones seem to have been a sense of superiority, and a desire to rule uncontrolled. Her subjects were anxious for her marriage, and urged her acceptance of Charles Gustavus, Duke of Deux Ponts, her first cousin. She refused to comply, and, to prevent the renewal of the suggestion, solemnly appointed Charles Gustavus as her successor.

Very soon she became weary of her position, and disgusted with public affairs. The notion then seized her of becoming the general patroness of learning and learned men. She invited to her court men of the first reputation in various studies; they came, and did not fail to celebrate her praises in numberless poems, letters, and other literary productions, long since forgotten.

Amongst the throng was a French physician, Bourdelot, who, by outrageous flattery, quickly attained to the position of favorite. When her councillors and the great men of the kingdom wished to confer with her majesty, it was impossible to approach her; Bourdelot was always in the way. A plot was laid to murder him. He got warning of it, and quickly beat a retreat from Sweden, carrying with him not less than a hundred thousand crowns.

The post of court favorite and flatterer was not long unoccupied. Bourdelot was succeeded by the ambassador of Spain, whose influence remained unbounded. The wily Spaniard suggested, with many plausible reasons, her becoming a convert to the Church of Rome. Christina listened, and, as we shall see, his words were not without effect.

Our learned sovereign was not satisfied with a troop of philosophers, she must needs surround herself with books, manuscripts, medals, and paintings. These she purchased at such an enormous expenditure as seriously to injure her treasury. Her judgment, too, was occasionally at fault. It is told that once, having secured some pictures of Titian at extravagant prices, she had them clipped to fit the panels of her gallery!

The nation bore silently at first with this extravagance, no one caring to say anything against the daughter of the great Gustavus. But, seeing her intercourse with the Spanish ambassador and other Catholics, the honest Lutheran Swedes spoke out.

Christina, for her part, grew more tired than ever of ruling. "I never hear but the same thing," she said, one day, with a yawn. "I am sick of hearing the same thing, and long for something new." Rumors of her abdication now began to go abroad.

In 1652 she proposed to resign in favor of her cousin. The States remonstrated, and the measure was delayed. Two years later she determined that she would have her own way, and, right or wrong, retire from business as a crowned queen. "I have made up my mind," she wrote, "and do not trouble myself to know, nor do I care, what people may say of it."

As a preliminary step, she prudently sent to Gothenburg more than a hundred cases, containing a vast quantity of books, jewelry, gold and silver vases, medals, paintings, statues, and rare manuscripts. The Swedes began to think that all the wealth of the kingdom was being sent away. Then, in February, 1654, she assembled the States General, and announced her determination to resign the crown to her cousin, Charles Gustavus. She was indifferent, she said, what motives might be attributed to her by the world, and she begged that her resignation should be simply and speedily accepted. "Nothing," she added, "can induce me to withdraw it. All I desire is a guaranteed annual income of two thousand rix dollars, and certain lands which I may hold at my sovereign disposal." She proposed to add some conditions as to the succession after Charles, but the sensible Councilors assured her that Charles Gustavus would himself save her all trouble on that head.

The Act of Abdication was performed on June 6th, 1654. It was an extraordinary spectacle; a young queen voluntarily quitting a throne which she had received from illustrious ancestors, and which she had it in her power to make still more famous by her own enlightened sway.

People were early afoot in those days, and Christina appeared before the Senate at seven o'clock in the morning. She wore a plain white dress, over which all the ornaments of royalty were placed. Charles Gustavus was dressed in black from head to foot.

The queen sat down for the last time on her silver throne. One of the Senators read aloud the Act by which she released her subjects from their oath of fidelity, and the conditions on which she transferred the crown to her cousin.

The landed property which she reserved was specified. Christina undertook to do nothing injurious to Sweden; but she was declared free from all control, and she was to have entire and absolute authority over her retinue.

The queen then arose and beckoned to the great officers of State to remove from her person the emblems of royalty. The sword, the apple, the sceptre, stars, chains, and crosses were taken off one by one, and laid on a table at her left hand. She then summoned Count Brahe to lift the crown from her head. He drew back and positively refused to do so. Christina took it off herself, and placed it in his hands; the ceremony was complete.

Standing on the steps of the throne, in her plain white garment, she pronounced her farewell address. She spoke with eloquence, though occasionally her voice trembled and showed how great an effort it required to restrain her tears. Few of the spectators had the same self-control, most of them wept outright.

"I thank God," she said, "who raised me to be queen over so mighty a nation, and who has given me such wonderful blessings and successes. I thank the noblemen who preserved the kingdom for me during my minority, and I thank the States for the fidelity they have shown me. In difficult times, I have done nothing with which my conscience reproaches me."

She spoke of the great deeds of her father, Gustavus Adolphus, and added that in her cousin she presented to them a prince who would follow in his footsteps. She begged them to show the same fidelity to him that they had ever shown to her.

Last of all, she released them from their oath, and thanked them from her heart for their truth and obedience.

Sundry complimentary addresses followed from members of the Senate, and from Charles Gustavus, who even went so far as to try and persuade her to resume the symbols of royalty which she had just laid down. Christina smiled, shook her head, and all present having kissed her hand, she was conducted by Charles Gustavus to her private apartments. "There was a pretty struggle on the occasion, but Charles, with gentle restraint, led her on his right, and leaving her at the door of her chamber, proceeded to the door of the cathedral, where he was crowned."

The coronation of Charles Gustavus was not a grand ceremony, for the ready money of the country was exhausted, and Christiana had retained most of the royal finery. She was good enough, however, to leave the crown, which piece of thoughtfulness, it is to be hoped, was fully appreciated.

Our heroine was now at liberty to carry out a plan of life which imagination had pictured to her as one of true happiness. The 6th of June was a pouring wet day, but in the evening she announced her intention of quitting Upsala. Her friends remonstrated.

"I cannot stay here," she said, "where I was so lately a crowned queen."

So, in the midst of the rain, carriages were ordered out, and she and her retinue were soon hurrying on to Stockholm. The report went abroad that she was about to leave Sweden. The peasants grumbled, and urged that she should be detained by force. They were against her squandering their good national dollars in foreign lands. But Christina was not one likely to brook interference. She stayed five days at Stockholm, and then set out to begin her career of wanderer. When she came to a small stream which then formed the boundary between Sweden and Denmark, she descended from her carriage and leaped across.

"I am free at last," she said, "and out of a country to which I hope never to return."

On entering Danish territory, she disguised herself as a man, and took the name of Count Dohna. She probably did this not only to escape impertinent curiosity, but also to avoid the danger she might have incurred from traveling with few attendants. She wore a man's wig, and had her own hair cut off. Her valet deplored the loss of her luxurious tresses, but she told him to go on cutting.

"Do you think," she said, "that I care about a head of hair, when I have just parted with a kingdom?"

She fancied that, in her new garb and under her assumed name, she was unobserved. But it was not so. This is shown by a highly romantic incident which now happened; we give it as related by Madame du Noyer in her "Lettres Galantes." The Queen of Denmark, hearing of the presence of Christina at an inn, disguised herself as a servant, and in that character waited upon the ex-queen. Christina laid no restraint either on her tongue or on her conduct, and her majesty of Denmark both heard and saw strange things. The errant lady spoke with entire unreserve of the King of Denmark, and made such remarks upon his character as were far from likely to please his royal consort, waiting there in short bodice and clean apron. We are inclined to suspect that Christina was not altogether unconscious of the identity of the scarlet-cheeked *fille de chambre.*

The ex-queen, having dined, left the inn. The queen in disguise then ordered one of Christina's pages to tell his mistress that she had done great injustice to the King of Denmark. The page obeyed, and on hearing his message, Christina laughed aloud, and exclaimed:

"What! was that servant girl who was standing there all dinner-time the Queen of Denmark? Well, there has happened to her what often happens to curious people—they hear more than is agreeable to them. It is entirely her own fault; for as I have not the gift of divination, I did not look for her under such a dress as that!"

She rode on with her little troop from town to town in what Dr. Doran calls "impudent independence." On the 31st of July she arrived at Munster. Her dress was then that of a French gentleman; she wore the hat and large boots which were fashionable in those days, a black wig replaced her own fair hair, a carbine was flung over her shoulder, and a sword hung from the other.

From Munster she proceeded to Antwerp, still disguised. On the way she fell in with a pretty girl, and thought it a pleasant jest to pretend to make love to her. But we shall pass over that incident, and land our ex-queen within the walls of Antwerp.

Whenever she got there, her disguise was laid aside, and safe on Spanish territory, Christina breathed more freely. She had leisure to look about her and mature her plans for the future. Visits were paid to her by all the authorities. It was remarked that she began to lay great stress on etiquette, a subject to which, when on the throne, she had been exceedingly inattentive. One of her biographers ventures on an explanation of the change.

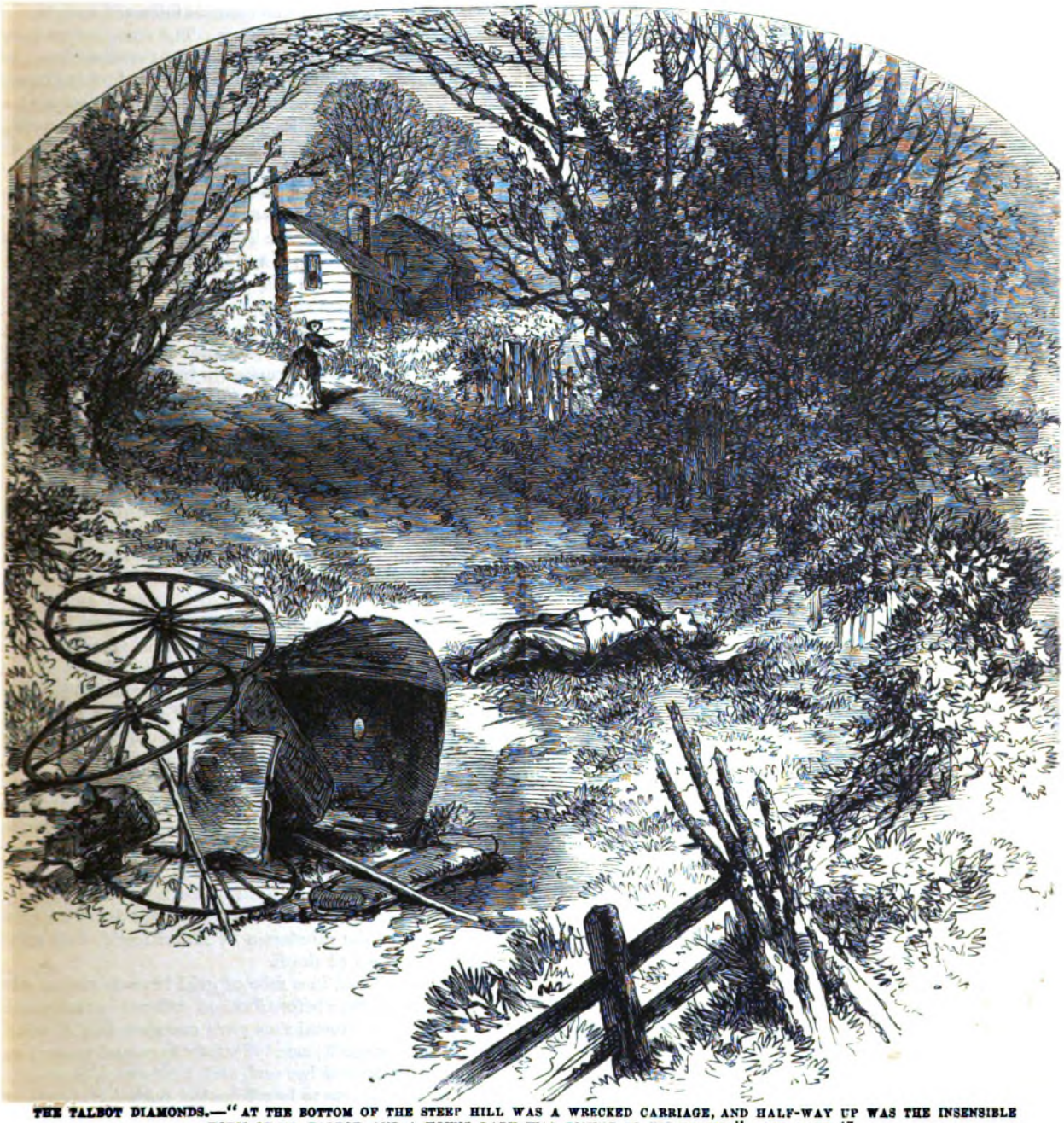
"The reigning queen of a country," was not likely to receive slights. A wandering queen, without a crown, might not get all the respect which she claimed, and could certainly afford less to overlook any attacks on her dignity."

She left Antwerp. Brussels was her next halting-place, and she was received there with great pomp. The city was illuminated, and at the gate by which she entered there was a firework display representing two angels supporting the name of "Christina," encircled with laurels. Though it must have been known that she cared little for the pleasures of the table, the country far and near was ransacked for rarity and variety They sent "to Bruges for capons, to the city of Ghent for veal, to Antwerp for fish, to Mons for mutton, to Ardennes for venison, to Lille and Tournay for poultry of all sorts."

This display of hospitalities on the part of the Roman Catholic authorities in the Netherlands is easily explained. Our Protestant and strong-minded heroine was going to become one of themselves. The night after Christina's arrival was Christmas Eve, and before a small but illustrious assembly she abjured the Lutheran faith, and was received into the Roman Catholic Church. It is little wonder, then, that there should have been extravagant demonstrations of joy and that all the artillery of the city should have announced to the world that she had received absolution.

Christina now remembered an event connected with her baptism. The Lutheran minister had signed her with the sign of the cross. This was contrary to ordinary custom, and was reckoned a superstitious usage.

"O Lord!" she wrote, with enthusiasm, "he enrolled me in your militia, without knowing what he was about!"



THE TALBOT DIAMONDS.—"AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STEEP HILL WAS A WRECKED CARRIAGE, AND HALF-WAY UP WAS THE INSENSIBLE FORM OF MR. TALBOT, AND A YOUNG LADY WAS COMING TO HIS RELIEF."—SEE PAGE 47.

But she was not a red-hot convert. When the ceremony of Christmas Eve was over, her new friends must have been greatly edified by her lively career.

"My occupations," she says herself, "are eating, drinking, sleeping, studying, a little gossiping, laughing, going to the play, and passing life agreeably. In short, I no longer listen to sermons—I have done with preachers. According to Solomon (for all the rest is folly), it is our common duty to live happily, eating, drinking, and singing."

For several months she remained at Brussels, but on the 22d of September, 1655, she took her departure, after distributing presents in a most extravagant fashion. Economy was not one of her virtues.

Her steps were now turned towards Rome. When she arrived at Inspruck, she made public confession for the first time, of her belief in the Catholic faith. She entered the cathedral in plain black silk, wearing no ornament except a splendid diamond cross. She knelt at the altar, and read her profession of faith.

The journey to Rome was a triumph, and by the time she reached the Eternal City, she was heartily sick of the fêtes and fireworks, illuminations and triumphal arches. It was on the 19th of December that she first saw Rome. When her public entrance was over—a splendid affair, ever to be remembered for its rich dresses, garlands of flowers, and grotesque doings—and when Alexander VII. had been seen, and she had duly and reverently kissed the pontiff's slipper, Christina settled down to the examination of the antiquities of the neighborhood. Her extensive reading enabled her fully to appreciate these, and looking at old buildings and monuments the time went quickly past. She gave some attention to works of modern art. A deep impression was made upon her by a statue of Truth, by Bernini, a sculptor then at the height of his fame. She exclaimed several times, "Ah! how beautiful!"

"God be praised," said a cardinal, "that your Majesty loves the truth, which personages of your rank seldom care about."

"That is very likely," replied Christina, "for the truth is not always of marble."

The Pope soon found that his latest important convert might occasionally be troublesome. "The newly-caught lamb," says Dr. Doran, "was rather difficult to manage. She *would* talk at mass. She laughed herself, and made the cardinals laugh. The Pope sent her a rosary, and intimated that she might so employ it as to find occupation for her mind at divine service. Christina received it with a jest, and flung it aside with a sneer."

She next got into a dispute with some of her attendants. Then she took offence at the want of sympathy shown to her by the Roman nobility; and at last was glad to leave Rome, and pay a visit to the court of France.

We may here give a description of our eccentric heroine, written by the Duke of Guise, who was sent to meet her at Marseilles.

"She is not tall," he records, "but well made; her arm is handsome; her hand white and well-formed, but more like a man's than a woman's. One shoulder is rather higher than the other; but she conceals the defect so well with her strange dress and movements, that one might make a bet about it. Her face is long, and all her features are strongly marked; her nose is aquiline, her mouth large, but not unpleasant; and her teeth are pretty good.

"Her eyes are beautiful, and full of animation. Her complexion is good, and she has an extraordinary head-dress. This is a man's wig, made very large and high in front. She wears a great deal of powder, and seldom any gloves; she uses men's boots, and has the voice and manners of a man. She is very polite, and speaks eight languages well, and particularly French, as if she had been born in Paris. She knows more than all our Academy and the Sorbonne put together. She is an admirable judge of paintings, and of everything else. She knows more of the intrigues of our Court than I do myself—in fact, she is an extraordinary person.

"I am to accompany her to Paris, so you will be able to judge of her for yourself. I do not think I have omitted anything from her portrait, except that she sometimes wears a sword and a buff jerkin."

When Christina arrived at the court of Louis XIV. she was received with a considerable show of respect. The Parisians, however, in their light-hearted way, criticised her as she passed through the streets, laughed at her strange dress and uncurled wig, and said that she was very like "a half-tipsy gypsy."

In Paris she courted the learned, but at last she excited general horror by an action for which, in perhaps any other country, she would have been punished by death. This was the murder of an Italian, Monaldeschi, her Master of Horse, who had betrayed some secrets intrusted to him. It was a cold-blooded and cruel affair. The unhappy man was summoned into a gallery of the palace of Fontainebleau, letters were then shown to him, at the sight of which he turned pale, and entreated for mercy; but he was stabbed by two of Christina's own domestics, in an apartment adjoining that in which she herself was.

The French court was justly offended at this atrocious deed. She was no longer welcomed to Versailles, and the Queen of France could not patiently hear her name uttered. It was prudent, therefore, for her to leave France, and Christina made her way back to Rome early in May, 1658.

At Rome she resumed her studies in arts and sciences, filling up her odd moments by writing to Sweden complaining about her annuity, which was paid with great irregularity. Tranquillity was not possible for her; she was now always quarreling with somebody, from the Pope downwards, and on all sorts of questions.

In 1669, Charles Gustavus, her cousin, died. She then made a journey to Sweden, where she found her old subjects anything but well disposed towards her and her adopted creed. They refused to confirm her revenues, suppressed her chapel, and positively forbade the celebration of mass in any place where she might be residing within the realm. Some were afraid that she had an eye on the crown, but she relieved herself of all such suspicions by executing a second renunciation.

She returned to Rome, busied herself in political intrigues, and tried to puzzle the philosophers who frequented her soirées by asking questions which they could not answer. After a few years she set out again for her native land, but never entered it, owing to her former subjects stipulating that she was to have no priest in her train, and was not to attend mass at any of the ambassadorial chapels.

Rome again became her residence, and there she followed a brilliant career, only interrupted at times by the irregular payment of her income, till 1689, when she became seriously unwell. On the 19th of April her little court was all about her. "As noon commenced striking, she turned on her right side, placed her left hand under her neck, and as the iron tongue tolled the last of the twelve, the daughter of the great Gustavus, the murderess of Monaldeschi, was calmly sleeping the sleep of death.

She was entombed in a robe of gold brocade with a white ground, which a year before she had ordered in anticipation of her end. Her funeral rites were conducted on a scale of extraordinary magnificence. Twenty thousand masses were said for the repose of her soul, and funds were bequeathed by her will for a mass to be celebrated daily for ever for the same purpose. So closed the life of one of the most eccentric of queens.

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## THE TALBOT DIAMONDS.

A BROWN-STONE front. A fashionably dressed young man standing in the doorway; an old man, in equally modern attire, mounting the marble steps; and a very plainly-dressed young lady passing on the pavement.

The young man bowed to the young lady, and she timidly

acknowledged the salute. The old gentleman took notice of the act, and turned very quickly toward the young lady; but saw only a trim, ladylike figure gliding gracefully down the street. He turned, quite impatiently, to the young man, and asked, sharply: "John, who is that?"

"Miss Maggie Osborne, father."

"Miss Maggie Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "What do you mean, sir?"

"That the young lady is named Maggie Osborne," was the quiet reply.

"No trifling!" threatened Mr. Morton Talbot. "Now, what is she? and who is she?"

"Your last question is answered. To the first I will answer that she is a very charming young lady."

"Zounds! You insult me!" exclaimed Pa Talbot, in a rage. "Now, sir, once for all! What is that girl? Where did you meet her? What are her antecedents? What is she to you?"

"I declare, father, you quite overwhelm me with questions. Pray excuse me if I ask you to repeat them, one at a time."

"John Talbot, you are insolent!" cried Mr. Talbot, Sr., brushing past him. "*Insolent!*" he repeated, pausing in the hall. "Most *confounded* insolent! And if I hear any more of it——"

"Father, I beg pardon, if I have said anything to wound your feelings," interrupted John, with a face that was anything but penitent.

"Wound my feelings! Don't you be alarmed! I'm not so sensitive as that. But when I ask you a question I want an answer. Now, what is that girl?"

"I fear, father, that I do not quite catch your meaning," said John, with a distressed look.

"John Talbot, I'm ashamed of you—positively ashamed! And I'm growing angry, too! I am, upon my word! I can endure but little more—very little. Now, for the last time, is she respectable?"

"Father, you do me injustice."

"I don't know about that. To tell the truth, I wouldn't like to take much stock in your 'respectable' acquaintances. But, about this girl. What is her standing? There's no use asking about her money, for her dress speaks for itself."

"I am not so sure of that," said John. "I've seen her with wealth enough about her to make a dozen men rich—yet she always dresses very plain."

"Does, eh? Eccentric, no doubt. But that makes no difference. You know what my wishes are, so you can banish all thoughts of Miss—Miss—Maggie—Osborne from your mind. As for your falling in love with every pretty face you see, I'll not have it!"

John was about to reply, but the look of consternation that became suddenly visible on Mr. Talbot's face checked him.

"What is it?" he asked, hurriedly.

"The diamonds—the Talbot diamonds!"

"What of them, father?"

"Gone! Lost!" gasped the old gentleman. "I took them, several days ago, to Sanborn's to be reset, and got them again—or thought I did—not two hours ago! I must have left them, after all. I'll go right back and see, for there's a fortune in those Talbot diamonds!"

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HALF an hour later.

An elegant Broad Street store.

Mr. Sanborn behind the counter, and Mr. Talbot, Sr., before it.

Mr. Talbot was puffing like a spent horse, for no grass had grown under his feet while hurrying back for those diamonds.

"My diamonds! The Talbot diamonds!" he exclaimed to the wondering Mr. Sanborn.

"Well——"

"Left them here?" articulated the exhausted Talbot. "Seen them?"

"Assuredly not, Mr. Talbot. You took them away with you."

Mr. Talbot shook his head.

"The girl! Where is she?"

"You mean Maggie?"

"I don't know whether it was Maggie, or Mary, or Betsy, or who; but it's the one I dealt with."

"You refer to Maggie Osborne, I presume," said Mr. Sanborn. "She left here soon after you went out, and will not be in the store again for several weeks."

"Maggie Osborne!" exclaimed Morton Talbot. "Gone, too! Depend upon it, she's got the Talbot diamonds!"

Mr. Sanborn stared in blank amazement, and mechanically gave Morton Talbot Maggie's address; and it was not until Talbot left the store that he fully realized the enormity of the crime with which his trusted employé had been charged. He promptly wrote to Maggie, offering sympathy and assistance, and declaring his belief in her innocence. And that was not all. With John Talbot's assistance, a search for the missing diamonds was instituted; but Mr. Morton Talbot knew nothing of it, and went on in his own way to recover the lost gems.

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A LONG, steep hill. At the bottom a runaway horse and a wrecked carriage; half-way up, the insensible form of Mr. Morton Talbot, so far on his search for Maggie Osborne or the lost diamonds; at the top, a comfortable farmhouse, and a young lady just coming through the gate to Mr. Talbot's relief.

Help was near, and with very little delay the unfortunate Talbot was safely ensconced between two white sheets in the good housewife's spare bed.

His senses came back to him at last, and his first words were:

"What a tremendous hill!"

Then he bethought him of his errand, and startled the young lady in attendance by asking, abruptly:

"What would you do to a young lady, if she stole your diamonds from you?"

"Never having been the owner of diamonds, I cannot say," replied the young lady; "but I believe I should, first of all, get the diamonds."

"Zounds!" exclaimed Talbot. "And that's just what I *will* do. By-the-way, do you know a person named Maggie Osborne?"

"I do."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Talbot, as though it were the strangest thing in the world. "Well, you are the first one. If I've asked one, I have a hundred, and nobody knew the little thief."

"The *what*, sir?"

"Thief! She stole the Talbot diamonds, and I'm after her!"

"Why! why! I'm astonished! I knew Maggie had a very taking way, but I never supposed she would go so far as that."

"Nor nobody else," grumbled Talbot. "There's my boy, John, won't believe a word of it. He's after her——"

"Two after her? Poor Maggie! She'll be caught, surely!"

"No, no, no!" interrupted Talbot; "not about the diamonds; but he wants her for a wife!"

"Oh! that's funny, now—isn't it? Of course you'll not allow it?"

"Just let him try it!" replied Talbot, with a meaning smile.

"No, I knew you wouldn't. It would be scandalous. But you probably would not care so much if she hadn't stole your diamonds? Maggie is quite a nice girl, they say."

"Well, no. John has always been a good boy, and if he really liked a good, *respectable* girl, and wanted to marry her, I don't know as I should say much against it. But such a creature! Bah! John's a fool!"

"How curious. But if she proves her innocence. For instance, if you should learn that she had not touched your diamonds at all, and your son still wanted to marry her, you would not object. Of course you wouldn't."

"No, I wouldn't," replied Talbot—at the same time he was thinking, "I'll be safe enough, for there's not the least doubt of her guilt. And I guess I'll promise further, for I really like this girl. It won't do any harm, any way, to give her a good opinion of me." "No, I wouldn't object," he repeated; "and more than that, I would give them a good setting up in life. I'm able, and I would do it, too."

"Thank you, father," were the words that came in answer to his; and, looking toward the door, he saw John standing there. "I overheard your promise, father," continued John, "and I think I shall be safe enough to set the wedding-day just a month hence."

"Humph! Don't count your chicks too soon. That Maggie Osborne never will be your wife."

"Not until she, or some one else, proves her innocence."

"You'll be in your grave long before that, boy."

"My demise will be speedy, then," said John, taking something from his pocket. "See the proofs!"

"What! Mercy! What is it?"

"The Talbot diamonds, father."

"Hanged if you aren't right!" exclaimed Pa Talbot. "Where did you get them?"

"After getting the diamonds from Mr. Sanborn's, you changed coats, and left the gems in one of the pockets."

"Confound my carelessness!"

"'It's an ill wind——.' You know the rest, father. I shall hereafter prize the Talbot diamonds for all they are worth. Your promise——"

"Promise! I was only joking, boy. I never meant you should marry that Osborne girl. You didn't think I was in earnest?"

"Really, I thought of little else but the promise. That holds good yet, from the fact that we have a witness to it. Don't you think so, Maggie?"

THE PEST OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

"Maggie! Not Maggie Osborne?" asked the old gentleman, scrutinizing the young lady, who was blushing and smiling very prettily.

"Miss Maggie Osborne, father."

"Drat me for a fool!" growled Pa Talbot. "I'm a *blundering* fool! and a blockhead! and blind as a bat! I don't deserve anything better. Here, Maggie, take the Talbot diamonds, and John, too! I've not another word to say against it. And all I ask of you is, if you ever find a bigger numskull than old Morton Talbot, give him the diamonds, and ask no questions."

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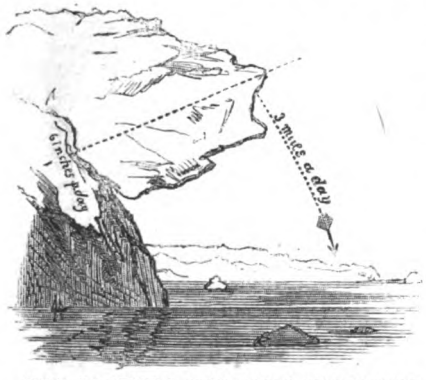
THE idle, who are neither wise for this world nor the next, are emphatically fools at large.

SHIPS AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

# ICEBERGS.

By Professor Charles A. Joy.

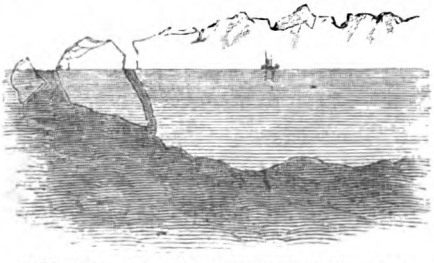
The gradual disappearance of whales from off the coast of New England compelled the intrepid fishermen to extend their voyages further to the North until by degrees they approached Greenland. These early voyagers encountered great masses of floating ice which interposed insurmountable obstacles to their attempts to penetrate nearer to the Pole. They brought back such reports of the terrific grandeur of the scenery of that region that it was not long before scientific exhibitions were fitted out for more accurate exploration. Very little was at first known as to the origin of these ice mountains as they were called, and it is only within comparatively recent times that accurate information has been obtained. According to Tyndall, the snows from the mountains of the interior slide into the valleys and fill them with ice. Glaciers or ice rivers are thus formed, some of them equal in size to the largest rivers. The current that moves the frozen mass onward of course does not compare to that of an unfrozen river, but it moves gradually and steadily on, the top more rapidly than the bottom, often through a bed in some high rocky plateau that inclines gradually to the seacoast. At the mouth of this river, or glacier, where it is above the level of the sea, the ice is gradually pushed out by the force of the mass behind, and hangs threateningly over the water. When the angle of the protruding part becomes very acute, and the mass gets beyond the centre of gravity, it breaks off suddenly, and plunges with fearful velocity into the water below, to rise and float off if there is depth enough; to ground, or pack with other ice if the place is shallow or already clogged up. Dr. Scoresby mentions having seen several ice rivers which measured forty or fifty miles in length and nine or ten in breadth, while the precipice formed by their fall into the sea was sometimes upwards of four or five hundred feet high.



FALL OF ICEBERG FROM MOUTH OF ELEVATED GLACIER.

It is very dangerous to approach these cliffs of ice, as every now and then huge masses detach themselves from the face of the crystal sides and topple over into the water. The doom of any ship which happened to be passing would be sealed in a moment.

But the sight is grand, where witnessed at a safe distance. Not only are masses of ice hurled from a great height but huge rocks are also brought down with a thundering boom by the avalanches. A ship would be a mere shell against such forces. Sometimes the glaciers reach the sea, nearly on a level, enter it, after plowing up its bottom into deep valleys, until finally unable to resist the strain imposed by their own weight and the lapping of the waves, they break across and discharge vast masses into the ocean. Some of these run aground on adjacent shores and remain lodged for years; others escape southward until they are dissolved in the warm waters of the Atlantic. Dr. Kane considers the most remarkable place for the genesis of icebergs on the face of the globe to be at Jacob's bight in about latitude 71 deg., and longitude 56 deg. From Labrador the ice is floated with the current past Newfoundland, and meeting near the Great Bank the warming influences of the Gulf Stream, it usually disappears about latitude 42 deg. A scene off Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, portrayed by our artist on page 55 gives a view of a group of icebergs by no means unusual in those parts.


ICEBERGS DETACHING FROM LOWER GLACIERS.

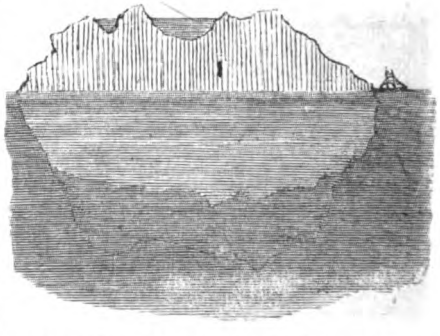
In the Summer season the vessels which cross the Atlantic often come in close proximity with the floating ice, and not unfrequently they are crushed between two mountains of ice, or are wrecked against the precipitous sides of the walls of ice. It is believed that many ships, of which all traces have been lost, have been wrecked at sea by collision with some gigantic icebergs. In order to avoid this danger the steamers take the Southern route across the ocean, although it is somewhat longer.

The floating masses of ice assume a great variety of forms. Some cover hundreds of square miles, and are spread out like sheets and rise only a few feet above the water. In this condition they are called fields of ice, or ice-floes. The surface of the sheets are often diversified by projections above the general level in the form of hummocks; the pieces of ice are forced up by the floes pressing against each other, and are sometimes in the form of great slabs supported by one edge. Dr. Kane noticed that they became bent by their own weight, even when the thermometer continues far below the freezing point. The usual form of icebergs is pyramidal, with high, nearly vertical, walls sloping down; but they frequently exhibit the most fantastic forms, particularly when they have been long exposed to the action of the waves and the sun. No wonder the early navigators who ventured out into the northern seas, brought back the descriptions that figure in the popular mediæval accounts of St. Brendan's voyage.

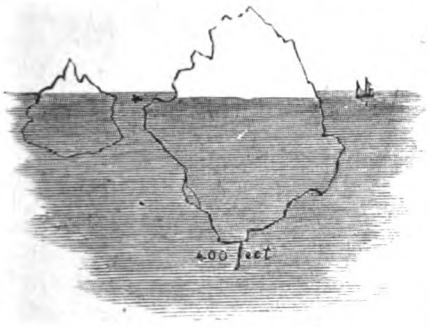
ICE HUMMOCKS.

A berg with small lakes contained in fissures and indentations made by the sun and sudden shocks, and supplied with water by rain and melted snow, is but one of the many features of this glacial wonder. The water is fresh and pure, and navigators in these regions depend upon it for drinking purposes, anchoring their vessels at the base of the bergs for security against drifting floes.

Estimates of the size of icebergs are necessarily rude, from their irregular shape, and the risk of venturing on

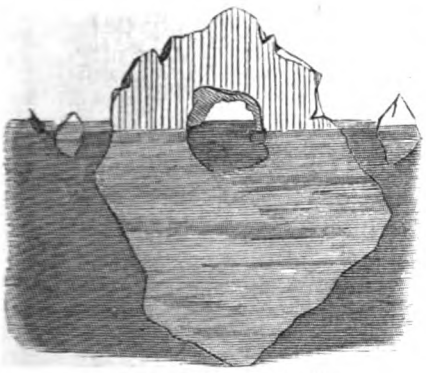

A BERG, WITH SMALL LAKES OF FRESH WATER.

them to take accurate measurement, even of the part above the water line. As only one-eighth of the mass is seen above the surface of the sea and seven-eighths is concealed, it follows that an iceberg three hundred feet above the surface must extend two thousand one hundred feet below, and possess a total height of two thousand four hundred feet. Masses of ice of such proportions well deserve the name of icebergs.




SPECIFIC GRAVITY OF ICE.

Dr. Hayes measured an iceberg in Baffin's Bay which was three hundred and fifty feet above the sea and three-fourths of a mile long. Its total height was two thousand eight hundred feet and its volume twenty-seven thousand million cubic feet. One can imagine with what startling sensations the crews of ships must regard such a monster moving toward them. If they are sometimes paralyzed with fear, there is some excuse for their insubordination. The great Humboldt Glacier, connecting Greenland and Washington Land, shows a solid glassy wall three hundred feet above the sea, with an unknown depth beneath, while its curved face, bowed out by pressure from behind, extends sixty miles in length. Mysterious warm currents in the ocean sometimes strike these icebergs in a weak spot, and where the berg is long subjected to it a tunnel will be hollowed through, the water line being about the centre.



SPECIFIC GRAVITY OF ICE.

The marvelous shapes of some of the icebergs, as photographed by the artist Bradford, have attracted much attention, and it is well that photography was resorted to, as it would have been difficult to believe that the sketches had not been greatly exaggerated.

They show the water lines made by the action of the surface of the ocean, at different periods, for these masses of ice are constantly changing form and position. When they enter a warmer current, and the mass below the surface is melted away so as to disturb the equilibrium, or when by collision with other bergs enough is broken off below, the whole mass will turn over, and sway to and fro till it settles at last according to its centre of gravity.

The lines made while the sea was beating its base are now shown in other parts of the mass. So, too, when the top has been reduced in bulk, and the berg rises and show successive water lines.

Dumont d'Urville, who, after escaping innumerable dangers in his extensive voyages around the world, was destined to perish in a railway disaster at Versailles in 1842, gives an interesting account of the icebergs encountered by him in the Antarctic Circle. His vessel was sometimes completely surrounded, and as there are often eddies around the ice there was danger of being drawn against them with crushing force.

He gives the following interesting account of the height of these ice cliffs:

"The walls of these blocks of ice far exceed our masts and rigging in height; they overhang our ships, the dimensions of which seem ridiculously curtailed. We seem to be traversing the narrow streets of some city of giants. At the foot of these immense monuments we sometimes perceive vast caverns hollowed by the waves, which wash in them with a crashing tumult. From the summit of these ice mountains, numerous brooks fed by the melting ice produced by the heat of a January sun, throw themselves in cascades into the icy sea."

The contrast presented by these mountains of ice to the slender ships filled the crew with terror, as they could only see two immense walls of ice, which sent back the orders of the officers in startling echoes.

D'Urville saw one glacier in the Southern ocean thirteen miles long, with vertical walls one hundred feet high. Dr. Kane in his cruise in the Arctic seas counted two hundred and eighty in sight at one time, most of which exceeded two hundred and fifty feet in height, and some even three hundred feet.

By means of these icebergs a large quantity of water is returned to the ocean. If it were not for the movement of the glaciers vast accummulations of snow and ice would be piled mountains high in the Polar regions, but fortunately the frozen rivers flow steadily into the ocean and the icebergs as they float into warmer water melt away and they restore the equilibrium in Nature. Icebergs also perform an important part in varying the surface of the earth by transporting great quantities of boulders, gravel, and sand to distant points.

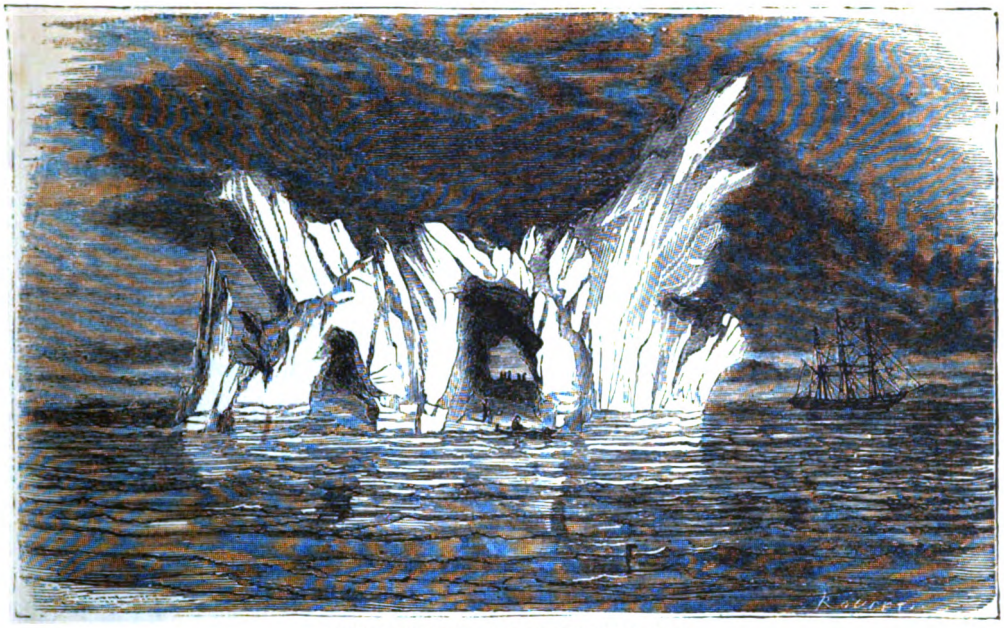
Captain Scoresby describes a large iceberg drifting along locked with earth and rocks, conjectured to be from 50,000 to 100,000 tons—and other observers speak of millions of tons of stone and other solid matter carried by the ice. Such bodies, weighing hundreds of millions of tons, moved on by a broad current of water, exert a power against obstacles of which we can form little idea. In their action upon the bottom of the sea, many geologists recognize a repetition of the phenomena accompanying the distribution of the drift formation and the production of its sands and gravels and rounded boulders.

Dr. Kane remarks of the display of power exhibited by the movement of these huge bodies as follows: "Nothing can be more imposing than the rotation of a berg. I have often watched one rocking its earth-stained sides in steadily deepening curves, as if to gather energy for some desperate gymnastic feat; and then turning itself slowly over in a monster somersault, and vibrating as its head rose into the new element, like a leviathan shaking the water from its crest. It was impossible not to have suggestions thrust upon me of their agency in modifying the geological disposition of the earth's surface."

Wherever the bergs are dissolved, it is evident that the "moraine" will fall to the bottom of the sea. "In this manner," says Lyell, "may submarine valleys, mountains, and platforms become strewed over with gravel, sand, mud, and scattered blocks of foreign rock, of a nature perfectly dissimilar from all in the vicinity, and which may have been transported across unfathomable abysses. If the bergs happen to melt in still water, so that the earthy and stony materials may fall tranquilly to the bottom, the deposit will probably be unstratified, like the terminal moraine of a glacier; but whenever the materials are under the influence of a current of water as they fall, they will be sorted and arranged according to their relative weight and size, and therefore more or less perfectly stratified. There can be little doubt

DESTRUCTION OF THE SHIP "INDIAN QUEEN" BY AN ICEBERG IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, APRIL 1ST., 1859.

that icebergs often break off the peaks and projecting points of submarine mountains, and must grate upon and polish their surface, furrowing or scratching them precisely the same way as the glaciers act on the solid rocks over which they are propelled." In addition to rocks and trees, sand and mud which are carried to distant points by icebergs, the same means of transportation has had an important influence in the distribution of animals on the globe. Polar bears are known to have been frequently drifted on the ice from Greenland to Iceland. "Near the coast of Greenland," observes Captain Scoresby, "they have been seen on the ice in such quantities, that they were compared to flocks of sheep on a common; and bears are often found on field ice, above two hundred miles from the shore." "Wolves, in the Arctic regions, often venture upon the ice near the shore for the purpose of preying upon young seals, which they surprise when asleep. When these icefloes get detached, the wolves are often carried out to sea, and though some may be drifted to islands or continents, the greater part of them perish, and have been often heard in this situation howling dreadfully, as they die of famine." Hence these ice-floes are often scenes of active hunts and stirring adventures. The seals and walruses bask on them, offering inducements to the hardy Esquimaux or Labrador fishermen or the crews of arctic whalers, who run their frail boats or kayaks or canoes around the tossing bergs and floes to surprise their prey. There are dangers not only of being crushed by the moving ice, or falling into the chasms that yawn suddenly as the ice parts, but of being attacked by the walruses, who, when harassed, often prove dangerous, and will sometimes attack a boat.



TUNNELED ICEBERG, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

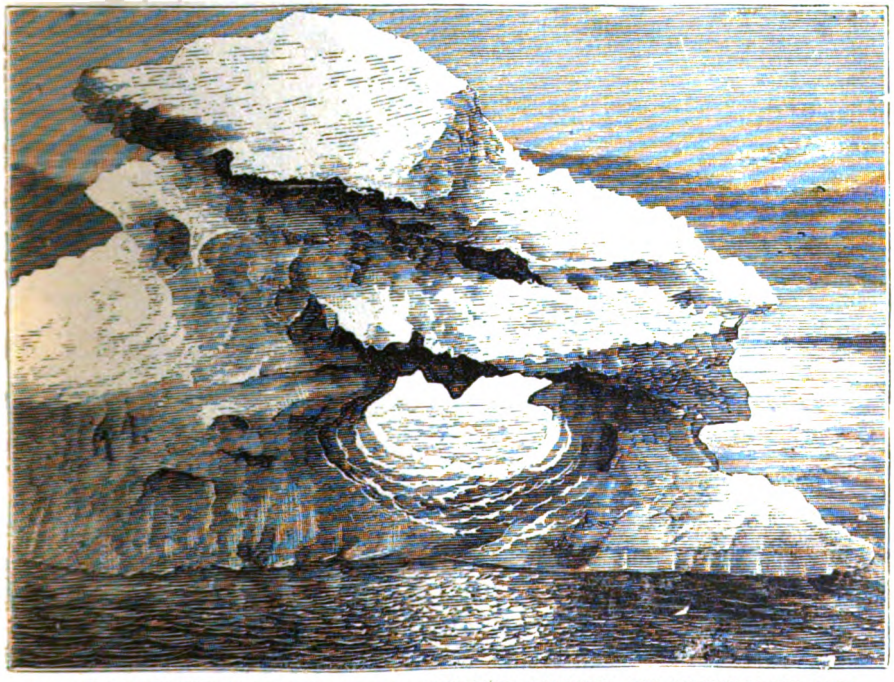
Martens tells us that after wounding a walrus, the whole herd surrounded his boat, some endeavoring to tear off the sides with their tusks, others raising themselves by the gunwale in their effort to reach the crew. The crew, ill prepared for the sudden attack, had great difficulty in beating them off with the spears and oars, the only means they had for defense.

In northern seas the icebergs, less affected by the heat, last for centuries, and have thus at times treasured up for science relics of the primeval world.

It is not a hundred years since Schumachoff, a Siberian, was rowing his boat in and out among the icebergs which had grounded at the mouth of the river Lena, where he discovered a mammoth imbedded in a huge block of ice, in which, no doubt, it had been frozen up unnumbered and forgotten ages ago.

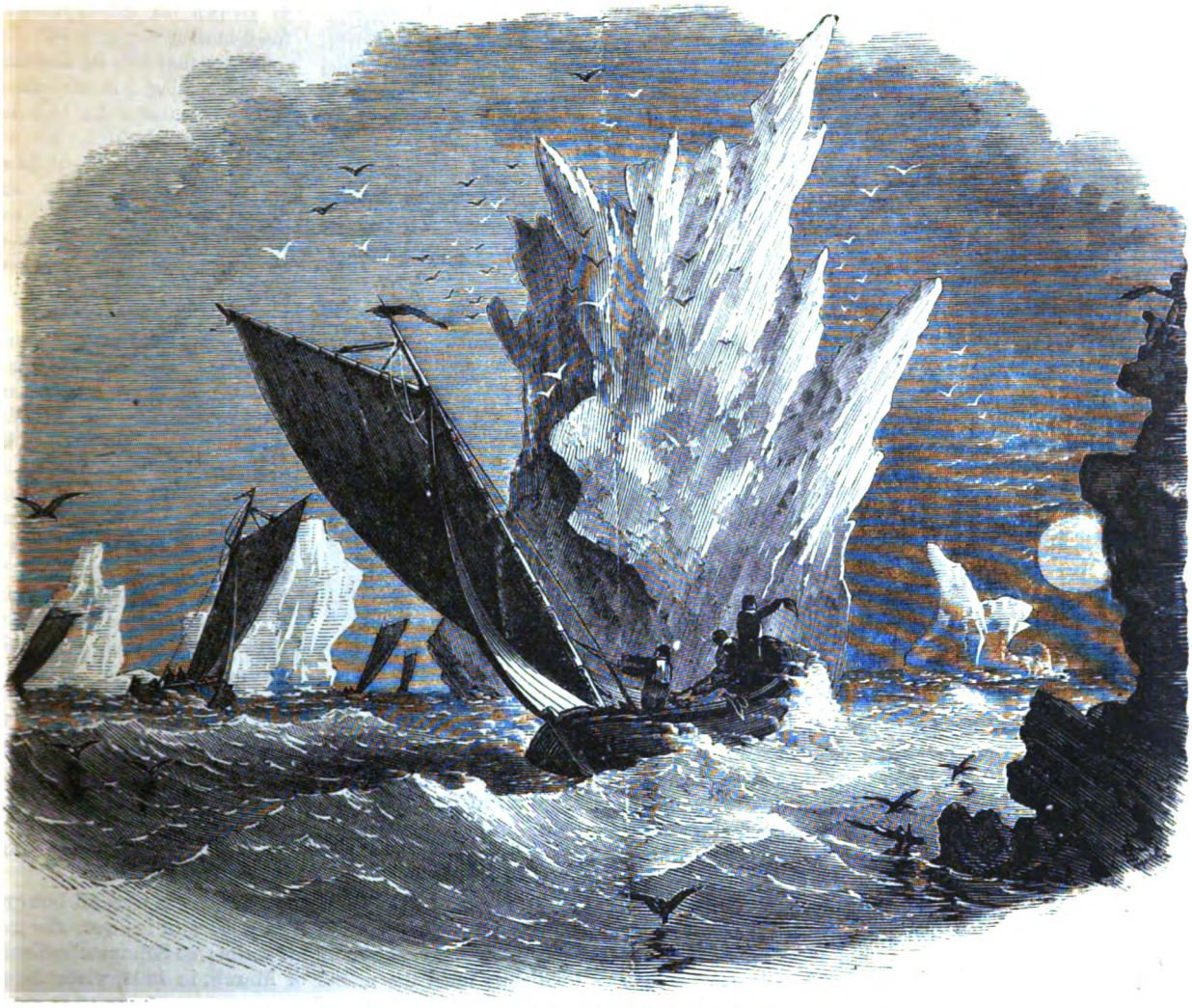
The old hunter landed on the shore of this silent sea, which was strewn with the bones and tusks of extinct animals—wrecks of an ancient world, remains of monsters that had basked in the sunshine hundreds of years, no doubt, before the pointed Pyramids darkened the sands of Egypt—Schumachoff landed, but did not know what to make of it.

With a mingled feeling of curiosity and fear, he walked among the blocks of ice until he came to the foot of a rock; this he climbed, thinking he might get a better view of the frozen-up and gigantic mystery. He descended no wiser, for he only



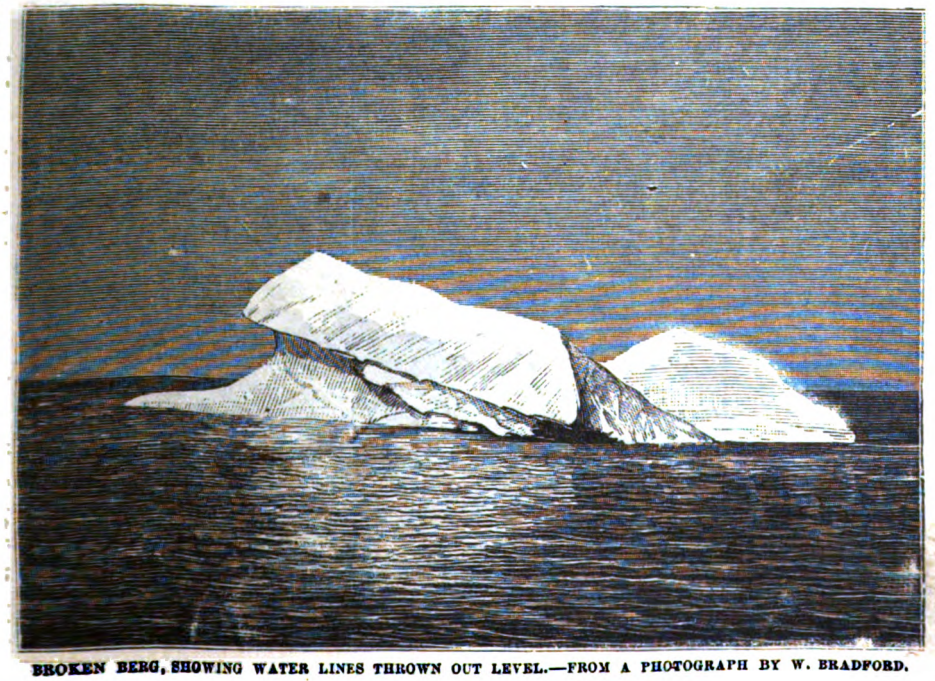
BERG WITH THE TOP MELTED OFF, SHOWING EMERGENCE OF TUNNEL AND ANCIENT WATER LINES.

DESTRUCTION OF THE PACKET SHIP "JOHN RUTLEDGE" BY AN ICEBERG IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, FEBRUARY 20TH., 1856.



AMONG THE ICEBERGS IN TRINITY BAY.

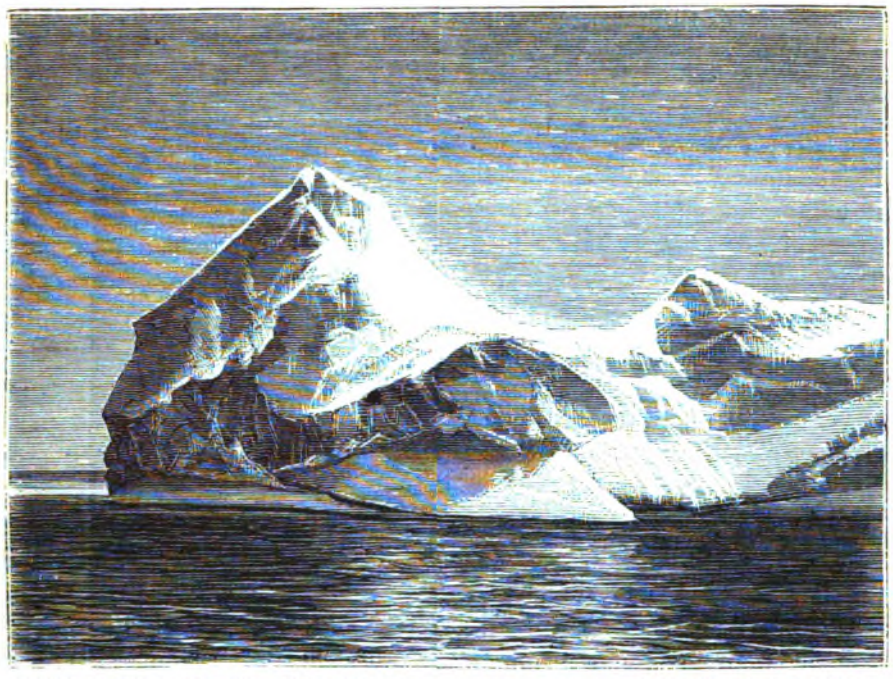
looked down upon the same huge object, which showed its bared back where the ice had melted away, and which looked like a vessel turned keel upward. He could not make out what it was—either when viewed from the front, sideways, or from the rock that overlooked this—the last of the gigantic elephants, whose tusks often measured fourteen feet in length, and whose heavy tramp had shaken the surface of the earth undated centuries ago—was imprisoned.



BROKEN BERG, SHOWING WATER LINES THROWN OUT LEVEL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. BRADFORD.

Old Schumachoff could neither make out the head nor tail of the huge dark mass imbedded in the ice; so, picking up a tusk here and there that had been washed on the beach from out the depths of the arctic seas, in which the remains of thousands of mammoths and mastodons are buried, he jumped into his boat again, and rowed his wayback along those silent and solitary shores to the borders of Lake Oncoul, where he had left his wife and family, and with them he spent the long Siberian Winter.

Spring came, and there were many hungry mouths to fill,



SHEETS OF SNOW DISSOLVING AND SLIDING DOWN A BERG.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. BRADFORD.

and but little to fill them with; so the old hunter launched his boat once more, kissed and bade his family good-by, then pushed off again for the peninsula of Tamut, in the hope that during the long Winter months the stormy old sea might have tossed out of its depths and forever-hidden treasure-houses a few more of the bleached bones of the extinct monsters of the early world. Great was his surprise when he found the ice had partially melted from the huge block which had so much puzzled him, and now revealed the side and one of the giant tusks of a huge animal covered with hair; such a monster as no mortal eye had ever looked upon for centuries before. He rowed back quicker than he came, and did not stop to hunt after any fossil tusks, so great was his alarm, to tell his friends the discovery he had made, and to ask their opinion of it.

Great was the gossip, and many the guesses of the Tungusian hunters, who visited Schumachoff's hut on the border of the lake during the following Winter, and who received the news of his discovery with sorrow, while their reception of it filled him with grief.

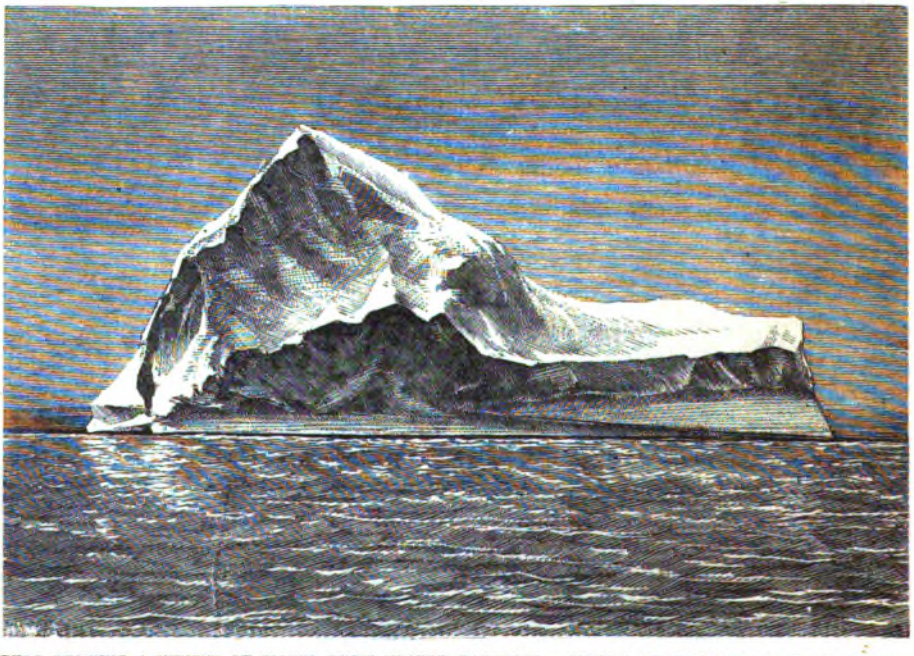
They had heard, they said, old men talk of an older man who, some centuries ago, saw a similar monster imbedded in the ice on the same shore, though none of it was laid bare, like the one he had seen, and that the old man and his family had died speedily after he had seen it.

There was no doubt but that it was the same mammoth which Schumachoff had discovered, and which was now half denuded of its icy covering. These old men prognosticated only evil and future calamity to Schumachoff and his family. He grew so alarmed that he became ill, and was unable for many long months to resume his occupation of fossil-hunting.

During the fever he fell into, he did nothing but rave about the huge monster he had discovered, and which he was afraid would break out of its icy house, swim across, and carry off both himself and family. The poor old hunter never dreamed that it had been dead and imprisoned there hundreds of years.

A cold, stormy Summer, which scarcely thawed an inch off the icy shroud of the mammoth, together with two Winters, had rolled away since the old hunter last looked upon his monster; and four long years had now passed since Schumachoff first saw it, dark and indistinct, in its icy house; so he rowed home again, seeing no more than he had beforetime done—namely, a portion of one of its huge tusks and a part of its side. The fifth year he had better luck. The Summer was warmer, and the ice which lay under the mammoth, and had propped up his huge bulk through the long Winters and Summers of so many departed centuries, now melted and gave way. The chief support was gone, and down toppled this giant of the old world on his side, where he lay like a fallen Titan on the sand, brought down by his overwhelming weight.

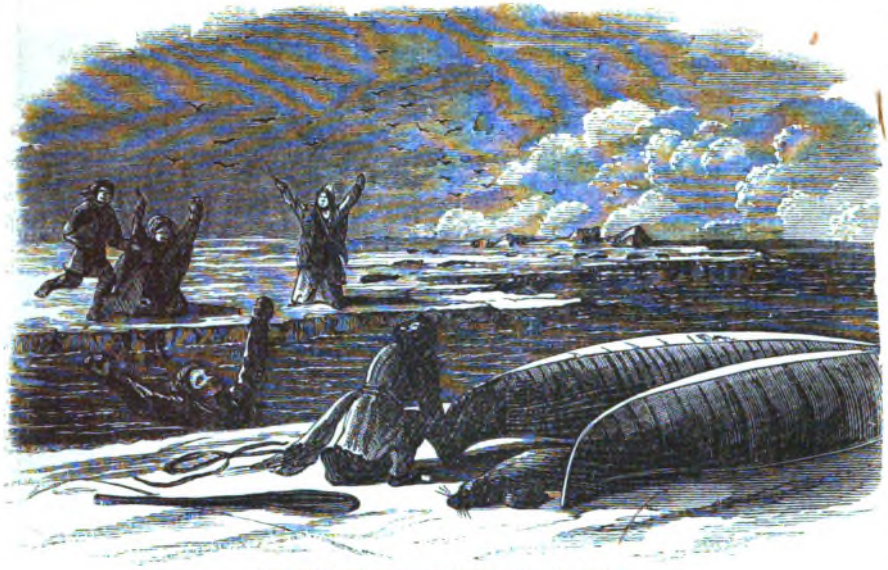
The wish of the persevering hunter was now all but gratified, though there was too great a mass of ice over the mammoth's head to get at both his tusks; so Schumachoff waited patiently until the month of March, in 1804, when he met with his reward, sawed off the enormous tusks of ivory, put them into his boat, rowed home with them, and, finally, found a purchaser in a merchant, named Bultunoff, who gave him goods of the value of fifty roubles for his hard-won treasure. Schumachoff did not die so soon as his brother



BERG SHOWING A NUMBER OF WATER LINES NEARLY PARALLEL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. BRADFORD.

THE "PANTHER" ANCHORING BY THE SIDE OF A GIGANTIC ICEBERG.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. BRADFORD.

hunters had foretold; and, seeing that he had not only recovered from his illness, but that his family were all alive, and reveling in the profit he had made of the tusks of the monster, they also, in turn, went to visit it, and cut off enough flesh from the mammoth to feed their dogs upon during the Winter. But this giant was sadly mutiliated when they visited him. Only fancy feeding dogs upon the flesh of an animal, the years of whose existence that rolled away since it was first alive could not be numbered, and which had, probably, been rolling about in its icy prison years before the deluge!



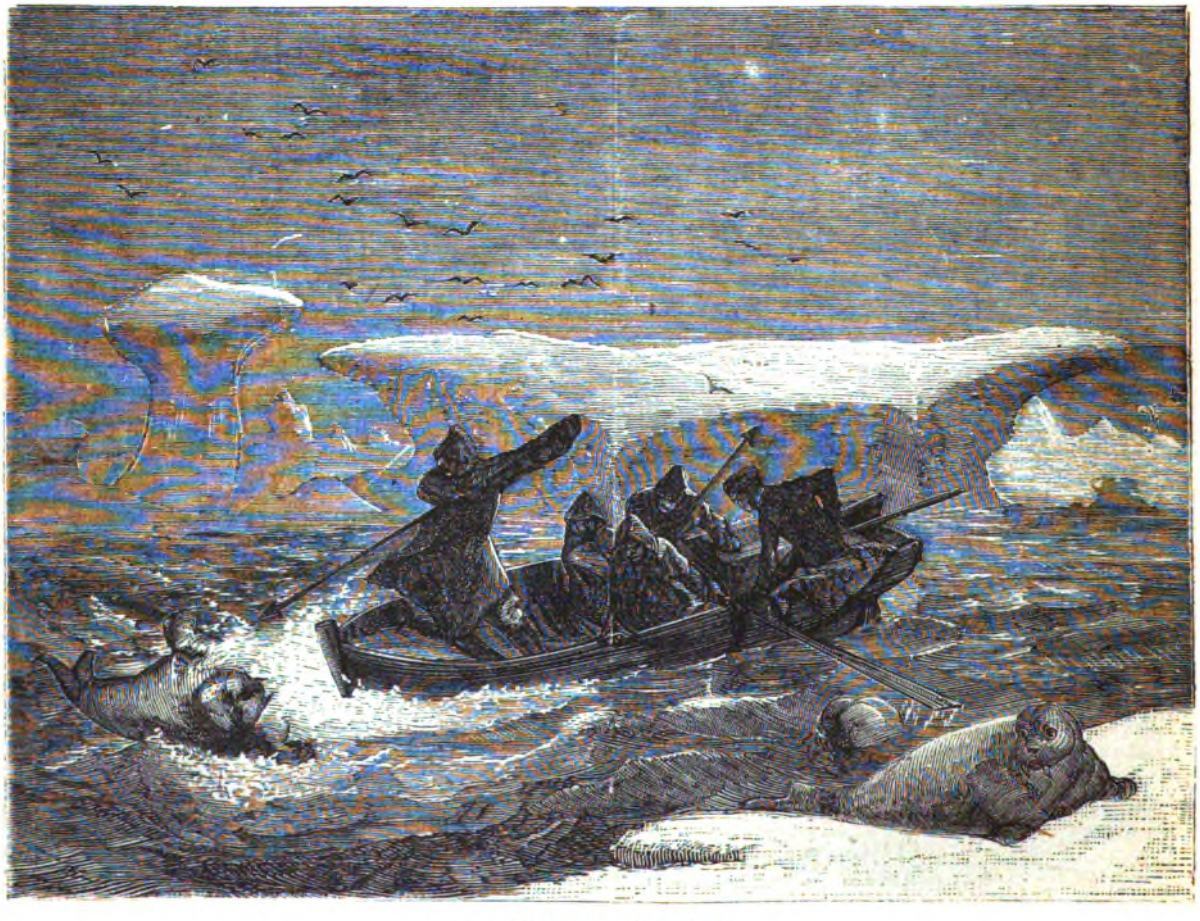
PERILOUS SEAL HUNTING ON THE ICE-FLOES.

In 1806, Mr. Adams, of Petersburg, attended by two Tungusians, visited the spot where the mammoth lay, like a huge ship on her broadside, and found the remains sadly torn and mangled. Not only the Jakusti had cut the monster up to feed their dogs during the two hard Winters that had elapsed since Schumachoff rowed off and sold his tusks, but white bears, wolves, wolverines, and arctic foxes had been banqueting off him by scores, as the print of their numerous footsteps plainly testified.

The giant skeleton was still there, all but one foreleg, which it must have taken several bears to have dragged away, and the skeleton was held together by the cord-like ligaments and parts of the skin. One of the ears was preserved, and was furnished with a tuft of hair; the lower lip had been gnawed; the upper one, with the proboscis, devoured. The brain was also there, but was dried up.

Schumachoff told Mr. Adams that, when he cut off the tusks, the mammoth was so fat, that its belly hung down below the joints of its knees. Although more than a quarter of the skin had been destroyed by the beasts that preyed upon it, yet when what remained was taken carefully off, it was so heavy that ten men found difficulty in carrying it.

This elephant — for the mammoth was an elephant — had



WALRUSES ATTACKING A BOAT.

bristles on his skin nearly eighteen inches long, besides being covered with a thick coating of woolly and curly hair.

A portion of its skin, half an inch thick, is, at this hour, in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London. The skeleton is in the museum of Petersburg, for the tusks were repurchased, and the gigantic bones are nearly perfect, though the fore-leg the bears carried off was never recovered.

In one of the late Arctic expeditions, a party of sailors detected on the other side of a precipice a fine white she-bear resting upon the ice with her cubs. Trusting to good luck to reach the spot afterward by a circuitous way and secure the prize, they deliberately fired upon the group, and, killing the cubs, wounded the mother so badly that she was unable to rise again upon her legs. They then proceeded to find a passage to the other side of the mountain of ice, but could not by any means reach the precipitous cliff to which the animals had previously taken refuge. However, before giving up their attempt, they came to a bold eminence, which overtowered the spot, and beheld again the dangerous royal hosts of the frozen regions. Here they observed the piteous condition of the objects of their dread and cupidity; for the mother, hearing them, after finding that her cubs were cold and lifeless, raised her head, growling resentment at her murderers, and falling between her cubs, died, licking their wounds.

MAMMOTH FOUND IN AN ICEBERG.

WOUNDED BEAR WITH CUBS.

To return to the icebergs themselves. Though now formed only in the two Polar seas, there is scarcely any part of the world which at some time was not submerged, and where traces of the action of icebergs or of glaciers cannot be found. In parts now far removed from the icy regions there are marks plowed centuries ago by the passage of glaciers to the sea, or of icebergs dashing on the rocky coast lines of the primeval world. The topic is therefore one to which the attention of geologists has always been closely drawn, and from which they have been able to obtain much valuable information in reference to the origin of the present position of the rocks and drift of the globe.

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HUMILITY is the first lesson we learn from reflection, and self-distrust, the first proof we give of having obtained a knowledge of ourselves.

## THE CASSOWARY.

THE Cassowary (*Casuarius Emu*), is a bird of the ostrich family. It has a long bill, curving to the tip, the upper part overlapping the under. It is a stupid, gluttonous bird, living on fruits, herbs, and occasionally on small animals. Its wings consist of five strong round shafts, without webs, but they are so imperfectly developed that it cannot fly. It is, however, very fleet, and uses as a means of defense its powerful feet, the third toe on which is armed with a long claw. It lives in pairs in the forests of the Moluccas, New Guinea, and other islands of the Indian Archipelago, and is occasionally domesticated. The female lays three greenish spotted eggs on the bare ground, and sits on them at night for a month. In its internal structure, it resembles the ostrich more than common birds.

THE CASSOWARY AND ITS YOUNG.

CAST INTO THE LION'S DEN.—"ROSE GAVE UP TRYING TO REACH THE CARRIAGE, AND AS IT DISAPPEARED FROM HER VIEW, STOPPED, AND WRUNG HER HANDS."

## CAST INTO THE LION'S DEN.

THE white roses, running over the bronze lions of the old mansion of Druid Wood, seemed the only fresh young life about the place. Of the inmates, Catharine Silver, the housekeeper, was old, the servants had proved their faithfulness by years, and their master was bedridden with the infirmities of age.

As for Constantina Limington, their mistress, she was neither old nor young.

But she was very handsome. She had piercing black eyes, features that seemed chiseled from marble, massive braids of dark hair, and a magnificent, stately figure. Her dress was always rich and sweeping, her manner dignified beyond a suspicion of weakness, her heart, so far in life, an undiscovered thing. She dwelt at Druid Wood, with her father and a companion—little Rose West.

Rose was young, but she was never seen. Miss Limington neither rode, drove, nor walked, and Rose, also, appeared to be always housed. To be sure, the house was nearly as large as a cathedral, yet its interior was nearly as gloomy; for the windows were high and narrow, and the yew and willow trees pressed closely around them. It was only into the little oriel chamber which Rose occupied that the sun came freely.

But nearly all her time was spent in the west drawing-room. Miss Limington sat there, worked on a piece of marvelous embroidery which had been in the frame five years and was not done, listened to theological works read patiently by Rose, or maintained an unbroken silence for hours.

Rose used to wonder what Miss Limington thought of—how she felt.

There was not a pet of any kind about the house. There

were no pictures tender and fair, upon the walls, only the portraits of the cold, pale Limingtons. Nothing but the roses dared be fresh and beautiful, at Druid Wood.

As for Rose, it seemed to her that her heart was dying in her bosom day by day. Once, at twilight, after the roses bloomed, she stole out in the dark, put her face among them, and cried, agonizingly.

But what had a little orphan girl, taken into such a luxurious home, to cry for?

"Rat!—tat-tat-tat-tat!"

Was the massive brass knocker of Druid Wood mansion ever struck like that before?

Miss Limington looked up mutely from her embroidery-frame. Rose West started nervously, and turned as pale as ashes. A servant's footsteps went hurriedly down the hall.

A hearty, mellow voice asking for Miss Limington, a man's step, a man's bearded face, a hearty kiss—actually a happy laugh.

"Why, Connie, did you really never expect to see me again?"

He was all portmanteau and overcoat, bustle and cheer.

"Chilly country, this. Do have some fires, my dear cousin! How is your health? Where is my uncle? There's some baggage coming up in the train to-night—Canton shawl for you, Connie; set of Russian furs for my uncle; and other traps. Isn't it nearly your lunch hour? This air of yours keeps me half starved all the time!"

Open, bland, animated face, hair and mustache of pale gold, gray eyes that seemed gold also, a care free laugh, and a quick step.

"How pale you look! Why don't you have the sun in here, Connie? I should think you'd perish of cold."

Miss Limington murmured something about the trees.

"Have them cut down, all those old ewes—no use at all, and make the house very unhealthy. But I must see uncle Ralph!" starting out of his chair upon the hearth, where a servant had kindled a blazing fire. "Go up with me, Connie?"

They went away. Rose got up from the corner, where she had shrunk among the long window-curtains, and ran up to her own room.

Osband Limington had just returned from his travels—wanderings of four years. He found the race of his old uncle and guardian nearly run. Constantina was still her unalterable self. Druid Wood was denser, darker, gloomier, and less congenial to his tastes than ever.

"Who is Miss West, Constantina?" after dinner.

"My companion."

"Pretty, but distressingly pale. Where are the old carriage horses?"

"Dead."

"I'll have some more, and get you ladies out."

"I do not care for driving."

"Excellent custom! Get a riding-habit, and learn horsemanship, also. You don't object to dogs, do you, Connie?"

"*Dogs!*" said Miss Limington, faintly.

"Yes. Colonel Fay gave me a pair of fox-hounds; but they shall be kept tied up if they trouble you."

"You'd better keep them tied up, Osband."

"Very well. Let us go out on the lawn, and get some of those roses."

On the lower terrace, just beneath the cascade of vine and blossom, stood Rose West. The fresh air had brought a little color into her soft cheek, and brightened her eyes.

"You like them, also, Miss West? The only pleasant thing about the place," said Osband, indiscriminately. "Let us gather some, and have a little color and fragrance in those old drawing-rooms. I'm almost afraid they smell of mold. No; delicious! Just come down here, Connie, and hear the bees buzz!"

"No," said Miss Limington, from the great arch of the door above. "The stone of the terraces is damp."

She went away, sweeping back into the dark house.

But Osband and Rose gathered the flowers.

"How kind he was!" she said, in her heart. "Her eyes were blue as gentians," he thought.

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Miss Limington had no desire to marry. She most earnestly wished also that her cousin might not marry.

She could hardly expect to have such a hope gratified. In fact, the wanderer of lands afar most ardently desired a wife and children. His restlessness made fair promises of ceasing. To be in a home—a domestic circle! And here, close at hand, was little Rose West—a face as sweet, a nature as tender, as he could find in many a day's journey.

And Osband had not a tinge of the Limington pride. He was like his lovely mother's family; and since Rose was fair and womanly, spoke with pure enunciation, and was truth itself, he did not care a straw that—she was a farmer's orphan.

So his kindness grew kinder, and his smile beckoned her on—sad little heart!—to the heaven of his love.

When a few weeks had passed, matters came to a crisis.

Osband was talking to Rose one morning, in the breakfast-room, when Miss Limington, who had been ill in her room for two days, spoke from the top of the oaken stair:

"Rose, I want you."

Rose sprang up, but Osband put her gently back in her seat.

"Stay where you are, darling."

Then, going out into the hall, he half ascended the stairs, and said:

"My dear cousin, *I* want Rose."

"*You*, Osband? What for?"

"For various reasons. And as I want her permanently, Connie, you may as well provide yourself immediately with another companion."

Constantia stared at him. When she was dead her face was hardly whiter than at that moment.

"Osband, you mean——"

"That I intend to marry her! Just that, my dear cousin!"

After a moment, Miss Limington turned and went, like one sleep-walking, back to her room.

Every one was locked out of the apartment for twenty-four hours. Then Miss Limington came down to dinner, bathed and perfumed, and apparently in her right mind. She introduced the subject herself.

"My little Rose is too young to think of marrying, my dear Osband. You are only fifteen, are you not, Rose?"

"I beg your pardon, I am eighteen!" said Rose, blushing.

"But that is very young. You will not be in a hurry, Osband."

"That depends upon what you call a hurry, Connie. I don't intend to be married to-day."

"And not this year?"

"Some time this Summer," said Osband, decidedly.

After this, Miss Limington went about brooding. She seemed but little unlike her old self, having always been silent, but all the time she was *brooding*.

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The white June roses had gone by. Later red ones tossed about the pillars of the old house in July. All was quiet. Osband and Rose were happy.

There was company to dine one day—some of Osband's friends from England. And one of the gentlemen, Lord Lennox, who was to remain several days, brought with him his valet.

Said valet was a lithe, affable young Italian, but there were no pretty housemaids at Druid Wood to have their heads turned by his black eyes and nice manners. Yet he made himself generally useful and popular—bestowed upon the old cook a receipt for fried cream, arranged the *epergne* of flowers and nectarines for the dinner-party, and listened modestly to the old gardener's stories, generally inflicted at most unseasonable hours—neglect of which gave the old man deep affront.

On the day of the dinner-party, Miss Limington, leaning from a window overlooking the garden, saw Giovanni and old Ascott standing in the walk below, engaged in deep conversation.

"Some folks don't believe it; but you are a sensible lad," she heard old Ascott say, "willing to hearken to what you are told. That lion escaped from a traveling show five years ago, and lies in that ravine now. A hidden place among the hills, but full of small game, and that creetur'll probably live to a great age there, and never be discovered. But I'm sartin he's there, because——"

Here Miss Limington lost the narrative.

"And what is this place—the lion's den—called?" asked Giovanni, who spoke with little accent.

"Robbers' Dark. Don't know anything about any robbers, but such pokerish places will get bad names. It is in the very heart of the old Valley Woods. Road isn't used that way. Used to be night-shade grove all along the banks of the brook—Still Brook, they call it, 'cause it don't make no noise."

The men strolled off. Miss Limington turned away from the window, crossed the room, and sat down in a chair. For an hour she did not stir.

By-and-by she rose, and looked at herself in the mirror. She was very pale, but her black eyes danced.

At dinner she was very pleasant. Lord Lennox pronounced her a fine woman—wondered if it were wise for Englishmen to marry Americans.

That evening, the old dressing-room lighted up, and full of flowers, Constantia said:

"My dear Osband, I wish you would teach me to drive."

"Why, Connie?"

"I am convinced that my habits are too inactive, my mode of life too secluded."

"Exactly. I will get a suitable horse for you to-morrow."

Four, six, eight driving lessons Miss Limington took. Then she said:

"Rose, I will take you to drive to-day."

Rose suspected no harm. How should she? She tied the blue ribbons of her hat under her dimpled chin, and sprang into the little basket-carriage beside Miss Limington.

The latter had somehow found which was the road to Robbers' Dark. It was a grass-grown way, tree-hung, damp and chilly even in August.

"Do you prefer this dark road?" asked Rose, shuddering.

"There are some rare ferns here."

In some parts it was hardly possible to force the carriage along. Poisonous weeds and rank vines covered the path.

"I am sure I never should find my way out," said Rose.

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure. What is that dark, rocky way?"

"It has a name I forget. Rose, I think I see the maidenhair fern. Will you get out and go between those trees? It grows right there, by a stone."

Rose sprang to the ground. She left her hat in the carriage, and one little gray glove. As she gathered the fern, Miss Limington gave Blanche a quick cut with the whip, and drove quickly away.

The dainty carriage tore along the dangerous path—Miss Limington did not mind the danger; a voice behind was calling to her. Her proud white face looked wild and furious. She lashed the frightened horse again. At length they dashed into the open road. Then Miss Limington pulled hard on the bit, but the horse would not stop; she had grown vicious—balked, kicked—finally precipitated the carriage against a tree.

Miss Limington was dashed upon a stump.

Meanwhile, Rose gave up trying to reach the carriage, and as it disappeared from her view, stopped and wrung her hands. Just then a snake raised its head near her feet. She screamed, and ran from it. After that she could not tell even in which way the road ran. She wandered about all day. At length the light began to fade.

Fortunately, she knew nothing about the lion. She tried to be courageous, say her prayers, poor child. Chilly and faint, she lay down upon the damp moss, with a rock for a pillow, and tried to sleep. Robbers' Dark was without a ray of light.

It was toward night when the inmates of Druid Wood became thoroughly alarmed. Osband and his guests set out to search. At length they came upon the wrecked carriage, from which the horse had freed herself by kicking. Not far from it lay Constantia Limington, dead. A fallen branch had pierced her temple.

Osband, with old Ascott, continued the search for Rose. Armed, by Ascott's direction, they treaded the wood.

At the edge of Robbers' Dark a huge, tawny animal leaped by in the shadows. The old man shouted.

"What was it?" asked Osband. "A dog? Ascott, here with your lantern! Thank God, here she is!"

A trembling little figure huddled among the dead leaves, wild-eyed, bewildered and breathless, yet alive.

"Rose, dearest, you are safe! Darling! darling!"

He lifted her in his arms, as if she had been a child, and bore her back to the warmth and light of life. Cheered, strengthened, at near daybreak she told her story.

"The horse took fright, I suppose, and ran away," she said.

They never knew the truth, and what did it matter? The victim was rescued out of the lion's den.

## A NAMELESS HERO.

All our readers know that Holland is in many parts below the level of the sea, and that the latter is kept out by artificial embankments. The canals, which intersect the country in every direction, are closed by means of sluices—large oak gates placed at regular distances, which are opened, more or less, as water is wanted for the country, by men who live beside them for the purpose. Were these sluices not properly attended to, the canals might be over-filled, the country flooded, and the inhabitants ruined.

Many, many years ago a sluicer (as these guardians of the sluices are called), who lived at the ancient and famous town of Haarlem, sent his son, a boy of eight years old, to carry some cakes to an old blind man who lived about three miles off. The boy discharged his errand, received the blind man's blessing, and returned to go home.

The canals were quite full; for the Autumn rains had been very heavy. As the boy ran merrily along, the thought occurred to him that, as he had plenty of time to spare, he would go aside into the fields by the canal, and gather some forget-me-nots, which always grew in abundance there, and which his sister used to tie up in circular wreaths, and lay in a saucer of water, where they would blow for weeks together, and then take root.

He had collected a large bunch, when he began to find

that it was growing dark, and that he must hasten home, lest his mother should be frightened.

All was now still; as he went over the field on the homeward footpath, not a person was in sight. Suddenly, in the stillness, he heard a slight noise, as of water trickling on pebbles. He was close to one of the sluices, and he ran forward and looked at it carefully. Then he saw that there was a slight hole in the wood, through which the water was flowing.

He had been much with his father, and his experience thus gained taught him that the action of the water would soon enlarge the hole through which it was now only dripping, and that in a very short time there would be a great inundation and consequent ruin. He threw down his flowers, climbed along the sluice until he reached the hole, put his finger into it, and found, to his great joy, that he had succeeded in staying the flow of the water.

To his great joy, we say, for at the first moment his present success was the only thing that he thought of. But the second thought was not so pleasant. Night was now fast closing in; and it was now damp, and very cold.

He looked all around—not a creature was moving in the landscape, now growing dim. He shouted—again—once again. But perfect stillness followed. What shall he do? The child of eight years old resolved that he would stay there all night and do his faithful duty.

A NAMELESS HERO.—"THERE HE FOUND THE CHILD SEATED ON A BEAM, WRITHING WITH PAIN."—SEE PAGE 63.

But already he was beginning to suffer severely from the cold, which was now increasing bitterly. The finger which he held in the little gap was benumbed, and the numbness extended itself first to his hand, then to his arm. The pain became almost intolerable, and still the boy moved not. He thought of his parents' distress—of his sister sleeping soundly—of his own vacant bed; and the tears ran down his poor little face. But if there was any faltering of purpose—any failure of courage, we know it not; there is no record of it.

All that we know is, that the day had broken, when his broken-hearted father, who had been seeking him all night, strayed near the spot, heard groans, and ran forward. There he found his child, seated on a beam, writhing with pain.

"Why, my boy—my dear boy! What in the name of folly are you doing there?"

"Keeping the water from running out, father."

Well, dear reader, you have heard of "great heroes," I dare say, who have won the title by destroying the lives of thousands of their fellow-creatures. But was not this a hero, too, seeing that he had that night saved the lives of thousands of his neighbors? He cannot be compared with those great men, it is true, for not even his name has been preserved, and no monument exists to him; but he was good, great, heroic, for all that.

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BEAUTY OF MANNERS.—We imperatively require a perception of beauty and a homage to it in our companions. Other virtues are in request in the field and workyard; but a certain degree of taste is not to be spared in those we sit with. I could better eat with one who did not respect the truth or the laws than with a sloven and unpresentable person. Moral qualities rule the world, but at short distances the senses are despotic. The same discrimination of fit and fair runs out, if with less rigor, into all parts of life. The average spirit of the energetic class is good sense acting under certain limitations and to certain ends. It entertains natural gifts. Social in its nature, it respects everything which tends to unite man. It delights in measure. The love of beauty is mainly the love of measure or proportion. The person who screams or uses the superlative degree, or converses with heat, puts whole drawing-rooms to flight. If you wish to be loved, love measure. You must have genius or a prodigious usefulness if you will hide the want of measure. This perception comes in to polish and perfect the part of the social instrument. Society will pardon much to genius and to special gifts; but being in its nature a convention, it loves what is conventional or what belongs to coming together. That makes the good and bad of manners, namely, what helps or hinders fellowship. For fashion is not good sense absolute, but relative; not good sense private, but good sense entertaining company. Good sense, to sum up all, hates corners and sharp points of character; it hates quarrelsome, egotistical, solitary, and gloomy people; it hates whatever can interfere with total blending of parties; whilst it values all particularities as in the very highest degree refreshing, which can consist with good fellowship.

THE ORIGIN OF THE PLOW.

# A WOMAN'S WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REPENTED AT LEISURE," "LADY GWENDOLINE'S DREAM," "REDEEMED BY LOVE," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XIV.

LIFE at the pretty little villa outside Marpeth had been delightful as the sweetest Summer idyl.

"If I never had another day's happiness in my whole life," said Lord Rylestone, one day, to his wife, "I should have no reason to complain, for I have had very many already."

The only drawback—if it could be called one—was that he did not like concealing from Margarita the whole truth about the will. More than once he sat down by her side determined to tell her all, and then he could not; he knew already that the fact of having stood in some vague way between him and fortune, the fear of being a burden to him, the dread that his love had cost him dear, had been almost too much for her. She was so keenly sensitive in all that concerned him; and he knew that, let him tell her when he would, she would make herself utterly wretched about the conditions of the will. So he resolved that she should not know; it might be that she would never know—and would not at least until time and toil had brought to him such prosperity that he could laugh as he told her.

"She shall be happy while she can—and I pray Heaven that may be forever," he said, gently—"and she shall never know the story of the will through me."

If in after years he blamed himself for his reticence, still he always remembered that he had kept silence for her sake, because he knew how sensitive she was, and because the knowledge of what he had sacrificed for love of her would have made her wretched beyond words. So they passed the pleasant Autumn and the Winter. With the springtide came a great change.

People could not at first understand matters. Lord Rylestone seemed to have disappeared, and Miss Cameron was living at Walton Court. The great world was much puzzled. It seemed as though there was a mystery. Miss Cameron herself cleared it up after her own fashion by saying one day in a crowded drawing-room that, as Lord Rylestone intended to go abroad, she had persuaded him to let Walton Court to her.

People smiled knowingly, and agreed that it looked suspicious—they decided that as Miss Cameron had a fine fortune most probably the affair would end in her becoming mistress of Walton Court altogether. Others said it was a sad thing for Lord Rylestone to go abroad—that traveling on the continent was a mania which ought to be repressed. But no one knew or guessed the truth.

Miss Cameron's anticipations proved to be well founded. Living at Walton brought her nearer to Lord Rylestone than anything else could have done. They had interest enough in common now. Something was constantly happening about which she had to consult him. Everything was submitted to him, and he could not help being struck by the great deference she paid to him. Every hint of his was acted upon at once—every wish, every desire, was carried out. He saw that she studied to please him, and he could not help feeling gratified. Moreover, her letters were so charming, so graceful—her language was so unaffected

and eloquent! Lord Rylestone had not one thought which could be construed as the faintest breach of the truth and loyalty that he owed his wife, but he delighted to read Miss Cameron's letters, and the beautiful loving young wife who watched him so incessantly knew that he did so.

Lord Rylestone was quick enough—few men had greater tact or keener instincts; but he failed to detect one thing—he did not see that Margarita was inclined to be jealous of the young heiress. It never occurred to him; had any one suggested such an idea, he would have laughed at it. His wife, Margarita—the girl whom he loved with his whole soul—jealous of one whom she had never seen! He could not have understood the intangible shadowy something that gradually assumed a dark shape to Margarita. He could grasp substances, not shadows—he could not fight the air.

In the Spring Miss Cameron went to London; it was not so much from her own wish as from the desire of Madame de Valmy and her charge's trustees. They represented to her that it was only right and fitting that she should take her place in the great world—that she must do as other heiresses did. Lord Rylestone's name was never mentioned. An elderly widow lady, a distant relative of the late lord's, Lady Carroll, wrote to her, and offered to introduce her into the best society if she went.

Adelaide felt no great desire to respond to the invitation, but Madame de Valmy knew exactly how to manage her.

"You have often expressed a wish to be able to serve Lord Rylestone," she said, earnestly; "now the way is open to you."

"How can I serve him?" she asked, eagerly.

"Make friends with the great ones of the land—the leading politicians, who are always open to the charm of a beautiful face. Exert all your influence in his favor, and then, when you hear of any vacancy under Government, ask for the appointment for him, as I sometime since advised you."

"I will," said Miss Cameron; and she kept her word.

They went to London—a pretty house had been taken for them in Mayfair—and then Adelaide began the great work of her life—to make friends for Allan's sake, to charm people by her wit and her beauty, her grace and elegance of manner, so that when she asked a favor for him it might be granted to her.

"The beautiful Miss Cameron" soon became one of the queens of fashion. Lady Carroll presented her at court, and then she became the rage; her bright blonde loveliness was the object of universal admiration, her queenly grace, her charm of conversation, a constant theme of discussion; wherever she appeared in public she was surrounded by admirers. She might have had any number of lovers but that she was cool, proud, and stately to all. Kind, gracious, and amusing enough so long as the bounds of mere social friendliness were not exceeded, to think of or to mention love was to lose her smiles forever.

Presently people began to notice that while she moved with such royal grace through brilliant crowds the friends she selected were all statesmen or statesmen's wives—members of either House or their wives. It was rumored that politics formed the one great interest of her life, whereas in fact she hardly knew the difference between a Whig and a Tory. The light of her lovely face was always turned upon the men who had power; she would have left the most interesting of conversationalists at any time to talk to a minister, however grave and old. It was only one high in office who seemed to have any charm for her.

People said she was ambitious; she passed on with a smile. They said she wanted court-patronage; she smiled again. What did it matter to her? All that people said was to her but as the humming of a bee to one whose ears are filled with the mighty roar of the ocean. She was true to the great aim of her life—working for him. She was true to the vow she had made on that fair June night when she had walked under the light of the stars by the side of the man she loved.

She succeeded at last. A lucrative position became vacant; she brought all the charm of her beautiful face to bear upon a white-headed Secretary of State, and won the appointment for Lord Rylestone.

She remembered afterward with wonder all the trouble and anxiety she had had, all the suspense she had endured; and when from the lips of the great man himself she heard that her request would be granted, her face flushed, her heart beat quickly, and she clasped her hands in gratitude that had no words.

The great minister looked at her with a smile. He was old now, but he could remember the time when his heart had beaten and his pulse had thrilled like hers.

"How plainly she tells her secret!" he thought. "I shall never forget her gratitude, nor shall I forget her face."

"Lord Rylestone should thank you very much," he said aloud; "you have worked hard for him."

With swift alarm she raised her face to his.

"He must never thank me," she rejoined, "for he must never know. You must offer it to him, Sir John, as coming from yourself—he must know nothing of my agency."

"It shall be just as you wish, Miss Cameron," he said, "you have your own reasons. Then you wish me to write to Lord Rylestone and offer him this appointment?"

"Yes," she replied, "that is just what I want—as coming from yourself, without any mention of me."

"Exactly. I must not tell him that, in the height of the London season, when every hour is supposed to have its separate engagement, you have been content to wait weary days to find a chance of saying one word to me, and that word a petition for him—that you have given up balls, *fêtes*, and everything else to spend your time in waiting upon me?"

Her fair face burned with a crimson blush—her eyes shone with tears.

"No, Sir John, you must not tell him one word of that; it is a secret between you and myself."

"I shall remember. Miss Cameron, I should like to ask you a question."

"Don't," she said, with a charming gesture, raising one white jeweled hand—"questions are always difficult to answer."

"And this one perhaps would be more difficult than all? Well, I refrain; but I shall wait with some curiosity for news that time must bring me."

"Lord Rylestone will leave England at once, I suppose?" she said.

"In three weeks from now. He will be absent only two years; but, if he acquits himself well, he will rise—he will become distinguished."

"Heaven grant it!" she ejaculated, fervently.

Sir John was looking at her with a puzzled face.

"It is no business of mine, Miss Cameron," he said; "you have asked me a favor, and I have granted it. I ought not to display any curiosity, but I cannot help it. I thought Lord Rylestone had succeeded to quite a large fortune?"

"Did you?" she interrogated, evasively.

"He ought to have done so; the late lord was wealthy enough. An appointment that brings in only three thousand per annum is not much of a windfall for Lord Rylestone of Walton Court."

"I cannot explain it," she returned, hurriedly; "time reveals many mysteries—it may reveal this."

And then she left Sir John to his meditations.

"It is strange," he said to himself. "Miss Cameron is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen; and I know that

some of the best men in England are longing to lay titles and wealth at her feet. I cannot imagine her giving even one smile in vain; and yet it seems to me that she loves Lord Rylestone—and I hear no word of Lord Rylestone's loving her."

An hour afterward he wrote the letter telling Allan of the vacancy in Canada, and offering it to him. "It is not much in itself," wrote Sir John Freeling; "but it will, in all probability, lead to something better."

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### Chapter XV.

THAT letter came like a thunderbolt to the little villa at Marpeth. Lord Rylestone had not tired of his beautiful young wife, nor yet of his home—he was enchanted with both—but he had begun to experience many inconveniences. It was awkward to be seen once or twice during the week in London, and then have to evade all questions, to decline all invitations, to keep his marriage and his whereabouts a secret. It had been easy at first—people had not expected to see him; but now several months had elapsed since the late lord's death, and it was thought strange that he did not take his proper position.

"Lord Rylestone out visiting?" interrogated one of his friends.

"Yes," was the reply, "he is always out visiting; but the mystery of it is, no one ever seems to know where his visits are paid."

So that it had its drawbacks, this fairy-land life of his. It was not that the quiet home palled upon him or the loving young wife tired him—it was that he was in a false position; and the inconvenience of it preyed upon him more and more. He sat one May morning with Margarita, when a bundle of letters, forwarded from the club, was brought to him; amongst them was the one from Sir John Freeling. He read it with a flush on his handsome face, and a light as of new life in his eyes.

Margarita saw that he was pleased, and the next moment she was kneeling by his side, her soft hands clinging to him, her dark eyes raised to his face.

"There is something that pleases you, Allan," she cried; "something good has come for you at last."

With a startled glance he looked down at her.

"It is not all good, sweet; it has a bright and dark side. Read this, sweet."

He placed Sir John's letter in her hands, and then he reproached himself for being cruel—for startling her—for not remembering how sensitive and tender of heart she was. The beautiful color all died from her face, leaving her lips white and cold.

"It means going away, Allan," she cried—"It means leaving me!"

He lived many years afterward, and he saw many tragical scenes, but he never saw again on any human face such anguish as whitened hers then—he never heard in any voice such intensity of pain.

"I will not leave you, Margarita; do not look so frightened, love—I will never leave you!"

She drew a deep breath, her lips quivered.

"You must go—you must not refuse; he says it will lead to better things. It is the opening you have been looking for—you must go!"

And, as she uttered the words, all her strength seemed to leave her—her arms fell listlessly by her side, a long shudder, as though a cold wind had struck her, passed over her.

"My darling Margarita," said Lord Rylestone, "I would not leave you for one week, not even to recover my lost fortune, unless you asked me to go."

"I am foolish to be so frightened," she continued; "but you need not fear for me, Allan. Still, I felt just now as though the bright sun had suddenly set, and left me in darkness—as though the earth had suddenly opened beneath my feet. Why need I be so frightened even if you should go away?"

She laid her head against his shoulder, so that he should not see the ghastly pallor of her face.

"I am reasonable now," she said, slowly; "tell me what the letter means, Allan."

"My dear child, what it means matters little, since it alarms you. I shall not even think of it."

"But you will tell me what it means?" she pleaded.

"It means that the Earl of Barton is going to Canada, and wants some one to go with him, as second in command to himself, do you see?"

"Yes, I understand," she replied, with the same strange gentleness.

"As Sir John says, it is not much—he little knows, Margarita, what three thousand per annum would be to us—it is not much, but it will lead to more. The Earl of Barton is a great man—I should say few statesmen in England surpass or even equal him; he has immense power—and you see, dear, if I gave him satisfaction in this, there is no knowing where it might end."

"It would be your stepping-stone to fortune," she said.

"Yes, you have aptly described it, dear."

She drew his face down to her own."

"Allan," she whispered, "if you go, could I not go with you?"

He thought for a few moments before he answered her, and then his words came very slowly.

"I am afraid not, dear. I remember just such another expedition some years ago. I was only a boy then, but I heard them say that Lord Riversham asked permission to take his wife, and was refused. You see, there is a great deal of traveling up and down the country; it would be almost impossible to secure suitable accommodation for ladies."

"Then, no ladies will be of the party?" she interrogated.

"No; I am sure the Countess of Barton will not go—she loves her London circle too well; and we should all be expected to follow our leader's example. But what any one else does has no interest for us, sweet. I will not leave you. I would not see that dear face grow white, and those bright eyes dim with fear, even to be made Governor-General of Canada. You believe me, Margarita?"

"I believe you," she replied.

"I shall write to-night and tell Sir John that I am compelled to decline."

She laid her hand gently on his arm.

"Wait, Allan, until to-night," she said. "I want you to think—I want to think myself. It is your stepping-stone to fortune—we must not be rash."

"It is not rash to remain with my beautiful wife," he said, laughingly.

"It might be rash to refuse three thousand a year," she rejoined, trying to smile. "Do not answer the letter until to-night, Allan. I am going now to—to tie up those falling roses; after tea we shall talk about it, and then decide."

He clasped her in his arms, and whispered loving, passionate words to her; he kissed the beautiful face; he told her, over and over again, that he loved her better than all the world besides; perish fortune, perish position, he wanted none of it—he wanted only her—the sweetest, dearest, truest, and most loving wife that man ever had; and she listened without speaking, but her arms tightened their clasp on him.

"You are very silent, Margarita," he said, presently.

"Am I? I must go to my roses, or they will be dead. See how many papers have come for you."

He did not notice how she hid her pale face from him—how she walked with uncertain steps from the room, and when she reached the door turned to look at him. Such a look it was, so full of passionate sorrow, of despairing anguish, that had he seen it he would rather have died than leave her. But he had already opened one of the newspapers, thinking to himself that he would never leave Margarita—never.

She went to her roses—the flowers which only that morning she had pitied because they must die. She raised the rich, drooping heads, and then let them fall with a passionate cry.

"Better to die—better to die!"

She passed on, leaving them to their fate. She wandered to the very end of the garden, where tall trees shaded the path so as to darken it, and there she stood still.

"I wanted to be alone," she said aloud—"alone with my sorrow. Oh, my love, my love, you must leave me, and I shall die!"

That was the burden of her tears. He must go. All her passionate love could not prevent her seeing that. Once he had sacrificed himself for her, now it was her turn to sacrifice herself for him.

She had stood between him and better fortune, inasmuch as he had married her, poor and obscure, when he might have married one who could have brought him wealth and noble connections; now she in her turn must sacrifice herself for him. She believed it to be her duty, as though an angel from heaven had stood forth and told her so.

She saw herself calm with the grandeur of a great sorrow, persuading him to go, telling him it was for the best, it was a stepping-stone to fortune—telling him he must be brave, and do without her for a few years. She raised her despairing face to the skies; her voice was hoarse with emotion.

"He is my own love, and my all, yet I must persuade him to go."

She tried to nerve herself by remembering how often before their marriage she had offered him his freedom because "it would be better for him"—how often since she had reproached herself for spoiling his prospects in marrying him—how she had longed that by some great sacrifice on her part she could bring him wealth and prosperity. Now the time was come; wealth, future greatness, future power, were sure to be his if she could but be brave enough to urge him to leave her.

"And I ought to do it," she said. "Oh, pitying Heaven, give me strength!"

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### Chapter XVI.

During the remainder of the day on which Sir John Freeling's letter offering the colonial diplomatic appointment reached Allan, Margarita tried to keep away from her husband. She made a hundred different pretexts for not sitting with him. She was busy in the garden—in her room. Lord Rylestone had never spent a day so completely alone since they had been married. She wanted to get over the first shock of her heart-break alone and in silence; for all that was best and most reasonable in her had decided that he must go.

Look at it how she would, there seemed to be no alternative. After all, it was an incongruous position for Lord Rylestone to be in—it could not last. He could not be expected to live always in the little villa, content to bury himself and his talents—to give up his life to one idea, and that simply love of her.

She remembered to have read that love was but one phase of a man's life, while it was the centre and soul of a woman's existence. To man it was but one phase out of many; to woman it constituted all. And, though Margarita would most willingly, most cheerfully have lived her whole life at Marpeth, content to be unknown, content to live without seeing or speaking to any one except her husband, she could not expect that he would be willing to do the same. Nor would it be reasonable. Heaven had given him many fair gifts; he must use them. She might clasp her arms round his neck, and beseech him to stay—and he would stay, she felt sure; but that would not be right. She was bound to do her best for him, and that best did not consist in trying to keep him there chained to her side, his talents wasted, his life blighted—that would be selfish love. No, she must bid him go, she must urge him to act, she must tell him that life held something grander and higher for him even than love, she must be what all good women should be, a guide and teacher.

Here was a chance for him of which any man might be proud—a chance for him to become famous in the annals of his country. The gauntlet of fame was thrown down to him; she must urge him to take it up. Life's grand challenge had been offered to him; he must not refuse it—he must respond to it at once.

The thought that ultimately decided her was this. He would go if he were not married—if he were alone in the world he would never dream of throwing away so grand an opportunity; why should he now? A wife should prove a spur to a man's energies, not a weight which dragged him down. So, as she sat unconscious of the warmth and fragrance of the fair morning, the certain conviction came to her that he must go.

At first the cloud of despair that hung over her was so dark that she could not see one ray of hope; but, as the sun shone and the flowers bloomed, as the birds broke into song and the soft cooing of the wood-pigeons reached her ears, almost insensibly there came to her a gleam of hope and comfort. He would return—in two or three years he would return—and then the result of the present sacrifice would be that he could acknowledge his marriage, and they could live in a style befitting his rank. Other husbands and wives had to part. Never a ship left the shore but that it took with it over the sea the heart's dear love of some man or woman. So she must be strong to bear as others bore; but, as she sat there, with the scent of the roses floating around her, she said to herself that she hated the girl who had stood between him and his inheritance.

"It is to her he owes her sorrow and disappointment—it is through her we have to part," she thought; and an angry pain darted through the loving, passionate heart. "It is through her I must lose my love," she said; "I shall not forget the name of Adelaide Cameron."

And then she rose from her seat and went back into the house. One would hardly have known her, so great was the change that had come over her. She looked as though a blight had fallen over her dark beauty—as though years of sorrow had suddenly descended upon her; the dark eyes had a shadow in them, the lips, so like scarlet flowers, were pale and drawn. Her husband called to her as she passed the window, but she made him some evasive reply.

"I must get accustomed to the idea that he is going," she thought, "before I venture to look upon his face again."

She re-entered the house and tried to interest herself in some domestic duties, and all the time she kept saying to herself, "He is going, he is going!" There was something pathetic in the trembling hands, the quivering lips, the face so full of passionate anguish.

Presently she went to her room to dress for dinner. She stood before the mirror with a dazed uncertain look. She was blind to her own rare beauty—to the white arms, the slender pink-tipped fingers, the wealth of dark hair, the

mouth like a rose. Almost unconsciously she put on an exquisite dress of rare white muslin with a dash of crimson, and fastened a crimson flower in the coils of her hair. The beauty of the straight supple figure was all lost upon her. She had but one thought, and that was that Allan must go.

"Margarita, cried Lord Rylestone, "what have you been doing all day? I have hardly seen or heard you."

"I have been here, dear," she replied, gently. "You know we agreed to discuss Sir John Freeling's letter in the evening, and I knew that you would want me then."

"I want you always," he said. "When you are away from me, it seems as though I were only half alive."

She smiled with quivering lips; but she had nerved herself to be brave, and brave she meant to be. He had sacrificed himself once for her; now it was her turn to sacrifice herself for him.

It was a very pretty scene, after dinner in the pretty villa —the room made gay with a few sweet-scented flowers, adorned with some fine pictures and rare statuettes, the table with its pretty arrangement of fruit and wine, blooming grapes and rich-hued Burgundy, being near to the window. Through the latter, which was open, came the scent of fragrant roses, and the breath of the Summer wind. Lord Rylestone reclined on a tempting-looking chair, and his beautiful young wife, with her white arms crossed, sat at his feet.

"We have to discuss Sir John Freeling's letter, darling," said her husband, looking at the graceful lines of her face and figure; "shall we dismiss it in two words?"

She raised her dark, beautiful face to his.

"No, it must not be dismissed, Allan. I have been thinking it all over. You must go."

He did not see how the slender hands tightened their clasp of each other, and the red lips trembled.

"Is that the resolutien that my wise little wife has come to?" he asked, laughingly.

"Yes. You see, Allan, this kind of life could not go on for you; it might for me—I should be content and happy to live and die as I am. It is so different with you. You have the world to think of—you have a place to maintain in it—as a young man, a clever man, and a man with a grand old name. You have no right to bury yourself here. Your life is worth more than mine. If I buried myself here in obscurity, no one would miss me; if you do it, the world will clamor for you."

"It may do as it likes," he said, carelessly.

And then she turned to him, and, raising herself, laid her head on his breast.

"That is not quite all, dear. In the years to come you would never forgive yourself for not having gone, and you would never forgive me for not having urged you to go. At the end of ten years, should you find yourself still struggling as you are now, longing, dissatisfied, seeing others win the race for which you meant to run, you would not pardon yourself for your want of activity now; but, if at the end of ten years you should find yourself a man with a great name, a great position, all won by your own efforts, you would bless me for having urged you on."

He had grown quiet and thoughtful as she spoke, and when she had ceased he laid his hand on her head.

"I think you are right, Margarita," he said; "you are always right."

And then there was silence between them for some minutes. He was the first to break it.

"I must say, Margarita, that, for my own part, I should like to go; but it is leaving you, dear, that I feel."

"Never mind that," she responded. "We have been intensely happy during these last few months; we must live on the remembrance of that happiness until we meet again."

"Margarita," he said, "would you like me to make our marriage public before I go?"

She drew a long, deep breath as she listened. "Before I go!" Then he had accepted the sacrifice, and made no demur!

"I think not," she replied, slowly; "you are the person to be consulted, not I. I do not see that you would gain anything by announcing it; on the contrary, you would lose."

"How? I do not understand."

"If you leave me here as Mrs. Estcourt, I can remain where I am, in the pretty house I have grown to love so dearly, living quietly and at little expense; but, if you leave me as Lady Rylestone, I must go away from here—I must live according to my rank; and that would be a great drawback. Besides, I should not be so happy—I should have to run the gauntlet of the world's criticism and wonder and gossip all alone. Leave me here in peace, Allan."

"There is a great deal in what you say," he remarked—"a great deal of good sense, I mean, You would be happier here, in the home where we have lived, than you would be in London, or anywhere else. And when I return, dear, my position will be altered. I shall no longer be a poor man. I shall have taken my first steps on the road that leads to fortune. I shall be able then to take my sweet wife to a home worthy of her."

So, while the great flushes of crimson glory died in the western skies, they talked of the future, which was to be so tragical to them, of the pain of absence, of the happiness of meeting again—of how, in the after years, they would be thankful that they had had the courage to take this step.

"I am sure it is for the best," said Lord Rylestone; "the more I think of it, the surer I am. See what it is to have a brave wife, Margarita. If you had said 'Stay,' I should have stayed."

"I should always advise what is best for you," she returned.

"So I believe. Oh, Margarita, what happy thoughts I shall have to comfort me in my absence! Only think, if I went away, and had no one to love, how cold and dark and barren my life would be!"

She clasped her arms around his neck.

"You will not forget me, dear, while you are away; you will not learn to love me less!" she interrogated, pleadingly.

"When I forget you, Margarita, may Heaven forget me!" he said, solemnly; and, in the deepening twilight, he told her again and again how dearly and truly he loved her.

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### Chapter XVII.

ADAME DE VALMY and Miss Cameron sat alone in the drawing-room of their London mansion. The post had just come in, and it had brought a letter from Lord Rylestone to the young heiress. She read it, while the rose-flush deepened on her face and the light brightened in her eyes.

"That is good news," she said to madame. "Lord Rylestone has had an excellent appointment offered to him."

"I am glad to hear it," responded Madame, cordially. "What is it?"

"To accompany the Earl of Barton to Canada," replied Miss Cameron. "He seems in high spirits about it."

"I am very pleased," returned madame. She knew, just as though she had been told, through whose influence that offer had been made; but madame had more than an ordinary share of tact. Miss Cameron had not mentioned the

matter to her, so she would not appear to suspect anything of it.

"When does he go?" she asked.

"In three weeks' time he says that he shall be in London to make his arrangements, and then he will call upon us."

And, as Adelaide thought of the infinite pleasure that interview would give her, she smiled with such grace and sweetness that madame was struck by it.

"How can he be so blind, this Lord Rylestone?" thought madame. "How can he fail to see that she loves him as few men are loved?" Still, being the soul of discretion, and that discretion eminently French, she said nothing of what she thought.

But Adelaide was not quite so reticent. She had no thought whatever of letting her secret be even ever so dimly guessed at; but it was wonderful how many times each day his name was on her lips. It was easy to see that her mind and heart were full of him. Madame smiled at the transparency of her secret. Of the day that he would come, of what he would do, of what he would say, of how he would like Canada, she never seemed to tire of thinking or speaking.

If the old proverb that "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh" was true, then indeed was Adelaide Cameron's heart full of the man who had put her so quietly out of his life, and had refused to enrich himself by marrying her.

Lord Rylestone had his faults, and, though he had a perfect right to please himself, still it was not quite right of him to keep his marriage a secret. He would have proclaimed it throughout the whole world, rather than have hidden it, if he had thought doing so would have prevented the least evil. He had not the faintest idea that Adelaide even liked him, in a very limited sense of the word. He was willing to befriend her and help her, ready to be of service to her, kindly compassionate because of her loneliness, sorry for her because he saw that she felt acute sorrow and displeasure concerning the late lord's will; but that she was disposed to like him, that she gave him the kindest thoughts, he never even dreamed.

If any one had told him that she loved him, he would have laughed the idea to scorn. If he had even gleaned from her letters or her manner that she was disposed to like him, he would have told her his secret directly—he would have confided his love-story and his marriage to her. As it was, he would just as soon have thought of confiding in the Empress of China.

Adelaide Cameron was nothing to him but the niece of the man from whom he had inherited his title and estate, the girl who had unwillingly deprived him of a noble fortune, who had, with himself, suffered untold annoyance from a capricious and unjust will. She was a girl who had a claim upon his compassion and his services, because through him she had suffered great humiliation. He could now see the one weak point of his life—the one way in which he had done wrong. When he had heard the will read, he ought at once to have said:

"I cannot comply with the condition as to marriage, for I am pledged to marry a lady whom I love."

If he had but said that at the time, all would have been plain sailing for him afterward. He could not imagine why he had not. It seemed so simple, so straightforward; but at the time it had not occurred to him, and now it was too late, Not having said it before, he could not say it now; he had been so bewildered at the time, so unhappy, so dazed by the sudden blow, that he had not been able to collect his senses.

Still there was no harm done; he was not responsible to any one for his actions; he was his own master; he had done that which had seemed best for Margarita's happiness and his own.

He was to go to London for a few days before he started for Canada, and then, as he told Miss Cameron, he would wait upon her. It was to be purely a business call; there were several documents to be read over, agreements and inventories to be signed, before she could become his tenant, and all this he proposed to do when he paid his visit. He was singularly free from vanity, or he would have guessed from Adelaide's letter how pleased she was at the notion of seeing him. She wrote to ask him to dine with them and spend a long evening, so that they might talk over all that was to be done at Walton while he was away.

The contents of that letter Lord Rylestone read aloud to his wife; and he did not see the shadow of pain that flitted over the beautiful dark face as he did so.

"Miss Cameron often writes to you, Allan," she observed.

"Yes; her letters are all about Walton. It is astonishing how fond she is of the place," he returned, carelessly; and then he continued, "You were saying to me the other day, Margarita, that you did not like letter-writing."

"Nor do I, except when the letters are to you," she confessed.

He laughed at her words.

"Some day, when you have time," he continued, "I should like you to look over Miss Cameron's letters; they are admirable—so well-written and so amusing. She seems to have the peculiar art of making an incident out of the smallest thing that occurs. You should read them."

The least wish that he expressed was as law to her.

"I will read them," she promised.

"And then you will know more about Walton than ever I could tell you," he continued. "I do not think there is a leafy nook, a venerable tree, a running rill, that is not mentioned in Miss Cameron's letters. You will learn every detail of the place by heart in reading them. I have not made any particular point of saving them, but I believe that you will find most of them on the letter-file."

"I will collect them," she said, calmly, "and read them when you are gone."

If any vague suspicion of jealousy had ever crossed her mind, it must have died in that moment when he asked her to read those letters. She smiled even at herself, but for all that the vague nameless fear of Adelaide Cameron remained.

When Lord Rylestone went to London as arranged, he had first to wait upon the Earl of Barton, and then to make a few business calls. Amongst other visits, he paid one to Mr. Beale.

"I saw our beautiful young heiress the other day," said the lawyer to him. "How greatly she is admired! Between ourselves, I am told that the Marquis of Hedington is quite *épris*. It would be a fine thing for her. He is a clever man."

"I should say that she could not do better," returned Lord Rylestone. "Miss Cameron is beautiful enough for wealth to be dispensed with; as she has both, she must be irresistible."

"I wish you had found her so, my lord," said the old man, with a courtly bow.

Lord Rylestone laughed.

"I am sure the Marquis of Hedington does not wish so," he said. "I am delighted to hear of her success. She deserves it all."

As he went on to Miss Cameron's residence he could not help thinking of what he had heard. It would be strange if, after all, she became the Marchioness of Hedington.

"I feel sure," he thought, "if the late lord had taken her to London for only one season, he would never have made that will. He would have seen that with her great loveliness she could have done far better than marry Lord Rylestone of Walton."

As he entered the house he never even guessed how its mistress had prepared to receive him, how restless she had been from the time that she had heard that he was coming until he came. He knew no more of that flutter of half-awakened hope and expectation than he did of the hopes of one whom he had never met. She had really known no rest; she had lain awake whole nights thinking what she should say to him, and how she should say it, wondering if he would be kinder to her, more interested in her, or if they would meet coldly as they had met before.

Alida, her maid, could not imagine "what had come to Miss Cameron." She had always been so easily pleased—nay, almost indifferent—about her toilet, but on this day, when a visitor was expected, nothing pleased her. At last, to the little *Parisienne's* intense relief, she decided upon a dress that suited her fair, queenly loveliness to perfection—a pale, soft, shining blue silk, with delicate lace at the throat and wrists. She had some pale blue flowers fastened in her hair; and Alida, who had a true *Parisienne's* eye for the beautiful, declared that she had never seen her lady look so well before. The delicate rose-bloom was heightened, the light in the violet eyes deepened. She smiled as she looked at her reflection in the mirror. Lord Rylestone surely could not fail to admire and like her.

Her heart beat quickly as she entered the room where he was. She had so longed to see him, she had counted the hours until he came; but now, when she saw him and could speak to him, her courage failed.

He held out his hand to her as she entered the room, thinking to himself what a superb marchioness she would make, smiling as the fair face grew crimson and the golden head was raised in stately grace.

"We shall never meet as strangers again," he said; "I am beginning to look upon you as part of Walton, now."

They were simple words, apparently with little meaning, but they seemed eloquent enough to her. Her eyes shone with the brightness of stars.

"You have altered since I saw you," said Lord Rylestone; "you have lost your old sad, depressed look. You must have found Brighton and its neighborhood very beneficial."

She smiled; how little he knew—how little he guessed!

"I am both happier and better than I was on the day I went to Brighton," she said—"but I want to talk of you, not of myself. You will spend the day with us, of course."

Yes, he would be only too happy to do; Mr. Beale was to meet him, and, with Miss Cameron's permission, they would read and sign all the necessary documents.

"Then I shall be really your tenant," she said. "How strange the circumstance seems!"

"It is very pleasant to me, remember," he returned. "I shall like to think that my home is in the hands of one who values it as you do."

"Do you like going to Canada?" she asked, with curious abruptness.

"For some reasons, but not for others. The peculiar position in which I am placed obliges me to do something, and I do not know that I could have a finer opening than this."

"It will lead to something better, then?" she interrogated.

"Yes; there is not the least doubt of it—that is my chief aim in going."

She saw that he had not the remotest idea that it was she who had befriended him. She raised her face to his.

"How came Sir John to offer the appointment to you?" she asked.

"I cannot tell, unless he has dealings with some good spirit, and that good spirit told him that I stood in urgent need of it."

## Chapter XVIII.

THE hours of that day went all too quickly. Adelaide noted them as they vanished. Each time the silvery chimes of the ormolu clock sounded they brought fresh pain to her. This one day for which she had longed so intensely was passing quickly, and when it had come to a close he would be gone, and for years she would not see him.

Allan was very kind and considerate. She saw his face flush crimson when the question of rent for Walton was under consideration. She knew that the impulse was strong upon him to refuse it—to beg of her to make the place her home just so long as she would. And then, with a laugh that had some little tinge of bitterness in it, he remembered himself.

"I had forgotten that I am a poor man," he said.

Mr. Beal, with his quick business-like tact, managed to get over every difficulty, and the result was a very harmonious meeting. The lawyer decided on what terms Miss Cameron should take Walton, and by the time all was satisfactorily arranged it was the hour for dinner.

"My one beautiful day," thought Miss Cameron—"it is going so quickly. There are but four hours more, and then he will be gone."

Madame, who had been present at the whole interview, and who had watched keenly and listened attentively, drew her own conclusions.

"He is as far from loving her as ever," she said to herself. "He is her friend, but he will never be more; and she, poor, simple, foolish child, will never love him less."

The happy excitement of his presence was enough for Miss Cameron. She did not stay to analyse her own thoughts, to measure his words. She remembered only that he was in her presence, and that to-morrow he would be gone. She would make the most of her time while it lasted. She went down to dinner, looking very beautiful in a dress of superb white silk, trimmed with pale green leaves. She wore a suite of pearls, the late lord's gift, and altogether she looked delicately lovely.

Allan had been very kind to her. No word that could by the wildest imagination be construed into an attempt at flirtation had crossed his lips, but his kindness had given her fresh life, and seemed more to her than the love of any other.

When the dinner was over, and madame was playing chess with the lawyer, Adelaide went out on to the balcony, and Lord Rylestone followed her.

"My time is getting short," he said—"I must leave at nine."

She made no reply; she was looking over the stone balustrade, and he thought she was gazing on the scene below. It was a fair, soft, sweet evening scene; the trees of the park stood tall and dark in the fading sunlight; the roar of the great London world seemed stilled; the wind whispered soft and low, the flowers were breathing fragrance, the pretty mignonnette and climbing plants half filled the balcony; and above all were the solemn, tremulous stars.

"When I am in Canada I will remember this pretty scene," said Lord Rylestone, "as one remembers a sweet strain of music, the words of a song, or the beauty of a picture."

As he spoke he looked at her. The golden hair gleamed; the proud, pale, beautiful face, with the green foliage as a background, was perfect; the white face and clear pearls all went toward making the sweetest picture he had ever seen.

Yet, when he spoke, he was thinking not so much of her as of the pretty evening scene.

"Shall you remember it?" she questioned, quietly. "Ah, Lord Rylestone, when you think of it, will you think of me?"

Her voice trembled with passionate emotion, but he did not notice it. He thought her words were simply the ordinary request that one friend would make to another.

"Think of you? Most certainly I shall, Miss Cameron; we have been fellow-sufferers, and, therefore, should be friends."

"I have few friends," she said; "and I like to think that in far-off Canada I shall have a stanch one."

"You will indeed. How sweet this mignonnette is! What is the botanical name for it? I remember—*Reseda odorata*. I shall always associate *Reseda* and you in my thoughts. A spray of mignonnette will bring this balcony and a pale starlight, the golden gleam of your hair, the memory of your face, all as clear and as vividly as I see them now."

"And, when you think of me, will you always remember that I am so sorry for the unconscious wrong I have done you—that I would willingly undergo almost anything to undo it?"

"I will not forget," he said.

And then over the trees in the park came the clear, full sound of a church clock striking nine. Each stroke, to Miss Cameron, seemed clearly and distinctly on the warm, fragrant air to carry with it the voice of inexorable doom.

"Nine o'clock," said Lord Rylestone. "I must go."

She could not turn round with a careless gesture and speak indifferent words, she could not smile, she could not hold out her hand; she was mute, dumb, dazed, with her passionate sorrow.

"I heard a little rumor to-day," he added, "and, if the circumstance alluded to will promote your happiness, Miss Cameron, I shall hope that it may take place."

But she did not hear him. A great wave of sorrow had overwhelmed her; the rush of many waters was in her ears. Slowly she came to the full recollection of where she was and what she was doing. Lord Rylestone was bidding her farewell—her one happy day was over, and he was going away for years.

She turned her pale, proud face toward him, and he was struck by the anguish in her eyes. Still he did not think it was for him; she could have but one source of annoyance—the will. So, impulsively enough, he held out his hand to her.

"Promise me," he said, "that you will think no more of that horrible will."

"I will try," she said, faintly.

"Everything is for the best," he said; "we are bound to believe that, and a most comforting doctrine it is. I have something to thank the will for; it has enabled me to prove the noble disinterestedness of a noble woman."

The words he spoke referred to his wife, but Adelaide imagined that he was speaking of herself.

"I have not time to tell you all my story now," he continued—"I wish I had—but you shall hear it when I return. I cannot say that it has been all evil to me."

The words thrilled her with a strange, passionate delight. He must be referring to her—it must be of her he was thinking. And then another clock struck the hour, and Lord Rylestone turned to enter the room.

"Stay one moment," she said, gently. "I do not wish to go in; I will say good-by to you here."

Out under the pale-eyed stars, amid the odor of the flowers, beneath the falling dew—out where the pulses of the night throbbed so languidly and so softly, she would say adieu.

"Let me bid you good-by here," she said; "and then in your picture of the balcony you will always see me."

For the first time he thought there was something unusual in her voice and manner—what it was never occurred to him. He took the white hand she held out to him. With a little passionate cry from her heart there went up an earnest prayer to Heaven that she might have strength to guard her secret even in this most trying hour.

"Good-by," he said—"in old-fashioned parlance, I pray Heaven to have you in its keeping."

He never forgot the dumb anguish in the eyes raised to his.

"Good-by," she said, simply; "and I pray Heaven to send you back safely."

Then she turned away, and the next moment he was gone. She leaned over the stone balustrade and tried to watch the light dying on the trees, but for many long minutes she was quite unconscious of all around her. She never even afterward thought it strange that Mr. Beale should have left without wishing her good-night. She never knew that he had gone out on to the balcony for that purpose, and that, seeing the white face with its passion of despair, he had turned back silently and departed without a word.

Madame de Valmy had kindness mingled with her tact. She knew how the time was passing after the gentlemen were gone. She respected the silent sorrow of the proud young heart. Presently she went to the curtain that divided the balcony from the room.

"I am very tired, Adelaide," she said; "will you excuse me if I say good-night?"

"Good-night," replied a voice so hoarse and low that madame hardly recognized it.

She went to her room, and, as the thought of the sorrow and desolation in that lone soul, madame thanked Heaven she was no longer young enough to love and to suffer.

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## Chapter XIX.

NO misgiving pursued Lord Rylestone as he went from London back to his own home. Anything unusual that he had perceived in the manner of Miss Cameron he attributed to her over-sensitiveness on the subject of the will. He felt some little surprise at finding her so warm of heart, and he smiled to himself as he remembered his preconceived notion of her.

"It is not often," he thought, "that those queenly blonde beauties are so tender of heart. One looks for affection and warmth of disposition in a dark-eyed, dark-haired beauty like Margarita."

His time now was short; in four days he would sail from England's shores, leaving behind him as true a heart as ever beat. The pathetic memory of those four last days never left him—the sad, sweet face of his wife, with its dark eyes so full of repressed sorrow, the quivering of the beautiful lips, the sad smile that ended in a sigh, the attempts to be gay, the manner in which she would begin to sing some careless snatch of song, as though to show that she did not feel so very unhappy, and the piteous way in which the burst of song died away, leaving blank sorrow behind it.

There were times when her courage altogether gave way—when she would go and sit quietly at his feet; and he knew, from the expression of her face, that her heart was sick with despair. But through it all her courage never failed her, never yielded. She would speak brave words to him when her face was white with her own passion of sorrow.

"IF A BODY MEET A BODY COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE;
IF A BODY KISS A BODY, NEED A BODY CRY?"

They sat together one evening, the last but one before his departure. They were watching the stars, and the faint light that seemed in some strange way to linger between heaven and earth.

"After all, Allan," she said, with a deep sigh, "we are not the only husband and wife who have had to part; and yet, when the love is true, as ours is, when the marriage is one of real affection, as ours is, it is like dividing a living soul. I do not believe there is another sorrow like it."

"Nor do I," he returned.

Her face was raised so that the pale starlight fell on it, and he marveled at its loveliness.

"All the time I am away, Margarita," he said, "you must try to think of pleasant things—think of our happy reunion, and how glorious it will be when I show the world what a beautiful, loving wife I have had the happiness of finding. Do you know, sweet, that last night I dreamed I was at Walton, and that my wife was giving a grand *fête* there? I fancied that I was looking for a white camelia to fasten in your hair."

"You dreamed you were there with your wife? Did you see in your dream the face of her who you fancied was your wife?"

She asked the question in quick, hurried fashion, waiting with wide-parted lips for the answer.

"Whose face should I see except yours? Why, Margarita, you startle me! What a strange question!"

"Is it strange? I think your going away has developed a tendency to 'strangeness' in me, Allan. I have curious fancies. I never thought that I should be strong enough to bear any great sorrow, and I do not think so now."

He looked anxiously at her.

"You must drive strange fancies away, Margarita; they make great havoc in an active brain like yours."

She did not seem to understand him; but she drew his face down to hers, and pointed to the pale gleaming stars.

"Allan, tell me, do you think that, if anything should happen to part us—some great sorrow, some great mistake, or death—we should meet there, beyond the stars, and be happy for evermore?"

"Certainly I believe it, sweet."

"If I were parted from you—if I died first—should I wait there, beyond the stars, for you?"

"Yes, there is no doubt of it," he replied.

"I can fancy myself dying with my hand in yours, just as it is now, and going away, to wait for you; but, Allan, what if, after I had gone away, you loved some one else? Then you would never come to me."

He touched her hands, and found they burned with hidden fever; he laid his hand tenderly on the white, broad brow.

"You are overwrought, Margarita," he said, with grave gentleness. "I cannot tell what passes in the other world, nor whether human love will influence us there; I know not whether amid a crowd of bright spirits you will seem brighter to me because you have been my dearly loved wife on earth—I cannot tell. I hope so. But all the love I can give you in time and in eternity is yours."

"I have a great store of jealousy lying dormant," she observed. "I believe that, if I were to die, and in the years to come you, forgetting me, married again, I could not rest in my grave, Allan. I am quite sure I could not. I must have all the jealousy of a Spaniard. The thought that some day you might sit and look into other eyes, as you are looking now into mine—that some day you might clasp another hand as you are holding mine—I could not for a moment entertain."

"Then why speak of it, darling?" he asked, with calm gravity that contrasted strongly with her passionate excitement. "Why think of such things? They are perfectly useless; they only make you miserable, and they make me very unhappy."

With a little cry of remorse she caught his hand, and kissed it again and again.

"You are right," she said; "it is very foolish—the dead sleep well. But I have not been myself, I believe, since it was settled that you should go away. These strange fancies turn my brain. I find in myself capabilities of hatred, of jealousy, of sorrow, that frighten me. I have two selves—the bright, happy, laughing self that you loved first, and a second self all fire and passion."

"If you talk in that way, Margarita," said Lord Rylestone, gravely, "I will not think of going away at all. Why, my darling, to win a kingdom I would not leave you, if you take my departure so sorely to heart as this!"

She passed her hand over her brow, as though she would fain chase away the shadow.

"I always talk nonsense in the starlight," she said, with a strange little laugh. "We will talk about your coming home. I am frightened at myself to-night—I feel like a man who looks down into the mouth of a yawning gulf and thinks he may fall in. We will talk about that happy day when you shall come back. I wonder how the sun will rise that day, Allan. I have always loved its light, but it will be brighter than ever to me then. Let me hold both your hands while you tell me all about it."

But he drew her closer to him, and she sat with her head on his breast and her face raised to his while she listened to all he said about the future home-coming.

"It is a great thing to have a home like this," he said. "My heart would not grow as warm at the thought of going back to Walton as it does at the idea of coming back here. I shall have the picture of our pretty house, buried in its green foliage as it is, with me wherever I may go. I shall see this window with its frame of roses and passion-flowers, and your fair face, Margarita, fairer than any flowers that ever bloomed, waiting for me here."

He talked to her until she had in some measure forgotten her dark fancies, and then it was time for rest.

The day of parting came at last, and to Lord Rylestone it was almost a relief. The suspense for both of them was terrible, and, for his wife's sake, he saw that the sooner it was ended the better. She was growing white and wan, with great dark circles round her eyes as of one who wept and watched incessantly. When any color came to her face, it was a burning hectic flush. For her sake the parting were better over.

He wondered how he was to leave her. He dreaded the last clinging caress of the dear arms, the last kiss from the tender lips. But that such a thing would have seemed unmanly, he would have given up his purpose rather than endure her sorrow.

How should he leave her? He thought he would conceal the hour of his departure from her and leave her while she slept; that would surely be the most merciful course and cause her least suffering. She might wish that she could have spoken her last words to him, but it would be more merciful by far to avoid a final leave-taking.

He tried it. He was to sail on the 15th of June, and he must be in London on the evening of the 14th to meet the Earl of Barton. He did not tell Margarita the precise hour of his departure, although she had questioned him several times about it. Every preparation that love could suggest had been made for him; she had worked almost night and day that he might have everything complete and perfect—there was nothing forgotten. She rose very early on the morning of the 14th to finish his packing—she would not allow any strange hand to touch it; and then, when it was all ended, she lay down upon the couch in her dressing-room to rest.

He had guessed that she would do this, and intended to go away while she rested. The carriage was taken round to the back of the house, and quite silently his packages were carried out one after the other. Then he tried to go. Hot tears blinded his eyes. He was a strong man, but he looked around the rooms wherein he had been so happy, and gave vent to a sob which he could not control.

He could not go without looking at her once again—without taking with him a memory of her beautiful face as he had seen it last; so he stole gently into her dressing-room.

Margarita lay on the little couch, and by the carelessness of her attitude, the listless fall of her white arms, he knew that she was exhausted. Her dark head lay on a pillow of crimson velvet, and by contrast the face looked doubly white; there was no vestige of color except in her lips, that trembled in her sleep. But what touched him most was the fact that she held in her hands an old glove of his own which he had thrown away, as though she could not sleep without having something near her that had belonged to him.

He was looking at her for the last time for so long—his beautiful wife whom he had loved so tenderly. He pictured to himself the despair in the dark eyes when she should awake and find him gone. He drew nearer to her, wondering if he had been selfish in his love—if it would have been kinder and wiser to remain single until he had in some measure attained his position. And then, being near her, he must touch her. He knelt down by her side, and, if ever an ardent, earnest prayer rose from any man's heart, one went from his to Heaven; he prayed that she might be well and happy during his absence, and that he might be spared to meet her again.

Not intending to awake her, he bent down to kiss the sweet white face. He started, for the dark, sad eyes were looking into his own, the pale face grew crimson.

"Allan," she said, quietly, "you are going—and you meant to go away without telling me."

"I thought it would be more merciful to you," he gently explained.

"It would have killed me to wake up and find you gone. You are going, Allan?"

"Yes, my darling, my sweet wife; you must be brave now—it is time for us to part."

"And you were kneeling by my side praying, dear?" she continued. "Ah, well! Say good-by to me now."

He kissed her lips, sobbing, despite his self-control, as bitterly as a child. He spoke no word except "Good-by, my love, good-by;" and then the dark eyes closed, and he knew that a merciful oblivion had come to her for a while.

He did not dare to linger—it was far better so, he said to himself; waking could bring him only misery. He turned away, leaving her dead for a time to her sorrow.

He looked around when he stood in the pretty grounds, bidding a long, silent adieu to the home where he had been so happy; and then, raising his hat from his head, he stood for one minute under the trees.

"I pray Heaven," he said aloud, "that I may find all as well when I return as I leave it now, and my wife's sweet face watching for me where last evening we sat and talked together."

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## Chapter XX.

Lady Rylestone awoke from her stupor to the keen anguish of the knowledge that her husband was gone. The pain of her sorrow was at first intolerable to her. She went up to her room and carefully closed the door, that she might give full vent to her grief alone. There was no human eye to see her as she flung herself on the ground, unable to stand while that terrible pain rent her heart, while she sobbed aloud, and called to him who could no longer hear her voice, "My love! my love!"

She had been one of the most devoted wives; but now, as she lay there, with great waves of anguish rolling over her, she remembered a hundred things that she might have done for Allan, a hundred kind words that she might have said and had not said.

It was, as she had previously expressed herself to him, as though her soul had been cut in twain. While she lived, Margarita never forgot the agony of that hour. Presently the reaction came. Her vitality, her physical activity, were too great to allow her to remain long in that trance of sorrow. She had to bear the pain of his absence, and it must be borne. The dreary time would come to an end, and she must live through it. She knew that the only thing which could bring her relief was resignation.

She thought of many ways in which she could make the time pass until he came back; and then she smiled sadly to think how soon she had begun to reckon on that. He had not left English shores yet. When he came back he would wish her to live very differently. She said to herself that the best thing she could do would be to read the best books of all kinds—novels, travels, biographies, histories—so that she might fit herself to take the position he desired her to occupy, and to do full justice to it. She would spend her time in reading—she would get together such a store of knowledge and information as should delight her husband, and make her useful to him.

Lord Rylestone had hardly reached London when his unhappy young wife had begun to think what she could do to please him on his return. "His return." She said the words over to herself as she went to the open window to let the cool air play upon her heated face and burning eyes. "His return"—a cold shudder came over her as she repeated the words, and it was not the scent-laden Summer air that caused it. "His return"—a cold, sudden fear that had no name and could not be told in words came over her—a presentiment, the cold chill of sudden dread.

An idea for which she had no foundation came to her; it was that on his return she would not be there—on his return all would be altered between them. She tried to reason herself out of it. She closed the window, and she said to herself that the day was chilly, although the sun was shining so bright and warm. Anything so terrible as that foreboding of evil she had never passed through before.

That day seemed to her ages long. The sunlight lingered on the flowers as though it would never go away; night seemed as though it would never fall from the skies; the hours seemed to have taken to themselves leaden wings.

"What shall I do," she thought, "if every day prove as long as this?"

For some days she remained in her dressing-room; she could not bear to leave it. She could not just yet go into the rooms where she had been accustomed to see her husband; she waited until the keen edge of her sorrow had worn away.

One morning, after she had dreamed all night that he was home again, she woke up with the resolution that she would go downstairs and resume her every-day life—that she would take up her duties, bear her sorrows bravely, and do her best. She went first into the little room he had called his study—her mind was so full of him, her thoughts were so entirely with him, that she would not have been in the least surprised to see him in his favorite chair. But the chair was empty, the table was covered with a confused mass of letters and papers, the pens were rusty. She commenced at once to restore the room to order. She put each book in its place; she pleased herself in making various novel arrangements.

"When he comes back it will be all ready for him," she said; and the good ship in which he had sailed was not then very far from land.

As she was arranging some papers, she found a set of verses written in her husband's hand, and apparently of his own composition. They were addressed to his home, "Walton," and, as she read them for the first time, she seemed to understand the passionate love and sorrow that he had felt for the place. She read words the sweet pathos of which charmed her; she understood then how keen and bitter his disappointment had been. She sat down to think with the verses in her hand. They were not, perhaps, of any great poetical merit, but they proved to her how deeply he had grieved over Walton, and with what keenness he had felt the privation, the pain of not living there.

How trying it must have been for him, brought up to enjoy a vast fortune, and trained in habits of luxury and expense, to be suddenly deprived of all! Either he ought never to have been allowed to think the money would be his, or he ought to have had it. And then she thought, with something like passionate hatred, of the beautiful, golden-haired heiress who had come between her husband and his wealth, who had taken that which ought to have been his.

She hated her—this fair-faced girl who had deprived him of his fortune, through whom he had been driven into exile and compelled to work.

"If it were not for her, he would be here with me now," she said to herself; and, when she remembered that, the expression of her face was not good to see.

"I spoke the truth," she went on, half bitterly, "when I said that I was frightened at myself. I have greater capabilities for good—and for evil too—than I thought I had."

Presently there came an idea to her, on which the remainder of her life turned. Her husband had loved Walton so dearly—she would like to love all that he had loved, to care for all that he had cared for. She would like to see Walton, the home where he ought even now to be staying.

Her face suddenly flushed crimson red. Why should she not go to Walton—she who had so deep an interest in it? Why should she not go?

The idea was so novel and so bewildering to her that she was at first almost unable to grasp it. Why should she not go? No one need ever know; and, if she saw it but once, she could picture it afterward in her dreams. But perhaps she had better not even entertain such an idea—Lord Rylestone might not like it; so she busied herself in other matters. Still the idea was always there; if she could but see Walton—if she could but know what this home of his was like!

She had said once of herself that she had terrible tenacity of purpose, and it was true. From the first moment the idea of visiting Walton took possession of her until it had become a reality, she had no respite from it. Why should she not see Walton? Her husband even need never know; she could go as a stranger, without raising the least suspicion as to her identity. There was no one to forbid it, to say her nay.

For the first time she realized how perfectly independent marriage had made her. She had been accustomed to her mother's control, and then to be under the surveillance of Lady Davenant. It came to her with all the charm of a novel surprise, that she could go where she liked, and do as she liked, without the least interference from any one. It would be easy enough to go to Walton; she had but to take the train to the nearest station, and then make her way across the grounds. If she could only see the exterior, she would be satisfied; she would know then what her husband had loved and what he had lost.

"I will go," she said to herself at last. "I will see for myself what Walton is like."

If she had thought it probable that Lord Rylestone would be displeased, she would not, however great the temptation, have given way to it. But why should he be angry? She need not tell him that she had been foolish enough to make a pilgrimage to his home. It was a shrine to her because he had lived there.

So she made her resolve, and on the 15th of July, a date that she never forgot, she set out for Walton. But, before going, she remembered what her husband had said—if she wanted to know Walton, she should read Miss Cameron's letters. She went directly to the place where he had told her they were—the letter-file on his table; she collected all she found bearing Miss Cameron's name, and took them to her room to read. They were not very numerous, and it would give her a pleasant half hour's occupation.

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## Chapter XXI.

Miss Cameron's letters were just what her husband had described them—eloquent, elegant epistles, evidently the production of a gifted and noble mind. Margarita smiled sometimes as she read, and again the tears would fill her eyes. Evidently the writer loved Walton. She spoke of it with enthusiasm and affection. She seemed, as Allan had said, to know every flower, every tree, every running stream. She wrote of the servants, the horses in the stables, the dogs in the kennel, the deer in the park, the cattle browsing in the thymy fields and clover-meadows. Margarita's face grew crimson as she read.

"One would think Walton was her own!" she said.

There was seldom the name of another person—there was no gossip about mutual friends; and, although so much of Miss Cameron's character was revealed, there was little mention of herself. Once or twice the name of Madame de Valmy occurred. But Margarita was quicker than Lord Rylestone. The subtle essence of those letters, which had escaped him, was perceptible to her. She did not recognize enough of it to call it love, but it was there.

The reading of those letters decided her—she would go. Presently she came across a sentence which puzzled her.

"I cannot tell how thankful I am that no one knows the secret of the will."

If Lord Rylestone had been wise he would have destroyed the letter that contained those words. The one thing above all others that he was anxious to keep from his wife was the knowledge of the conditions of the will. She was already so morbidly sensitive—fearing that she had been an obstacle in his path—that he dreaded lest she should ever know the truth. He knew perfectly well that, if ever time should reveal it, she would never be happy again. His keeping the letter with that one particular phrase in it was an oversight for which afterward he never pardoned himself.

"The secret of the will!" She repeated the words over and over again to herself. What secret could it be? Something evidently that associated the young heiress with her husband, something which they shared in common, and no one else knew. A fiery dart of jealousy seemed to strike her. Why had Allan never told her of this secret? Why had he never told her there was something extraordinary in the will? She did not doubt him—she loved him too well for that—but she was sorely puzzled. What secret could it be? She had never heard Allan allude to any.

Then she remembered how strange it was that she had always had some kind of suspicion about Miss Cameron and the money. Lord Rylestone had avoided the subject; whenever she wished to discuss it, he had evaded it; and yet her quick perceptions had told her that there was something not quite right, and that she did not know.

"The secret of the will!" This was the will which had deprived Lord Rylestone of the money, and had given it to

Miss Cameron. There was no secret in that. What, therefore, could the secret be? Carefully, one by one, she re-read the letters but there was no other allusion to them, no word which could explain the mysterious phrase, no hint as to what the secret was—there was no mention of money.

"The secret of the will! I shall lose my reason," she said to herself, "if I ponder this much longer. What can it be? Was the will forged, invalid or what? If I live for no other purpose, if I do nothing else, I will find out this secret. Has any injustice been done to Lord Rylestone? No, it cannot be that; were such the case, Miss Cameron would not allude to it in such open terms."

"The secret of the will!" Look which way she would, think as she would, act as she would, the words were always before her; they seemed to burn her like a brand. What was it, this secret that another woman shared with her husband, and from which she was purposely shut out? She, in her sick, angry jealousy, longed to wrest the secret from them. What right had any one to share knowledge with her husband from which she was shut out?

"I will live to discover it," she said; and it was strange that toward her husband she had not the least shadow of an angry thought, while toward Miss Cameron, who shared the secret with him, she felt something that was like fiercest hatred.

Why had Allan never revealed this secret to her? Why had she been excluded from his confidence—this same confidence which apparently he had given so freely to Adelaide Cameron?

"I will go to Walton," said she, "and there, perhaps, I may hear the secret of the will."

A fever of unrest took possession of her. There were no more plans of reading, of study, of fitting herself to take a part in Allan's world. The "secret" haunted her. By day and by night she thought only of one thing—what that secret was, and how to find it out. The beautiful, restless face grew thin and worn with the constant strain of thought. There was to be no more peace for her until she knew all.

Once or twice she tried to argue herself into a better state of mind—to make herself believe that, after all, this secret might be no important secret—that it might mean simply where the document was kept, or some trifling circumstance connected with it. If it had been of vital importance, surely Allan, her husband, who loved her so dearly, would have told her He had so frankly confided everything else. He had told her exactly the sum of his debts, and what he had to pay them with—what he hoped to receive from his appointment, and what he was to receive from Walton. There had never been the least shadow of restraint. Then, why should he have kept this secret from her?

If she could but know! Why should Miss Cameron be pleased that it was unknown to any one else? Did it concern her, or did it concern Lord Rylestone? She must find out. She was not curious; gossip and rumor had little charm for her; curiosity was not a weakness of hers. It was not mere curiosity that possessed her now like a fever—that made her eager to discover that which had been hidden from her. It was love, jealousy, and sensitive pride. So, on the 15th of July Lady Rylestone left the pretty little villa at Marpeth for the most fatal journey she could have undertaken.

She told her servants that she would be absent only a day, or at the most a night and two days; and then she started alone. She had discovered the name of the nearest town; it was Lutdale. There were many changes of line between Marpeth and Lutdale; it was a cross-route. She left home quite early in the morning, but it was noon before she quitted Lutdale station.

Lest anything in her toilet might attract attention she had dressed herself as simply and plainly as possible, and the beauty of her face was hidden by a black-lace vail.

She left the station and walked through the streets of the town, and then of a well-dressed respectable woman she inquired the road to Walton Court.

"It is a long walk," was the reply. "People generally ride there from here. It is over six miles."

"I do not mind. I shall like the walk," was the reply; and the woman who had been questioned was struck by the rich clear musical voice.

"If you prefer to walk, the way lies straight enough," she said. "You must go along the Lutdale Road for nearly two miles, and then you will come to the park gates. It is a long way even then."

"I do not mind the distance, and I thank you for your kindness," replied Margarita, turning away.

It was a glorious afternoon. The sunshine seemed to be like a smile from heaven upon the earth. The flowers were at their fairest, and the air seemed full of their perfumed breath. The day was not too hot, for a refreshing breeze was blowing. Nature never looked gayer that on this day when Lady Rylestone went, in silent watchfulness, unknown and unknowing, to look at her husband's home.

Late in the afternoon she reached the park gates, but found them shut, and guarded by a lodge-keeper.

"I wonder if the universal golden key will open them," she said, and when the keeper came out she tried it, and found it successful. She was admitted into the park; and the man bowed as she passed through the gate. That was her only welcome to her husband's home.

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### Chapter XXII.

WALTON COURT was a stately English home where art and nature seemed to have done their best—where trees and flowers were seen in their highest perfection. The vast park, the grand ancestral trees—some of them the growth of centuries — the hills covered with verdure, the bosky dells, the sunny glades, the treasures of flower and fern, all filled Margarita with wonder. Under the trees she saw picturesque herds of antlered deer. They eyed her timidly as she drew near, and then fleeted away. The scene delighted her. Presently beyond the trees she saw the tall gray towers of the Court. Her heart beat quickly, her eyes filled with tears.

"It is my husband's home," she said to herself. "It all belongs to him."

Soon she came to a second lodge, at the entrance to the vast pleasure-grounds. She saw terrace after terrace all bright with the colors of a thousand flowers; she saw the gleam of fountains, the spray of which rose high in the sunlit air; she saw the green lawns with their sweeping cedars and silvery birches. With wistful eyes she looked through the iron gates, thinking how fair it all was, and how difficult it must have been for him to leave it. As she stood there the woman from the lodge came out, and, seeing a stranger, she made a deep curtsey. Despite the plain dress and the thick black vail she discerned a lady.

"Would you like to see the grounds?" she asked, respectfully; and Lady Rylestone answered "Yes."

"They are shown sometimes to strangers, and the house too, when the family are away."

"Are the family absent now?" asked Lady Rylestone.

"Yes; and the housekeeper had a party of strangers yesterday to see the place. It is considered one of the finest in England."

Margarita gave the woman a coin that made her eyes beam with delight.

"I should like to see the place," she said, gently. "I think I will go through. But will they consider it strange to see a lady alone?"

"No, ladies and gentlemen, too, sometimes come alone; though, as a rule, they come in parties."

"I was at Lutdale, and hearing of the beauty of the Court, I thought I should like to see it," said Lady Rylestone, evasively.

"Many a one does that," observed the woman, as she brought out the keys, and opened the huge gates; and then Margarita passed, as it were, into the inner circle of her home.

The air seemed almost faint with the perfume of rare flowers. She saw rare birds flitting amongst the trees; she heard the ripple of the fountains, and the cooing of the white ring-doves. How fair and serene it all was! How he must have loved his home!

The Court itself was a magnificent building of gray stone; the tall towers and turrets lent additional grandeur to it. The large windows had light graceful iron balconies before them, and the balconies were filled with scarlet flowers. On the terrace immediately in front Margarita saw peacocks spreading out their gorgeous feathers in the sun. The whole scene spoke of the wealth and grandeur of centuries. Then, at some distance, she saw the beautiful conservatories, vineries, and hothouses, which formed one of the chief attractions of the Court. As she looked round on the magnificent grounds and superb gardens, she avowed to herself that a thousand a year would indeed go but a little way toward keeping up so vast an establishment.

She went up the broad flight of marble steps which led to the entrance-hall; and then she thought to herself that that was hardly the way in which she should visit her home. A half-misgiving that perhaps after all she was not doing quite right came over her, but it was too late now to recede. She had come to see the Court, and she must see it.

She rang the bell, and, as it echoed in the silent house, she fancied that it had the sound of a knell.

The door was opened, and she asked permission to see the place. The footman who opened the door, like the woman at the lodge, had the quick sense to discern a lady despite the plain attire. He asked Margarita to wait until the housekeeper came; and in a few minutes stately Mrs. Grame, in her black-silk dress, made her appearance.

"I should very much like to see the Court," said Margarita. "I was told that strangers were allowed to go over it at times."

Mrs. Grame looked doubtful.

"We do show the place," she replied, slowly, "but it is generally to some one who is either visiting or known in the neighborhood."

"I am a total stranger," said Lady Rylestone. "I was passing through Lutdale, and hearing of the Court, I thought I should like to see it."

Still the housekeeper's face did not relax, so Margarita added quickly:

"If you prefer not to show it, I am sorry to have caused you any trouble." She turned to move away as she spoke, but then the stern face of the faithful retainer relaxed.

"Stay, madame," she requested; "I shall have great pleasure, I am sure. You will like to see the stateroom, the picture-gallery, and the ball-room."

"I should like to see all that I may," said Margarita.

"I will attend you directly," returned Mrs. Grame; and once more Lady Rylestone was left alone in her husband's home.

The entrance-hall was superb; it was hung round with armor and trophies of the chase. Again, as she sat there, a certain conviction came home to Margarita that Lord Rylestone would not be pleased if he knew what she was doing, and that, if she could not enter his home as its mistress and queen, she ought not to have entered it in that fashion.

She had not time for longer meditations, Mrs. Grame returned, and then the business of showing the place began. Margarita had presence of mind enough for one thing—she resolutely kept down her vail, and, as far as she could, spoke in a tone so low that her voice, she fancied, could not afterwards be recognised.

For it had suddenly dawned upon her that she was doing a very unwise thing; if ever the day should come when her husband brought her home as his wife, it would be a terrible circumstance if she should be recognized as the strange lady who had visited the place alone. It would put her at once in a false position, and, if it came to Allan's knowledge, would cause him, she felt sure, the keenest annoyance.

Still she must persevere now. She must find out, if she could, the secret of the will. There might be a few words said—she might hear of some little incident that would throw some light upon it.

"If you admire pictures," said the stately Mrs. Grame, "you will be pleased with the gallery here;" and then she ran through a list of Murillos, Raphaels, Canalettis, Giorgiones, and Greuzes, until Margarita could have smiled.

Lady Rylestone went through her task, looking at each one, making admiring comments in that low, restrained voice of hers, wondering all the time how, without exciting suspicion she was to begin to speak of what lay so near her heart.

"You understand pictures, madame," said Mrs. Grame. "Many come here, and they know no more of the real value of pictures than I do of Greek; but you understand them."

"These are very beautiful," declared Lady Rylestone, evasively.

"The late lord added considerably to the gallery. He was a great lover of pictures, my late master."

Here was an opening at last. Margarita was quick enough to avail herself of it.

"You lived here, then, in the late lord's time?" she said, inquiringly.

Mrs. Grame smiled with calm superiority.

"I lived here twenty years before my late master died," she announced.

The black-lace vail was thick, and it was drawn over the beautiful face so as to hide it; but even through it the housekeeper saw a sudden gleam of brightness—the eyes brightened, the whole face seemed to light up. Lady Rylestone turned aside; it would never do to show her eager desire to this woman. She made some remark about a Correggio that hung near her, and Mrs. Grame, who began to think that she had found an appreciative listener, remarked that it was the late lord's favorite picture. Lady Rylestone, still speaking in a low, repressed voice, said:

"I remember reading of the late lord's death. He was not married, I think?"

Mrs. Grame smiled again, with an air of superior knowledge.

"No, madame. I think my master liked pictures better than human beings. He used to pass whole hours here."

"Then of course he left no direct heir to succeed him?" Lady Rylestone said, in a low voice.

"No, no direct heir; but the present lord was much attached to him."

Margarita gave an impatient sigh. Here she stood, in the heart of her husband's home, with a faithful old servant, who must know the secrets of the family, by her side; and yet how could she ask about, how could she find out, the secret of the will? How could she learn even ever so little of that which she longed to know?

"The present lord is young, is he not?" she inquired.

"Yes, he is young, and very handsome. There is not a handsomer man in England than Lord Rylestone."

Lady Rylestone knew it well. Who had studied the contour of the noble head, the comeliness of the noble face, as she had done? There came before her a vision of how often she had kissed the handsome face. She tried to recall her wandering thoughts, for the housekeeper was saying:

"In the western drawing-room there is a superb portrait of the present lord. You would like to see it perhaps?"

She stammered that she should—that she admired good portraits. And then the housekeeper, liking her companion better every moment, said:

"Lord Rylestone does not live here—he has gone abroad."

She did not notice how the lady's lips grew white and trembled.

"Gone abroad!" repeated Margarita. "That is strange."

"Every one goes abroad now-a-days," said Mrs. Grame; and Lady Rylestone hastened to rejoin:

"Yes—but why should any one who owns a place like this care to leave it?"

Mrs. Grame shook her head slowly.

"This is what I do not understand," she said. "I should not go away. His lordship has never lived at the place since it was his own."

"I understand the family are expected soon," observed Lady Rylestone. "Whom do people mean when they say 'the family'?"

"I should imagine they mean Miss Cameron and Madame de Valmy," Mrs. Grame replied. "They have been told that Miss Cameron is to reside here for the next three years at least."

Lady Rylestone drew her breath with a deep, gasping sigh.

"Miss Cameron?" she repeated. "Pray do not think me curious, but who is she?"

Worthy Mrs. Grame, who, having a spare afternoon, was not indisposed to gossip, did not notice the almost painful suspense with which her listener awaited her answer. "I shall soon be on the track of the secret," Margarita said to herself, "If I can but make this woman speak out."

"Miss Cameron is a niece of the late lord's," said the housekeeper, slowly.

"And his heiress too," added Lady Rylestone, quickly. She spoke without thinking, and then would have given the world to have the words unsaid.

"His heiress!" repeated Mrs. Grame, with bland superiority. "Oh, no—nothing of the kind! My lord is the heir—the heir-at-law, you know."

"I fancied that I had heard something about a niece being heiress," said Lady Rylestone.

"I have never heard anything of the kind," returned the housekeeper, decidedly. "Of course Miss Cameron has had a fortune left her; but I have never heard that she was the late lord's heiress."

"Such strange things happen," said Lady Rylestone. "You were here when the late lord died?"

"Oh, yes, I was here," replied Mrs. Grame.

Margarita's impatience was becoming greater than she could control; she longed to clasp her hands and cry out, "Tell me—for pity's sake, tell me all you know—tell me the secret of the will!" She could hardly control herself; she clasped her hands together, and her slender figure swayed to and fro.

"Was there," she asked, trying to speak calmly, "anything strange then about the late lord's will?"

There fell over them a dead silence. In reality it lasted only half a minute, yet it seemed to have lasted an hour—a rush of sound filled Lady Rylestone's ears, her heart beat, her hands trembled. The housekeeper's voice sounded as though it came from afar off.

"Strange about the will?" she repeated. "Not that I ever heard of. I do not think so." She looked eagerly into Lady Rylestone's face. "I do not think there could have been," she said, "or we must have heard of it."

Then the secret had indeed been well kept—even the confidential servants who lived in the house knew nothing of it. Through one of the crimson-stained windows came a great sunbeam, and it left a dazzling light on the richly carpeted floor. Margarita was looking at it, and it seemed to dazzle her eyes; yet even in the midst of that burning light she fancied that she traced the words, "The secret of the will." Was she, even in the heart of his home, as far from knowing it as ever?

She grew anxious, for she could see Mrs. Grame's eyes fixed anxiously on her face. She tried to speak lightly.

"One hears of so many peculiar wills," she said; "I heard of one, but it may not have been Lord Rylestone's."

"It was not, most certainly; I have never heard a word about the will. All the old servants received very handsome legacies and annuities; but there was nothing in the late lord's will different from the general run of wills."

Lady Rylestone bowed; she could not speak, for she was sick and faint with her baffled hope.

"I must have heard of some one else's," she murmured.

Then they went through suite after suite of magnificent rooms. In each there were pictures and statues of marvelous beauty, and flowers of richest fragrance. They went through broad corridors, where the floor was covered with rich crimson cloth, and white statues gleamed amongst rare hangings. The whole place was a marvel of luxury and magnificence. Then they came to the western drawing-room, so called because it looked on to the broad western terrace, where the flowers caught the last rays of the setting sun; and there lady Rylestone saw the portrait of her husband.

She stood silent, gazing at it; her whole heart had gone out to it. It was almost like seeing him again—the noble head with its clustering hair, the handsome face, the kindly eyes, and the lips that wore sometimes a smile as sweet as that of a child. With hot blinding tears she could have stretched out her hands to it; she could have called to it with passionate cries. But she dared not make a sign; she was looking into the pictured face of her husband, of the man she loved best on earth, and her own must not change. "My love," she murmured to herself, "if you could but speak to me!" And then she heard the housekeeper's business-like tones behind her.

"That is the present Lord Rylestone," she said. "It is considered a very fine picture."

There came no reply from her listener, and good Mrs. Grame fancied she was absorbed in admiration.

"My lord is not married," she continued, "although he is so handsome, and so eagerly sought after. Some people say he will be like Lord Bernard, and never marry."

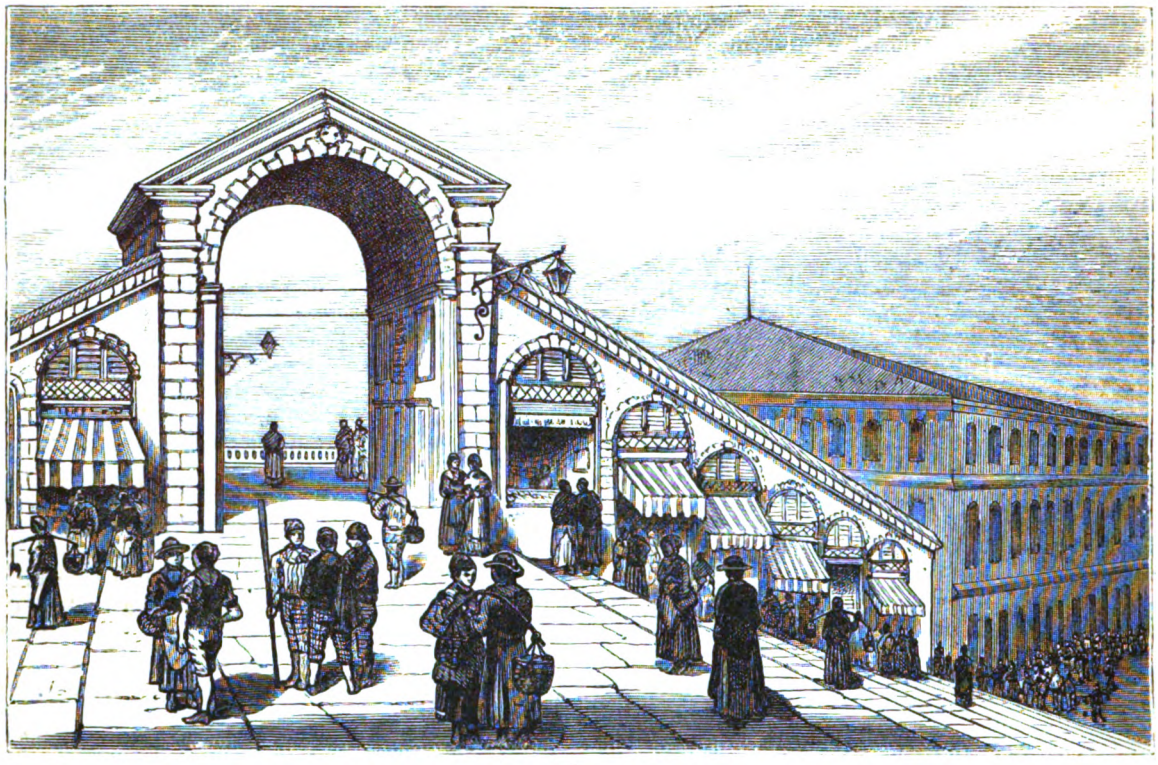
"Why do they say that?" Margarita asked, rousing herself.

"I do not know—I should think it is because his name has never been mentioned in connection with that of any lady."

Margarita's face flushed; it was praise enough to hear such words, even from a dependent's lips; it proved that he was noble, faithful, and true.

"I hope, though," continued Mrs. Grame, "that my lord will marry. I should not like to see the place fall into strange hands. He is very much loved amongst us. There could be no happier day for us than the one on which my lord should bring his wife home."

*(To be continued.)*



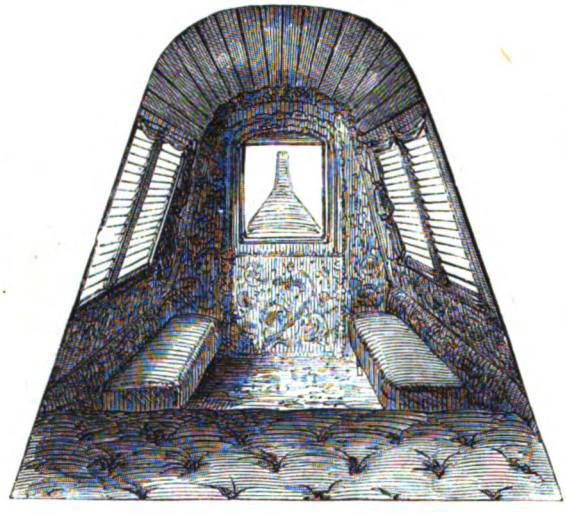
THE RIALTO, VENICE.

# VENICE:

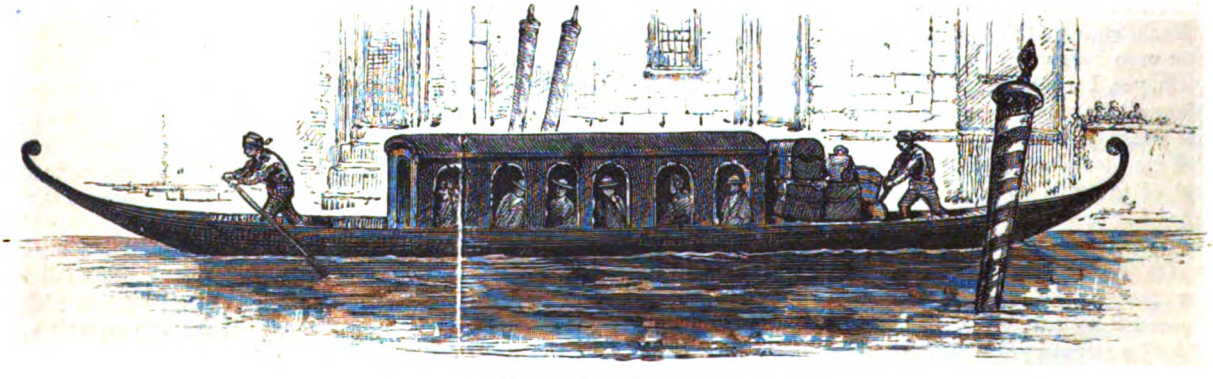
## ITS PAST AND PRESENT.

### VENETIAN HISTORY.

ATTILA, King of the Huns, and called by his subjects and others the "Scourge of God," succeeded his uncle Roas in 434 A. D., as chief of countless hordes of barbarians scattered over the north of Asia and Europe. In the earlier portion of his reign, he devastated the countries between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, forcing those of the inhabitants not destroyed to follow him. Opposed by Theodosius, he compelled the latter, in three bloody engagements, to acknowledge his prowess. Constantinople owed its safety solely to its fortifications and to the ignorance of the enemy of the art of besieging. But Thrace, Macedonia, and Greece were overrun; seventy cities were desolated by the devastating Huns; and Theodosius was compelled to cede a portion of the territory south of the Danube, and to pay tribute to the conqueror, after treacherously attempting to murder him. In 452, Attila made an incursion into Italy, devastating Aquileia, Milan, Padua, and other cities, and driving the terrified inhabitants into the Alps, the Appenines, and finally into the lagoons of the Adriatic Sea, on the islands of



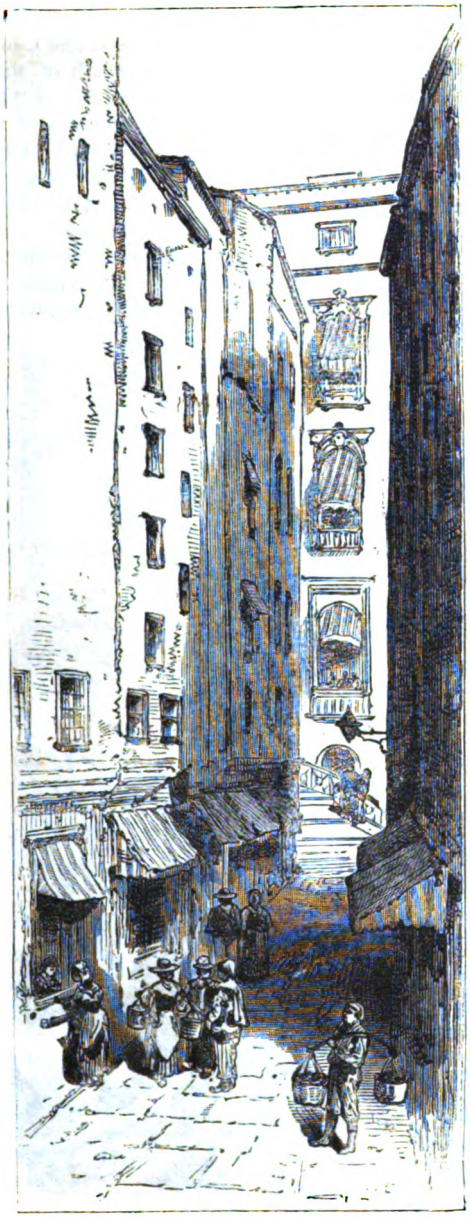
INTERIOR OF A VENETIAN GONDOLA.

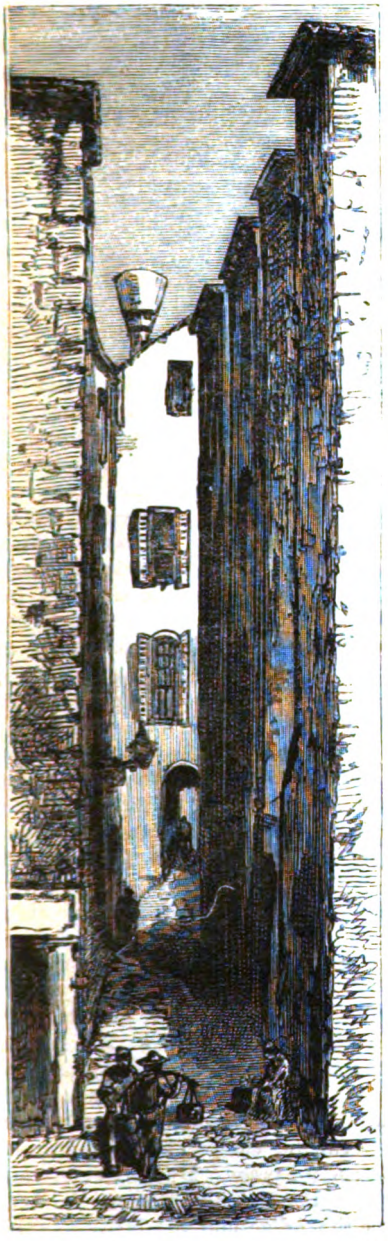


A VENETIAN OMNIBUS.

which the fleeing multitude founded the city of Venice.

At first, this precarious situation was designed merely as a temporary place of refuge; and the inhabitants sustained themselves by fishing and by slight commerce in the rivers contiguous. Each of the islands constituted a republic of itself, governed by a tribune. For some years, the central point was at Malamocco, upon the shore of an island in the open Adriatic. But the largest of the islands in the lagoon, the Rialto, soon proved the most attractive site, and gradually drew to itself the larger number of the inhabitants of the remaining islands. Meanwhile, jealousies between these pigmy states were constant and bitter, threatening the





welfare of the whole community; and in 697, a convention was held, in which all the different sections were united under a chief known as a "Doge," a word which comes from the Latin *Dux*, a duke or leader. The republic at that time consisted practically of a rambling series of settlements, the original islands furnishing a small portion of the area of the present city, and being in no wise connected, save by a similarity of land—socially; and by the fishermen's boats actually. The houses were built on piles, and there was nothing about the situation to offer any suggestions of permanency.

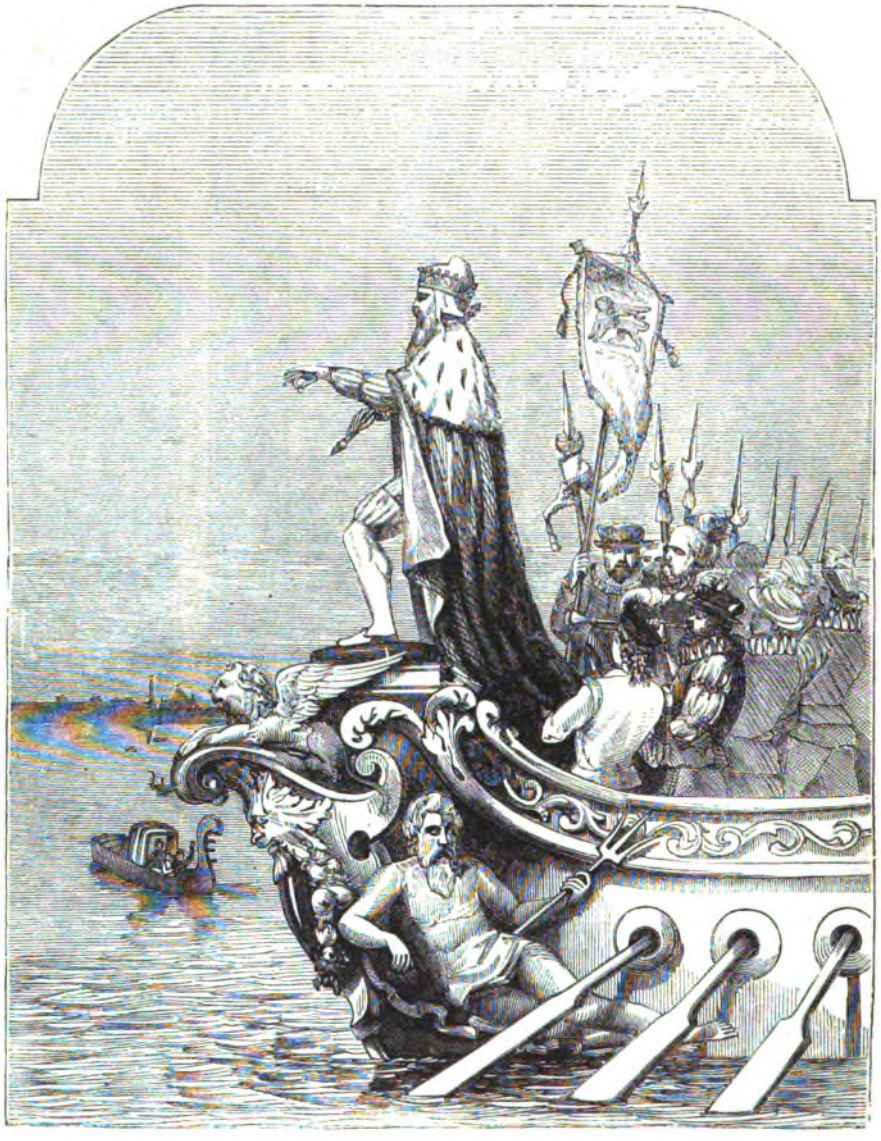
But the doge elected in 687 was invested with supreme jurisdiction over the welfare of the entire colony. He was empowered to appoint his own ministers, and to make war and peace. At first, these doges experienced rather serious difficulties. Three had been elected in succession, when the people rose in arms, and demanded the return of their liberties lost through their having surrendered supreme power to their elected rulers. The next doge was assassinated; and for five years after 730, the republican form of government experienced a restoration; at the end of that time, however, a new doge was elected.

At about this time the Venetians selected the island of Rialto (Rivo Alto—deep stream), upon which was erected the city of Venice as it now stands in part to-day. In 829, having selected for their patron saint, St. Mark the Evangelist, the Venetians brought his bones from Alexandria, and his lion assumed a place upon their arms. In 997, the small Greek states of Istria and Dalmatia, unable to defend themselves against the Sclavic pirates,

VIEWS IN SOME VENETIAN STREETS. FROM ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

formed an alliance with Venice, received judges from the doge, and fought under the banners of the republic. From that time the doge took the name of the Duke of Venice and Dalmatia. The commerce of the republic now began to grow in extent, and the state in power. Soon the Venetians began to war with the Normans and with other countries, and being successful, they received from the Greek emperor many new and valuable privileges. In 1099, the Venetians sent a fleet of two hundred vessels to aid the first Crusade. They assisted in the capture of Tyre, Acre, Sidon, and Ascalon, and so long as the Christians held Palestine, they obtained important privileges in many of the cities.

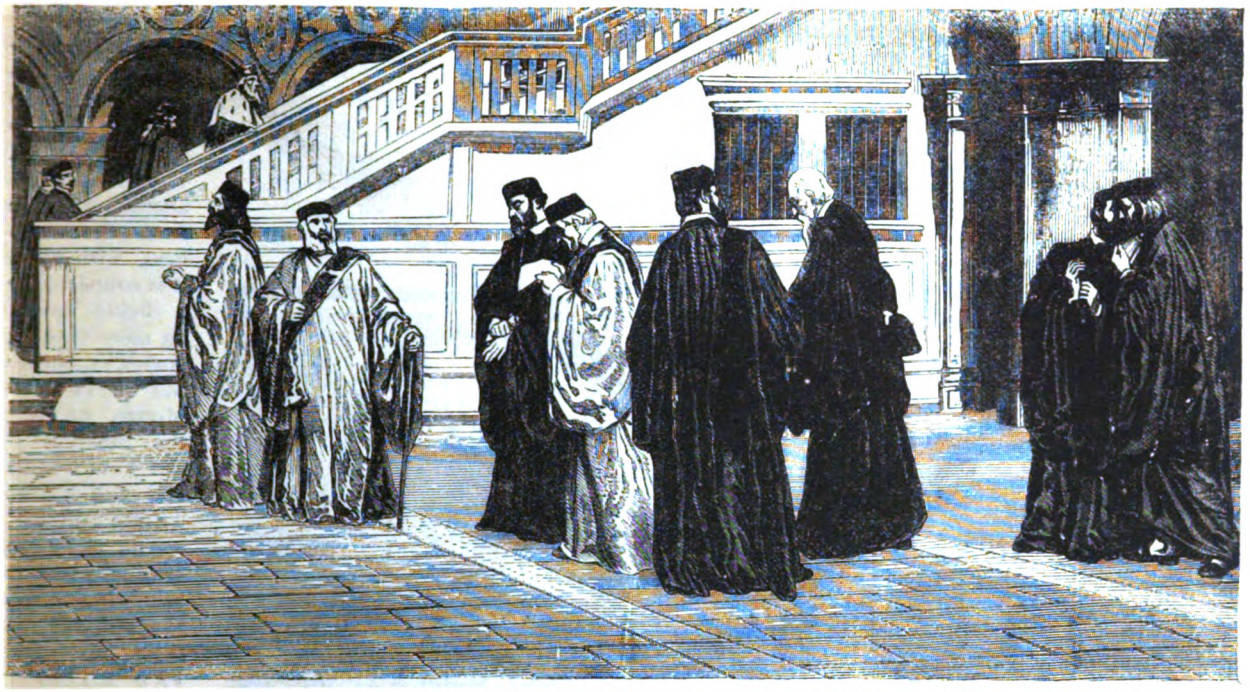
In the middle of the twelfth century war broke out between Venice and the Greek emperor; and the fleet of the republic, by this time grown to an extensive size and considerable power, took Lesbos, Chios, and Samos, and attacked Euboca, but raised the siege of the latter city, owing to a pestilence in the Venetian ranks. Previously Venice had joined the league of Lombardy against Frederick Barbarossa, but withdrew shortly; and in 1177 was chosen by the Pope and the emperor as the locality for holding a congress. From this period dates the origin of the annually recognized custom of wedding the Adriatic. The Pope took a ring from his finger and presented it to the Doge Ziani, with these words: "Take this as a pledge of authority over the sea, and marry her every year, you and your successors forever, in order that all may know she is under your jurisdiction and that I place her under your dominion as a wife under that of a husband."



THE MARRIAGE OF THE ADRIATIC.

In 1198 the republic loaned vessels to the French Crusaders. Finding themselves unable to pay, the latter offered their services to the republic; and under the almost blind old doge, Eurico Dandolo, recaptured the revolted city of Zara, and undertook an expedition which ended in the storming of Constantinople in April, 1204. For their share in this exploit, the Venetians, whose conquests were limited to the Morea and Candia, received one-half of the spoils and nearly one-half of the beaten empire. The doge now assumed the title of "Despot of Roumania," which was held until the middle of the fourteenth century. Immediately after this a war broke out between Venice and Genoa, lasting a number of years, and concluding in 1238, through the interposition of the Pope. For more than a century Venice was at war, with varying success, sometimes with Genoa, sometimes with other cities or countries. In 1354 Marino Faliero was summoned from Rome and elected doge. Through a personal difficulty with a young nobleman of the city of Venice, and on account of the fact that the Senate refused to consider the affairs of a matter of state, Faliero engaged in a conspiracy to exterminate the whole body of the nobility, the latter being at this time hated by the populace. April 15th, 1355, was the day set apart for the execution of this murderous act; but, unfortunately for Faliero and the other conspirators, the plot was discovered. The doge was arrested, and on examination made a full confession of his guilt, and was condemned to death. In the council hall of the palace, where the portraits of the doges of Venice are still preserved, a black drapery covers the space which should have been occupied by the portrait of Faliero, with the inscription, "Spazio di Marino Faliero de capitato."

A fourth war with the Genoese was commenced in 1377. In its beginning the Venetians were successful. But fortune changed, and during the next two years the Genoese obtained so great advantages that Venice was threatened with annihilation as a nation. But, with her usual good fortune, she succeeded in conquering or eluding her enemies, and Genoa was compelled to sue for peace. By 1420 Venice had established her power over the larger portion of Northern Italy, from the Alps to the Adige and the Mincio. This was the period of her greatest prosperity. No city in Europe



THE COUNCIL OF TEN ENTERING THE PALACE.

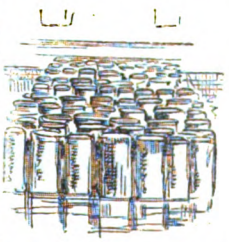
could at this period compare with her in wealth, luxury, and refinement. Her annual exports were valued at ten million ducats, of which four millions were profit. She possessed 300 sea-going and 3,000 smaller vessels, besides a fleet of 47 galleys; 36,000 men were employed by her on the sea alone. She counted 4,000 nobles, with incomes averaging 3,000 ducats.

In 1489 Catherine Cornaro, widow of James II., the last King of Cypress, gave that island to the Venetians—another illustration of the favor and good fortune which seemed to await Venice in every direction. At this time her argosies traversed every arm of the ocean. Intimate intercourse was kept up with every European country, as well as with Syria, Egypt, and even India; and among the imported articles of Venetian merchandise were the iron of Staffordshire, the tin of Cornwall and Devon, and the wool of Sussex. But the warlike policy which for many years had been so fortunate to Venice, now became fatal. The fifteenth century, in this respect, witnessed one succession of disasters; and the whole of the sixteenth was employed by the Venetians in repairing these. Her wealth by this time was destroyed, her population reduced by one-half, and her power irremediably shaken.

In 1618, a conspiracy occurred, headed by the Spanish ambassador, through which it was designed to destroy the republic by means of the many adventurers and mercenaries employed in her service. On Ascension day it was intended to massacre the doge and senators, and give the city up to sack and fire. But before the appointed day the plot was discovered; and the bodies of the conspirators hanging in the square of St. Mark struck terror to those who were still living and who had been engaged in the plot. The Spanish ambassador was escorted out of the city, while no explanation was made, nor any reasons given, for the executions.

But Venice was now in her decline. Her former spirit had fled, a large portion of her nobility were reduced to poverty, and the state finances were exhausted. But even in spite of these changes of fortune, and though the vast commercial activity which, springing up among the western nations of Europe upon the discovery of America, clearly showed that her naval superiority had forever disappeared, Venice might still have maintained a respectable mediocrity but for the character of her government, which was conducted by an exclusive oligarchy, in whose hands alone all power and freedom were vested. The government of the Council of Ten had become a reign of terror. The nobles showed vigor only in the pursuit of pleasure. All the ancient virtue, valor, and hardihood had died out of the State. Napoleon forced Venice to break the neutrality which it meant to maintain, in 1796; destroyed its government, and ceded its provinces to Austria by the treaty of *Campo Formio*. In 1806, the city of Venice, and the territory of Venetia were annexed to the kingdom of Italy by the treaty of Presburg. In 1814, it was transferred to Austria, forming, with Lombardy, what was called the

SQUARE OF ST. MARK AT VENICE.



THE MODE OF ARRANGING SPILES ON WHICH BUILDINGS ARE ERECTED.

Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom. In 1866, the state and territory were ceded to, and incorporated with, the Kingdom of Italy, under which government it still remains.

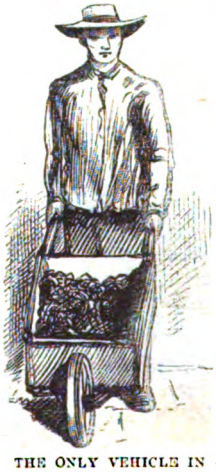
The Council of Ten was established in 1310. Its power was absolute, while that of the doges, who were elected for life, was narrowly watched by it. That of the people was naught. In the middle of the fifteenth century the terrible Council of Three was created, and became the dreaded instrument of the justice and vengeance of the Council of Ten. Only nobles were appointed to offices, and provinces and cities were equally governed with an iron hand. In the hall of Bussola, in the Ducal Palace, the lion's mouth, with gaping jaws, invited and received secret accusations from all sides. Cruelty, superstition, and fanaticism had grown up slowly but surely to be a power. Recent years have brought a somewhat improved situation, but the glory of Venice went out in a foul atmosphere of reeking dungeons, and to the sad music made by the death-wails of the victims of infamous tyranny at the hands of the Council of Ten.

A LITTLE WATER-CARRIER OF VENICE.

VENICE: ITS ARCHITECTURE AND ITS PEOPLE.

Venice, the grand city raised by a colony of fishermen from a settlement perched like a seafowl on a muddy shoal to be a capital of the first rank, is not inaptly called "The Queen of the Sea." Just there the waters of the Adriatic, finding their way by numerous streams through a long, narrow belt of land, form a lagoon about four miles from the coast, scattered over which are the seventy-two or more little islands upon which the city is built.

MODE OF PUTTING UP BUTTER AT VENICE.



THE ONLY VEHICLE IN VENICE.

This lagoon is from twenty-five to thirty miles in length, and about five miles broad. The city itself is about two miles from the mainland, with which it is connected by a viaduct erected on more than 200 arches, supporting the railway to Mestre, where is the junction of the Venice-Milan and the Venice-Trieste railroads.

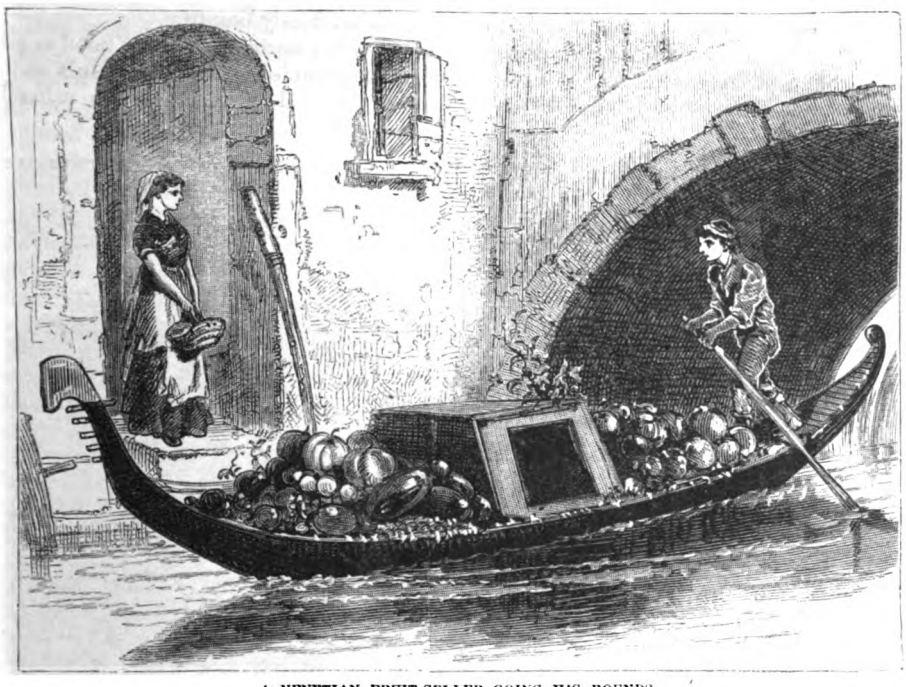
The city was originally built on piles driven into the sea, and is a little more than two miles in length by one and a half broad, and about six miles in circuit. It is connected with the open sea by six channels through the *Littorale*, as the spit of land already mentioned is called. The deepest of these channels is termed the *Porto di Mallamocco*, and lies between an island of the same name on the south, and that of *Lido* on the north. Formerly the chief of the entrances into the lagoon was the *Porto di Lido*, through which all the great merchantmen of the republic passed direct into the city, and which is still frequented by small vessels and by the Trieste steamers. Two other important passages are the *Porto di Chioggia*, and the *Porto di Brondolo*. The *Porto di Tre Porti* is navigable only for small vessels, and that of San Erasmo is now practically useless, being choked up with sand. The three deep channels are commanded by forts on both banks, whose batteries cross each other's fire. In its northern portion the lagoon is broken up into impassable marshes.

Viewed from a distance, the city appears actually to float in the water; the tide from the Adriatic rising three feet over the lagoon, and leaving part of it nearly dry by the ebb. The city is divided into two unequal portions by a canal broader than the others, named the Canalazzo, or

MAIZE SELLER.

Grand Canal, which runs through it in the form of an S reversed, and is spanned by the celebrated Rialto.

Another, and still broader canal, called the *Canal di San Marco*, divides the city proper from the long island and suburb of *La Giudecca*, and also from the neighboring island of *San Giorgio*.



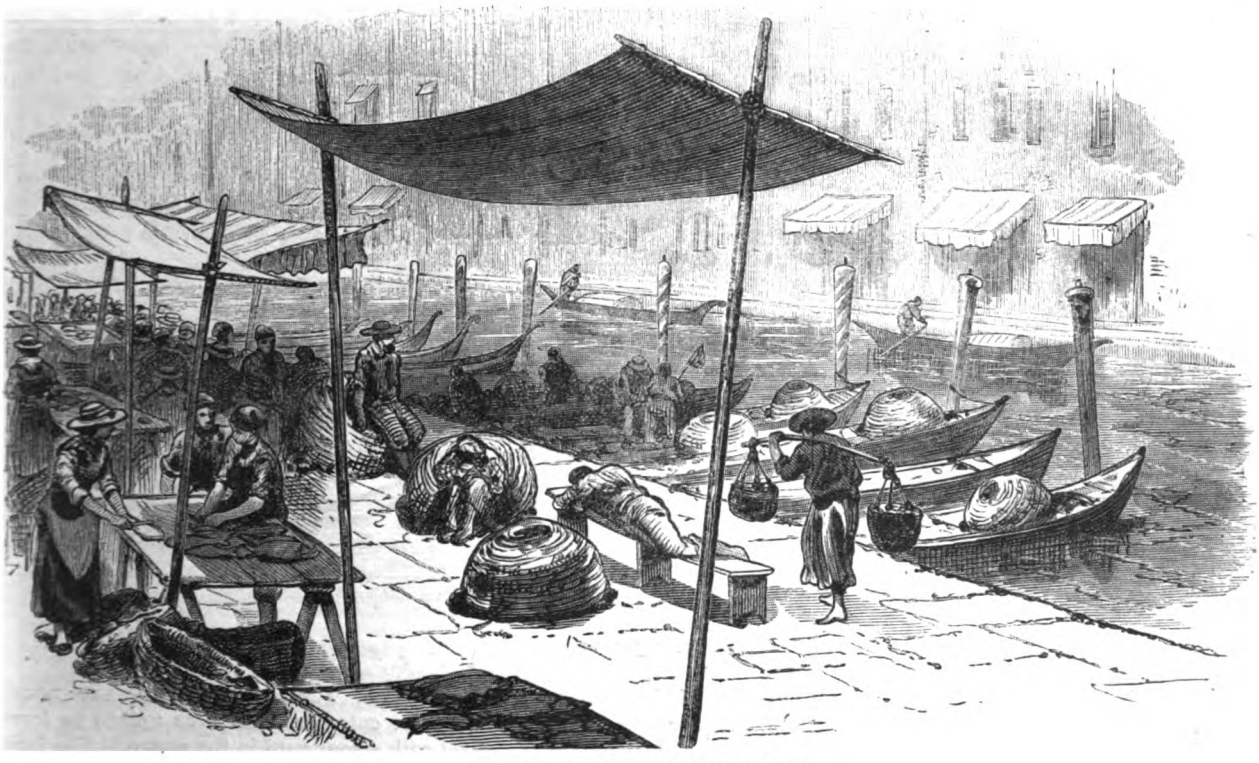
A VENETIAN FRUIT-SELLER GOING HIS ROUNDS.

One obtains a fair idea of the manner in which this small city is cut up, when it is remembered that there are 146 smaller canals traversing it in every direction, and crossed by 360 bridges. Of these, the Rialto, which is the most magnificent in Venice, consists of a single arch 90 ft. in span, and 24 ft. high. It was built in 1590, of marble, and cost $500,000. Two ranges of shops divide its upper surface into three narrow parallel streets. The bridge being 72 ft. in width, the middle one of these streets is 21 ft. wide.

Another bridge, quite as celebrated as the Rialto, is the *Ponte dei Sospiri*, or "Bridge of Sighs," referred to in Byron's "Childe Harold."

This bridge connects the Ducal Palace with the city prison, stretching across the canal called the Rio Palazzo, and forming a covered gallery. It was built in the sixteenth century, by Antonio de Ponte, and across it prisoners were taken from their cells to the palace to hear the sentence of death passed upon them, and then were conducted to the scene of death, between the "two red columns." Concerning this, however, Ruskin says, in his "Stones of Venice," "The Venice of modern fiction and drama is a thing of yesterday—a mere efflorescence of decay, a stage-dream, which the first ray of daylight must dissipate into dust. No prisoner whose name is worth remembering, or whose sorrows deserved sympathy, ever crossed the "Bridge of Sighs," which is the centre of the Byronic ideal of Venice. No great merchant of Venice ever saw that Rialto, under which the traveler now passes with breathless interest."

The Rialto canal varies in breadth from 100 ft. to 180 ft.,



AFTERNOON IN THE FISH MARKET, VENICE.

and is lined on both sides by magnificent buildings, many of them rising out of the water.

In fact, the peculiarity that this city of marble palaces seems to rise, vision-like, from the unsubstantial sea, is sufficient to render its aspect at all times more or less fascinating; but in Summer or Autumn, the seasons of the highest tides, when the Grand Place of St. Mark's is partially flooded, and when the image of each palace is doubled by reflection in that "green pavement which every breeze breaks into new fantasies of rich tesselation," the city is indeed marvelously beautiful.

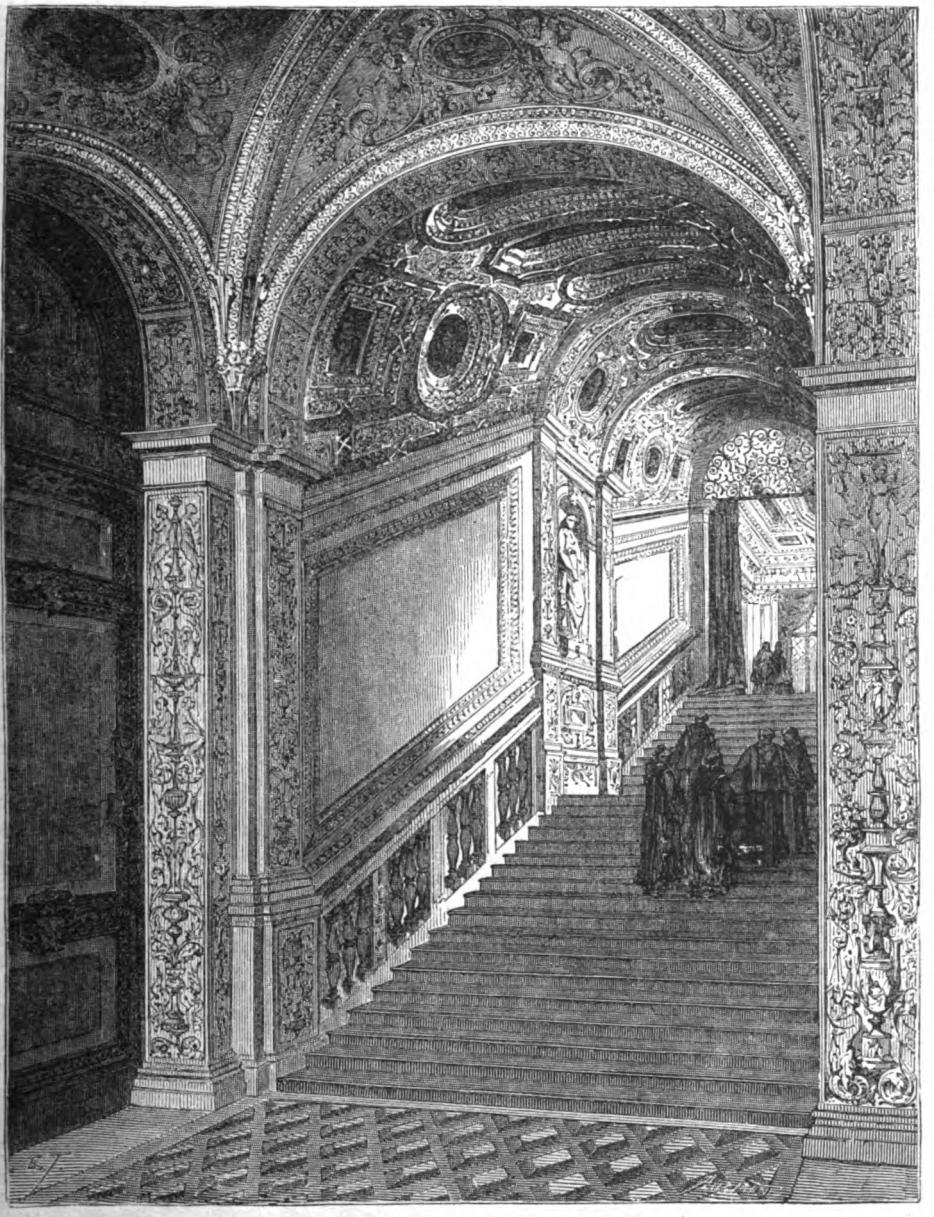
Some of the marble palaces are used as government offices, others are occupied by foreign consuls and strangers as residences. Several of them possess valuable collections of paintings and sculpture. The larger mansions have nearly all a land and a water entrance. They are square in form, and are provided with a courtyard in the centre. The land-door communicates with an inner lane, seldom more than

THE DUCAL PALACE, VENICE.

four feet wide, paved with smooth flags of marble slabs. These lanes are the streets of Venice; and those, who have imagined that the only thoroughfares in this city of the sea are canals, will be surprised to learn that there are 2,194 such streets, short, crooked, but penetrating every part of the city, so that, in fact, there is no building that cannot be reached by land. A large proportion of these lanes are mere alley-ways between houses four and five stories in height, and the widest does not exceed 25 ft. in breadth. They never run more than 1,500 ft. in a straight line, terminate abruptly, and turn in all sorts of angles, even circles. Along one and sometimes both sides, are gutter stones cut through to pass the surface water, which runs into conduits below. Great care is taken of them; and they are so well looked after, that there are few places in Venice where the air is not pure.

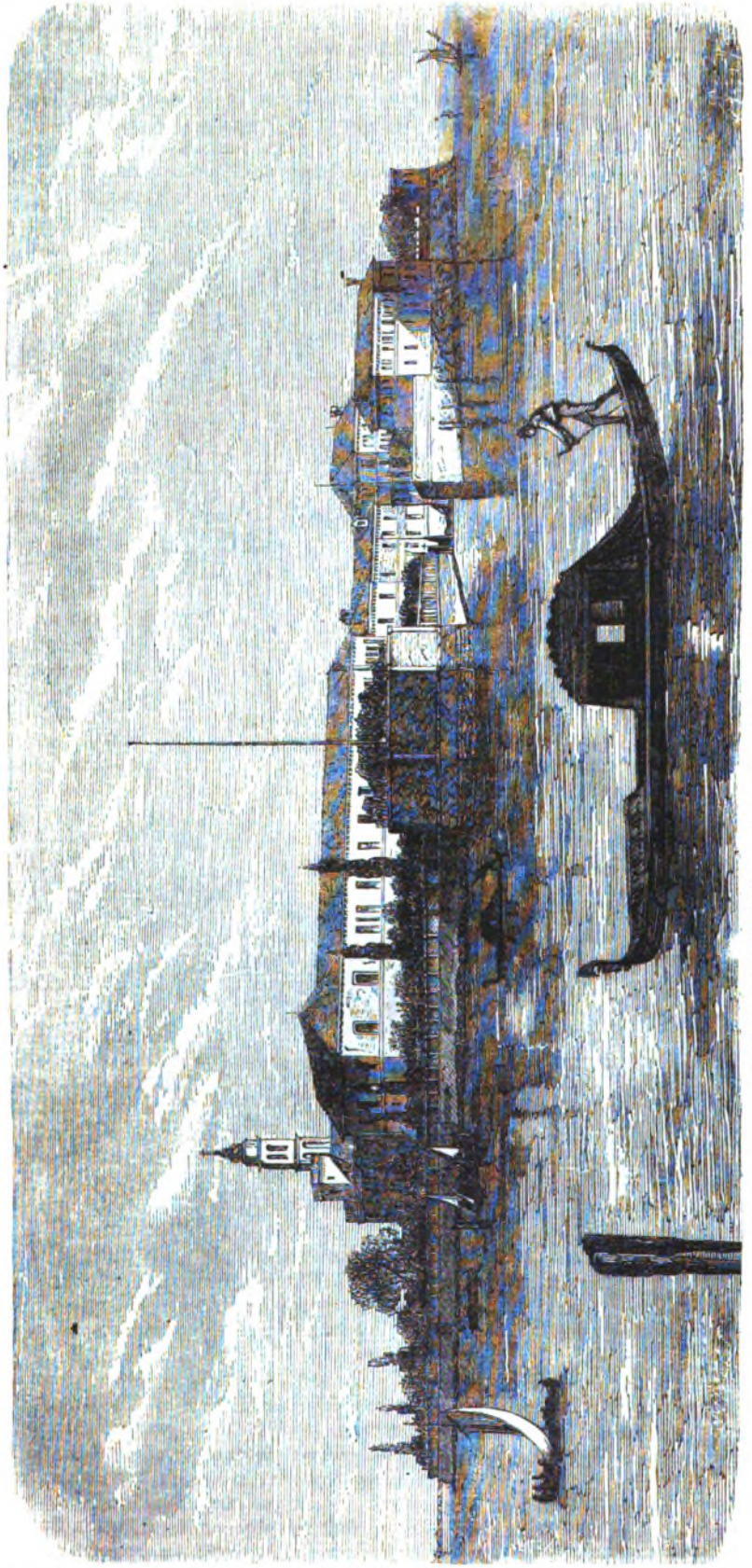
The narrowness and gloom of the streets are relieved, however, by the beautiful and frequently recurring squares. Of these there are 294 scattered throughout the city, the *Piazza* being the chief. This is 576 ft. long, and varies between 185 and 269 in width, surrounded on all sides by elegant buildings, and bordered by arcades with handsome shops and cafés. It is the centre of the gayety of the city, and the great resort of loungers and foreigners. The east side of this square is occupied by St. Mark's Church. Here are the fountains to which water is conveyed to supply the city.

The first church of this name was built in 813, but was destroyed in 976. It was rebuilt in 1071, but not consecrated before the close of the eleventh century. The edifice is Byzantine, with Gothic additions of the fourteenth, and Renaissance alterations of the seventeenth centuries. It became the Cathedral and seat of the Patriarch in 1807. The plan of St. Mark's is a Greek cross with the addition of porches. When it was building, every vessel returning from the East was obliged to bring pillars and marbles for its construction. The principal front of the edifice is 120 ft. in width, and has 500 of these columns of various shapes and colors. The centre of the building is covered with a dome 90 ft. high, encircled by four lower ones of 80 ft. over the transept. Above the doorway are the four famous bronze horses, which Marina Zeno brought from the Hippodrome of Constantinople, when that city was taken by the Crusaders in 1205, which were carried away by Napoleon in 1797 to Paris, and which were restored to Venice in 1815. The interior is decorated in the richest manner, the walls and columns being of precious marbles, and the floor of tesselated Mosaic work. The carved work, which is very profuse, is of the most exquisite description; and the building is perfect as an example of the delicately colored architecture of the East. The material of the structure is brick, incrusted with richly-colored marbles. The Cathedral covers ground 215 by 265 ft. in dimensions. Five portals, of which the centre is the largest, give admission to the vestibule, which traverses the entire front of the church and a portion of the two ends. The ceiling is covered with Mosaics representing Scriptural events. Of these there 40,000 superficial feet. The place is badly lighted and much defaced by time. The façade is remarkably beautiful in design, having two rows of columns, carved of antique serpentine and porphyry. Several tables of ancient sculptors are inscribed in the exterior walls; and five large antiques fill the recesses over the doorways. The five doors are of bronze, heavily carved, and are among the art wonders of the world. The Treasury of St. Mark's is located in the basement, and occupies two or



STAIRCASE OF THE DUCAL PALACE, VENICE.

three departments. It contains, among a large number of relics, a crystal vase said to contain the blood of the Saviour, a silver column with a fragment of the *true cross*, an agate cup with a portion of the skull of St. John, and several glass vases containing hands and various bones of saints. Near the outer entrance of the church and vestibule is a lozenge of reddish marble inserted into the pavement. This marks the spot where Pope Alexander III. and the Emperor Barbarossa were reconciled, July 23d, 1177. Among the Mosaics of this vestibule is one of St. Mark in pontifical robes, executed from a design by Titian.



ABBEY OF THE ARMENIANS, AT THE ISLAND OF ST. LAZARUS, NEAR VENICE.

The last doge of Venice buried in St. Mark's was Andrea Dandolo, a friend of Petrarch, and the first historian of Venice, who died in 1354. He lies in the chapel of St. John the Baptist.

The high altar of the Cathedral is surrounded by eight bronze statues. There are two altar-pieces, the outer one covering the famous *Palo D'Oro*, made in 976 at Constantinople by order of the Doge Pietro Orseolo, repaired by Faliero in 1105, by Pietro Zani in 1209, and by Andrea Dandolo in 1340. The material is silver-gilt, encircled with gems and enamels. The *Palo* is arranged in three panels folding horizontally. The scenes represented are of the usual scriptural character.

At the south of the Piazzetta, which leads from the Piazza, are the two famous red granite columns of Venice, one of which is surmounted by a figure of St. Theodore, the patron saint of the republic until St. Mark supplanted him; the other by the Lion of St. Mark.

On the east side stands the *Palazzo Ducale*, or Doge's Palace. It is on a line with the cathedral, but set back a few feet. Its front is 245 ft. in length. The front facing the harbor is 234 ft. long. These are the principal façades. The third structure, forming the third side of the court, fronts a branch canal, which runs parallel with the Piazzetta, and passes between it and the public prison. This last contains the celebrated historical apartments of the palace. It is 387 ft. long and 83 ft. wide. It was erected in the fifteenth century. The first palace reared on the site of the present one was built in 813 and was destroyed during a seditious outbreak. In 970 it was replaced by another erected by the Doge Pietro Orseolo. This was destroyed by fire, and another was begun by Marino Faliero. During all this time the architecture of the palace, though it was frequently enlarged and redecorated, retained throughout the character of a Byzantine structure until the year 1301, when its architectural character began to change; and from that time until 1423 all the rebuilding and enlarging were executed in Gothic style.

Indeed, after 1423 there are no buildings in Venetian architecture, properly so-called, and the alterations made in the Ducal Palace after that time, as well as the palaces subsequently built which took their style of architecture from the Doge's Palace, were in Renaissance; and like almost all

the architecture now to be seen in Venice is "of immeasurably inferior spirit in the workmanship" to that native style which flourished with the republic and decayed with it.

In 1574 and 1577 fires reduced the Ducal Palace to a shell, destroying all the principal apartments and paintings by Bellino, Carpaccio, Pordoni and Titian, representing the triumphs of the republic and other stirring historical events too numerous to mention here.

SCENE ON THE GRAND CANAL DURING THE CARNIVAL AT VENICE.

The present palace is built in the form of an irregular square in the Gothic style; but in many of its repairs and alterations the Italian style has been introduced. It has two entrances—one on the *Molo* front, about the centre, under the balcony, and entering the court from the right side; another, the *Porto Della Carta*, which opens on St. Mark's Square, and enters the court from the west side. Opposite it, in the court, is the famous Giant's Staircase, which derives its name from the colossal statues of Mars and Neptune, wrought by Lansovino, and which stand at the head of it. Upon this landing the doge received his beretta of office. A flight of thirty marble steps, interrupted by a landing midway the ascent, leads to the second story. The steps are inlaid in front with different colored marbles, and are sufficiently broad to appropriate three arches of the arcade. The balustrade of Carrara marble is inlaid with panels of variegated marble. Leading from the second to the third story, on the same side as the Giant's Staircase, is the *Scala D'Oro*, so-called because none save those enrolled in the "Golden Book" could use it. It is a superb marble structure, with an arched ceiling, decorated in sunken panels in gilt, stucco, and fresco; it was completed in 1377. After ascending two flights, a large door on the left hand gives admission to a suite of rooms occupying that side of the palace. The first is an ante-chamber, now used as a storehouse for books. From it you enter the *Sala Del Maggiore Consiglio*. This truly magnificent apartment, 175 ft. 6 in. in length by 84 ft. 6 in. in width, and 51 ft. 8 in. in height, was commenced in 1310 and completed in 1334. It was afterward painted by Titian, Ballinis Tintoretti, and Paolo Veronese. It was laid waste by the fire of 1577, and all the works of art destroyed. It is now the library, the books from the old building in the Piazzetta having been transferred hither. The decorations of this hall remain unaltered, and the noble paintings on the wall are among the earliest specimens of oil painting on canvas—a material first employed by the Venetian school. Titian, Tintoretti, Palma, Paolo Veronese figure there in their works.

A VENETIAN OIL CARRIER.

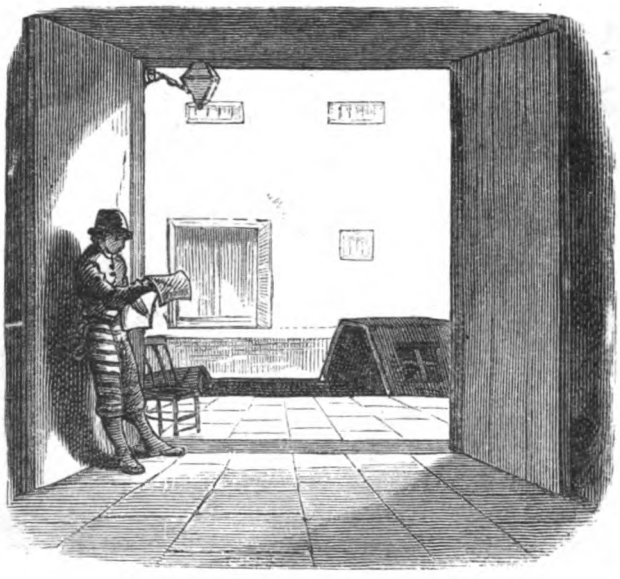
Connecting with this hall by a corridor, is the *Sala del Scrutinio*, which occupies the rest of the passage toward the palace. Here the doges were chosen by the 42 electors. The Senate Hall, 148 ft. square, and 35 ft. high, has its walls and ceilings covered with most magnificent frescoes. It opens into the ante-room of the Doge's Chapel, from which you enter the audience hall, where he received foreign ambassadors. Frescoes by Tintoretto cover the walls of this hall.

Another department is the *Salla Delle Quatri Porte*, so called from four doors designed by Palladio. It is 78 ft. long by 28 ft. wide. The four doors enter respectively the halls of the Council of Three, the Council of Ten, of the Senate and the Audience Hall of the Doge. In the hall of the Council of Ten is the long oval table surrounded by the chairs once occupied by the Council.

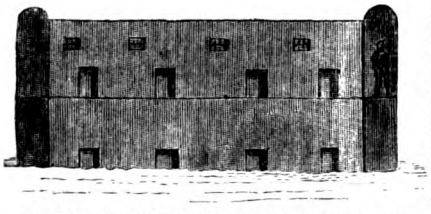
VENETAIN LADY READING IN HER BALCONY.

On the two lower stories of the palace are the *Pozzi*, or cells, alluded to in "Childe Harold," while the celebrated *Sotto Piombi*, in one of which Silvio Pellico was confined, are at the top of the building. Pellico was one of the last prisoners confined in these cells. He is noted as a poet and tragedian, and for having translated the "Manfred" of Byron, with whom he had become acquainted. Having become connected with the secret society of the *Carbonari*, then the dread of the Italian government, he was apprehended in 1820, and, in the beginning of the following year was carried to Venice and imprisoned. In 1822 he was conveyed to the subterranean dungeons of the Spielberg. In August, 1830, he was set at liberty. He published an account of his imprisonment during ten years, under the title of "Le Mie

Prigioni." From the Ducal Palace, on its eastern side, as has been already mentioned, extends the famous Bridge of Sighs to the public prison. The prison was erected in 1589, and the bridge in 1591. A single arch supports the structure, which connects the second stories of the two buildings. It is simply a corridor divided by a partition into two compartments, by which the political and criminal convicts were conducted to imprisonment apart from one another. Externally it has no particular architectural merit. The prison, however, is a fine building. The dungeons in it for political and criminal prisoners awaiting executions are quite near the Bridge of Sighs. Of these there are two tiers, one above the other, ten cells in each row. Criminals were kept in the upper tier. The cells are arranged in blocks of five, side by side. A narrow hall passes around three sides, the dungeons being entered from a low arch opening from the two halls opposite each other. The visitor, after passing these, finds himself in a room inclosed by massive stone walls, 12 ft. long by 8 ft. wide, and 8 ft. high, with an arched ceiling. The floors are of cement, hardened into stone, and the rooms are bare of all furniture save a stone pillow set in the floor. At the side of each door is a small round opening in the wall for the introduction of food. The only light comes through this opening, and from a small window at the end of the hall. In this short hall the condemned prisoners were executed at midnight—those who were imprisoned for political offences, by beheading; the criminals by strangulation.



GONDOLA ENTRANCE, HOTEL VICTORIA, VENICE.



SECTION OF PRISON IN THE BASEMENT OF THE DOGE'S PALACE.

On the left, and in front of the Bridge of Sighs, is the water portal of the palace, a double doorway, which, barred by bronze doors, gives admission to a broad hall which passes through to the palace court. It was at this gate that the doge embarked in the *Bucentaur*, when he went forth in state to attend the annual ceremony of wedding with the ring the Adriatic.

AN EXECUTION IN A CORRIDOR OF THE PRISON.

Opposite the palace, on the other side of the Piazzetta, is the old Library of St. Mark. This is one of the most beautiful structures in Europe. It was commenced by Sansovino in 1536, is two stories high, and surrounded by a small balustrade. In 1812 it contained 15,000 volumes, which were transferred to the Ducal Palace. This library was formed from a nucleus afforded by the donations of the manuscripts of Petrarch and others, and afterward increased by the addition of rare and valuable works.

DUNGEON IN THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

Near the angle of the library, and within the square stands the *Campanile* or bell-tower. This is a handsome structure, built in 1490 in the Rennaissance style. Over an open passageway running through the centre is a clock whose dial indicates the hours from 1 to 24, with the moon's phases and the signs of the zodiac. In the second story is an unoccupied room, with a niche containing a bronze statue of the Virgin and Child, having a door on either side. By a movement of the clock machinery, these doors are opened on certain holidays, and four figures, representing three kings, preceded by an angel blowing a trumpet, pass around the balcony from one door to the other, each figure bowing to the Virgin as it passes. Above the Madonna is the winged lion of St. Mark; and on the summit of the tower are two bronze figures on either side of the elevated bell. They are colossal in size, skillfully modeled, and strike the hour on the bell in alternate strokes. During the last century, one of these bronze men committed murder by crushing with a hammer the head of a workman engaged in repairing something on the bell.

A RAILROAD GATE.

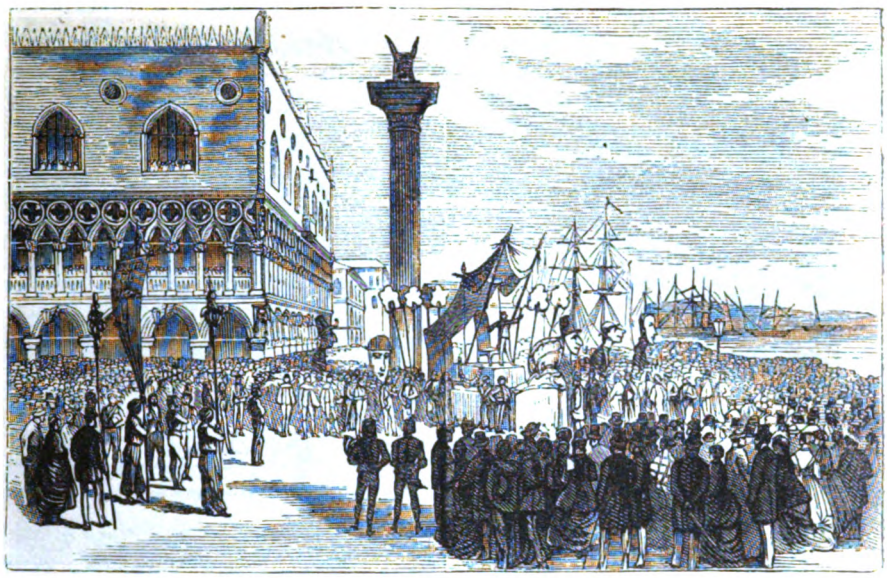
The Campanile is not the least conspicuous ornament of the Piazzetta, 323 ft. in height, and 45 ft. square; it was erected in the twelfth century, and has on its summit an angel which serves as a weathercock, and is said to be 30 ft. in height. Within the tower is an enclosed square, leaving a space of about five feet between the outer and inner walls. The ascent is by inclined planes, constructed in this space, and passing around the tower ten times. Napoleon is said to have ridden his horse up the ascent from the base to the summit of the tower. The clock tower was the work of Piétro Lambardo, an architect. The clock was made by one Giovanni Paolo Rinaldo and his son. The two famous red columns, before alluded to, stand in the façade near the *quai*. They are of red granite, and were brought from Greece in 1120. One of the finest views in Venice is from the base

THE WATER GATE OF THE PRISON UNDER THE DOGE'S PALACE.

of these columns, across the harbor to the island of St. George and down to the entrance of the Grand Canal. In front of the Cathedral are the three pedestals of bronze modeled in 1505, and covered with *bas relievos* of great merit, in which the standard-poles which once bore the banners of the conquered kingdoms of Cyprus, Candia and Morea are planted. They are now decorated with the Italian colors.

Returning to the subject of the streets of Venice, it will be observed that these cross the branch canals by means of 387 bridges, mostly of stone, consisting of a single arch with a roadway. The streets are thronged during the day. No horses, carriages or vehicles of any kind, however, are seen. Small burdens are carried by porters. Larger ones are transported by means of the gondolas. The residences, factories, etc., on the canals are connected with the streets as well as with the water. The mean level of the streets throughout the city is from three to four feet above high tide.

Until a comparatively recent period, cisterns were the exclusive reliance of the Venetians for water. These were filled from small tanks carried in gondolas; and at a certain hour in the day, they were opened for the use of the citizens, being served by girls who carried pails suspended from a yoke on the shoulders—something like the milkmaids of olden time in England and elsewhere.

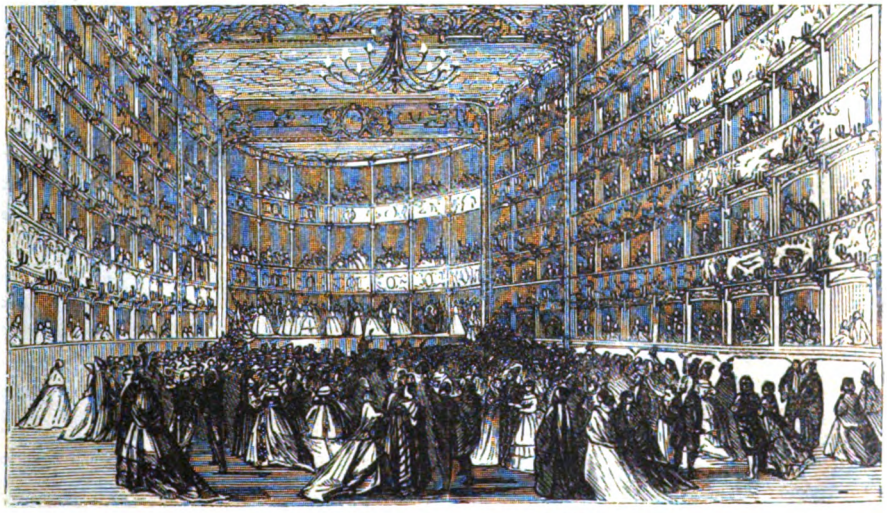


INAUGURATION OF THE "FOLLY WEEK" OR CARNIVAL AT VENICE.

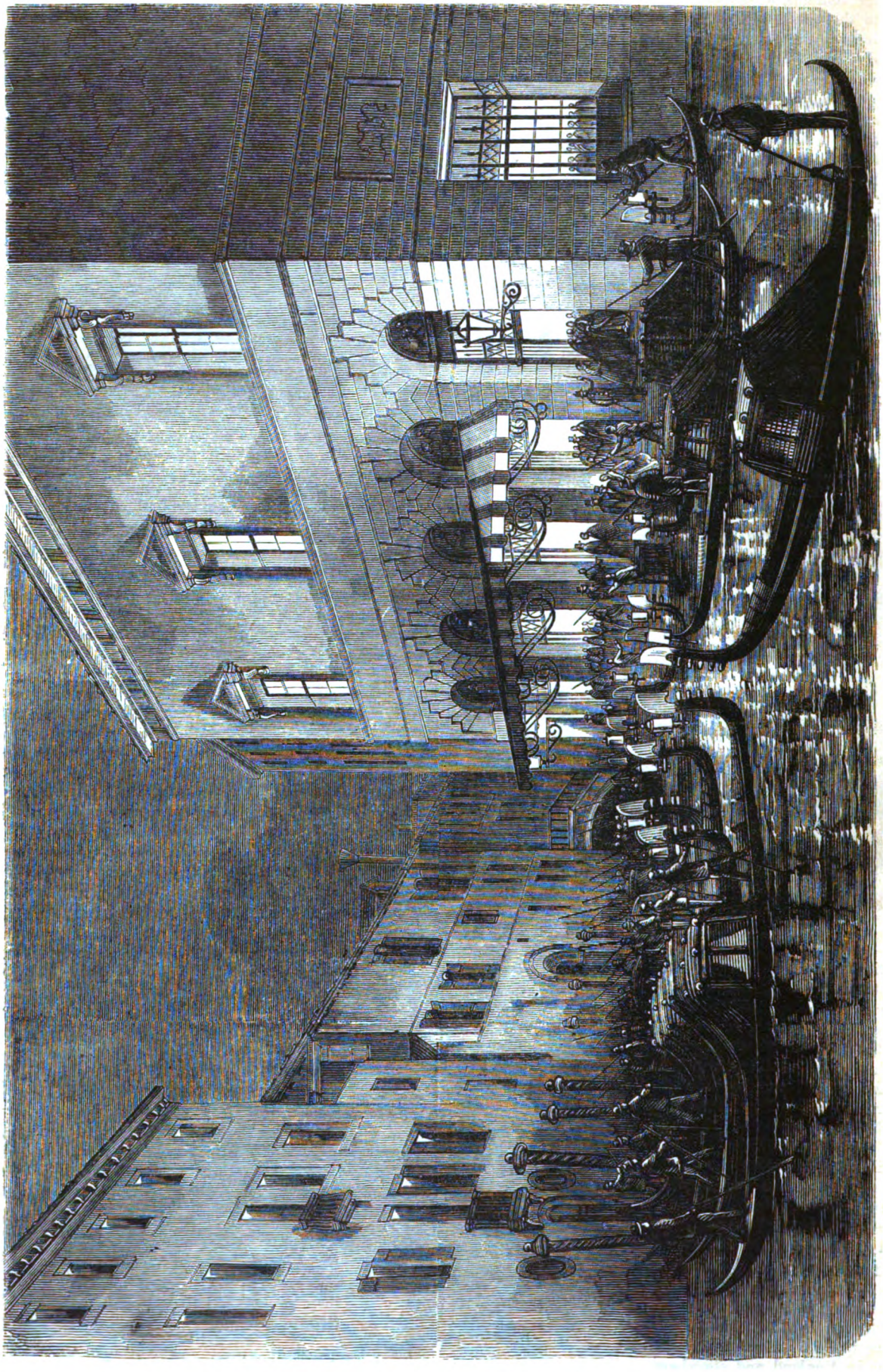
THE BAL-MASQUE, AT THE CLOSE OF THE CARNIVAL, IN THE PLACE ST. MARK.

By-and-by artesian wells were sunk in the principal squares, by means of which a plentiful supply of pure water was obtained, and since the construction of the railroad bridge to the mainland, water has been introduced through tubes laid along the parapet of the bridge. This bridge was completed in 1845. Its length is two miles and 416 yards. It contains 222 arches, divided into sections of 37 arches each, by five solid embankments. Its width is 29 ft., and a train passes over it in 8½ minutes.

The soil of the bottom of the lagoon on which the bridge is built is entirely mud; and the foundation was formed with piles driven into the bed of the lagoon. The cost of this structure was 5,600,000 lire, or nearly one million dollars.



BAL-MASQUE AT THE THEATRE DURING THE CARNIVAL.



RETURNING FROM THE FENICE THEATRE, VENICE.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of Venetian life is the gondolas. There are more than 4,000 of these, and all of them painted black—this peculiarity dating as far back as the fifteenth century, when, on account of the extravagant competition in painting and decoration of these vehicles, an edict was issued commanding that black should thereafter be the only pigment used for the purpose. The traveler by the gondola finds himself gliding between houses five stories high, rising out of the water, having windows opening on the canal, and doors from which flights of stone steps lead to its edge. The branch canals are from ten to thirty feet in width. They are short and crooked, and all alike are swept by the daily tide, which keeps the water pure and clear.

These canals undoubtedly circumscribed the original islands of the lagoon as well as indicated their position by occupying the channels between them; the remainder of the water area in use having been recovered by erecting walls of masonry upon piles, and filling in between with earth brought from the mainland or the neighboring islands. These walls are usually blocks of granite laid in courses, and form the immediate foundation of the buildings which rise above them.

Venice is longest from east to west, and the grand canal runs through the main part of the city in this direction. This canal finds its narrowest part at the Rialto, and expands again beyond it. It is two miles long, and lined on both sides with palaces and other stately edifices. Among these are many of the most remarkable buildings in Venice.

The *Palazzo Rezzonico*, erected in the seventeenth century, has a front of 100 ft. on the canal, and extends back nearly 500 ft. It possesses accommodations on a scale nearly as extensive as the Palace of the Doges.

PALAZZO FERRO, VENICE.

The Rialto was the only bridge over the Grand Canal until 1854, when the first of two iron suspension bridges was erected. Stores or shops for the sale of merchandise on the Rialto are supplied with goods from the *quai* on either side of the bridge—these being brought by gondolas or barges. At the west end of the bridge was the principal market of the city, fronting which is the Church of San Giacomo di Rialto, said to be the oldest church, and one of the oldest buildings, in Venice; it was founded in 421.

Opposite is the broken column of granite with the kneeling figure on it, called the Hunchback of the Rialto, from which the laws of the republic were proclaimed.

The island of the Rialto is connected by the bridge with the eastern and newer part of the city.

The markets of Venice exhibit an abundance of fruit and vegetables of every variety, brought in daily from the mainland, and sold at remarkably low prices. Here are also found fish, wheat, and rice-flour, corn-meal, meat, and poultry, all abundant and of good quality. Polenta—corn-meal boiled into pudding—is the chief food of the poor, and occupies the same position in Venice that maccaroni does in Naples. Of course, too, the markets and the Rialto furnish a good locality for idlers and strollers, and these are seen constantly moving or lounging about in large numbers.

The stores of Venice are small, those making the greatest display being the jewelry shops, which are very numerous. The chief occupation of the jewelers is the manufacture of Venetian Mosaics. The display of fabrics, such as cloths, cottons, silks, etc., is small, though of silk manufactured goods, laces, gloves, and Venetian glass there is a good display. In photography the Venetians are especially successful and expert.

Formerly Venice was the centre of the best class of printing; the famous family of Aldus having flourished in this city between 1490 and 1597. The works which issued from the press of this remarkable family were recommended by their intrinsic value, as well as by their handsome exterior, and have ever been highly prized by the learned and by book collectors. Many are first editions of the Greek and Roman classics, others corrected texts of modern classic writers, as Petrarch, Bocaccio, etc., carefully collated. All of them are distinguished for the remarkable correctness of the typography.

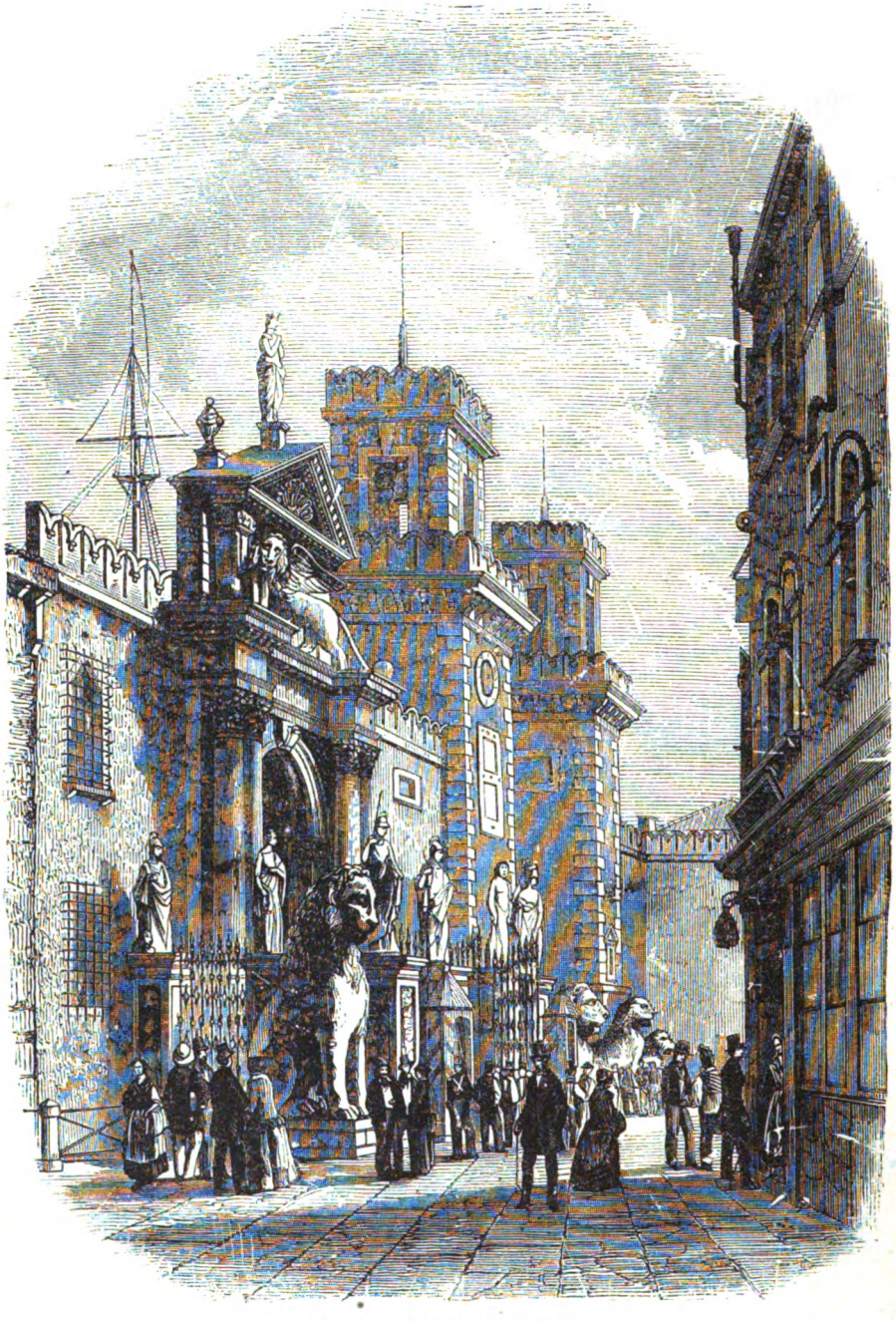
Aldus, the father, had the finest collection of Greek and Latin type of his time. It is to him that we owe the types known to-day as "italics," which were used for the first time in an edition of ancient and modern classics, commencing with "Virgil," in 1501. The business of this house was continued from father to son for 100 years, during which time it printed 908 different works. The distinguishing mark of the house is an anchor, entwined by the motto, "*Sudavit et Alsit.*"

So great was the demand for books from this office, that about 1502 the printers of Lyons and Florence began the system of issuing counterfeit "Aldines," which, for a time, had a large and profitable sale.

In Venice was published the first book printed in Italy; and from this city is said to have been also issued the first newspaper of modern Europe, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and which took its name from the coin *gazzetta*, for which it was sold. Here, also, appeared the first bill of exchange, and here was established the first bank of deposit and discount.

The manufactures of Venice consist of woolens, serges, canvas, ropes, velvets, silk stockings, jewelry and glassware. In the latter manufacture nearly 5,000 persons are employed. It is carried on extensively on the island of Murano. The exports of Venice are grain, raw silk, paper, fruit, cheese, oil and wine. The imports are olive oil, cotton, dyestuffs, etc.

Trade is carried on in vessels of small tonnage; and until within a few years had greatly declined, while a considerable contraband trade existed.



GATES OF THE ARSENAL, VENICE.

The great *quai* of Venice, the *Riva dei Schiavoni*, commences at the water-front of the Ducal Palace, and extends eastward for about half a mile. It is constructed of granite, and runs back to a line of warehouses, a distance of 70 to 80 ft., where it is widest, diminishing to 20 ft. at its farther end. It is paved with heavy flags, and was the chief mart of Venice in its palmy days.

From here, where the harbor of the Adriatic commences, the merchant ships started on their voyages, and here they cast anchor on their return. From the upper end of the *quai*, a short canal leads into three inclosed harbors to which the dockyards are attached. These dockyards, famous during the palmiest days of the republic, are still kept in most excellent repair.

The most vivid impression of Venetian out-door life may be obtained in the *Piazzetta* and *Piazza* of St. Mark. In the arcades about these are numerous cafés, which, at night, are illuminated brilliantly. Like everything else in Venice, these are more Oriental than Italian, and here Turks, Moors, Greeks, and Armenians are seen lounging about, forming a truly Eastern and barbaric picture.

A prominent feature of the *Place* is the pigeons of St. Mark, which haunt the buildings in the neighborhood; and on Sundays at noon they are fed at the expense of the government. As the hour approaches, flock after flock of hungry birds come wheeling in to obtain their expected meal. The *Place* is crowded with curious eye-witnesses of this interesting scene.

Venice has 90 churches, none of which, except the Cathedral, is distinguished by any particular degree of ornamentation, although some possess fine Mosaics. The principal feature of the richness of their interiors is precious marbles and statuary. Those of the Barefooted friars—*Santa Maria Nazaretti*, and of the Jesuits—*Santa Maria del Rosario*, are much smaller than a New York church of average size, and have plainer exteriors. Inside they are a mass of extravagant decoration.

One of the most interesting buildings in the city is the Arsenal. This is nearly two miles in circuit, with a dockyard which was not surpassed in its time. Walls and towers battlemented surround the basins, which are enclosed by its buildings. It is erected on several small islands, and contains four basins or wet docks, and a number of dry docks, and workshops for the building of vessels.

A ropewalk built in the early part of the last century is, with the exception of that in Toulon, the largest in Europe.

In its palmy days, Venice employed no less than 16,000 persons about its arsenals. Here also, there is the great standard of the Turkish admiral, made of crimson silk, captured at the battle of Lepanto. A few fragments of the galleys which were engaged in that fight are also preserved. A full suit of armor is likewise shown, which was presented to the republic by Henry IV. of France, when he desired to be enrolled among the Patricians of Venice; but the sword which formed a part of the gift, and was the one worn by the king at the Battle of Ivry has disappeared. In the model-room are miniature representations of all sorts of craft. One of these represents the *Bencentaur*, and was made from drawings, from recollection, after the original was destroyed. A bit of the mast of the original, however, is preserved. The arsenal was built in the beginning of the twelfth century, but was not completed until early in the fourteenth. Many of its valuable contents were destroyed wantonly by the French.

But in whatever direction one's thoughts may range in considering the subject of "beautiful Venice," the mind always returns to the gondolas, which seem, indeed, to be inseparable from our conception or memory of the city. The gondola moves through the water with a noiseless and gliding motion, like that of a swan; the smaller kind have one, the larger two oarsmen. The largest are from 25 ft. to 30 ft. long, all being sharply curved both at stem and stern. The centre is occupied by a sort of small cabin or tent, large enough to accommodate from two to four persons. It is covered by an awning which may be removed, and is provided with blinds or curtains with which to conceal those within. Everything about the gondola is black. The oarsmen stand erect and propel the boat by pushing the oar from them instead of drawing it toward them. From the narrowness of the canals, and the number of gondolas that navigate them, these oarsmen are obliged to keep a sharp lookout constantly. The upright stem against which the oar plays, and which is placed in the stern, has two or three rowlocks one above the other—an arrangement intended to accommodate the various statures of different gondoliers, and to meet the necessity of using a longer or shorter oar, according as the changing character of the navigation demands. When there are two rowers, the stronger one takes the stern oar and the other the bow.

Passengers on the *quais* and bridges are constantly hailed by the boatmen, anxious for a fare. Private gondolas are commonly seen anchored to painted poles planted for that purpose in the canals close by the water-door of the owner's house. Such gondolas are commonly decked with armorial bearings to distinguish them.

On the Grand Canal, near the Rialto, is the Palace Mocenigo, where Byron resided in 1818, and where he wrote the first Cantos of "Don Juan." Its water façado is spotted irregularly with casements, and some of the anchorage-poles before its portico still bear the English coronet carved in them by the poet's orders.

At the bend of the canal below this stands the Palace Balbi, which was erected in 1582. It is built in the Renaissance style, and was the favorite place of residence of Napoleon Buonaparte while in Venice.

Still farther down stand the two Giustiniani palaces, now united in one. These are of the same style of architecture as the Balbi, and were executed in the fifteenth century. Several of the finest statues in the Vatican formerly belonged to the Giustiniani Gallery. The family is one of the few of the ancient Venetian blood still existing in the city—to which, as early as 828, it gave a doge, the first of a number of these officials of the same race.

The Palace Pesaro is regarded as the finest in Venice, that of the doge excepted. Built in the sixteenth century, in the Renaissance style, it took thirty years to erect, and cost 500,000 ducats. The Pesaro family settled in Venice in 1235, furnished one doge, and several generals to the republic, but is now extinct. The Pesaro is on the left side of the Grand Canal, about one-third of a mile beyond the Rialto, and has a branch canal on either side. It fronts on the canal 100 ft. and runs back 500 ft. The basement to the floor of the first story is of granite—the rest is of marble. Each story has an arcade along its entire front, of a magnificent design, and surrounded with entablatures and sculptures. In the interior finish, decoration, size, etc., this superb palace is little, if any, inferior to the royal residences. Its steps project some distance into the water, and terminate in a broad platform of unusual length.

A short distance further down the canal, on the same side, is the Fondaco dei Turchi, built in the Byzanto-Italian style of the eleventh century. On the ground floor are columns of Oriental marble, ornamented with gold and silver. It is constructed of white marble striped with gray, has a frontage of nearly 200 ft. on the Grand Canal, and is arcaded in the central part of the first and second stories. This building was greatly admired by Tasso, Petrarch, and Ariosto, and was eulogized by Byron. In 1621 it became the headquarters of the Turkish and other Eastern merchants who were established in Venice.

One great advantage possessed by the architecture of Vienna, that of durability, arises from the early Venetians understanding the preparation of cement and concrete impervious to water. White and red marble were broken into small fragments, imbedded in cement on an under floor previously prepared and made substantially level. After the cement had hardened it was ground down to a smooth, even, and polished surface by rubbing with stone and dry sand. Such a floor effectually excluded dampness from beneath, and was the ordinary Venetian floor in all houses of the better class. As a further precaution against the evil effects of the damp, no one slept on the ground floor, that portion of the house being devoted to culinary purposes.

The material of which the principal buildings in Venice are constructed is either marble or light-colored stone, or brick covered with mastic. No wooden houses are seen. The prevailing color in the buildings being white, gives the city a very cheerful appearance.

The *Lido* is a long, low island, lying southeast of Venice. To this locality Byron was in the habit of going for the purpose of indulging in horseback riding on the sand—a mode

of exercise of which he was passionately fond. He had a stable put up on the island, where he kept his horses. A portion of the Lido was, and still is, used as a burial place for the Jews; and old tombs are found there in large numbers.

A short distance from the city is the Armenian Convent, occupying an island of its own. Here Byron studied the Armenian language.

In the Church of *Santa Maria dei Frari* is the tomb of Titian, as also that of the unfortunate Doge Foscari. Titian was the head of the Venetian school of painting, and, as is well known, one of the greatest painters that ever lived. At the age of ten his predilection for drawing induced his father to send him to Venice, that he might learn to be a painter. Here he studied under Sebastiano Zuccati and the two Bellinis; but the painter who exercised the greatest influence on his style was Giorgione.

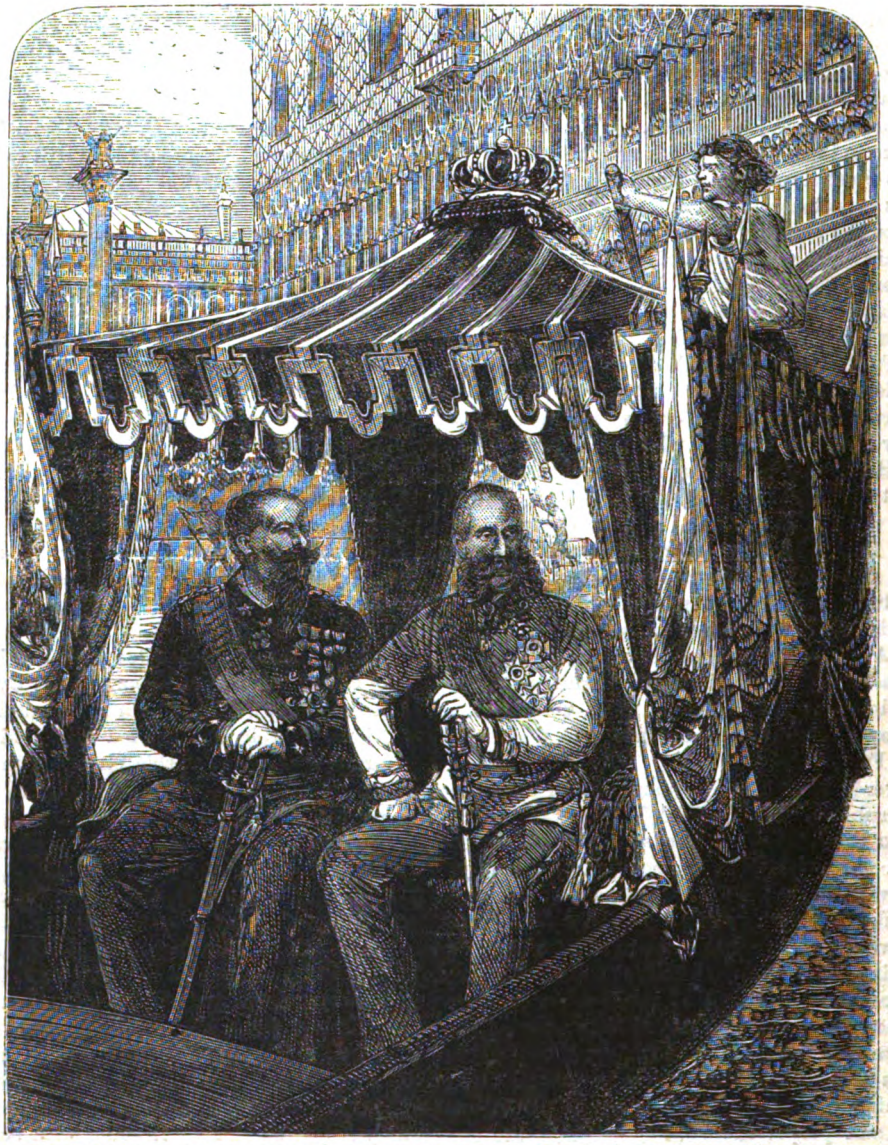
Titian died in 1576, having attained the extreme age of ninety-nine years. He is best studied, perhaps, at Venice, although splendid specimens of his work are to be seen in the chief European galleries. The number of his works is upward of 600.

Paul Veronese is buried in the Church of St. Sebastian—and turning from his tomb, the visitor can inspect some of the best of his productions. The surname of Veronese was Cagliari; but he is best known by the name given to him from the place of his birth—Verona. He settled in Venice, and acquired there both wealth and reputation. Those of his works in the Church of St. Sebastian are reckoned the most important of his early period, or before he visited Rome, when he first became acquainted with the masterpieces of Raphael and Michael Angelo. On his return from Rome, he received the honor of knighthood from the Doge of Venice. He died on the 19th of April, 1588.

In the Church of San Gioanni, Titian's great picture of the "Martyrdom of St. Peter" is still hanging; and there was buried the Doge Andrea Vendramin. The Church of the Jesuits is notable for containing a pulpit of Verd Antique and Carrara marble, so wrought as to produce the effect of drapery; and also an altar resting on twisted columns of Verd Antique.

The Venetians of to-day have laid aside the peculiarities of dress which characterized them in the days of their independence and splendor. Only the gondolas, the story-tellers, polichinelli and conjurers with the decaying glory of the ancient palaces, mark the old city as it once was. Even the distinctive Venetian dialect, formerly so much cherished, has died out.

"La Fenice," one of the largest theatres in the world, is in Venice. It was built in 1791, was burned in December, 1836, and restored in May, 1837. There are also a number of other theatres in the city.



THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, VENICE'S OLD RULER, AND THE KING OF ITALY, HER PRESENT RULER, IN A GONDOLA AT VENICE.

The islands scattered about Venice and the lagoon are numerous, and, as suburbs, deserve passing notice. Murano is the most considerable of these, with a population of 5,000. Here are the principal glass manufactories. Borano & Nazordo are smaller, and are entirely devoted to gardens, most of the vegetables consumed in Venice being raised upon them.

Torcello was the parent island of the Venetian cities. It is now, however, decayed, and of little importance. Malamocco is immediately opposite Venice. Asholi Island, closing out the lagoon from the Adriatic, has upon it the Castello di San Andrea—a pentagonal fort mounting forty guns.

The palace Minetti is noteworthy for a novel circular staircase constructed on the exterior of the building at one of the corners, and which connects with every story. The palace of Bianco Capello keeps alive the memory of a remarkable woman.

Bianca Capello was a Venetian lady of rank who married a person of inferior position, and retired to Florence, where she became attached to Francis, son of the grand duke,

Cosmo di Medici, for whom she deserted her husband. On the death of the latter, Bianca artfully prevailed upon her lover to marry her, and was reinstated in her former position as a true daughter of Venice—although this was not effected without a special embassy to the Venetian States. Bianca and her husband died suddenly, within a few days of each other, in October, 1587, as was supposed, from poison.

The Fine Art *Academia* is located in the ancient convent of *La Carità*, and is worthy of note. It was formed in 1807, by Napoleon, and consists of several schools, and has the finest collection of pictures of the Venetian school, including works by Titian, Tintoretto, Bonifacio, Giovanni Bellini, Paolo Veronese, and many other masters. Specimens of the works of these artists are also to be found in many of the palaces and churches of the city. Perhaps the best hotel in Venice is the *Albergo dell' Europa*. The *Ca'd O'ro*, a building of the fifteenth century in the Oriental style, stands on the right bank of the Grand Canal, and is chiefly memorable on account of its having been restored by Mademoiselle Taglioni, the celebrated dancer.

In 1857, there died in Paris, of heart disease, the illustrious Italian patriot and political leader, Daniel Manin, elected during the revolution of 1848 to the Presidency of the Venetian Republic. From 1831, he had been a recognized leader of the liberal opinion in Venice, and was twice imprisoned on account of his political views. On the promulgation, in 1848, of the news that Paris, Naples and Tuscany were in revolution, Manin was released in triumph by the populace, and was invested with supreme power. On the annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont, Manin laid down his authority, but afterward resumed it, and was the animating spirit of the entire population of Venice during the heroic defense of the city for four months against the besieging Austrian army. On the 24th of August, Venice

THE ROMANCE OF RUNDELL'S RUINS.—"'HELEN,' HE SAID, 'TELL ME ALL, POOR TORTURED LOVE, TELL ME ALL!'"—SEE PAGE 98.

capitulated and Manin quitted the city. He returned to Paris, where he taught his native language, declining all offers of aid. His death was received by the Venetians with every evidence of sincere regret, and a grand funeral procession of illuminated gondolas and barges swept through the Grand Canal in honor of the event. A monument, surmounted by a statue, having at its base two winged lions was erected in Venice to the memory of Daniel Manin.

The ceremonies of the carnival, though less attractive than formerly—Venice having been superseded in this respect by Rome—are still conducted with a considerable degree of vivacity by the Venetians. Masqueraders throng the public squares and float through the canals in torch-lighted gondolas. Masquerade balls occur in the different palaces, and the city is quite given over to folly and enjoyment. During recent years, important events in Venice have been the visits of the Empress Eugenie, the Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, and Garibaldi. On these occasions the city displayed liberal hospitality; and the serenade and illumination on the Grand Canal, and the illumination of the Ducal Palace, in honor of the Empress Eugenie were occasions of great interest.

The Venetians are fond of giving fêtes, a feature of which is frequently a regatta of gondolas held on the Grand Canal, whose banks, and the porches of whose palaces and public buildings, bridges, etc., are thronged with citizens at such a time.

A *Bal Masqve* at the theatre in Venice also calls out thousands of the better classes, who throng the boxes, and gaze with real enjoyment at the varied and attractive scenes beneath.

No more splendid occasion can be mentioned among recent celebrations in Europe, than that of the visit of the Emperor of Austria to the King of Italy at Venice. The political situation was peculiar—the Austrian potentate visiting as a guest the city over which he had at one time ruled as a sovereign—and the scene of Francis Joseph and Victor Emmanuel sailing through the Grand Canal in the State Barge of the King of Italy must have been in the highest degree interesting.

## THE ROMANCE OF RUNDELL'S RUINS.

RENE D'HYMBERCOURT was a young gentleman of French parentage and Canadian birth, who, finding himself at the age of twenty-six master of his own actions, and of a very considerable fortune bequeathed him by his father, resolved to thoroughly explore the country of his birth, select a wife from among her daughters—acknowledged the fairest in the world—and with her to return once more to France where his father had, in his last days, repurchased the family estate, sold in the emigration. Determined to see everything under its most individual aspect, the young man commenced his explorations upon horseback, and having ridden through those parts of Canada with which he was not already acquainted entered the States by way of Lake Champlain, and at Plattsburg branched off to visit the Chateaugay Woods and Adirondac Mountains, expecting to spend a few weeks in hunting and fishing before proceeding further South.

Those who are acquainted with the mode of travel in that region will easily understand that our hero soon found himself obliged to abandon his horse and luggage, and content himself with his own feet and the pack carried upon the back of the sturdy guide, whose services he secured at the point where he made the change.

"One must take things as they come. It is what I am here for," remarked the young Frenchman, gayly, as he limped along, footsore and weary, at the end of the second day's march, and shifted his rifle from one lame shoulder to the other.

"Going to camp right ahead here," suggested Peters, the guide, guessing at the meaning of the words he had not heard, and a few moments later the blind path ended in a little clear space upon the bank of a considerable sheet of water.

"You might light a fire to keep of the flies, and I'll go catch a mess o' fish, and after dark we'll like enough sight a deer," said Peters, throwing down his pack and straightening his muscles.

"As you say, my friend, but first I will drink and rest myself beside the lake, for, shame to say, I have not your delightful energy and endurance, and must confess myself very tired."

"Thought you was getting tuckered. You city chaps need an awful sight o' toughening," responded Peters, indulgently; and dragging his canoe from the hollow log, where he had hidden it upon his last visit to the lake, he launched and paddled it out upon the water without more ado, leaving René to stretch himself in weary satisfaction upon the smooth and fragrant bed of pine-needles provided for him by the care of indulgent mother-nature.

The trout, the deer, and the sylvan hut erected by Peters all proved so attractive that René decided that it would be a waste of opportunities to leave them after but one night's enjoyment, and the second night found him in the same trim.

"Going to start this morning, cap'n?" inquired Peters, on the morning of the third day.

"Well, no, my brave fellow; I think we will stay yet one little day more," replied his employer, lazily. "The partridges are abundant, and I wish to make a few more botanical researches. I found a curious fern."

"All right, cap'n! if you're going to stay right around here, I'd like to strike off to Moore Pond, and see if there's any prospect of sport, or if we'd better keep right ahead for Sequasset. I can go and come by four o'clock arternoon, and I don't suppose you need me to help pick ferns or shoot pa'tridges, do you?"

"Not in the least, *mon garçon;* and for once I will not only shoot, but cook, my own dinner in the glorious independence of the primitive men."

"All right," replied Peters, gruffly; for the worthy fellow, like most of his compeers, always considered language or allusions out of his own vernacular as more or less insulting, and to be resented accordingly.

Left alone, René shouldered his fowling-piece, strapped his specimen-book at his back, saw that his compass was safe, and struck out into the woods with a sense of perfect freedom and self-responsibility quite new and delightful. Both partridges and ferns proved abundant and fine, and when the sun and René's watch declared it noon he found himself so far from camp that, instead of returning, he made a fire of dry twigs and branches, cooked a brace of his birds, and dined abundantly and luxuriously, although lacking the bread and salt which he had hitherto considered utterly indispensable to even a hunter's meal. Resolving to explore the country a little farther before returning to camp he trod out his fire, left the fragments of his feast for the woodland beggars who sat watching him from various coverts, and strode blithely on toward a high hill in the distance, which he had resolved to explore.

"What a savage country! Perhaps no man has placed foot in it until to-day! I feel myself a Jaques Cartier, a Champlain, a Christopher Columbus!" exclaimed the young man, pausing and wiping his heated brow as he neared the goal; but the next few steps refuted this romantic surmise, for the thick wood suddenly opened into a half grown-up clearing, in the midst of which stood a log-cabin of more than the usual size and pretension, originally of great solidity and strength, but now falling to decay and ruin, and showing by its boarded windows, crumbling clay chimney, and grass-grown doorways that it was no longer the abode of man.

Leaning upon his gun, René stood still without emerging from the shadow of the woods, and stared in much surprise at this unexpected proof that not one man, but several, must have already explored the wilderness he had just decided to be so virgin, and was already falling into a somewhat romantic reverie upon the subject of its former occupants, when he was inexpressibly startled by seeing the shutter of one of the upper windows opened, noiselessly, and the pale, beautiful face of a young woman appear in the opening, look slowly and despairingly about her for a few moments, and then gradually disappear as if it had melted into the black background of the chamber.

The next moment the sound of sharp whistling blows was heard, falling in rapid reiteration upon naked flesh, and accompanied by the moaning sobs of a woman's voice attempting to stifle its pain.

René hesitated no longer, but, shouting wildly, he dashed forward to the rescue with all the ardor of a young man who hears a woman in distress, and cares not to inquire who she may be, or what the origin of her unhappiness if he can but become her champion. But as René paused before the closely shut and barred door and listened for some sound to guide his movements, he was struck by the deathlike stillness that all at once had replaced the sounds that had alarmed him. The blows, the sobs, the moans had fallen into a silence so profound that René distinctly heard the thick throbbing of his own heart, and the melancholy cry of the heron in the distant marshes. He called aloud:

"Who is here? Who is suffering? Speak, and I will rescue you! Cry out once more if you cannot speak!"

But still the deathlike silence continued, and a vague unreasoning sense of fear struck like a chill through the fever of the young man's blood. He made the circuit of the cabin, trying every window; but these, as well as the solitary door seemed as thoroughly secured as if they had been prepared to stand a siege, and not the least sign was visible that human occupant had passed in or out, for months at least, if not years.

Thoroughly puzzled, René stood staring about him for several moments, when the sound of a rifle in the neighboring forest followed by a cheerful halloo in Peters' voice aroused him from his bewilderment, and determined him to wait for the hunter's help and counsel before making any further attempt to invade the premises. Glancing up at the window in the gable end of the house as he hurried away he perceived that the shutter was as closely fastened as those of the other windows, and looked as unlikely to have been opened.

"Am I dreaming? Am I the victim of a delusion?" murmured the young man, hastening toward the forest, and discharging his piece as a signal.

It was immediately answered, and in a few moments the two men met: Peters calm, smiling, and indifferent; his employer full of excitement, wrath, and perplexity. In a very few words he told his story, described the apparition of the pale, fair face, the blows, the cries, the utter stillness, and the impossibility of effecting a peaceable entrance.

"But," added he, excitedly; "we will find a way to force those shutters, that door! We will penetrate this mystery, my friend; we will rescue this unhappy woman from her tyrant; we will judge and punish him, and save her. Come, Peters, come!"

"Well. I guess not, cap'n," returned the hunter, resting his rifle upon the ground, and leaning heavily upon it, while his bronzed, hard face turned visibly pale, as he anxiously gazed in the direction of the clearing, now completely hidden by the trees. "I reckon we couldn't do much good there, not if we was to knock in every door and window of the old shanty. There ain't no one in it, nor haint been this six year, and them as is there understands their own biz' better nor we could learn it to 'em. If that woman is a-catching it, it's from her master, and she's earned all she gets. I don't feel no call to interfere, and what's more we couldn't do it if we set out to."

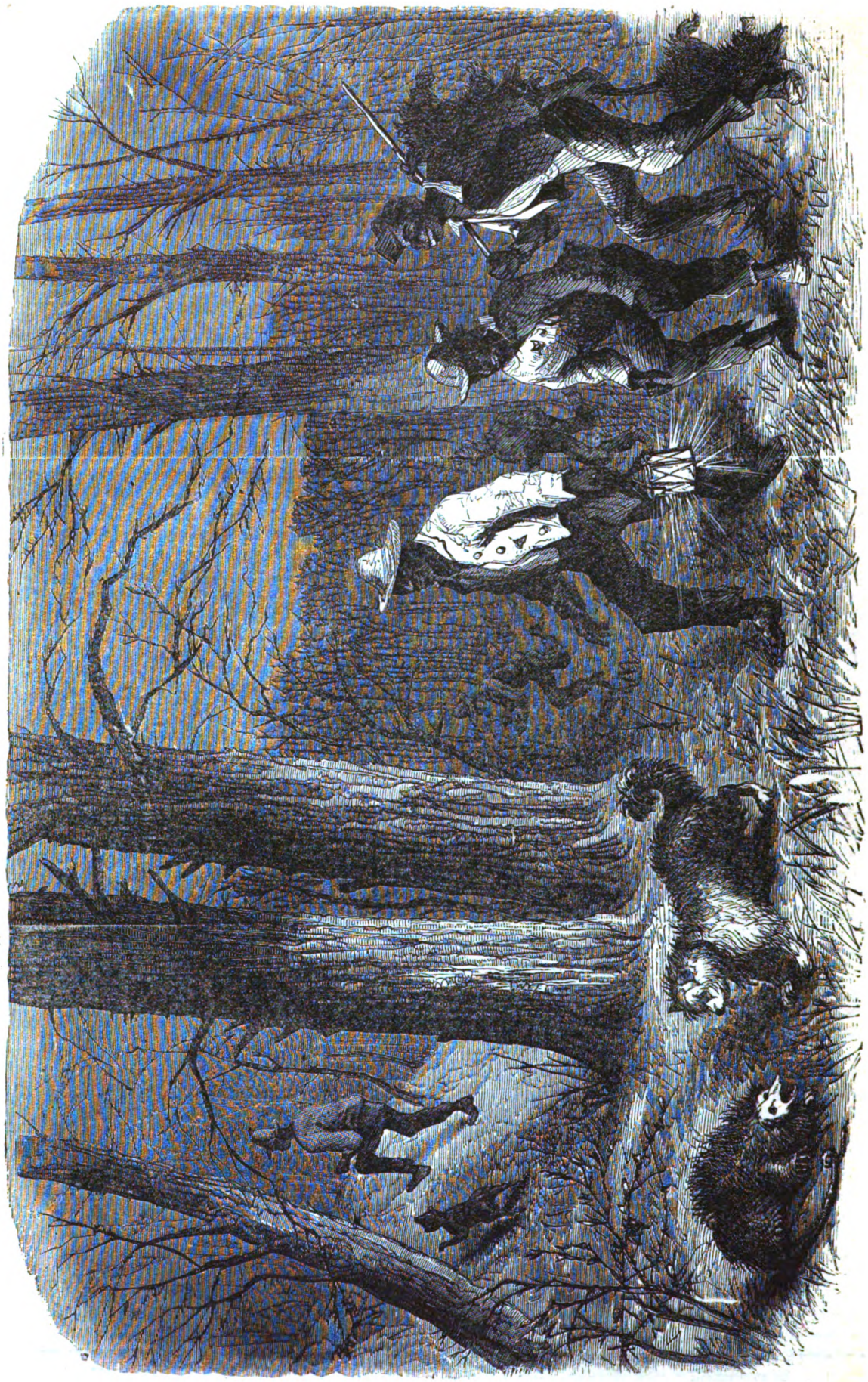
"But what do you mean, Peters? Explain!" demanded René, impatiently; but the hunter only shook his head.

"I ain't no skeerier than my mates, cap'n, but I'd rather not talk about them things just here," said he. "After we've got back to camp and had some supper I'll tell you all about it, if you say so; but I'm amazin' sorry you ever see the place. That was one reason I didn't want to take you to Moore Pond along of me, 'cause the trail lays so close to Rundell's——"

"What do you call it?" demanded René, quickly.

"Well, Rundell's Ruins we that know the place mostly calls the place when we speak about it at all," replied the man, reluctantly. "But we ain't over-fond of talking about it, any way, and don't calculate to go nigh it oftener than is convenient. You wouldn't catch a Chateaugay man sleeping in that shanty—not if the worst storm that ever blowed was in the woods. But let's be getting along, mister. I tell you there ain't no human being in that ere ruin, and you couldn't do no good if you was inside. Come along!"

THE ROMANCE OF RUNDELL'S RUINS.—"HE WAS INEXPRESSIBLY STARTLED BY SEEING THE SHUTTER OF ONE OF THE UPPER WINDOWS OPENED, NOISELESSLY, AND THE PALE, BEAUTIFUL FACE OF A YOUNG WOMAN APPEAR IN THE OPENING."



SOUTHERN SCENES.—OPOSSUM HUNTING IN MARYLAND.—SEE PAGE 104.

Half-convinced and yet reluctant, René obeyed, and the two men rapidly made their way back to camp, when Peters at once occupied himself in making a fire and preparing supper, while D'Hymbercourt sat idly gazing out upon the lake, gorgeous beneath the sunset sky, and recalling the scenes he had just passed through, the guide's mysterious hints, and the anguished, despairing expression of the pale, beautiful face that for one moment had found itself in the open casement of the ruin, and then disappeared so absolutely that he began to doubt that he had really seen it. Supper over and pipes lighted, his impatience at length found vent, and he exclaimed:

"Now, Peters, I can wait no longer. Tell me all about Rundell's Ruins, and the meaning of your assertion that it was no human being whose face I saw, and whose cries I heard, but who refused to reply to my call or accept my protection."

Peters shook the ashes from his pipe, gravely refilled it, plucked a brand from the fire to light it, and drew two or three long whiffs of satisfaction before he replied; then he said:

"After all, cap'n, there ain't so much to tell. It's more what it kind o' puts into a feller's head that makes the place so skeery—reg'lar right down cursed you might call it. 'Twas a feller named Rundell that put up the shanty, and when he'd got all fixed he went down York way somewhere and fetched up a woman and a lot of truck for the house. Harnsome that gal was as a picter. Well, I s'pose you seen her this arternoon, so I needn't say no more about that.

"Rundell he sot by her the worst kind—reg'lar foolish over her he was—and neglected his hunting and trapping to fix up the shanty, and make a flower-garding and all that, so's he got to be a sort of bye-word, and 'soft as Jim Rundell' meant that a feller was pretty bad in that sort o' fashion Neighbors ain't very thick in these parts, as I s'pose you've noticed; but once in five or ten mile you'll generally find a shanty, and we hunters tramp round consid'able; so one and another would look in at Rundell's pretty often; and at last the word got round that they wasn't altogether so loving as they had been, and one feller had heard high words, though he didn't turn in to the shanty, and another had met a stranger lurking round there, while he knew that Jim was off to the upper lakes to set his traps.

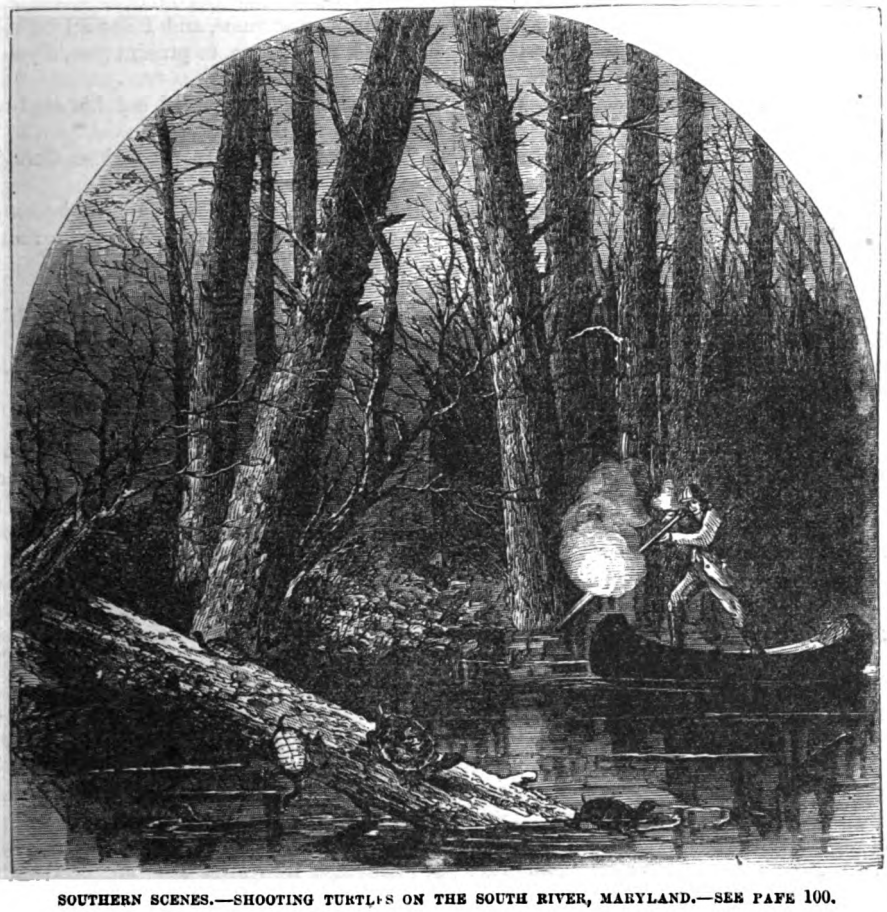
"The woman, too—Nell her name was—she grew hard and fierce, and different from what the other women in the woods fancied, somehow, and they left off going to see her, as they had done along at first, and got to saying 'Rundell's' in a sort of a sneerin' way that maybe you've noticed women put on when they mean more than they want to speak right out.

"But one day I was tramping the woods—I was quite a young feller then, for this was six or eight year ago—and I met Jim a-hurrying along with his rifle on his shoulder and his pup at his heels, and I stopped to give him the time o' day and hev a little chat; but he didn't seem to be sociable a bit. He says, says he:

"'Ned Peters, excuse *me*, but I'm rather in a hurry, and must be a-going. The fact is my woman and me we had some purty hard words just afore I left home yes'day morning, and maybe I was a little too hard on her; any ways I couldn't stand it to go clean up to Saranac, as I set out to, without kind o' easing it off a little, and I want to go home, and say my say, and be off ag'in 'fore sundown, and I'm consid'able in a hurry; so good-day.'

"'Soft as Jim Rundell,' says I to myself, as I watched him streakin' it toward his clearing, with Turk at his heels; and then I went about my own affairs.

"Next day, just about the same time, I was in the woods again; and, thinks I, I'll look in at Rundell's, and see what Nell has to say about her man coming home so kind of unexpected; and so I made for the clearing. But, Lord! cap'n, I hadn't got a-nigh it when I heerd Turk a-howlin' the worst kind; and I thought how cur'ous it was if Jim had gone to Saranac and left the pup to home; and then I reckoned it was some of his nonsense, and he'd staid at home all day to finish courtin' Nell after their fallin' out; and I reckoned I'd rough him pooty smart for such baby-work. But—poor Jim! Makes me feel kind o' streaked even now, cap'n; for I was fond o' that feller, I was—main fond of him, and— Well, I went up to the shanty, and the door was shet, and the winders, too, and Turk was inside. And in I went; and downstairs there wasn't nobody, and still the dog kept up his howling, and I follered it up into the loft; and there was Jim—poor feller!—lying cold and dead, and the poor, faithful pup a-settin' by him and licking his hand, and no one else a-nigh."



SOUTHERN SCENES.—SHOOTING TURTLES ON THE SOUTH RIVER, MARYLAND.—SEE PAGE 100.

"Dead! What killed him?" asked D'Hymbercourt, breathlessly, as Peters gloomily paused.

"Pison," replied the guide, briefly. "I went for a doctor, and he came twelve miles to see him; and he said there was lodlum enough in his stomach to have killed half a dozen. There was a mug beside the bed, with some stuff in it all fixed-up with sugar, and rum, and spice, and that stuff in with it. She'd pizened him, the jade! and then cut and run—and not alone neither, I'll bet my hat; for I heerd afterward of them that had seen a man and woman riding horseback not fur from here, and in the worst kind of hurry, too. That was Nell and the stranger that hung round while Jim was away—you bet your life on that, cap'n; but no one ever see her again—that is, not alive—but I reckon she's follyed after her man afore this, else how could she be seen any other way?"

"Then you think it was the spirit of this wretched woman that I saw?" asked René, breathlessly.

"Dunno, cap'n; but what I do know is, that so many queer sights and queer sounds has been heerd round that shanty sence that day that we woods-folk fight mighty shy of it, and I'd rether go five mile round than cross that clearin'. I heerd it once myself, you see."

"Heard what?"

"What you did, cap'n. Jest about a year ago, I was nigher than I thought, and I heerd a woman crying, and I was skeered; and yet not so skeered but what I went up to the shanty and knocked in a board that I'd nailed over the winder myself, and looked in. But there wa'n't no one there, and I knowed there couldn't be; so I fixed-up the winder as well as I could, and left. That's the last time ever you catch this child near Rundell's Ruins. And so, stranger, I b'lieve I'll turn in, for we've got to be up bright and early to-morrow to reach Sequasset before night."

"Turn in, then, my friend. I will stay up a little," replied René; and while the woodman slept, and the fire smouldered down, and the wolf and the congou howled in the depths of the untracked forest beyond the lake, he sat, his head upon his hand, musing upon the story he had heard, and recalling again and again the wild, despairing beauty of the face he had seen.

The healthy fatigues and excitements of his forest life soon, however, diverted the mind of the young man from a train of thought that, in other circumstances, might have become morbid; and, when six months had passed, and he found himself enjoying all the gayeties of the gayest city in the United States, René d'Hymbercourt had as nearly forgotten his adventure in the woods as it is possible to forget what has once deeply interested us.

The Grand Opera was at the Academy, and René was its most constant devotee. No night was too stormy, no other engagement sufficiently attractive, no opera too uninteresting, to prevent his attendance; and, like most other young men, he learned to improve the moments between the acts in surveying the brilliant array of beauty and the magnificent toilets that crowded the boxes, or more quietly ornamented the parquette of the handsome theatre.

It was the night of "Les Huguenots," and the green curtain had just fallen upon the closing scene of the first act, when René, who was standing up to *lorgner* the seats behind him, started, turned deadly pale, and suffered his hand and glass to drop nervelessly at his side.

A lady had entered one of the proscenium boxes, seated herself in the shadow of the curtain, and then leaned forward and looked from her box, as from a window, at the parquette below, her large, sad eyes roaming over the sea of unfamiliar faces with as little interest as if they had been the leaves of the lonely Chateaugay woods.

"The same—the very same!" exclaimed René, aloud, and immediately conscious of the indiscretion, he looked sharply about him and met the smiling eyes of his next neighbor—a man of youthful middle age, with the indefinable stamp of society and good breeding unmistakably imprinted upon his good-humored face.

"You have seen Mrs. Courtenay elsewhere, sir?" said he at once; and René eagerly replied:

"I have seen her—it must be her that I saw—but I did not know her name. Do, if you please, tell me something of her."

"With pleasure, so far as it is in my power; but I fancy no one knows more of this lady than that she arrived in New York a little more than two years ago, bringing letters to some of our best people from their friends in Paris and London, that she settled herself in elegant apartments at the Brevoort House, keeps her *coupé* and three servants, spends a great deal of money very quietly and elegantly, and has succeeded in being very much the fashion without ever figuring as heroine of the mildest scandal. She honors me with her acquaintance, and I should be most happy, had I the pleasure of yours, to present you, if you are as interested in her as you appear."

René immediately pulled out his card-case, inquiring at the same time:

"Do you know Mr. Blank, or Mrs. Grundy?"

"Both of them."

"I shall do myself the honor of presenting a letter from one or the other at your hotel in the morning, and if you will be so very kind——"

"Most happy, M. d'Hymbercourt."

And the gentleman presented in turn his own card, upon which René read the name,

"JOHN STUYTEVANT,
*Fifth Avenue Hotel.*"

The curtain rose, the gentlemen seated themselves, and "Les Huguenots" went on to its tragic ending; but the graceful form, half revealed by the curtain, never again bent forward, and the pale, beautiful face was not again visible.

As the orchestra crashed its final strains, René stood outside the door of Mrs. Courtenay's box, but found himself preceded by a respectable-looking footman, who, with a shawl upon his arm, evidently waited for his mistress. The box-door opened, the man stepped in, and presently reappeared, followed by a lady closely wrapped and vailed, who passed so quickly before the eager expectant that a faint whiff of ottar of roses was the most decisive proof of her vicinity that he obtained.

The next day, however, proved more propitious, and the matter of the introductory letters having been easily arranged, René, with a beating heart, followed his new acquaintance into Mrs. Courtenay's drawing-room, just at that charming time of the day when the first shadows of evening soften all defects, harmonize all differences, and rouse the spirit which has refused to exhaust itself in a combat with the harsh realities of mid-day to renewed brilliancy and enjoyment.

Mrs. Courtenay was just bidding good-by to some friends, pretty women themselves, but as René said to himself, "O how pale, how insipid, how commonplace beside this magnificent woman!" whose ample robes of black velvet defined her fully rounded, yet supple, figure to perfection, while the sombre tint threw out the pure and delicate coloring of her face in the most artistic manner, and her skillful coiffure seemed a regal crown most fittingly bestowed.

As her guests departed, she turned and gracefully extended a hand—white as ivory, smooth and soft as satin, and yet of a firm and decisive grasp that always surprised those who encountered it—to Stuytevant, bowed courteously to D'Hymbercourt, and rested upon his face for an instant the clear scrutiny of the gray eyes that, in the Chateaugay woods.

had seemed to him of the most unfathomable darkness. From that evening the acquaintance went on with the most astonishing rapidity, and six weeks from the day of his presentation René d'Hymbercourt laid his name, his fortune, his love, at the feet of the woman he passionately adored, but of whom he knew nothing more than he had learned of his friend Stuytevant in the first moment of recognizing her.

Precisely this was the answer that she made to him, softening thus the explicit refusal with which she met his plea.

"But you shall tell me of yourself, Helen—if I may use that name aloud, as I have for weeks used it in my mind—you shall tell me all your story; and, be it what it may, it can make no change in my love, nor in my passionate desire to call you wife."

"Never, never, my poor René! I can never reveal my secret to mortal man. I can never be wife and hold it; so—good-by, René."

She extended her hand. He took it, held it firmly between his own, and, looking into her tear-dimmed eyes, said, softly:

"To no man but me, Helen; but I already know it."

"You—know—it!' gasped Mrs. Courtenay, a deadly pallor settling around her lips, and her eyes dilating with horror.

"Last September, Helen, I was hunting in the Chateaugay woods——"

A low cry burst from the white lips; but, unheeding it, D'Hymbercourt went on:

"It was late in the afternoon of the 22d day of the month that I came suddenly upon a lonely ruin in the heart of the forest. I stood motionless and voiceless, looking toward it, when a window opened and a face appeared—a pale, unhappy face, Helen; but a face that mirrored itself in my heart, and has never faded from its depths. A man—Peters by name, my guide and hunter—told me the story of the house. He called the woman who lived there by the name of Nell, not Helen; but, when I saw her again at the Academy of Music, six weeks ago, I knew her, I loved her; I ask her to become my wife, either telling me her story, or leaving it to die out of my memory and our mutual lives—killed by the happiness that I vow to bestow upon her."

Mrs. Courtenay's face was hidden in her hands, and, as her lover tried to uncover it, she rose abruptly and left the room. A few moments later, her maid brought him a sealed note. It contained these words:

"Since you know so much, I will tell you all; but not yet, not here. Meet me at that ruined hut, the 22d day of next September, and you shall hear my story; and if you will it, we will speak again of your generous devotion. But, until then, make no attempt to see me again, if you value my regard."

René hastily wrote, in reply:

"I respect your wishes, and most gratefully accept your appointment for the 22d of September, at four o'clock in the afternoon—the hour at which I last year found myself at Rundell's Ruins."

He gave the note, with some money, to the maid, saying, significantly:

"I hope your mistress will often think of me this Summer, Adèle."

"I shall speak of you so often that she cannot forget you, monsieur. Thanks—you are most generous."

And, with this slender security for the fulfillment of his hopes, the young man was fain to depart.

The Summer passed as Summers, and Winters too, do pass—although, to our impatient hearts, time seemed to stand immovable—and the appointed day found René d'Hymbercourt wearily traversing the woods in search of Rundell's Ruins; for he had carefully avoided meeting his former guide—Peters—and the half-breed, whom he had taken from a distant point, was not likely to have ever heard of the ruined shanty, even if he had not been sent that morning upon a distant errand. Four o'clock, however, had barely passed when the young man joyfully emerged into the clearing, and at the first glance perceived that the shattered window was again unclosed, and the same pale, lovely face that he had seen in it a year before again presented itself, gazing eagerly toward the woods.

René stepped forward, and the face disappeared; but this time the young man confidently crossed the open space, and laid his hand upon the latch of the heavy door. At the same instant it was opened from within, and a man of more than middle-age, severe and keen of face, and dressed in the robes of an ecclesiastic of the Romish Church, stood before him.

René started back.

"Mrs. Courtenay?" stammered he.

"You will find her above stairs. I am her spiritual director, and visit her here."

And the priest, with a grave salutation, stood aside and allowed the young man to pass.

Bewildered, yet certain of an explanation, since Helen had fulfilled her promise and awaited him, René bounded up the rude stairs, and found himself in the chamber, or rather loft, which extended over all the lower rooms. One end was partitioned off into a sleeping-room, and at the door of this stood Mrs. Courtenay, her magnificent beauty strongly contrasting with her surroundings.

"Come in. You see that I have kept my promise," said she, sadly, and refusing, with a gesture, the hand D'Hymbercourt eagerly extended.

"Not yet," said she, and led the way into the small chamber, once evidently the abode of a woman of fine and luxurious tastes, and still furnished with the crumbling remains of such articles as one could never have expected to find in such a place.

"Look around you, René," began Mrs. Courtenay, abruptly. "This was my marriage chamber, this adornment was the offering of a man who loved me even more than you can do, and that is the bed where he died, slain by my hand. Do you come to hear more?"

"Helen! Tell me all, poor tortured love, tell me all!"

"Let us make the story as brief as it is shameful, then," replied the unhappy woman, wringing her hands, and never looking toward her lover. "I was an orphan in an asylum, and Mark Courtenay saw me, and determined to make me his. He educated me carefully, and while still at the school where he had placed me, I accidentally saw James Rundell, and was fascinated by a rugged beauty, strength and courage that to me seemed the embodiment of all my romantic dreams of corsairs, bandits, and wild, free foresters. Carried away by a girl's romantic folly, I allowed him to carry me away one night, and became his wife next morning. He had already built this cabin, and he now expended all the savings of his life in furnishing at least one room in such a manner as to him seemed proper to my needs. He brought me here, and for a little while I was happy, for he loved me—dear Lord, how that man loved me and laid his life at my feet; but I wakened day by day from my fool's dream, and a great horror grew upon me as I saw to what I had bound myself. I to whom intellect, refinement, luxury were such daily needs that I had never thought of their value until I found myself cut off from them forever, as it seemed. The Courtenay arrived. He had patiently tracked me out, hidden himself from my husband's observation, and came upon me in his absence. All the temptations that such a nature as his knows how to offer, and such an one as mine knows not how to resist. I listened, wavered, yielded, and at last appointed a night when I would leave my home and place

myself under his protection, with a full knowledge at last of what his intentions toward me were.

"That very night James came home remorseful for the harsh words he had used as we parted the day before, and eager to proffer his love and receive mine, as in the first days of our marriage. I was weary of the struggle, weary of life, reckless of consequences, and resolved, at all risks, to fly from the life that had become to me a revolting slavery. I prepared a draught, meaning that it should send him into a deep and protracted slumber, during which I resolved to escape with Courtenay, who was waiting for me in the woods. That was what I intended — that, only, as God is my witness—but, ignorant of the strength of the drug, I gave him too much; he drank it, called me to him, and kissed me fondly, then slept. I did not wait for his wakening, and by morning I was far away. Months after I knew what I had done; knew myself a murderess, a lost woman; and I would have added my own death to his, but that I was afraid of meeting him before our Judge.

"Mr. Courtenay married me; he was very kind to me, and when he died—for I did not kill him—René, I was sincerely sorry—nothing more, for all emotion seemed to have died out of me, except a cruel, gnawing remorse, for the deed done him. I was attracted to the Roman faith, became a convert, and found comfort in all the most rigid observances of its severities.

"Father Ignacia, whom you saw below, is my confessor and director, and it was he who, for the last four years, has ordered me to visit this place on the anniversary of my crime, to spend twenty-four hours fasting in this chamber, and to perform penance of other nature."

"The blows I heard, accompanied by sobs?"

"They were self-inflicted, and not half so cruel as the inward scourging they represented. I have made this vigil four times, and Father Ignacia says that it is sufficient. He advises me to retire to a convent, and if—when—if we say good-by to-day, René, I shall do it."

"Helen, we will never say good-by, until death shall part us. Your story has not surprised—has not shocked me, for I had already imagined worse features than it possesses, already pardoned more serious faults than you can charge yourself with. You were very young; you were sorely tempted; you have repented bitterly, and punished yourself severely. I believe in the impossibility of the recurrence of anything similar, and, darling, I love you! I love you! I love you!"

He caught her in his arms, and she allowed herself the luxury of resting upon the noble and confiding heart, whose love had found itself strong enough to conquer all obstacles, forgive all offences. Presently, she said:

"Come! Father Ignacia must know our decision."

"And make you my wife," added the lover, and together they went downstairs and told their story to the priest, who heard it through, shook his head, and said, dryly:

"You had far better choose the Sacred Heart, my daughter; but since you and your betrothed insist, and he, knowing all, accepts you as an honored and trusted wife, I will fulfill my duty, and unite you to him in holy matrimony."

This is the beginning of the history, the sequel is to be found in a château of Southern France, the Château d'Hymbercourt, where lives René, his wife, Helen, and three of the loveliest children in all the province.

THE PROROROCA OF TSIEN-TSANG RIVER, CHINA.—SEE PAGE 106.

## SOUTHERN SCENES.

### OPOSSUM HUNTING.

THE opossum is one of the most singular and inexplicable little animals existing. In the length of body it is from twelve to fifteen inches, and the tail is about as much more. The tail looks like that of a huge rat, and is destitute of hair. The hair of the body is gray, white and brown, and this mixture gives it generally a blue tinge. The ears are thin and crumpled, and look very much like two little bits of a blue kid glove, and are also bare of hair. The feet are naked and long, and have a peculiar hand-like appearance. The eyes are very prominent, and as there are no eyelids worth mentioning, they have the appearance of two black beads

stuck on the face. The eyes are not very powerful by daylight, and even bright moonlight nights seem too much for them, as very often the animals are perceived and killed before they seem to know that any one is near them. The jaws are long, and furnished with formidable looking teeth, but they lack the power to use the latter strongly.

The opossum's greatest peculiarity is its pouch, and this has attracted general attention. The pouch is under the belly; in it the young are carried before they are completely developed, and afterward they retreat to it when threatened with danger.

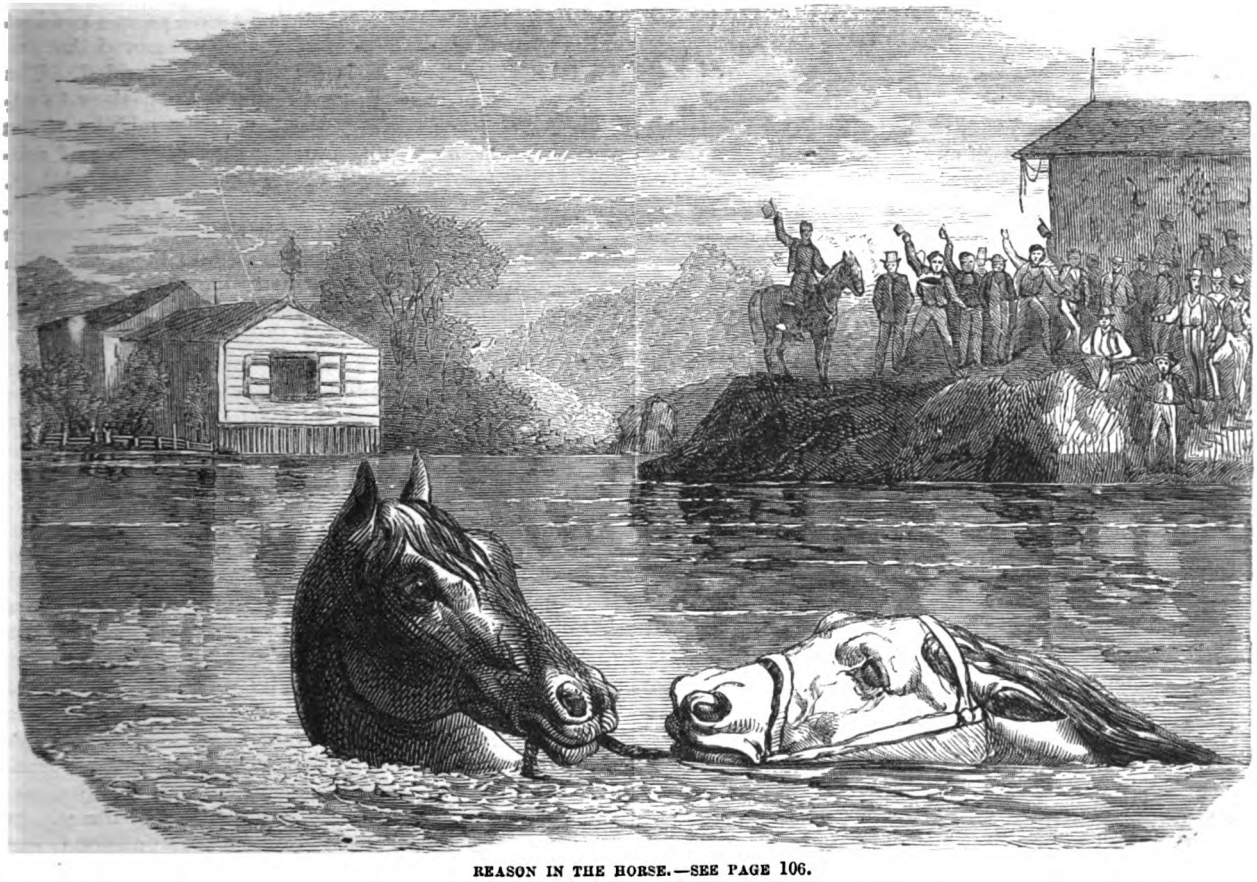
If the animal is put in a critical situation, he will resort to stratagem rather than force to elude his pursuers, and if he finds escape impossible, he will feign death, hoping thereby to escape the threatened danger. If the hunter, knowing the cunning of the animal, should administer several deadly blows, and think that he has really destroyed him, he will watch his opportunity, and, unexpectedly recovering his breath, effect his escape. So well known is this trick, that it has given rise to the common saying, when any one is doing anything deceptive, that he is "playing 'possum."

Take an opossum in good health, corner him up until escape is impossible, then give him a gentle tap on the body that would hardly crush a mosquito, and he will straighten out and be, according to all indication, perfectly dead. In this situation you may thump him, cut his flesh, and half skin him—not a muscle will he move, his eyes are glazed and covered with dust, for he has no eyelids to close over them. You may even worry him with a dog, and satisfy yourself that he is really defunct; then leave him quiet a moment, and he will draw a thin film from his eyes, and, if not interfered with, be among the missing.

A favorite simile with many of the uneducated backwoods preachers is the tenacity with which the opossum can suspend himself by his tail. We once heard a preacher comparing a true Christian to a 'possum up a tall sapling, in a strong wind. Said he, "My brethren, that's your situation exactly. The world, the flesh, and the devil compose the wind, that is trying to blow you off the gospel tree. But don't let go of it; hold on as a 'possum would in a hurricane. If the fore legs of your passions get loose, hold on by your hind legs of conscientiousness; and if they let go, hold on eternally by your tail, which is the promise that the saints shall persevere unto the end."

CALLING THE CHILDREN.—SEE PAGE 106.

The opossum is seldom hunted scientifically, and only boys and negroes hunt him for the sake of his carcass. By the darkies it is highly valued; they look upon it as the very choicest meat; and when "'possum fat and 'tater" can be procured, they pass by venison and wild turkey with scorn. Never is a Southern negro happier than when he shoulders his ax at night, and whistles up the curs who call him master to have a 'possum-hunt. Fine nights, when the moon shines, are generally chosen. The dogs try round the corn fields, and rarely go far before they find the trail of some unlucky 'possum, who is presently forced to climb a tree. A torch is



REASON IN THE HORSE.—SEE PAGE 106.

then lit, by the light of which the beast is discovered, and the ax plied. Blow after blow falls on the devoted tree, which, whether a century old, or merely a sapling, soon falls, and with it the game. The dogs, who have kept their eyes upon the animal, seize it as it touches the ground, where, finding escape hopeless, it simulates death, and this, between the cunning negroes and their eager dogs, is soon converted into a reality.

Our illustration is almost classical, and scarcely wants description. Its own story is written in every line of the pencil, and is suggestive of that good old melody, "'Possum fat and hominy and eberyting dat's nice."

TURTLE-SHOOTING ON THE SOUTH RIVER—MARYLAND.

The shores of the Chesapeake Bay are the favorite haunt of nearly every species of water-fowl, the waters teem with fish in great variety, while oysters and other shell-fish are nowhere more plentiful or of finer quality; giving to this region the character of a veritable sportsman's paradise.

The kind of sport we illustrate can hardly be deemed an appropriate employment for either the fowler or the angler, yet nevertheless, it is occasionally indulged in, and it is certainly productive of a great deal of amusement—to the hunters.

The numerous streams emptying into the bay from its western shore are populous with mud-turtles, who have seemingly adopted the State motto "*Crescite et Multiplicamini*," and they do "increase and multiply" to a surprising extent. We have often repaired to the South River, a stream entering the bay a short distance below the old city of Annapolis, and waged war upon the mud-turtles with great success. We used to reach our hunting ground at an early hour in the morning, and stepping into a dug-out drop gently down the stream until the game was in sight. Presently several "shell-backs" would be discovered sunning themselves upon a convenient log, and then the fun would begin. We never attempted to shoot them with anything but rifle-ball, for the largest common shot would have glanced harmlessly off their shells, unless fired from a moderate height in nearly a perpendicular direction. If a ball struck one of them and wounded it severely, it most likely would tumble from its perch upon its back, and struggling and attempting to turn itself over we would paddle the canoe up to it, and haul it in; but if not mortally wounded, and it managed to keep right side up, before the canoe could reach it, it would dive to the bottom and might be seen, for the water was very clear, paddling along at great speed, to some place of safety. When there are several upon the same log, two or three may often be shot, one after another, before the rest take the alarm and scuttle away; provided the marksman can keep hidden and remain perfectly quiet. We have captured nearly a score in a single morning, comprising all sizes, and many colors; and to avoid the imputation of being wantonly cruel, we took them home with us and invariably had some dressed; but, though with a strong desire to do so, we never relished them much.

## REASON IN THE HORSE.

In Indianapolis, Indiana, recently, a blind horse wandered into the river near the National Road Bridge, and getting beyond his depth, swam around in a circle in his efforts to find his way out. His distress attracted the attention of a horse near by on the bank, who instantly went to his assistance. He first went to the water's edge and attempted to direct the blind horse by neighing, but finding this proceeding ineffectual, he boldly took to the water and swam out to his relief. After swimming around with him for nearly a quarter of an hour, he finally got the blind horse to understand his good intentions and in what direction the land lay, and the two horses came to shore side by side, amid the cheers of upward of one hundred persons who were interested spectators of the scene.

## CALLING THE CHILDREN

By Jennie K. Griffith.

Calling them "Freddy," and "John," and "Paul,"
As only a mother her children can call;
Musical cadences all through her speech,
That a love so tender alone can teach.
Something so loving, and lingering too,
In the "John," and "Freddy," and "Paul, come do."
As bidding them to her for dinner or rest,
Each one is gathered in turn to her breast.

Then looking them over, as divers do pearls,
Smoothing one's cheeks and another one's curls,
Taking the brown, soiled hands in her own,
A whip out of this palm, from that one a stone.
Drawing from pockets of corpulent girth,
With outward remonstrance, with inward mirth,
Potatoes for popguns—a bottle of flies—
Twine, balls and whistles, and two dirt pies.

Redeemed from the soil of the street, and anew
Clothed in fresh aprons, and trowsers too;
Tangles brushed out of the silken floss,
That rings and ripples in golden gloss;
Striving with eager and innocent heed
For mother's approving "Well done, indeed!"
Mother, and Freddy, and Paul, and John,
Make the sweetest picture to look upon.

## THE PROROROCA.

The prororoca, or *bore*, in the river Tsien-Tsang, has been picturesquely described in a paper read before the Asiatic Society by Dr. McGowan, who was for some years a resident in the town of Hang-Chan, and frequently observed it.

All traffic in the town is for the time suspended. The hawkers cease to recommend their wares, the porters to unload their ships, which they abandon in the middle of the current. A moment suffices to give the appearance of solitude to the most laborious of the laborious cities of Asia. The centre of the river swarms with boats of every kind. Soon the flood announces its approach, by the appearance of a white line stretching from one bank to the other. Its roar, which the Chinese compare to thunder, deafens the cries of the boatmen. It advances with a prodigious velocity, with the speed of a fast railway train, and at not less than thirty-five miles an hour. In appearance it resembles a massive wall of gleaming alabaster, or rather a foaming cataract, four to five miles in length, and thirty feet in height, moving in one immense mass. Soon it reaches the advanced squadron of the fleet, which silently awaits its coming, with their bows turned toward the wave that threatens to overwhelm them. Every ship is carried safely and uninjured over the ridge of the undulating mass. The spectacle is full of strange interest when the flood has swept under half the flotilla, for some are then seen reposing on a perfectly tranquil surface, while by their side, in the midst of a frightful tumult, others are wildly staggering to and fro. The striking scene lasts but for a moment. The flood flows onward, diminishing in force and swiftness, and finally ceases to be perceptible at a distance, according to the Chinese, of about eighty miles. The interrupted traffic is gradually resumed, the ships are moored anew to the shore, women and children busy themselves collecting the objects lost in the *mêlee*, the streets are wet with spray, and the great canal is filled with ooze and mud.

# PAUL AND RUTH.

ONLY an unsophisticated little country girl!" said the gentleman.

Ruth heard it and blushed, and as she walked on, tears of vexation came into her eyes.

It was quite true, and that was the sting of it. She was as much out of place among these traveled, society people, as the buttercups which glorified the meadows about the old farmhouse where she was born would have been if transplanted to a conservatory.

Yet I would not by any means have you think that my little Ruth was an uncultured girl. She could not chatter French like Miss Van Deusen; but she knew the grammar of the language perfectly, and she knew its classics by heart. She had read all the good books in the village library, and was no mean critic of their worth. She could sing, too, in a sweet, fresh voice, and accompany herself with taste upon the old-fashioned piano.

But, bless me! what are all these accomplishments compared with the young ladies who have been abroad and studied philosophy in Germany, and music in Italy, and the art of flirting everywhere!

Nobody could have found any fault with Ruth's manners—they were perfectly ladylike and natural. But the habit of society does give one an air, an *aplomb*, a nameless ease, that is as wonderful as it is charming to those innocent souls who have it not.

And then Ruth's toilets—I'm ashamed to own how simple they were; how destitute of ruffles, and frills, and fringes; that there was no festooning about her skirts, and not an atom of hump upon her back; that the heels of her boots were not an inch and a half high, and consequently she absolutely *could* not acquire the crippled gait which is at once so fascinating and indescribable.

All this was as much, nay, more, the fault of Miss Crowninshield, as of Ruth; for Ruth, though she had a sensible little head, had also a girl's horror of oddity, and I dare say she would have made herself look as much like a guy—I mean a fashionable lady—as any of them, if she could have had her way. But her aunt being an old maid, was full of notions, and she had nipped Ruth's fashionable fancies in the bud.

"You're going as God made you, and as a modest girl should, or you don't go with me," said that lady.

And so Ruth went as God made her, with the addition of a few white muslin frocks, cut high in the neck, and some simple ribbon sashes to match. And the people did not laugh at her to her face, because she was Miss Crowninshield's niece, and Miss C. was the owner of half a million. But they left her severely alone, and Ruth walked, and sat, and read by herself, while the other girls had cavaliers. And Ruth drove with her aunt in the mornings, and though Miss Crowninshield was a great talker, was not highly entertained. It's such a wide slip from twenty to sixty, you know.

You might fancy that Miss Crowninshield's half a million would have made a difference with Ruth's status. And so it might, only Miss C.'s views were perfectly well understood.

"No'" she said, when somebody hinted that Ruth was her heiress. "I'm not going to make my relations glad when I die. Let the young folks begin low down, as their fathers and mothers did. When I'm done with it, my property goes in a lump where it will do some good."

And so people sighed, and looked at Ruth, and said, "Poor thing!" and let her alone. And Paul Anthony, passing her on the wide beach, lifted his hat, smiled, and added:

"Very pretty, but only an unsophisticated little country girl."

And Ruth cried, as I have said, because it was true, and oh, more than all, because he said it. For Paul had been kind to her, two or three times. Once, when Miss Van Deusen snubbed him, he came in and sat beside Ruth a whole evening, and Ruth talked so charmingly that Paul forgot his ill-temper, and vowed to himself that he would talk to the poor little thing some other time, if he didn't forget it. And so he did when other pastime was wanting, and I think he found it amusing. I know Ruth did, and Miss Crowninshield, with her keen eyes seeing everything, felt bound to utter a note of warning.

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Ruth. You're not a beauty, and young men like Paul Anthony don't marry passably pretty girls with no fortune."

"As if," said Ruth, her sapphire eyes kindling, "beauty was the only thing that counted! As if intelligence, and goodness, and all the rest, went for nothing!"

"Oh!" breathed out Miss Crowninshield, in mock meekness. "I beg your pardon, I'm sure, my dear. I'm only an old woman, and of course you know the world better than I do, and I'm altogether wrong."

Then Ruth, who was a tender-hearted little body, cried so sincerely, that Miss Crowninshield was touched, and a real reconciliation was effected.

"She might have fancied a better man," muttered the old lady; "but if the fellow has sense enough to like her, I'll——"

The rest remained unuttered, for Miss Crowninshield was a singularly cautious old lady; but she kept those keen eyes of hers wide open. And what did she see?

That Paul Anthony really did show some interest in Ruth. That when there was nothing lively going on, he would sit by her for hours, and generously suffer her to amuse him.

"For his own pastime," said Miss Crowninshield, grimly.

But Ruth's eyes would shine, and the red would flicker in and out of her white cheek, and the sweet smile come and go.

"Little goose!" growled the old lady.

I dare not swear that Paul Anthony was insensible to Ruth's charms of mind and person. I should like to believe that there was really some genuine feeling at the bottom, particularly after what happened about this time—an affair in which Ruth behaved like a heroine, and became for the time quite a lion.

Ruth always walked early; and one day when the hotel people were hardly astir, she went out as usual for her "constitutional."

The sea was of that palest azure which one sees in perfection only in the early morning. Afar off—for it was the New Hampshire coast—one saw the Isle of Shoals lying on the bosom of the waves; by-and-by, when the sun went higher, to fade out of sight as by some enchantment. A few sails were flitting across the horizon, and presently, as Ruth looked, she saw one grow nearer and nearer, and presently she recognized the man at the tiller.

It was Paul Anthony, who prided himself upon his seamanship, and really, for a curled darling, could manage a boat extremely well. But his skill was perhaps at fault this morning, for as the little vessel gracefully floated before Ruth's eyes, with that fascinating grace which is indeed the very poetry of motion, an awful change marred the picture. A flaw of wind caught the sail, and before Ruth's white lips could emit a cry, the boat was upset, and its freight struggling in the water.

With the swiftness of the wind, Ruth turned and ran toward the hotel, which was at least a mile away. Before she had gone many rods she met two lads, and breathlessly told her errand, and bade them fly for help. Then, quite weak and trembling, she ran back to the beach, and there, to her infinite delight, she saw the men swimming strongly toward the shore.

Paul Anthony was only a little behind the sailor, and both were making a manful fight for their lives.

Would they win? At first Ruth believed there was no doubt of that. But, oh, how slowly the distance lessened! And—or in her terror she fancied it—they were growing weaker, swimming more feebly. She wished now she had run for help herself. Would no one ever come?

She heard the sailor shout encouragingly to his companion. She, too, cried aloud; with sobs and tears she ran up and down the shore in a transport of distress.

Not so much as a rowboat was anywhere in sight! If one had been at hand, quite unskilled as she was, she would have taken it, and tried to reach them.

It was not because it was Paul Anthony. Something higher and wider than individual sympathy moved her. Ah, sweet heaven! would these men die before her eyes? Then, as she almost despaired, hope revived again.

How the next five minutes passed, Ruth never knew. But she knew that the sailor struggled through the surf, that she waded out among the surf-wet rocks, and caught his hand, that he tottered forward, and, just above the water's edge, dropped helpless at her feet.

And Paul!

Dimly, one may suppose, he saw his companion safe. With a great effort he cried out something in congratulation, toiled on a few paces further, found footing once on the sand, then slipped, and fell under the shallow water.

They say one reasons quickly in dire extremity. No help was near. Before any could come, Ruth knew it would be too late. There was just one chance whereby Paul Anthony's life might be saved. Ruth resolved to accept that chance.

She slipped off her light, strong woollen shawl. With her steady fingers she tore it into three long strips, which she tied strongly together. Then, with one end looped around a jutting rock, and the other fastened round her waist, she was ready for her work—for her risk.

Was there risk? She said to herself that there was none, that the water was not above her head, that she could draw herself back by the shawl when she desired. But, ah! it was fearful, that first plunge in the beating waves—that blind groping after the helpless form that lay prone on the bottom. And when she had reached it, she cried aloud in her passionate distress — distress, never despair. For shall not weak muscles obey the strong heart, the mighty will? It was a clear triumph of mind over matter.

When she had drawn him partly upon the rocks, and knelt there, having cheated the sea of its prey, Ruth knew, in spite of her swimming senses, that it was only the occasion that had lifted her to its level.

"Great God! how did you do it?"

She looked up, and the dripping sailor stood over her, white and amazed. And then Ruth fainted.

This story made a sensation, you may be sure. Ruth was the target for all eyes. A few admired, many wondered at her, and a few more seemed to think it almost unwomanly to have saved a life.

WHICH WILL YOU HAVE, CRUST OR CRUMB?

PAUL AND RUTH.—"WHEN SHE HAD DRAWN HIM PARTLY UPON THE ROCKS, HAVING CHEATED THE SEA OF ITS PREY, RUTH KNEW, IN SPITE OF HER SWIMMING SENSES, THAT IT WAS ONLY THE OCCASION THAT HAD LIFTED HER TO ITS LEVEL."—SEE PAGE 107.

But what did Paul Anthony think? He had ample time for reflection during his convalescence. And later, also, when abroad again, he sat by Ruth's side, and watched her slight hands employed about some dainty work, and remembered what noble service they had done. And Ruth's innocent heart was full of that exquisite happiness that comes but once.

A week or two drifted by. They were sitting on the veranda one afternoon. Ruth's heart was trembling. Surely no man had a right to bend so near her, with such a face, unless he were a lover.

Miss Van Deusen put aside the muslin curtain behind which she had been watching the tableau, and looked out.

"Paul, I want you!"

He rose, colored as he met her eyes, and went to her.

"Paul!"

"Don't be cross, Carrie. One must be amused, and it's a very nice little girl."

"Very nice; only there's something she ought to know."

And without another word, she rose and swept past him in her voluminous draperies, out upon the veranda, and up to the seat Paul had just left.

"I have been wanting so much to tell you, my dear Miss Ruth," she said, in a low, caressing tone, "how grateful I am to you for what you did for Paul. You were a little heroine."

Ruth's cheeks kindled, and then went quite white.

"If it hadn't been for you," said Miss Van Deusen, in a whisper, "I should have lost my lover. Nobody knows but ourselves—and now you—that Paul and I are engaged."

Ruth looked up very calmly, but I am not sure that she saw anything.

"One doesn't like to be labelled 'taken' at a watering-place," laughed the lady.

And Ruth laughed a little, too, and there was a little more talk, and then Miss Van Deusen went back to her lover. Ruth sat still, and sorted bright wools, and made a pretty picture in the afternoon sunlight. And Paul watched her, and thought:

"She doesn't care much, after all."

Ruth went to tea that night, and, though she did not eat much, that was only the fault of the late dinner.

"I shall be glad to get back to our simple country ways again."

Miss Crowninshield smiled with a scornful look.

"Ruth, don't you go to telling lies."

"Lies! What are you looking at, aunt?"

The old lady took down her glass.

"It *is* Jack Bedford. What is he here for?"

"Who is Jack Bedford, and why shouldn't he come here?"

"He is nobody whom you'll care for," said Miss Crowninshield, quite unaware of the sore heart beside her. "Jack is my lawyer's clerk. He will be taken into the firm some day, but at present he works like a slave, and just supports himself. Ah, he sees me!"

The old lady nodded and smiled brightly, and when, as they went back to the drawing-room, Mr. Bedford joined them, it was easy to see that he was a prime favorite.

"What brought you to this Vanity Fair? I thought you were more sensible. Came to see the world? So did Ruth. This is my niece, Mr. Bedford. She came to see the world, also. She will tell you how she likes it."

Looking at Ruth, then, for the first time, something in her eyes touched her aunt. Her voice softened, and presently she sent her away to her room.

Late that night, as Ruth was lying wide awake, and God knew how wretched, Miss Crowninshield came in.

"Is this true, my dear, that I hear downstairs about Paul Anthony's engagement?"

"Quite true, aunt. Miss Van Deusen told me about it herself."

Miss Crowninshield sat down on the foot of the bed.

"That young man has made the greatest mistake of his life," she said, solemnly.

"Oh, no, aunt! Miss Van Deusen is——"

And here the voice faltered, the strong heart gave way, and Ruth sobbed out her sorrow in her aunt's arms.

Miss Crowninshield was wonderfully kind and considerate. She never even told the girl that one day she would be cured of this sorrow that seemed now unendurable. Where would have been the use? But she planned walks, and drives, and sails, and Jack Bedford was always of the party. This was, of course, pure benevolence on Miss Crowninshield's part. People began to say that the old lady was tempted to do a little match-making, and that it was a shame to inveigle a poor lawyer, like Jack Bedford, into a marriage with a penniless girl.

Fortunately, the parties criticised were not aware of the criticism. Ruth was trying with all her might to keep up. Her woman's pride was fighting a mighty battle with her woman's love.

She was not quite a wall-flower now. It was found that she could say piquant things. By-and-by they were sometimes a little bitter. Poor girl! she was drifting along very much in the dark, very much at the mercy of her own unduly sensitive temperament. Perhaps, in these troubled days, she was over-kind to Jack Bedford—love was so far from her heart—and Jack's genuine manliness was such a foil to the vapidity about her.

He found her one day on the rocks, where she had been surrounded by a little court of admirers. One by one they had dropped off.

"I have been watching till audience should be possible," he said, playfully.

"La Reine est morte, vive la Reine!"

Her voice had a sharp inflection, and she pointed to Miss Van Deusen, around whom the idlers were gathering.

Jack looked at her curiously, and she colored under his eyes.

"What is it, Mr. Bedford?"

"I was wondering whether this vein of—bitterness—shall I call it?—I beg your pardon—was merely a fashion of speech, or the outcome of a sad experience."

She changed countenance so instantly, so painfully, that he went to her side at once.

"Forgive me! I would not hurt you for the world. What have I done?"

She was struggling for composure, and rose, eager to leave.

"Pray—pray don't go yet. Have I offended you? Pity me, Ruth, if I have—because I love you!"

"Love *me*!"

Never, I fancy, was love's plea so strangely received. She looked at him, cold and incredulous.

"Is there anything strange in that—anything strange that in these three weeks I have found out that you are the woman in the world whom I can love?"

A shade of scorn crossed her face.

"There must be some mistake. I am a poor girl, Mr. Bedford, quite dependent upon my aunt's charity. And I have no expectations."

He grew pale.

"Do you know that you insult my honor? You accuse me of being a fortune-hunter," he said, in a low, excited tone.

In his wounded feelings, in his anger and aggrieved pride, she began to understand him—to guess that here indeed she had lost all that her soul most eagerly coveted.

"I love you, Ruth!" he repeated. "Can't you say anything kind to me?"

"It is too late—too late!" she whispered. "I have nothing to give you."

"What!" he said, shocked and bewildered, seeing her sobbing and trembling. "I did not know—I had no right to speak. Do you mean——"

He stopped short, realising what he had lost.

"Oh, Ruth! I could hate the fortunate man who has won you!"

"Nobody has cared to win me!" she cried, with a sudden impulse, a great tide of shame crimsoning her face. "I have been duped, deceived, and so I cannot return an honest man's love."

She broke from him at these words, and hurried away.

That night Jack Bedford held a long conference with Miss Crowninshield, and was enlightened about many things.

"It is all Paul Anthony," said that lady. "Ruth is an unsophisticated little country girl, and took for sober earnest what was only pastime to him. I did not know it had gone so far; but after the engagement I saw notes of his that no honorable man should write unless his intentions were serious. But what is a broken heart at twenty? Ruth will come out of this, and if you love her still——"

"Love her still! Poor, innocent dove!"

"I am sure you may hope to succeed, and I am free to say, Jack Bedford, I hope you will. Ruth has qualities which would make her an invaluable wife to a clever, ambitious young man, and though she isn't my heiress——"

"Miss Crowninshield, I——"

"Hear me out, young man! Though I intend to leave my money to an institution, still I would undertake the *trousseau*, and perhaps make her a little present on her wedding-day, that should go toward the tour. There, there! Don't protest. I know you, Jack Bedford."

Knowing Jack Bedford, Miss Crowninshield was not at all surprised when, nearly a year afterward, when Winter had come and gone, and the sweet season of love had come round again, he came to her and asked whether, in her opinion, he might go to Ruth now.

"I should think so," said the old lady, promptly. "She ought to have found out his worthlessness, and your merit, by this time. If she hasn't, tell her not to call me aunt any more."

So Jack went down to the pretty country town where Ruth lived, and stood under the drooping red roses over her door, and looked into her sweet face, and thought how she was all a part of the perfect June picture, and caught the happy surprise in her eyes.

"Say you are glad to see me!" he exclaimed, clasping her hands. "Ruth, say that you wanted me as much as I wanted you!"

Ruth did not say all this, but she breathed out, "Oh, Jack!" and he was satisfied.

The wooing sped—I shall not linger to describe it—and the wedding-day came and went. And then the question of the trip was undecided.

"I wish we could take a run over to England," said Jack. "The continental tour is, of course, an impossibility, but we might see Chatsworth, and Blenheim, and Kenilworth. I wonder if we could afford it?"

"I wish we could!" said Ruth, looking at him with tender admiration, and thinking how bravely he had earned the vacation he courted. "There is aunt Crowninshield's wedding-present."

Jack laughed. Had not the grim old lady all along given him to understand that, beside's Ruth's pretty wardrobe, and the generous store of *lingerie*, her gift would be only a trifle?

"Get it, dear, and let us see how far it will help us out."

Ruth went to her desk, and brought out the envelope, unopened until now. Jack broke the seal. A slip of paper fell out. They picked it up, looked at it, and then at each other.

It was a check for one hundred thousand dollars!

"I made a confounded mistake," said Paul Anthony, meeting them in Paris next year.

And everybody said the same, for Miss Van Deusen's property turned out to have been vastly exaggerated, and everybody knew her temper was not the sweetest in the world.

## SPORTING IN SOUTHEAST AFRICA.

After getting over the Drakenberg (says an American just returned), we "trekked" for Thaba Bosigo, the mountain residence of Moshesh. Upon arriving there I had to wait two days before he would give me an interview. He, however, made the "indunas" see that I had a hospitable reception in the interval. He had for the use of visitors a well-fitted European-shaped house, and in this he wished me to take up my quarters.

After getting thoroughly rested, and impatient of waiting any longer without seeing the chief, I sent in a message demanding an interview. It was graciously granted, and I was forthwith requested to attend at his immense kraal. His curiosity was quite as great as my own, and to gratify both, I accordingly went at once.

Upon our greeting each other, Moshesh adopted the European style of shaking hands—the first instance I had seen of a Kaffir doing this. For some reason they usually much object to it. He was exceedingly courteous, and begged of me to partake of refreshment, which he had prepared after the European fashion.

He had a powerful body-guard, over which he exercised the most absolute power. He is regarded by them as a merciful chief, and is deservedly much beloved.

He asked me to join his people in hunting, and was anxious to know whether I had plenty of ammunition and a good gun, as for the sport he intended to give me these things were absolutely necessary.

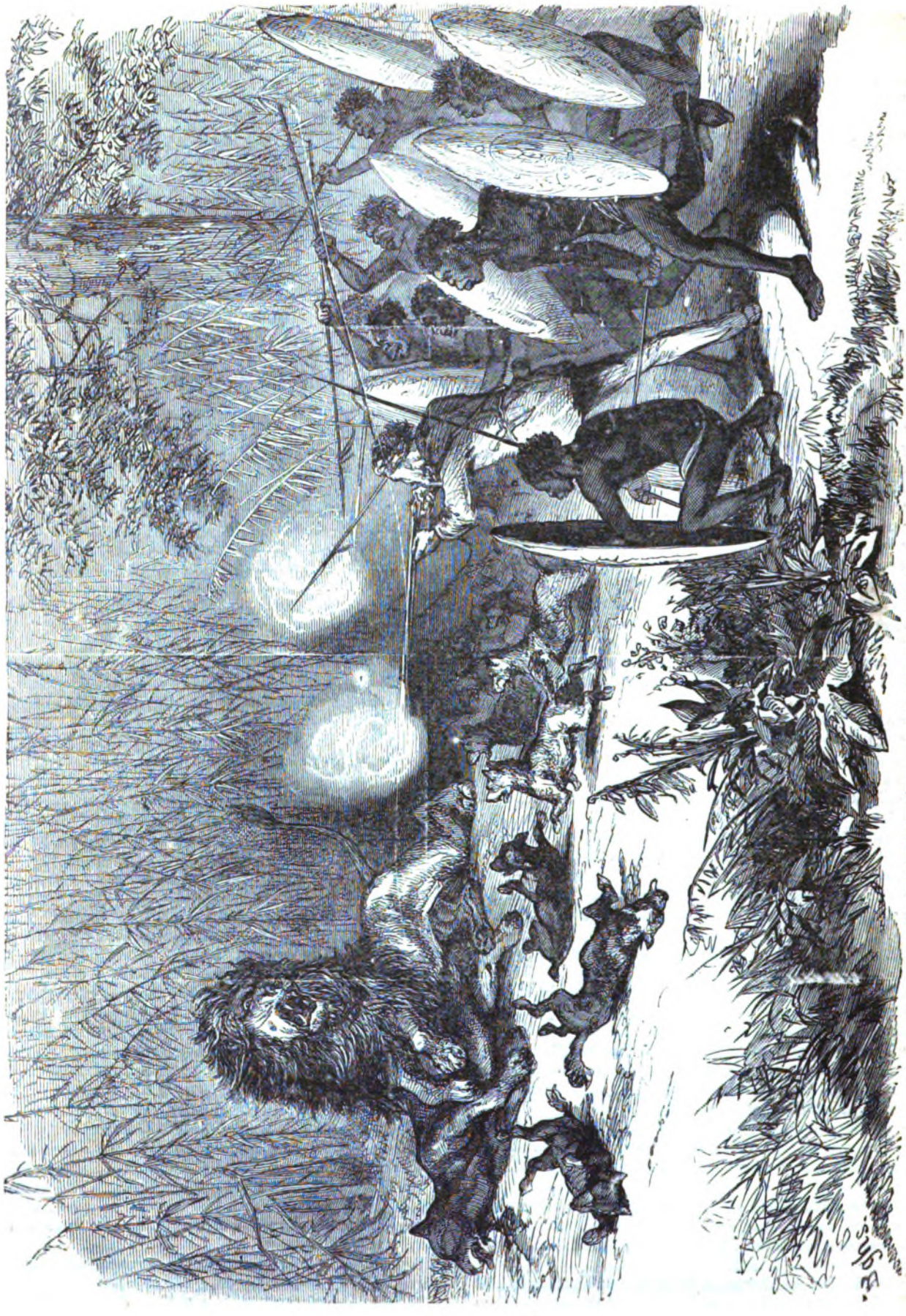
The kraals which surrounded his own were lined with the skins of lions, leopards, zebras, and other animals. All his "indunas" seemed very intelligent and well-to-do-men. I had three trusty Kaffirs, splendid, muscular fellows, the best hunting men in the neighborhood, and the finest I had yet seen—men who seemed entirely made for the severe work of attacking the larger kinds of game.

I never met such athletic and dangerous-looking fellows, but their good-natured dispositions and friendly intentions made me feel quite at ease. Occasionally, to please them, I used to allow them to fire off my gun, and they generally brought down whatever they fired at, so inherent in their nature is every capability for sport.

Moshesh, being desirous of showing me really fine sport, determined on sending me on a two days' "trek" further into the interior, where I could get some good lion-hunting. Early one morning we started, with about two hundred men and dogs. The old chief accompanied me for a distance of about twelve miles, in order to see me fairly upon the road. Before returning, he gave orders to some of his men to see that I had proper attention, and the "hottest corners."

I was much struck by the enormous herds of game we saw upon these plains or "veldts," which extended as far as the eye could reach without a tree being visible. The whole plain appeared to be moving, so thickly was it covered with antelopes, zebras, quoggas, buffaloes, gnus, and here and there a small herd of giraffes.

After a "trek" of about thirty miles, we encamped. The Kaffirs gathered together dry dung, the only fuel obtainable. We then lit about forty fires in a circle, and soon had our kettle boiling. We made some Kaffir tea from a plant which



SPORTING IN SOUTHEAST AFRICA.—A LION HUNT WITH MOSHESH, A KAFFIR CHIEF.—SEE PAGE 111.

is a bitter kind of mint. I was not able to get a wink of sleep all that night, for between eleven and twelve o'clock the lions and hyenas began to make most hideous noise, melancholy and doleful to a degree that was quite depressing. Our fires were surrounded by these animals at a very short distance, and they kept us company until daybreak, when they disappeared.

The largest lion I ever saw—a most splendid beast—was close to us all night. He appeared so hungry that he would have made very small bones of any one who should have fallen in his way, and a magnificent lioness was with him. After he had been there roaring for some time another lion appeared. Then ensued the hottest combat I ever witnessed; it was so terrible that there could scarcely be said to be any enjoyment in the spectacle, for we were in imminent danger of our lives should either of them in their fury spring over the fires.

The two brutes fought for the lioness, and the activity of the smaller of the two was something awful. It leapt upon the back of the big one, and both rolled over together, the fore-quarter of the big lion one mass of blood. We decided upon firing assagais at them, keeping three guns in reserve in case of necessity. The pricks of the assagais made them more fierce, and for a few seconds they seemed positively riveted together. We then discharged a volley of musketry at random, which did not seem to take effect. They still fought on, blood running from them as water from a pump.

We loaded again and fired, this time with more precision, for we shot the small one dead. The other stood over his dead foe, defiantly lashing his tail backward and forward for a considerable time, until at last, being apparently tired of that amusement, and growing weaker from his wounds, he crawled off.

We did not touch the dead one till the morning, as it was not considered prudent to venture outside. At daybreak, however, we skinned the lion with great care, and then went in search of something for our own consumption. We were not long before we succeeded in bringing down a fine gnu to our assagais. The skin was taken off him in a surprisingly short time, and a fine rump-steak was cooked for myself, while my companions preferred having it, "not to put too fine a point on it," *rather* more under-done.

The lion we had wounded the night before was the next thing to look after. He went toward a large tract of high grass and weeds, and there in the moist earth his footsteps were visible. We now kept a good lookout in case of a surprise, although it is needless to tell you that a Kaffir always does that. Several hours elapsed before we came upon his trail.

A peculiar "hee hee" from the foremost Kaffir told us that his majesty was in view, resting at some distance off. In another minute all was confusion. Two splendid shots were selected from our warriors in case he should spring upon us.

I did not join in this attack, anxious to watch the performance from the background. I gave up my gun to a fine old Kaffir, who begged permission to have a shot. Before we had proceeded much further, a large lioness made her appearance; she stood for a few seconds contemplating her enemies. She was about to retire to the high reeds, but a shower of assagais rendered her furious, and the savage growl caused by pain and anger induced her wounded lord to join her. It does not often fall to the lot of the most fortunate hunter to witness so majestic a sight as this. Even the natives themselves seemed impressed, and a general expression of admiration burst from them.

FINETTE CENDRON.—"GOOD-DAY, GODMOTHER. I HAVE BROUGHT YOU SOME BUTTER, MILK, FLOUR AND EGGS, TO MAKE A CAKE WITH AFTER OUR FASHION."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

The lion appeared to be severely injured by the struggle of the previous night; the lioness was bleeding profusely from her fresh wounds, but they appeared quite prepared to fight.

The attachment of the lion and the lioness for each other is wonderful; and when the lioness is in cub she is more disposed to fight than the male. The Kaffirs began to be impatient for the attack, so two active men, who were apparently well versed in these matters, urged the dogs on to drive them out; it was, however, a good hour before the fight commenced, in consequence of the great extent of grass and high reeds. At last we saw the reeds begin to move, and with a fearful roar which made the very ground tremble, and would have caused the boldest heart an uncomfortable spasm or two, the lion sprang into the midst of the dogs. Several were straightway disabled, but the rest stuck to him like leeches.

All was hubbub and confusion; the dogs barked furiously, and the Kaffirs, with a wild yell, showered a volley of assagais, and I let fly from my rifle two bullets, which took effect; he was badly but not mortally wounded. The lioness now came up, and made at us with indomitable fury. Luckily we had time to reload, and every Kaffir was ordered to take good aim, and fire simultaneously. A bullet succeeded in finding her heart, and she rolled over and died without a struggle.

The male could not understand this, and the poor beast made an effort to get up to her, but he had lost so much blood, and the pain had rendered him so nearly *hors de combat*, that he was scarcely able to crawl. His roar was still terrible, but grew weaker and weaker.

The Kafirs, with their wonted cruelty, liked to listen to his dying groans, and to see him thus tortured; but I insisted on having him quickly dispatched. They obeyed my orders, and he died like the king of beasts as he is, faithful and bold to the last.

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# FINETTE CENDRON.

## A FAIRY TALE.

THERE was a king and a queen who had managed their affairs very badly. They were driven out of their kingdom; they sold their crowns to support themselves, then their wardrobes, their linen, their lace, and all their furniture, piece by piece.

When they had disposed of nearly everything, the king said to the queen:

"We are out of our country, and have no longer any property. We must do something to get a living for ourselves and our poor children. Consider a little what we can do, for up to this time I have known no trade but a king's, which is a very agreeable one."

The queen had much good sense; she asked for eight days to think the matter over. At the end of that time, she said to the king:

"Sire, we must not make ourselves unhappy. You have only to make nets, with which you may catch both fowl and fish. As the lines wear out, I will spin to make new ones. With respect to our three daughters, they are downright idle girls, who still think themselves fine ladies, and would fain live in that style without work. We must take them to such a distance—such a distance that they can never find their way back again; for it will be impossible for us to keep them as fine as they would like to be."

The king began to weep when he found he must separate himself from his children. He was a kind father; but the queen was mistress. He said to her:

"Get up early to-morrow morning, and take your three daughters wherever you think fit."

While they were thus plotting together, the Princess Finette, who was the youngest daughter, listened at the keyhole, and when she discovered the design of her father and mother, she set off as fast as she could for a great grotto, at a considerable distance from where they lived, and which was the abode of the fairy Merluche, who was her godmother.

Finette had taken with her two pounds of fresh butter, some eggs, some milk, and some flour, to make a nice cake for her godmother, in order that she might be well received by her.

She commenced her journey gayly enough; but the further she went the more weary she grew. The soles of her shoes were worn completely through, and her pretty little feet became so sore that it was sad to see them. She was quite exhausted; she sat down on the grass and cried.

A beautiful Spanish horse came by, saddled and bridled. There were more diamonds on his housings than would purchase three cities, and when he saw the princess he stopped, and began to graze quietly beside her. Bending his knees he appeared to pay homage to her; upon which, taking him by the bridle, "Gentle Hobby," said she, "wouldst thou kindly bear me to my fairy godmother's? Thou wouldst do me great service, for I am so weary that I feel ready to die; but if thou wilt assist me on this occasion I will give thee good oats and good hay, and a litter of fresh straw to lie upon."

The horse bent himself almost to the ground, and young Finette jumping upon him, he galloped off with her as lightly as a bird.

He stopped at the entrance of the grotto, as if he had known where he was to go to; and, in fact, he knew well enough, for it was Merluche herself who, having foreseen her goddaughter's visit, had sent the fine horse for her.

As soon as Finette entered the grotto, she made three profound courtesies to her godmother, and took the hem of her gown and kissed it, and then said to her:

"Good-day, godmother. How do you do? I have brought you some butter, milk, flour, and eggs to make a cake with after our country fashion."

"You are welcome, Finette," said the fairy; "come hither, that I may embrace you."

She kissed her twice, at which Finette was greatly delighted, for Madame Merluche was not one of those fairies you might find by the dozen.

"Come, goddaughter," said she, "you shall be my little lady's-maid. Take down my hair and comb it."

The princess took her hair down, and combed it as cleverly as possible.

"I know well enough," said Merluche, "what brought you hither. You overheard the king and queen consulting how they might lose you, and you would avoid this misfortune. Here, you have only to take this skein of thread; it will never break. Fasten one end of it to the door of your house and keep the other end in your hand; when the queen leaves you, you will easily find your way back by following the thread."

The princess thanked her godmother, who gave her a bag full of fine dresses, all of gold and silver. She embraced her, placed her again on the pretty horse, and in two or three minutes he carried Finette to the door of their majesties' cottage.

"My little friend," said Finette to the horse, "you are very handsome and clever. Your speed is as great as the sun's. I thank you for your service. Return to the place you came from."

She entered her house softly, and hiding her bag under her bolster, went to bed without appearing to know anything that had taken place. At break of day the king woke his wife."

"Come, come, madame," said he, "make ready for your journey."

She got up directly, took her thick shoes, a short petticoat, a white jacket, and a stick. She summoned her eldest daughter, who was named Fleur d'Amour; her second, who was named Belle-de-Nuit, and her third, named Fine-Oreille, whom they familiarly called Finette.

"I have been thinking all last night," said the queen, "that we ought to go and see my sister. She will entertain us capitally. We may feast and laugh as much as we like there."

Fleur d'Amour, who was in despair at living in a desert, said to her mother:

"Let us go, madame, wherever you please, provided I may walk somewhere; I don't care."

The two others said as much. They took leave of the king and set off all four together. They went so far—so far that Fine-Oreille was much afraid that her thread would not be long enough, for they had gone nearly a thousand leagues. She walked always behind the others, drawing the thread cleverly through the thickets.

When the queen imagined that her daughters could not

find the way back, she entered a thick wood, and said to them:

"Sleep, my little lambs; I will be like the shepherdess, who watches over her flock for fear the wolf should devour them."

They laid themselves down on the grass and went to sleep. The queen left them there, believing she should never see them again. Finette had shut her eyes, but not gone to sleep.

"If I were an ill-natured girl," said she to herself, "I should go home directly and leave my sisters to die here, for they beat me and scratch me till the blood comes. But, notwithstanding all their malice, I will not abandon them."

She aroused them, and told them the whole story. They began to cry, and begged to take them with her, promising that they would give her beautiful dolls, a child's set of silver plate, and all their other toys and sweetmeats.

"I am quite sure you will do no such thing," said Finette; "but I will behave as a good sister should, for all that."

And so saying she rose, and followed the clue with the two princesses, so that they reached home almost as soon as the queen. Whilst they were at the door, they heard the king say:

"It gives me the heartache to see you come back alone."

"Pshaw!" said the queen, "our daughters were too great an incumbrance to us."

"But," said the king, "if you had brought back my Finette, I might have consoled myself for the loss of the others, for they loved nothing and nobody."

At that moment they knocked at the door—rap, rap.

"Who is there?" said the king.

"Your three daughters," they replied. "Fleur d'Amour, Belle-de-Nuit, and Fine-Oreille."

The queen began to tremble.

"Don't open the door," she exclaimed; "it must be their ghosts, for it is impossible they could find their way back alive."

The king, who was as great a coward as his wife, called out:

"It is false; you are not my daughters."

But Fine-Oreille, who was a shrewd girl, said to him:

"Papa, I will stoop down, and do you look at me through the hole made for the cat to come through, and if I am not Finette, I consent to be whipped."

The king looked as she told him to do, and as soon as he recognized her, he opened the door.

The queen pretended to be delighted to see them again, and said that she had forgotten something, and had come to fetch it; but that most assuredly she should return to them. They pretended to believe her, and went to a snug little hay-loft in which they always slept.

"Now, sisters," said Finette, "you promised me a doll; give it me."

"Thou mayst wait for it long enough, little rogue," said they. "Thou art the cause of the king's caring so little for us;" and thereupon, snatching up their distaffs, they beat her as if she had been so much mortar. When they had beaten her as much as they chose, they let her go to bed, but as she was covered with wounds and bruises, she could not sleep, and she heard the queen say to the king, "I will take them in another direction, much further, and I am confident they will never return."

When Finette heard this plot, she rose very softly to go and see her godmother again. She went into the henyard and took two hens and a cock, and wrung their necks, also two little rabbits that the queen was fattening upon cabbages, to make a feast of on the next occasion. She put them all into a basket and set off; but she had not gone a league groping her way, and quaking with fear, when the Spanish horse came up at a gallop, snorting and neighing. She thought it was all over with her; that some soldiers were about to seize her. When she saw the beautiful horse alone, she jumped upon him, delighted to travel so comfortably, and arrived almost immediately at her godmother's.

After the usual ceremonies, she presented her with the hens, the cock, and the rabbits, and begged the assistance of her good advice, the queen having sworn she would lead them to the end of the world.

Merluche told her goddaughter not to afflict herself, and gave her a sack full of ashes.

"Carry this sack before you," said she, "and shake it as you go along. You will walk on the ashes, and when you wish to return you will have only to follow your foot-marks; but do not bring your sisters back with you. They are too malicious, and if you do bring them back I will never see you again."

Finette took leave of her, taking away by her order thirty or forty millions of diamonds in a little box, which she put in her pocket. The horse was ready in waiting, and carried her home as before.

At daybreak the queen called the princesses. They came to her, and she said to them:

"The king is not very well; I dreamed last night that I ought to go and gather for him some flowers and herbs in a certain country where they grow in great perfection. They will completely renovate him, therefore let us go there directly."

Fleur d'Amour and Belle-de-Nuit, who never thought their mother intended to lose them again, were much grieved at these tidings. Go, however, they must; and so far did they go that never before had any one made so long a journey. Finette, who never said a word, kept behind, and shook her sack of ashes with such wonderful skill that neither the wind nor the rain affected them.

The queen, being perfectly persuaded that they could not find their way back again, and observing one evening that her three daughters were fast asleep, took the opportunity of leaving them and returned home. As soon as it was light, and Finette found her mother was gone, she awoke her sisters.

"We are alone," said she; "the queen has left us."

Fleur d'Amour and Belle-de-Nuit began to cry; they tore their hair, and beat their own faces with their fists, exclaiming:

"Alas! what shall become of us!"

Finette was the best-hearted girl in the world. She had compassion again on her sisters.

"See now to what I expose myself," said she to them; "for when my godmother furnished me with means to return, she forbade me to show you the way, and told me that if I disobeyed her she would never see me more."

Belle-de-Nuit threw herself on Finette's neck, Fleur d'Amour did the same, kissing her so affectionately that it required nothing more to bring them all three back together to the king and the queen.

Their majesties were greatly surprised at the return of the princesses. They talked about it all night long, and the youngest, who was not called Fine-Oreille for nothing, heard them concoct a new plot, and arrange that the next morning the queen should again take them on a journey. She ran to wake her sisters.

"Alas!" said she to them, "we are lost! The queen is determined to lead us into some wilderness, and leave us there. For your sakes I have offended my godmother; I dare not go to her for advice as I used to do."

They were in sad trouble, and said one to another, "What shall we do, sister; what shall we do?"

At length Belle-de-Nuit said to the two others:

"Why should we worry ourselves? Old Merluche has

not got all the wit in the world—some other folks may have a little. We have only to take plenty of peas with us and drop them all along the road as we go, and we shall be sure to trace our way back."

Fleur d'Amour thought the idea admirable; they loaded themselves with peas, filling all their pockets; but Fine-Oreille, instead of peas, her fine clothes, and diamonds, and as soon as the queen called them they were ready to go.

Their cruel mother had told them that she was going to take them to a court where there were three handsome princes waiting to marry them. The queen walked first, so the daughters dropped their peas unperceived, making sure that they could find their way home again.

During the darkness of the night the queen stole away, leaving her daughters. as she thought, to perish.

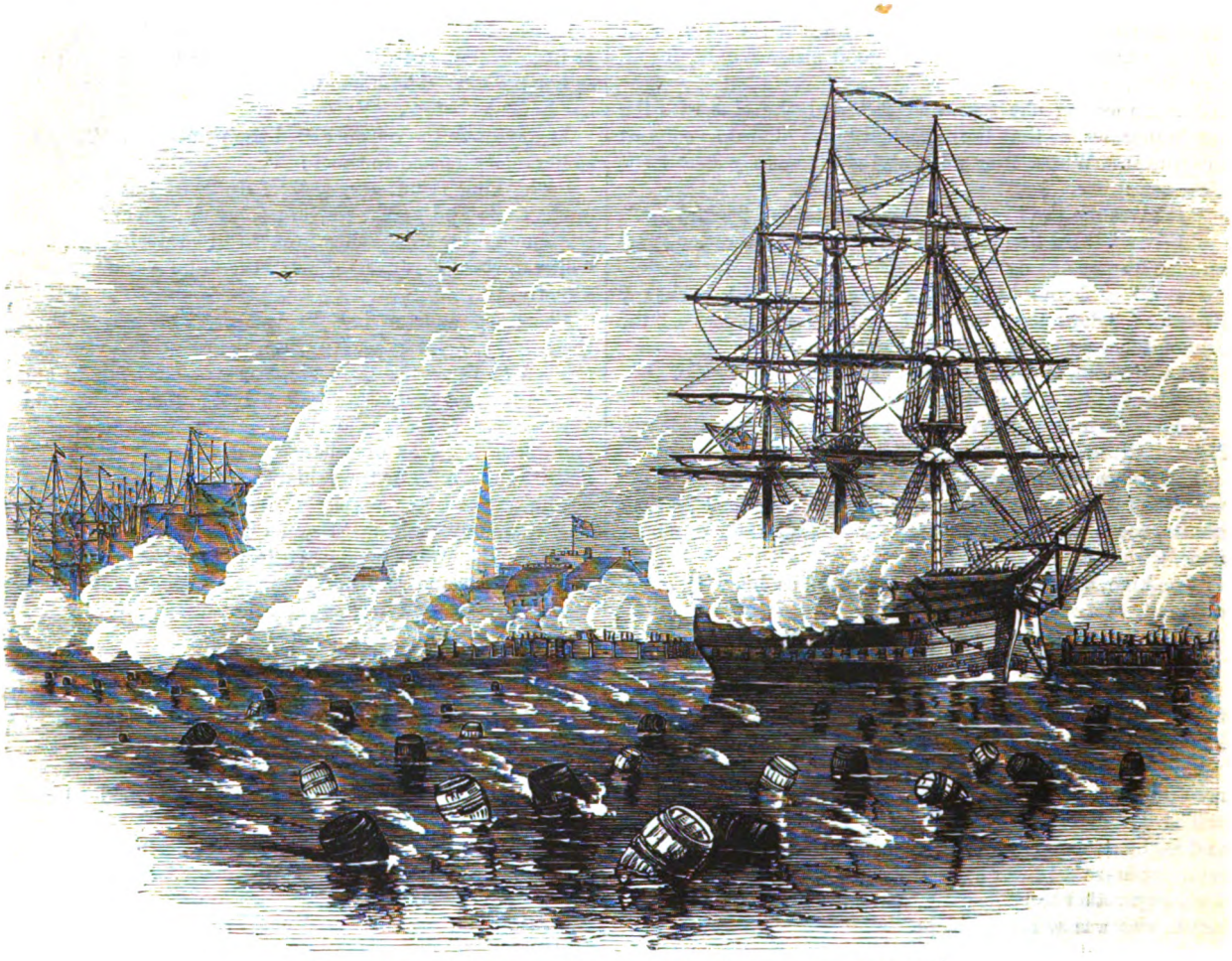
and saw that at the distance of about a mile there was a magnificent castle.

Their delight was unbounded, and hastily descending the tree, they walked toward the stately palace. When they reached it, they knocked at the gate, which was opened by one of the most hideous ogresses ever seen.

She was as black as jet, and she had but one eye, which was in the middle of her forehead. She was at least fifteen feet high.

Their hearts sank within them, and the two elder sisters prepared to run away, but she soon caught them in her hands, and dragged them into the court-yard.

She then told them that the castle belonged to a terrible ogre, and that she was his wife. She also said that he lived upon young women, and that he thought no more of eating



HUMORS OF THE REVOLUTION.—THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS.— SEE PAGE 118.

When they awoke in the morning, what was their anguish to find that the pigeons had eaten up all the peas, leaving no trace of their way back!

In their despair, they sat down, and wept bitterly. But hunger soon compelled them to roam about to find food, and for several days they lived upon berries and roots, almost famished to death.

One morning a parroquet flew into the lap of Finette, and dropped an acorn into her lap, saying:

"If you set this in the earth immediately, it will be a great tree to-morrow. You must then climb up, and you will see a way of escape."

So Finette did as the bird had told her, and, sure enough, next morning, when they awoke, they found one of the tallest oaks they had ever seen. So they all climbed up to the top,

half a dozen for dinner than a man would think of eating half a dozen eggs; but she told them that if they would do as she bade them she would hide them, and keep them till they were plumper, then, as a great favor, she would eat them herself, and that she would kill them very tenderly. So she locked them up in a chamber on the north side of the castle. True to her word, she brought them a very bounteous repast, and left them to repose for the night The next morning they talked over their terrible condition, and opening the window, thought how they might escape, but it was at least one hundred feet from the ground, and an attempt to get down would involve certain destruction.

While they were sitting in the most disconsolate condition possible, the little parroquet flew into the room, and dropped an acorn into the lap of Finette, telling her that if she would

drop it out of the window on the ground beneath, the little bird would scratch a hole and cover it with mold. "It will grow up in the night to the height of this window, and then you and your sisters must escape down it, before the ogre and his wife are up; and if you walk for two miles you will come to the palace of a great king, who has three sons, all young and handsome, and all unmarried."

As soon as it was dawn, they found the tree was several feet above the window. So they descended in perfect safety, while the ogre and his wife were fast asleep.

When they got out of the wood which surrounded the ogre's castle, they beheld the king's palace full in sight.

They were welcomed by the good king and queen, who introduced the three princesses to their sons—the three princes.

Finette then told the royal group.

When Finette had finished her story, it was discovered that the king, in whose palace they were so generously received, was the very same who had conquered her father and dispossessed him of his kingdom.

The eldest son, who was heir to the throne, fell so desperately in love with Finette, that he offered her his hand, and persuaded his father to restore the kingdom he had wrested from the dethroned monarch.

An embassy was sent to where the exil-d parents were, inviting them to be present at the triple marriages, and an army was sent against the ogre, who was killed in the battle, and the castle was razed to the ground.

It is impossible to describe the magnificence of the wedding, and the joy of the old king and queen on being restored to their family and kingdom.

AN ANIMATED SCARECROW.—"OUR EYES MET, FOR I HAD SUDDENLY WHEELED, WITH AN ABOUT-FACE MOVEM NT, AND STOOD CONFRONTING HIM. THE WHITES OF HIS EYES EXPANDED IN AN AGONY OF TERROR."

## AN ANIMATED SCARECROW.

On my first visit to the Sandwich Islands—which was many years ago, before they became, as now, Americanized—the most ludicrous incongruities were observed in the costumes of the people. The Hawaiian, in his transition state, was exceedingly proud of anything in the way of a civilized garment; and, if he possessed but one article in that line, made the most of it, and wore it on all occasions. Thus, a young fellow would sport a pair of sailor's canvas trousers, offset by a native *maro;* and an old man would march complacently up to us, a savage at all points, save that his head was surmounted by an old stove-pipe hat. A scarlet jacket, which had seen service in the British army, graced the person of a tawny chief; while the naked legs of another peeped out below the skirts of a dilapidated pea-jacket, buttoned up and down the whole length of his body, at the imminent peril of sweltering the wearer in that tropical temperature.

"Seeing these Kanakas in such rags," said old Captain Folger, "reminds me of a funny accident that happened to me when I was a youngster before the mast. I thought it anything but a joke just at the time; but I never think of it since without laughing at the remembrance.

"I belonged to the brig *Speedy*, lying at Newberne, North Carolina, waiting for our cargo of tar and other naval stores; and had permission to go ashore one morning, with leave for all day to go where I pleased. I soon saw all that was to be seen about the town, for the place was not much to look at. I strolled further on, viewing the Carolina pine forests, the negroes working at the tar-kilns and turpentine stills, and now and then came to a clearing under cultivation.

"One of these was near the bank of a little stream—a branch of the Neuse, I suppose, though I did not trace its windings. The day was exceedingly hot and sultry, and finding a spot, sheltered from observation, where I could enjoy a fresh-water bath, I determined to indulge in that unaccustomed luxury while I could. So, stripping off my clothes, I left them in a heap under a tree, and, wading out where the water was deep enough for a comfortable swim, I abandoned myself, for the time, to the pleasures of that healthy exercise.

"When, after floating nearly motionless for some minutes on my back, I dropped my feet to the bottom and stood erect. I caught sight of a fellow, with my clothes gathered into a bunch under his arm, darting away into the pine forest.

"I hallooed at him, you may be sure, and started forward in pursuit. But a moment's thought satisfied me how useless was any exertion on my part. Before I could even wade out to the bank he had disappeared among the pines, turning to salute me with a mocking laugh by way of parting shot. He was no negro, as I at first supposed, but one of the 'poor whites,' as they are called; fellows who pick up a living—it is hard for us Northerners to see how—anyway except by labor. Nobody ought to work, they think, but niggers.

"Here was a fix for a poor sailor, some miles away from his vessel, without a rag of covering or a cent of money to buy any! To reach the wharf where I had landed, I must pass, for a considerable distance, directly through the streets of the town.

"I thought all this over, as I sat there, in a state of nature, under the tree where I had left my clothes. To go in pursuit of the thief was sheer nonsense; he was already well beyond my reach, and was, no doubt, familiar with the woods in that neighborhood, while I was 'naked and a stranger.' I could not deny that I had been 'taken in'—in one sense at least.

"I saw nothing for it but to remain snug where I was until nightfall, and then make a push into town under cover of the darkness. It was warm enough without clothing, and would be for some hours to come—at least, until after sunset. So I mustered all my philosophy, determined to make the best of it, and skulked into the pine woods, but continued to hover near the skirts of the clearing, reconnoitering, from behind trees, like a wild man of the woods.

"There was one small farmhouse in sight, but it was nearly a mile distant, and I could not think of approaching it by daylight in my present plight. Away to the left, hidden from view of its occupants by an intervening rise of ground, lay a field of tall, waving corn, nearly ripe, and a human figure was visible, apparently at work in the middle of the field. I hesitated whether or not to apply to this man, state my case truly, and throw myself upon his sympathy. Perhaps I might borrow at least a pair of trowsers or a shirt; a single garment would be something towards putting me in light marching order.

"But observing, after a while, that the workman in the cornfield remained always in the same spot, it occurred to me that he was no more nor less than a scarecrow! Here was a discovery that might be important. If so, I might strip it of its rags, and cover myself with them. Glancing all round, to make sure that no one was observing me, I started upon a run, taking a bee-line toward the corn-patch.

"The scarecrow appeared to welcome me, as I approached, with open arms, and to rejoice at the chance of shedding its dilapidated garments. It was nothing but a cruciform arrangement of sticks, with a hat and coat—and such a coat! It was a long-bodied outsider or surtout, which had been made for a man a head and a half taller than I was at that time. Much to my disappointment, there were no other garments, the figure being stuffed into shape with straw.

"But it was Hobson's choice with me—that or none—and I had no time to lose; so I went to work pulling out the stuffing, satisfied of the necessity of working carefully to avoid tearing the rotten fabric in pieces in getting it off. Saving a few small rents here and there, I succeeded in the delicate undertaking, and shaking and beating the masses of moldy, rotten straw out of its interior folds, I arrayed myself like the old chief Keea-na-nua, there, and topped my head with the ancient straw hat, which, as you may suppose, was well ventilated.

"I uprooted the standard of the cross, and threw it down between the rows of corn. I had hardly done so, when I saw a negro with a hoe on his shoulder, coming over the hill from the direction of the little farmhouse. My first impulse was to run for it; but I thought this would raise a hue and cry at once, and draw the attention of every one at the house or roundabout. It would be much better if I could steal away unobserved, which, perhaps, I might do by watching my time when the darkey was busy at work in another part of the field.

"I dashed the old hat down over my brows, and, planting myself right in the scarecrow's old tracks, struck an attitude, with my arms stretched out, as if I were measuring off towline by the fathom. It was likely that this negro knew the man of straw well; perhaps had dressed and stuffed it himself. I remember wondering, even at that moment, where he got that long surtout, and thinking, perhaps, that some New England deacon might have been tempted, while on a visit here, to take a fresh-water bath, and been served out the same as I had.

"He came slouching slowly along, singing a sweet refrain, and I stood rigid and immovable as a soldier at parade-rest, hoping he would pass on and begin work at a distant part of the field. But I was destined to disappointment; for he stopped within twenty yards of me, and stood, leaning on his hoe, as if he were in no hurry to begin his labor.

"I felt that a crisis must soon come, for I should not be able to hold out long without some change of attitude. It is by no means a pleasant amusement to rear yourself in the position of a crucifix, and remain so for an indefinite period of time. Besides, I was suffering the most irritating torture from the minute pieces of broken straw which adhered to the inner surface of the surtout; bits of muscle and tissue of my predecessor.

"The situation, painful as it was, became so ludicrous that I was near bursting with internal laughter. I choked it back as long as possible, gathering my energies at the same time, to be prepared to run away in the smoke of the explosion.

"Cuffee, without looking round at me, sauntered on a few steps, and looking down the vista between the rows of corn, his astonished eyes fell upon the rude emblem of Christian faith, which he at once recognized as the skeleton of his scarecrow.

"'Golly!' said he; 'where de clothes?'

"And turning suddenly, our eyes met; for I had as suddenly wheeled, with an about-face movement, and stood confronting him.

"His appearance, as the whites of his eyes expanded in an agony of terror, was the match needed to fire the mine. My pent up merriment burst forth into a roar, as I dropped my aching arms, and took a step toward the negro. He did not stay to ask what I was laughing at, but fled up the rise of the hill as fast as his shanks would carry him.

"It was useless to remain where I was, so I hurried away in the opposite direction, making good progress, notwithstanding that my naked feet and ankles sunk into the soft soil at every step, while the skirts of my only garment swept about my legs, and left a wake behind me, as they dragged along the ground.

"I gained my old position among the pines, and watched, from a safe distance, the astonishment and perplexity of the half-dozen blacks and one white man, probably the proprietor of the farm, who hurried down into the corn-patch, piloted by the original hero of the strange adventure. After he had gone through the rehearsal of it, they followed my tracks as far as the edge of the plowed land, and pointed toward the forest where I was hiding; but the master ordered them back to their work, evidently thinking the lost property not worth the time spent in pursuit.

"I kept close until nightfall, and then took up my course for town. My strange garb attracted the notice of passers in the streets, who turned to stare through the darkness. But I darted on, paying no heed to them, and luckily found the brig's boat at the water-side, just pushing off.

"'Hillo! Who are *you?*' growled the mate, as I jumped in and squatted by the side of the stern sheets.

"I was unable to speak to him, for my laughter found full vent, now that I had reached a haven of safety. I rose to my feet and stood erect before him like a black ghost, all buttoned down before, after the manner of Old Grimes in the nursery tale. But he had recognized my laugh before I

lifted the dilapidated straw hat from my brows, and responded to it so heartily, that he could no more ask questions than I could answer them.

"I made several voyages in the *Speedy* after that, and I never heard the last of my scarecrow adventure while I belonged to her.

"I saw the negro a few days afterward in the same field, and found, from his talk, that he believed his man of straw had shaken out his skeleton and run away, under the influence of some sort of Vashloo, or Fetish. I did not enlighten him on that subject; nor did I ever see or hear of my lost suit of clothes.

## THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS.

One of the most amusing events in American History was that known as the Battle of the Kegs. It occurred during the British occupation of Philadelphia. Information had reached the British authorities that torpedoes in the shape of kegs would be sent down the Delaware to blow up the British fleet. A rise in the tide happened to carry off a cooper's stock, and the whole English army and navy took alarm. Francis Hopkinson, one of the wits of the day, thus described the scene that followed:

Gallants attend and hear a friend,
Trill forth harmonious ditty,
Strange things I'll tell which late befell
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on a log of wood,
And saw a thing surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze,
The truth can't be denied, sir,
He spied a score of kegs or more,
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor too, in jerkin blue,
This strange appearance viewing,
First cursed his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said some mischief's brewing.

These kegs, I'm told, the rebels hold,
Pack'd up like pickled herring;
And they're come down t' attack the town,
In this new way of ferrying.

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And scared almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes, to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted;
And some ran here, and others there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cry'd, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked;
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the streets half naked.

Now in a fright, Howe starts upright,
Awaked by such a clatter;
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
"For God's sake, what's the matter?"

At his bedside he then espy'd,
Sir Erskine at command, sir,
Upon one foot, he had one boot,
And th' other in his hand, sir.

"Arise, arise," Sir Erskine cries,
"The rebels—more's the pity,
Without a boat, are all afloat
And rang'd before the city.

"The motley crew, in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, sir:
Pack'd up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sir."

"Therefore prepare for bloody war,
These kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despised shall be
And British courage doubted."

The royal band, now ready stand
All ranged in dread array, sir;
With stomach stout to see i out,
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle;
Since war's begun, I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,
With rebel trees surrounded:
The distant wood, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attack'd from every quarter;
"Why, sure," thought they, "the devil's to pay
'Mongst folks above the water."

The kegs, 'tis said, though strongly made
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir;
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conquering British troops, sir.

From morn to night these men of might
Display'd amazing courage;
And when the sun was fairly down
Retired to sup their porridge.

A hundred men with each a pen,
Or more upon my word, sir,
It is most true would be too few,
Their valor to record, sir.

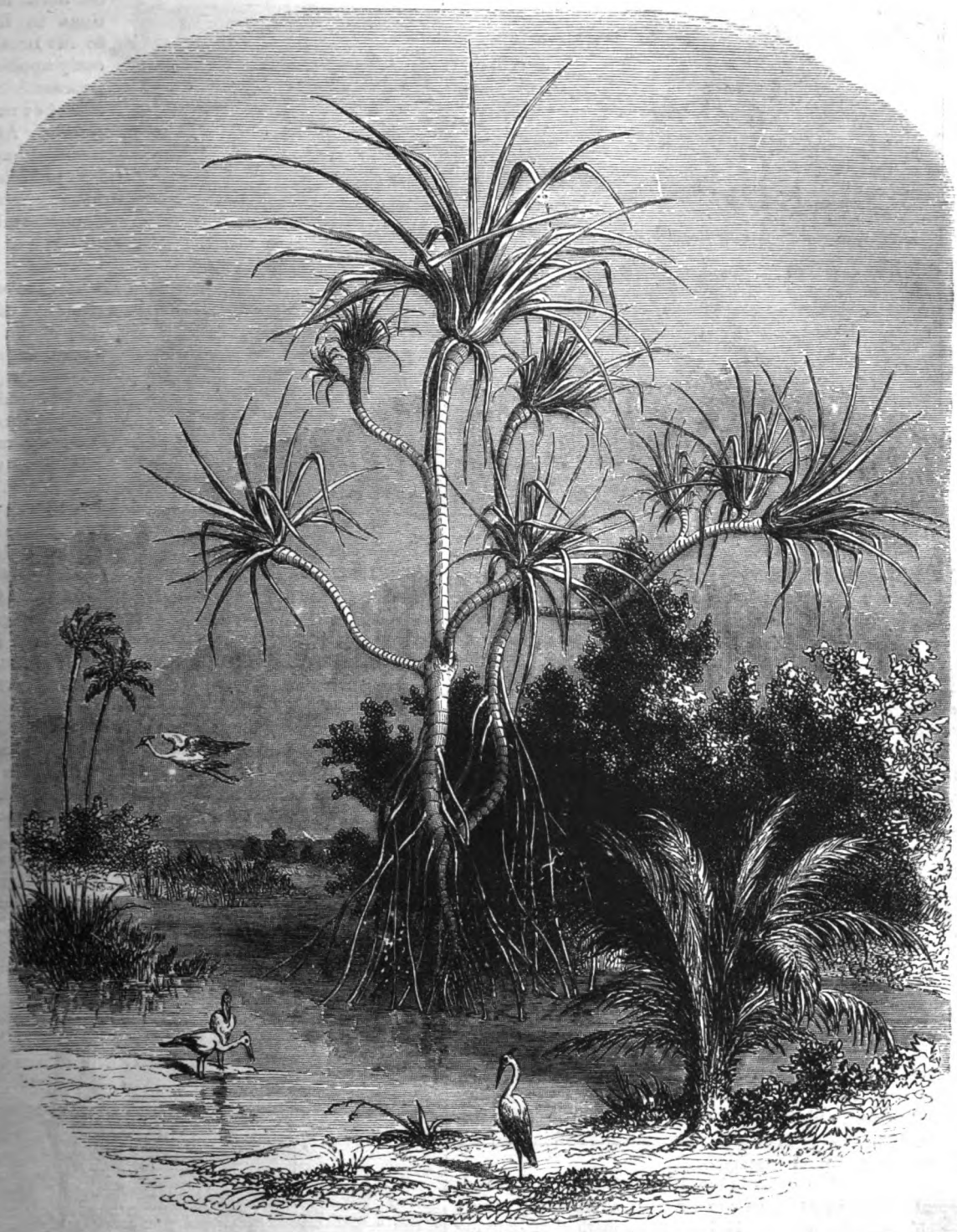
Such feats did they perform that day,
Against these wicked kegs, s r,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

## CANUTE AND HIS COURTIERS.

When at the height of his power, and when all things seemed to bend to his lordly will (so goes the story), Canute, disgusted one day with the extravagant flatteries of his courtiers, determined to read them a practical lesson. He caused his throne to be placed on the verge of the sands on the sea-shore as the tide was rolling in with its resistless might; and, seating himself, he addressed the ocean, and said: "Ocean: the land on which I sit is mine, and thou art a part of my dominion, therefore rise not—obey my commands, nor presume to wet the edge of my robe." He sat for some time as if expecting obedience, but the sea rolled on in its immutable course; succeeding waves broke nearer and nearer to his feet, till at length the skirts of his garment and his legs were bathed by the waters. Then, turning to his courtiers and captains, Canute said: "Confess ye now how frivolous and vain is the might of an earthly king compared to that Great Power who rules the elements, and can say unto the ocean, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no further.'" The chroniclers conclude the apologue by adding, that he immediately took off his crown, and, depositing it in the cathedral of Winchester, never wore it again.

The lesson of the great Danish king is not without its application even among us. Politicians flatter the people with adulation as gross as that of Canute's courtiers, but

CANUTE AND HIS COURTIERS.—"TO REBUKE THEM, HE SAID, 'CONFESS YE HOW VAIN IS THE POWER OF AN EARTHLY KING.'"—SEE PAGE 119.



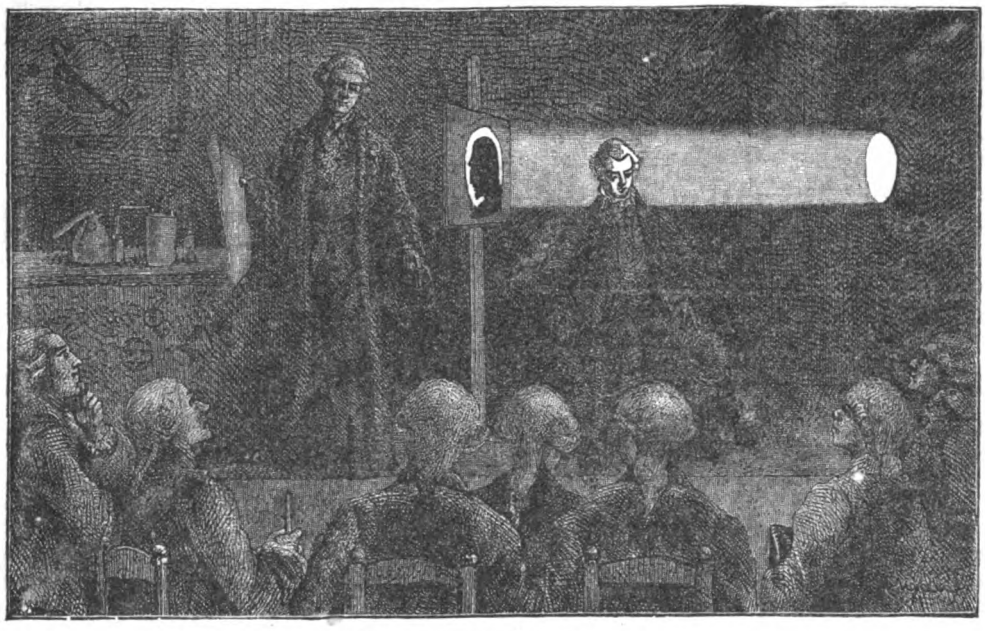
A PANDANUS OR SCREW PALM TREE AT PRINCE'S ISLAND, COAST OF AFRICA.

when these servants of the people assume their delegated power, they throw off the mask, and, forgetting that they are mere servants, act the tyrant. Canute was not dethroned by his flatterers, while with us the people, who are nominally sovereign, are gradually losing all their liberties as individuals; and the only remedy is not to listen to flattering politicians.

## A PANDANUS AT PRINCE'S ISLAND.

After passing Sahara, with its bleak deserts of sandy weariness, the eye of the voyager, as he coasts along, is roused by the gorgeous vegetable life of Senegambia. Fernando Po is one of four islands off this coast, and on another is the splendid tree shown in our illustration. The soil, of decaying lava, is clothed with a luxuriant growth of wonderful plants, and all the splendid trees of the tropics.

A stream, gushing from the rocky summits of the isles, comes leaping down from rock to rock in a silvery sheet that fills with genial moisture a narrow ravine warmed by the rays of the sun, direct and reflected. Where the ravine opens, and a little lake receives the calmed waters, the pandanus rises in a mode peculiar to this family. It is small, and increases gradually in size by a succession of rings, each



PROFESSOR CHARLES'S EXPERIMENT.

of which sends out a root that descends through the water, and anchors the tree below. As these radiate on all sides, these white roots, some of them four or five feet in diameter, support the tree. Above these the tree, like some monstrosity, shoots up, dividing, at about thirty feet from the surface of the water, into five or six stout branches, each bearing, at the extremity of its bare arm, a tuft of leaves, as do the smaller shoots it puts out.

The effect of this strange tree in its solitary field of water is extremely curious. It seems all of air and water, not of earth.

## THE HISTORY OF THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

By Professor Charles A. Joy.

In the year 1777 the celebrated Swedish chemist, Scheele, observed that chloride of silver was more sensitive to the blue and violet rays of the sun than to the red, and in 1780 Professor Charles, of Paris, entertained his pupils by catching the image of his assistant on a screen covered by paper previously dipped in chloride of silver. The bright parts of the figure appeared in black on the paper, in the form of a silhouette, and remained visible long enough to admit of being passed around the class, but very soon the picture turned perfectly black, to the equal astonishment of the students. These were the earliest experiments looking toward the great art of photography.

Wedgewood, the great industrial benefactor of England, repeated Professor Charles's experiment, substituting nitrate for chloride of silver, and he invented a method of copying transparencies in this way. Sir Humphrey Davy became interested in the subject, and devoted much time to the search for some agent for fixing the image after it had been thus obtained; but he was entirely unsuccessful.

In 1815, Nicéphore Niépce, an ex-officer of the French army, and a man of fortune, being much interested in some specimens of lithography which Senefelder had just invented, conceived the notion that something similar might perhaps be made by the action of light on sensitive salts. He soon arrived at the thought of using an objective, and was successful in producing impressions on plates by the action of light, which he etched by acids, in the same way as is pursued in lithography. Exactly what agents he employed for obtaining the pictures is not positively known, as he does not name them in his letters to his brother. He early applied to the process, however, the term heliography. After many years of experiment, he abandoned the usual chemical agents, and adopted, in 1826, a variety of bitumen, which, when submitted to the rays of the sun, reproduced any image formed in the focus of a lens; the parts acted upon by light became insoluble in essence of lavender, while the p rts not touched by light were soluble. The operation of the light on the bitumen was very slow, often requiring an exposure of ten hours to produce a picture. The process was, therefore, regarded as very imperfect. The idea of employing a developer does not appear to have entered into his mind. It is to Daguerre that we owe this suggestion, and to him must be conceded the chief glory of having created the art of photography.

While Niépce was thus engaged at his country home, an unknown person in the city of Paris had been more successful. One day toward the close of the year 1825, a stranger, poorly clad, and evidently in ill-health, entered the shop of Charles Chavalier, the celebrated optician of Paris, and asked the price of a camera which had just been finished. The answer was returned in an off-hand manner, but appeared to affect the stranger so unfavorably that Chavalier had the curiosity to ask for what purpose he wished such a valuable instrument. The stranger replied that, with such an objec-

JOSEPH NICÉPHORE NIÉPCE.

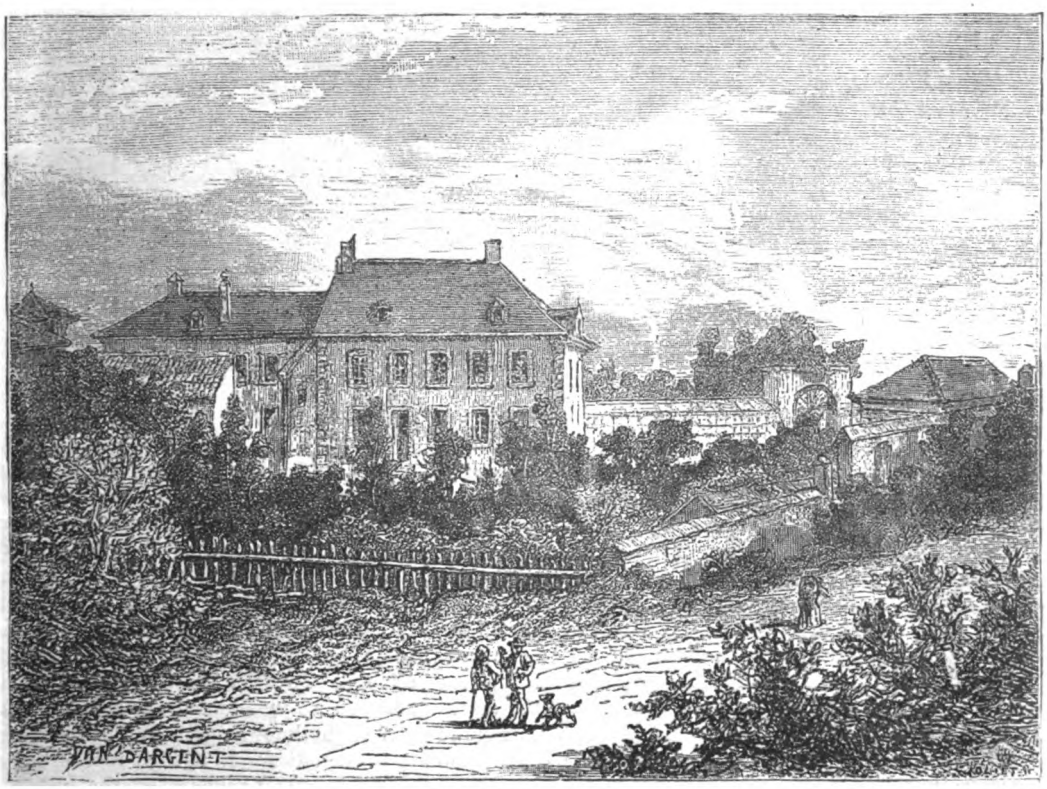
LOUIS DAGUERRE.

tive, he could take pictures of natural objects, and then exhibited what we now call a positive print of a view he had taken from his window. Great was the astonishment of Chavalier at the sight of this extraordinary production. He asked how it had been produced, and the unknown inventor drew a bottle of liquid from his pocket, by the use of which he stated that he had obtained the result here shown with a very imperfect apparatus. He left the print and the bottle with Chavalier, and was never afterward heard from, nor could the faintest clue to his identity be obtained.

Chavalier was unable to obtain a like result, as he performed all the operations in the light, and of course destroyed the proofs as fast as they were made. He sent the remaining contents of the bottle to a painter who was known to be engaged in some experiments in this direction. This painter was none other than Daguerre.

Daguerre was a singular man. Born near Paris in 1787 his early education was neglected, and he was left to follow the bent of his own genius. He became a scene-painter in the theatres, and being passionately fond of dancing, often volunteered to take part in the terpsichorean performances of the ballet. But he was too much of a genius to be contented with this sort of life for any length of time. In association with the artist Bouton he invented the diorama, which proved a great success. While studying the proper methods of illumination for his diorama he made constant use of a camera obscura and was perpetually delighted with the exquisite pictures which there presented themselves, and which no artist could imitate, and he frequently exclaimed, "Is it not possible to fix these fugitive pictures on a plate?" He had attended Professor Charles's lectures and had seen his silhouettes produced by chloride of silver, and the idea took full possession of him that by some similar process the pictures of the camera could be reproduced in permanent form. He learned from Chavalier what Niépce had done, and after considerable correspondence came to a partnership understanding with the latter, by the terms of which he was to learn all that Niépce had accomplished and was in turn to communicate the results of his own experiments to Niépce. The two now worked together. The first discovery by Daguerre was the sensitiveness of iodide of silver to the action of light. He had by accident left a silver spoon on a paper saturated with iodine, and the next day discovered a perfect image of the spoon on the paper. He immediately substituted iodide of silver for the bitumen. A plate of silver was put into a box with a few crystals of iodine and was thus rendered sensitive in the dark and served to receive the image of the camera obscura. It was in 1831 that this important discovery was made; it was at once communicated to Niépce who put very little faith in it, and who unfortunately was not spared long enough to learn the brilliant results destined to grow out of it, as he died suddenly in 1833 before the announcement of Daguerre's success. After the death of Niépce, Daguerre continued his experiments with great ardor, taking the son of Niépce into partnership with him.

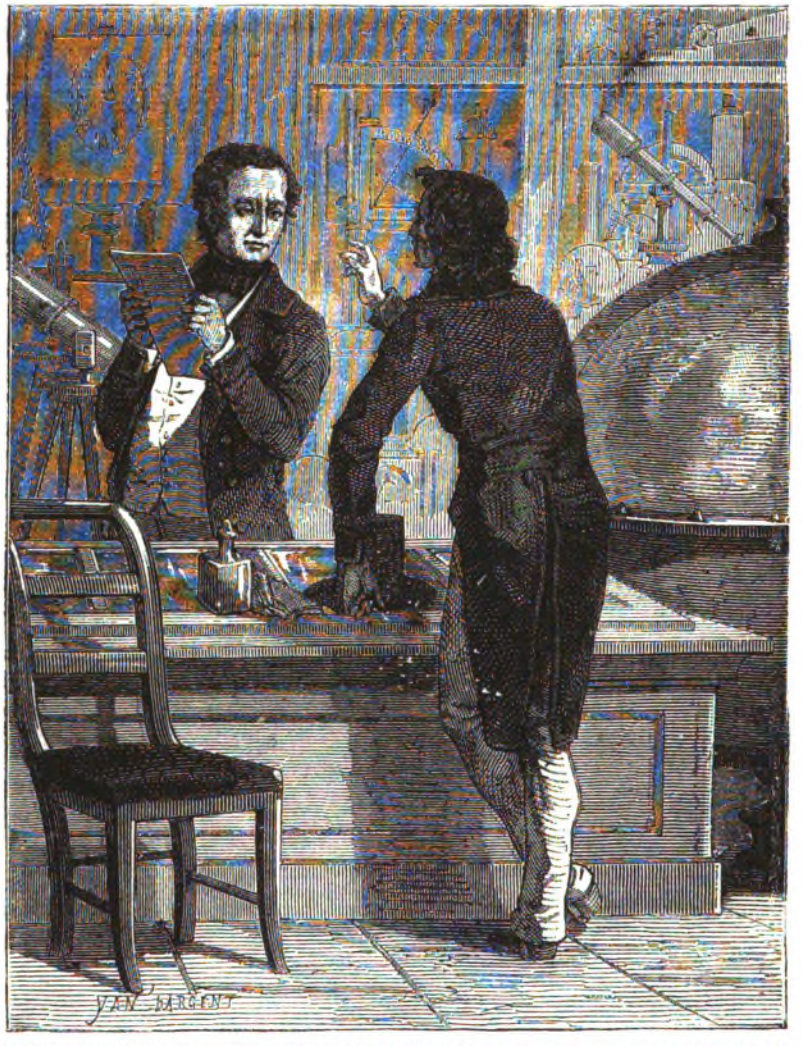
For a long time he was unable to fix the impressions



THE HOUSE IN WHICH NICÉPHORE NIÉPCE INVENTED HELIOGRAPHY.

obtained on the silver plates, and it is said that accident again came to his aid in this matter. Some of the silver plates were left in a closet on a shelf near an open bottle of mercury; the fumes of the mercury attacked the plate and fixed the picture. Here was then the complete discovery of what is now known as the daguerreotype.

As a patent upon the process would have been worthless, owing to the ease with which it could be infringed, Daguerre sought to sell the secret to the government, and through the powerful influence of Arago, who was greatly impressed with the importance of the discovery, was successful in his negotiations, and obtained a grant of an annuity of 6,000 francs to himself, and 4,000 francs to the son of his old friend Niépce. The purchase having been completed, there was no longer any reason for further secrecy in the matter, and a time was appointed for a public explanation by Arago of the process at a meeting of the Academy of Science. This celebrated event took place on the 10th of August, 1839. The members of the Academies of Science and of Fine Arts were gathered in full force. The seats reserved to the public were filled by the most distinguished men of letters, science, and art of Paris. All were on the *qui vive* to learn the wonderful story of how an almost instantaneous picture of natural objects could be obtained in a permanent form far more accurate than any artist could paint. A camera was put upon the table, and all the agents and apparatus required in the process, and were exhibited, and a full and unreserved disclosure was made by Arago of the whole invention. The multitude dispersed full of enthusiasm for what had been done, and the next day there was a great demand for cameras with which to repeat the experiments. It did not take long for the news of the discovery to travel to all parts of the world, and the daguerreotype became famous everywhere. In New York, Professor John W. Draper repeated the experiments, and added to them the application of the art to the taking of microscopic pictures, and also of the image of a part of the solar spectrum. For a number of years the daguerreotype became the most popular method of obtaining portraits that had been invented. Daguerre died on the 10th of July, 1851, at a time when the photograph was about to supersede his original invention, but not until he had obtained a full recognition of the value of his great discovery.



THE UNKNOWN INVENTER OF SUN-PICTURES EXHIBITING HIS PRINTS TO CHARLES CHAVALIER, DECEMBER, 1825.

## MAGIC AND ALCHEMY.

FAR off to the realms of the fairies—to the Moorish palaces of Spain, or the tales of the Princess Scheherezade, are we carried by the mention of that long-sought talisman, the Philosopher's Stone. One moment here, the next the magician waves his wand, the earth opens, and discloses a palace of such rare magnificence as is only possible to fairyland; and with undoubting faith we rub our eyes for a clearer vision, and discover that it is but a dream.

Let us look at the reality. Hollow-eyed men, in gloomy caverns of dimly-lighted attics, standing with fever-scorched faces before the crucible that will surely some day reward all their study and patience. But in the meanwhile poverty, dreadful, actual, is their portion. Can you fancy the beginning, when the young man, full of hope and strong in health, sat down to peer curiously into the old books with their quaint hieroglyphics? Fancy the increased brightness of his eyes, the greater elasticity of his step, when he became assured that the meaning of those symbols was revealed to him, and he had but to study and persevere, and the world would be at his command. And for all the years, when everything and every one, no matter how dear, were sacrificed to this passion, and there was no apparent reward, shall we say that they were utterly lost? Some Greek writers in the fourth and fifth centuries speak of alchemy, and it is the general supposition that travelers in Egypt carried back to their native land a slight and little understood knowledge of that science. To what use they put it is uncertain. Of chemistry, as we understand the term, they appear to have had but slight knowledge. In the East, alchemy and kindred mystic studies were in high repute, and the Moors have left in Spain many volumes on the occult sciences, as well as those more important works which tell of their intellectual

activity at a time when Western Europe was still groping in darkness. Alhamar, the founder of the Alhambra, in Spain, was supposed to have obtained the means for its erection through alchemy, yet was universally beloved and respected, which would not have been the case had the Moors regarded it as allied to the "black art,' ι necromancy is so often erroneously styled.

But when we speak of necromancy we are carried very far back in the world's history, to the time of Moses, when it was commanded that all persons who used the diviner's art should be driven out of the camp of the Israelites. We even find these words : "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

In the reign of Diocletian the books of the necromancers were burned, and themselves treated with great severity. And so it has continued, the persecution for witchcraft in our own country being of comparatively recent date. Astrology, a kindred science, has, though working in secret, been more respected than necromancy; indeed, it was a common occurrence to seek an astrologer to cast the horoscope of children of distinguished birth. In these days, though the enlightened profess to disbelieve in all signs and wonders, yet fortune-tellers still flourish who pretend to an ability to foretell the future of a person by studying the planet under whose influence he was born.

DAGUERRE DISCOVERING THE ACTION OF LIGHT ON THE IODIDE OF SILVER.

Clairvoyance, or second sight, is faithfully believed in in some parts of Scotland ; and who shall say how many believers in it can be found in England ? We touch on dangerous ground when we speak of it ; with Spiritualism, of which it appears a faithful ally, the ranks of the converted are yearly increasing. That much jugglery is practised by mediums, we cannot doubt from the evidence against them ; but that "mind-reading," prevoyance by dreams, and other seeming miraculous powers, which the Spiritualists claim as wisdom transmitted from the world of spirits, have anything supernatural about them, remains to be proved. It is safer, and more in accordance with reason, to set them down as unknown powers of the mind that await but scientific investigation to shine forth in ιeir true colors.

Now, all these powers of which we have been speaking—necromancy, astrology, clairvoyance — have been and are only valued for the benefits which may accrue to us in this present life. The stars were studied for a fortunate destiny ; clairvoyance, that we may understand the doings and intentions of our lovers and neighbors, and prepare ourselves accordingly. As of old, the magician's wand was raised to bring the good or evil genii, that the favored might be rewarded and his enemies punished. And in the days when all incomprehensible power was referred to the Evil One, the saints and the blessed Virgin were supplicated, and offerings laid before their shrines, that evil might be averted and good things given to the supplicator.

In all ages has man desired to possess the secret of a power that should raise him beyond his fellow-men in this world ; so it is not wonderful that the Philosopher's Stone should have been greatly sought after. It is an old, old belief, and told in the stories of many lands. We have it in Aladdin's Lamp, and who shall say that our great mechanical genius as a nation is not looking forward to some wonderful lamp of power ? The alchemists supposed the general principles of metals to be chiefly two substances, which they called mercury and sulphur ; they apprehended also that the principles of which they imagined gold to be composed were contained separately in other bodies. They endeavored, therefore, to collect these principles, and by conjoining them it was expected that gold would be produced.

The Philosopher's Stone was a product of a higher order. By projecting it on a quantity of any of the inferior metals in fusion, they would be changed into fine gold ; and, if it was laid on a plate of silver, copper, or iron, and moderately heated, it would sink into the metal, and change into gold all the parts to which it was applied. Then, if this was properly heated with pure gold, the gold would be changed into a substance of the same nature and virtue as itself, and be thus susceptible of perpetual multiplication. By continuing this process, the power of the "elixir" would become more and more exalted, and its power of transmutation greatly increased.

Nothing can be said with certainty about this doctrine of

the transmutation of metals; and however illusive the search after the Philosopher's Stone, it is undoubted that the delusions of one age have been useful to another, inasmuch as they were the parent, in reality, of experimental science. Modern chemistry, indeed, places metals in the class of elements, and denies the possibility of changing inferior metals into gold—affirming, consequently, the Philosopher's Stone to be a myth.

## THE "MANICURE."

In France, particularly in all the large cities, the women in nearly all classes take particular pains with their hands, so much so that they go regularly to what is called a *manicure*—that is, a person who makes the care of the hands a specialty. In Paris this profession is mo t lucrative, and there are at least six hundred men and women engaged in it. For the benefit of those who may be curious enough to know something of this novel, yet not new, calling, I give a brief description of how they manage their affairs. Ten years ago I was at the French institution of Madame Michel, at school, and while there quite shocked my teacher by asking her to trim my nails. "Why, mademoiselle," said she, "you should have a *manicure*." I was so abashed at the mistake I made in asking her to do such a thing that I naïvely answered, "Will not my knife do as well?" "Oh, no," said she, "we will have a manicure here in the morning; your nails require shaping." I supposed the manicure was a steel instrument used for paring the nails, so I retired with ungratified curiosity till the morrow, when at an early hour the steward informed me of the manicure's arrival. Supposing it to be, according to the French diction, masculine gender, I said, "Bring it up." "Oh, excuse me, mademoiselle, he never comes to the sleeping apartment; he always waits in the reception room." I came down, and there stood the instrument to shape my irregular nails—a tall, lean, dark-skinned individual, with flowing jet locks, beard and imperial. To say I was surprised is too weak an assertion; I was struck dumb with astonishment. My teacher had gone through with her usual paring, and bade me be seated. The operation was then proceeded with. First a sharp, French-shaped instrument cut the nails, sloped them on the sides with a point in the centre; then a tiny pair of pincers was used to pull off all the pieces of dry skin around the nails, commonly called by us "hang nails"; then a steel file was used to raise the skin up and push it back so as to show the "half-moon" on the nail, which is considered a part of its beauty; then a liquid was poured over it to bathe it; then dried, and a red pomade, spread thin, rubbed off with a fine yellow powder, which caused them to shine. It took about half an hour, and cost the munificent sum of sixty cents. There are women in Paris who obtain as high as ten francs a visit.

DAGUERRE'S HOUSE, MARAIS, DU TEMPLE STREET, PARIS.

Egyptian Villages.—The sheik of this particular village was well dressed, in Oriental fashion, had a house of many rooms, and even glass windows. He gave me sherbet and coffee, and then took me round his village. The mud huts are all built one against another, like the cells of a beehive, save where they are divided by the little lanes that run through the village. I chose a hut at random, and asked if I might go in. "Yes," said my companion, "but it is very poor and there is nothing to see." We went to the entrance, these huts having, as a rule, no doors. An old woman—at least, she looked old; but the women are old at forty—barred the way. I offered money, but that was not enough to overcome her feelings that her house was her castle, where no Christian should enter, and the sheik had to insist. One small room—mud walls, mud roof, mud floor—was all we found. Four bricks made a small fireplace, but there was no fire. A small basin of maize, five water jars, an earthen pot for artificial hatching of chickens, a cock and three hens, a small heap of sacking by way of bedclothes, constituted all the furniture of the house. Four yards by five was the extent of the house, and this was partly taken up by a raised dais of mud, which serves as the family bed in every fellah habitation. A family of four lived in this space. The head of the family was considered pretty well-to-do by the fellah world, as he is the owner of five feddans (acres) of land. I tried another house, taken similarly at random. It was still smaller and more pitiful than the last. The mud bed occupied half the space. Three yards by one was my measurement of the rest. A water jar and a reed pipe were all the signs of habitation. There were no boxes or cupboards in which other goods or chattels might be hidden. A family of three, laborers on the lands of others, lived here. I have seen pigs better housed in England.

The happiness of life consists, like the day, not in single flashes (of light), but in one continuous mild serenity. The most beautiful period of the heart's existence is in this calm equable light, even although it be only moonshine or twilight. Now the mind alone can obtain for us this heavenly cheerfulness and peace.

## RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

METALLIC OSMIUM.—The French chemist Deville has succeeded in preparing some pure metallic osmium. All of the gold pens in America are tipped with a native alloy of iridium and osmium. One of these metals—the iridium—has been known for some time, but the other—osmium—could not be made on account of the intense heat required. By an ingenious application of charcoal and gas, Deville has contrived to make some of the metal, and to describe its properties. It has a bluish-white color, is harder than glass, and possesses the highest specific gravity known—namely 22.477. In combination with oxygen it forms one of the most violent poisons chemists have been able to prepare.

METALLURGICAL PRODUCTION OF GERMANY.—At present Germany stands third on the list of iron producing countries. Her production is about one-fourth of that of Great Britain, and about equal with that of the United States. In the production of lead she maintains the same rank; Great Britain being herein again greatly her superior, Spain taking, perhaps, a good second place. As regards zinc, Germany rivals Belgium, which country may with certainty be stated to produce the greatest quantity of this metal. During 1874, 446,211 workmen were employed in the various mines, smelting works, and salt pits of Germany.

DANGEROUS COSMETICS.—A creole family of eight persons recently arrived in Paris in search of medical treatment for an epidemic which had attacked them in their native country. On examining into the case the physician learned that all of the members of the family were in the habit of using freely a cosmetic powder which was prepared in the Colonies. Some of this powder was sent to M. Chavalier for analysis and was shown 20 per cent céruse, a most dangerous substance. The cause of the so-called epidemic was thus speedily found and the further use of the cosmetic interdicted.

BIG BLAST.—A blast of 1,000 kegs of powder was recently fired off in the Blue Tent Consolidated Diggings, in Nevada County, which raised and loosened up, ready for washing, about 200,000 cubic yards of dirt. The bank was over 200 ft. in height over the part where the powder was exploded. A tunnel was run 120 ft., from which horizontal drifts were run 101 ft. one way and 59 ft. the other. The explosion raised the entire mass bodily to a height of 4 ft. It cost to do the work, and buy the powder, $4,243.07. The execution was wonderful, and the blast was a perfect success.

HYDRATE OF CHORAL FOR SEA-SICKNESS.—Dr. Obet has tried choral as a remedy for sea-sickness with great success. He administers it in syrup in doses of one and a half grammes (about twenty-two grains), at the commencement of the voyage, and thus secures for the passenger what is very difficult to attain at sea, namely, a sweet sleep of six or eight hours. Fortified by this rest, the nausea is more easily overcome and strengthening food retained on the stomach, and in the course of two or three days there is generally no longer any further need of the remedy.

EDISON'S ELECTRIC PEN.—The electric pen of Edison consists of a pointed style connected with a galvanic battery which when held in the hand and properly directed will make 5,000 points every minute on paper. On passing an inked roller over the writing thus produced a fac-simile is printed and an indefinite number of copies can be made in this way. The instrument was recently exhibited at the *concersazione* of the Royal Society, London, where it attracted the notice of a large assemblage of scientific men.

MEXICAN ALABASTER.—Large deposits of very fine alabaster have been discovered in Mexico, which resembles the very finest onyx of Algiers. It is extensively used in France for tables, clocks, mantels, and other ornamental purposes. It was supposed to be chiefly composed of gypsum, but recent analysis made by Damour show it to be a carbonate and not a sulphate. It is a carbonate of lime, magnesia, iron, and manganese. Fine specimens of this stone are on exhibition in Philadelphia.

UNDER the editorship of Mr. R. Brough Smyth, there has been published a Descriptive Catalogue of Rocks, Minerals, and Fossils, illustrative of the Geology, Mineralogy, and Mining Resources in Victoria, Australia, intended for exhibition at the Philadelphia International Exhibition. The list contains altogether eight hundred and eighty specimens.

WE regret to hear of the death, at the age of sixty years, of Dr. Letheby, the well-known analyst, for many years Medical Officer of Health for the City of London, and Lecturer on Chemistry at the London Hospital. Dr. Letheby was a Fellow of the Linnean and Chemical Societies.

M. FRIEDEL, an able mineralogist, has been appointed Professor to the Museum of Natural History of Paris, to fill the place vacated by the retirement of M. Delafosse. It is to M. Delafosse that is due the admirable arrangement of the Gallery of Mineralogy in the Museum.

AT the last meeting of the Geographical Society, in London, Captain Anderson, R. E., read a paper on "The North American Boundary from the Lake of Woods to the Rocky Mountains." Captain Anderson was chief astronomer of the North American Boundary Commission.

FEARS are entertained that the extraordinary dryness which has recently prevailed in Algeria will lead to a famine. It is stated that no rain has fallen this Summer during the usual wet season.

INTELLIGENCE from Kasan announces that the German Exploring Expedition to Western Siberia has arrived there.

## ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A MAN must feel very cheap when he is knocked down for nothing in an auction room.

MATTER OF FACT.—A newspaper declares that the fearful amount of corruption now unearthed in the United States is the work of the last ten years. Of course it is: corruption is decade matter.

NAME THIS SHIP.—Russia, it seems, has a man-of-war which rejoices in the name of *Kujas pas Harky*. We don't know if anyone has pronounced the vessel a success, but should be inclined ourselves to consider it an "utter" failure, if we mentioned it at all.

BANNISTER met a theatrical friend who asked him when he would come and dine with him. "What will you give me for dinner?" said Bannister. "Why," replied the other, "you shall have eggs and bacon." "Then," said Bannister, "I had rather come on a *Fry-day*."

"COLONEL WILSON is a fine-looking man, isn't he?" said a friend of ours, the other day. "Yes," replied another: "I was taken for him once." "You! why, you are as ugly as sin!" "I don't care for that. I was taken for him—I indorsed his bill, and was taken for him by the sheriff."

IN England, a reverend gentleman of the Established (Episcopal) Church has been summoned for assaulting a man of inferior quality cloth. Defendant's chief justification was that prosecutor annoyed him by calling after him, "You clergyman!" The term seems by this to be one of opprobrium—even among clergymen!

IT is stated that a Fort Plains young lady received the following note, accompanied by a bouquet of flowers: "Dear ——, I send by the boy a bucket of flours. They is like my luv for u. The nigh shades menes keep dark. The dog fenil means that I am your slave. Rosis red and posis pail, my love for you shall never fail."

IT is reported that an Onondaga minister, who preaches to an agricultural community, finds it difficult to collect his pay. One farmer said at the end of the year: "I have subscribed $40 for preaching; I will give you a cow and call it square. She's rather a poor cow, just like your preaching." The parson drove home the cow.

A Danbury woman, trading at a grocery the other day, got to telling the grocer of a large swelling which had appeared on her boy's neck, and said she wished to know of something to reduce that swelling. The grocer, having been four times through bankruptcy, absently observed: "Put a mortgage on it. That will reduce it, I imagine."

A SCHOLAR in a country school was asked: "How do you parse 'Mary milks the cow'?" The last word was disposed of as follows: "Cow, a noun, feminine gender, third person, and stands for Mary." "Stands for Mary! How do you make that out?" "Because" added the intelligent pupil, "if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could she milk her?"

THERE is a lady who keeps a hotel along the line of the Central Railroad who understands catering better than she does the meaning of words. The other day her son came running in saying there was a load of immigrants at the depôt. The old lady said: "Here, quick; take this basket and get a peck of 'em. We want some fresh vegetables awful bad."

ON a wet, miserable, foggy London day in Autumn, Charles Lamb was accosted by a beggar-woman with, "Pray, sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor destitute widow woman who is perishing for lack of food. Believe me, sir, I have seen better days." "So have I," said Lamb handing the poor creature a shilling, "so have I. It's a miserable day. Good-bye, good-bye!"

IT is a great year in America for the old men. Grandfathers who have been neglected and made to feel that they were in the way, and wished they were dead; who have long been thrust away in the kitchen, and left to mumble to themselves in the chimney-corner, are astonished by being brushed up of an evening and brought into the parlor, where they are shown off to the company as centennial relics.

THERE was some years ago a trial for murder in Ireland, where the evidence was so palpably insufficient that the judge stopped the case, and directed the jury to a verdict of not guilty. A well-known lawyer, who desired, however, to do something for the fee he had received for the defence, claimed the privilege of addressing the Court. "We'll hear you with pleasure, Mr. B.," said the judge; "but *to prevent accident*, we'll first acquit the prisoner."

WATTS UP?—A distinguished physician protests against the indiscriminate slaughter of dogs as a preventative of hydrophobia. He claims that dogs don't deserve destruction simply because they bite. He has evidently been studying Dr. Watts, and therefore knows exactly Watts right and proper. As he himself, or somebody else, said at the time, or subsequently, if not before. "That's Watts the matter!"

A LONDON newspaper says that "much scandal has been occasioned by a paragraph regarding the Rev. J. Bardsley, Rector of Stepney, which had appeared in the *Times*, stating that on the preceding day the reverend gentleman was present at the laying of the first stone of a Jewish synagogue in his neighborhood, and that in order the more fully to manifest his sympathy he had caused the bells of the parish church to be rung in honor of the occasion! It turns out that Mr. Bardsley did actually witness the laying of the aforesaid stone, *for the site of the synagogue is close to his house*; it is also true that the parish bells rang right merrily, *as they always do on Easter Monday*."

THE SPRING OF LIFE.

THE ITALIAN FISHER GIRL.

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# PRESIDENT-MAKING IN THE UNITED STATES.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, OF OHIO, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

# PRESIDENT MAKING.

PRESIDENT-MAKING has been tried under a good many constitutions and in a good many countries, part preceding the American example and part imitating it. Successful and peaceful President-making is, however, purely an American practice. No one has yet been able to imitate it. The Constitution adopted September 17th, 1787, first made President-making possible.

The Constitution adopted, it remained an experiment with which few were satisfied. When the business of President-making began, men were still in doubt whether an united confederation would remain for him to preside over when it was completed. The Legislature of New York met to elect electors, and fell to criticizing the Constitution instead, and passed a proposition to initiate proceedings for a convention to amend the Constitution in certain points, President-making one of them. Tinkering was to begin before the machine was well a-going. George Clinton, Governor, disagreed with the Legislature. The Legislature adjourned. The victory which the *Federalist* had won at the polls was endangered in the Assembly. Careless of the office, and careful of the national life, Washington watched with intense solicitude the dawning struggle. The practical good sense of the race saved the new compact. The Legislature reassembled and chose electors. Virginia from the first sent her choice to the people—the hand of Jefferson was in this thing. Massachusetts bade her people elect three men from each Congressional district, and out of the thirty the Legislature chose ten. For every such remove from the people, Hamilton and other "high-flying Feds," as Burr called them eight years later, were devoutly grateful. There was no doubt this time as to the choice of the people or of the Electoral College. The danger lay in the inertia of the great machine. Hamilton's cumbrous device has periled the Government since; at the outset it ran the risk of smothering it. As matters stood, neither North Carolina nor Rhole Island and the Providence Plantations chose the ten electors to which they were entitled. The electors were chosen at last, and met, each State in its capital, to vote—sitting solemnly with closed doors. No representative body, acting for the general alliance, had yet sat with open doors. The first House did so, and Adams wrote to his wife of the resolution, "This measure, by making the debates public, will establish the National Government or break the confederation." The votes of each State college were sent to the seat of government—New York; but there was no one at Federal Hall to receive them till Congress met. The House announced to the Senate its readiness to meet it and count the electoral votes. Senator Langdon was elected president, "solely for the purpose of counting the votes for President and Vice-President," and by this singular action it happened that the officer third in the succession in our "Federal monarchy," as it was more than once called in the last century, the heir presumptive to the Presidential throne, the President *pro tem.* of the Senate, was the first of the executive officers of the new Federation to be elected to take his seat and to discharge his duty. The votes were counted—each ballot had two names—69 for George Washington, of Virginia. Next to Washington, John Adams, just returned from England, the first citizen of a great State, was the most prominent figure before the country, and he received the next largest number of votes—34. Ten other candidates were voted for, with no particular chance for election—votes for a "favorite son" were cast early in American politics. The first President-making was over. With the choice of a President and Vice-President came a ceremony—since left to that active electoral college, the national nominating convention—a deputation was sent to Mount Vernon and Braintree, bearing the formal announcement of the result. Washington mounted and rode North to the most unique inaugural any American President was to have. From the Potomac northward he made a royal progress.

### GEORGE WASHINGTON—1792.

The seat of government had been moved to Philadelphia before the close of Washington's first term. The Federal machine was running smoothly by the time that it was necessary to begin another President-making. The intricate foreign questions which were to convulse the country before the close of his second term and blacken his own personal repute with a large body of his fellow-citizens, had not yet roused party spirit. It existed, but it centred on men who represented the diverging wings of the great party which in the Revolution had proscribed its opponents, and in the adoption of the Federal Constitution ended all dispute as to existing questions. "Those Federalists," wrote Randolph to Washington imploring him to accept another term, "who espouse Clinton in place of Adams"—to no more extreme point had the political differences of typical leaders of the future Republican and existing Federal parties yet gone. It is typical of the condition of public sentiment that when Washington signified his intention to accept another term, or rather failed to declare his intention to refuse it, a canvass at once began for the second place on the ticket. Jefferson was Secretary of State, fresh from his mission to France. Without a caucus, without a nomination, it is fair to say, without any desire on his part he drifted into the position of a candidate. One of the first and earliest acts of the first Congress had been the passage of a law regulating the assemblage of the Electoral College and making provision for the transmission of their votes to the general government. Three separate copies were to be prepared, one sent by mail to the Secretary of State, one by messenger, one lodged with the Federal judge of the district subject to the order of the Secretary of State, should both the others miscarry. The law still remains unaltered. Under it the electors now met for the first time in December, 1792. Their choice had been a simple enough matter. The past rule of secrecy began to be relaxed. Said Adams, a year later, of Senator Taylor's motion to throw the Senate open to visitors: "But he will not be assisted in his argument by the late example of Virginia, where the electors at Richmond opened their doors and made philippics before the 'Marseillois,' by which means six votes are said to have been converted either by reasoning or by fear." The Virginia electors, it may be unnecessary to tell the inquiring reader, did not "plump" for Adams. Other electoral colleges were more discreet. With the sealed vote of the newly-admitted State, Kentucky, in his hands, January 9th, 1793, Adams, writing to his wife, could only say: "They are *said* to be all for Jefferson." Other similar phrases in the letters of the time show that in this contest between the different candidates for Vice-President, the electoral colleges were voting and acting for themselves. By the beginning of another election they were working in the harness of a regular nomination. The votes were all received at last, January 14th, 1793, and counted, and rising in his place John Adams declared the election of George Washington as the President, and John Adams as Vice-President; and with characteristic religious feeling he followed the official announcement with a studied invocation. The country had gone through President-making a second time in safety.

### JOHN ADAMS—1796.

Two experiments failed to satisfy the sceptical of the stability of popular institutions in this supreme strain. The Presidential campaign opened with a strong pressure on Washington to remain in office for a third term. Bitter as had been the abuse of the *Aurora*, and sweeping the odium which had been aroused by the publication of Jay's treaty,

he was still the unquestioned choice of the people. Men dreaded the change as they dreaded revolution—what that was and might be France had just shown. Hamilton told Washington that he should consider the head of every Federalist in danger, his own included, if a Republican was elected. A sanguine and probable candidate like Adams could write: "In my opinion, there is no more danger than there would be in changing a member of the Senate"; but men less interested expressed themselves differently, and the weight of popular opinion was on their side. Wisely Washington delayed his decision to a day which made a prolonged canvass impossible, but in this new business of a contested Presidential election the country found that a vast deal of passion could be concentrated into the fewest months. The issues of a coming century budded and blossomed. The Northern States had begun the abolition of slavery, and the Virgininia resolutions were already sketched in the speeches of Madison and Henry at the Virginia hustings. Hamilton's bank and its national currency was sharply contrasted with the coinage of the new nation, and the parties divided on the line of hard money, soft money, and the bank. At his last speech before Congress, a few months later, Washington was to throw the weight of his great influence in favor of protection, and the new question, favored at the South and opposed at the North, reversed the future geography of politics in this campaign. Foremost of all stood the foreign relations of a weak nation. Sixteen years later the rights of American seamen were to be settled by war. Their wrongs formed the Republican cry in this campaign: "Three hundred American vessels seized, and one thousand American sailors impressed," stood at the head of Republican papers, and formed the burden of Republican speeches. Over Jay's treaty fierce war was waged. In it, said Tammany Hall, "was written the first and last act of American ingratitude and pusillanimity." It had taken all Washington's personal influence to procure its adoption; it took all the influence of the Administration and the waning strength of a great party to carry Adams through the Electoral College with this treaty as one plank of his platform, and resistance to French aggression the other. He took the field without a nomination, and with no formal declaration of principles. Overtures toward a formal candidacy by Jefferson were made by some members of Congress, but he failed to respond favorably. The first germ of future platforms appeared in an "inspired" editorial in a Richmond journal, which explained his principles and policy. Extreme charges ever rife. For the last time men believed American politicians in danger of subverting the very foundations of the Government. Feeling ran high in all grades of society, and a friendship of years between Washington and Jefferson was snapped in a correspondence which grew out of the canvass. The free lives of leading men gave a tolerably wide margin for campaign literature. Hamilton's love-letters were printed; a scandal was set on foot as to the Federal candidate; Jefferson's infidelity was the favorite theme of his detractors, and the patriarchal relations of a great slaveholder to his negroes came in for their share of illumination. The stream of American political life unquestionably grows shallower as we ascend it, but it grows no purer. Outside of party platforms and popular imagination our politics have no golden age. One State Legislature after another chose its Electors. The sleepy ceremony of two elections suddenly grew to be of intense interest. Massachusetts passed a law giving its Electors power to fill its vacancies in their body. John Q. Adams, the Republican Governor who signed the bill, reflected that the more Federal Electors died the less Federal votes there would be, and walked to the Secretary of State's office to erase his signature. Erased, a subtle point was raised, not yet decided. A Federal Legislature in Pennsylvania in making arrangements for the election, had directed the returns to be counted by Governor Mifflin in fourteen days. The time was up long before the votes on the Cumberland could be in; without them the Federal College was elected. Mifflin shoved the law aside and waited for the mountain districts, and Pennsylvania cast its votes for Jefferson and Burr. In accordance with the law, the Electors met in December and voted in each State capital. It is a striking comment on the freedom which the Presidential Electors still had, that a well informed sheet in New York, Greenleaf's New York *Journal and Patriotic Register*, two days after the votes were cast, and weeks after the popular and legislative action, could say: "The day before yesterday the *dye* was cast. . . Jefferson and Adams are fairly on the ground, but which, or whether either of them, will come out first at the stake is problematical in the opinion of many. Pinckney and Burr are candidates for Vice-President, and should there not be a uniformity in voting for these gentlemen, the chair, mayhap, will fall to the lot of one of them." Editor Greenleaf knew very much more than he cared to tell his readers. Hamilton had begun an intrigue to elect Charles Cotesworth Pinckney instead of Adams. Under the section he had drawn, each Elector voted for two candidates, without indicating which was to be President or Vice-President. As the Federal Party had secured a majority of the College, it was only necessary for the complimentary vote to make its appearance in American politics to leave Adams with a smaller number of votes than Pinckney; but Pinckney was unable to secure all the votes of his own State—half of them went to Jefferson, as the whole were four years later. The New England States became alarmed, cast one of their two votes solid for Adams, and scattered in the second. The delicate manœuvre failed, and the unexpected result was the election of Jefferson to the Vice-Presidency. John Adams received 71 votes; Jefferson, 68; Pinckney, 59; and Burr, 30—the rest were the scattering votes of New England. No President has had a narrower escape in the College. No man till the ballots were opened had given Adams the three votes—one each from Pennsylvania, Virginia, and North Carolina—which elected him, as no man had reckoned upon Jefferson's surprising strength.

### Thomas Jefferson—1800.

Close upon the heels of its narrow escape in 1796, the Federal party rallied. Jay's treaty proved unexpectedly successful, and he laid down the Federal ermine to assume the State Executive. The victory in the State was followed by Burr's crushing defeat in the city. Washington reorganized the Federal opposition in Virginia, and rode ten miles to cast his vote for one of its Congressional candidates. In a single session of Congress the party lost all it had gained. The tide set the other way. The solid front of New England was broken. A Federal Senator was elected by but a single vote in Vermont. Henry, the opposition candidate for Governor, was elected in Maryland. Governor McKean began the spoils system in Pennsylvania, put a leader in the whisky rebellion on the bench, and demoralized the politics of a great State past recovery. Gerry had been elected Governor of Massachusetts, and was to give politics a new word—gerrymandering. Thunderstruck at the defection, Adams rallied all the forces of his administration and remodeled his Cabinet. "Purse-pride works in Boston," wrote Fisher Ames in disgust, and returned with the "Essex Junta" from the vain effort to give the Federal party political flexibility. More than "purse-pride" was at Adams's back. Campaign organizations were formed. In Philadelphia 5,000 young men sent him an address, and put on the "black cockade" of the Revolution. Sixteen years later a "black cockaded Federalist" was the forlorn remnant of a defeated party. The tri-colored cockade—a foreign invention, born of the

Bourbon banner and the arms of Paris, had superseded it. The cockade which Hancock wore and Washington affected, was forgotten. Federalism was borne along on the tide of patriotism. "Hail Columbia," the campaign song of the period, has become our national air. Another campaign song, "Adams and Liberty," had a no less popular birth, if a less auspicious future. Still the South stood firm. In the Spring of 1800 Burr saw that success in New York meant a Republican President. He organized his party. He drew the first full tally list of voters in municipal politics. Every man was docketed. Tammany has never forgotten the lesson, and never been without such a list. He ran himself in Orange. He headed his ticket with Horatio Gates. Meade might as well have been run in Philadelphia at the close of the war, or "Little Mac" in New York. It was Hamilton's ambition to manipulate legislatures and the electoral colleges, after the people chose them. He longed to be a minister, the business of a "whip" was not to his taste. The Federal ticket was a list of nobodies. More than this, Burr set on foot the project of an election by the people for Electors. It was defeated by the Federal Legislature, and made a popular cry. So did a hundred acts of the Administration. To spread them, Burr used the press as it had never been used before. A letter from Adams, attacking Pinckney, was printed by a Democratic paper. Hamilton attempted a confidential pamphlet, attacking Adams and praising Pinckney, had the satisfaction of seeing it doled out piecemeal in Burr's organ, and flung broadcast through the city the week before election. It is a pleasing illustration of politics in the days of the Fathers, that the public explained Burr's newspaper enterprise by believing that he and Hamilton were at the feet of the same mistress. The Federal party was routed before it came to the polls. It lost the city by 490 majority. Republicans took courage; their Congressmen met, and nine Senators and thirty-seven Representatives nominated Jefferson unanimously, and after some debate, in return for a brilliant victory, named Burr, Vice-President. The election was no longer in doubt. Adams and Pinckney were nominated by a Federal caucus of Congressmen, but nothing short of an accident in the Electoral College could elect them. The Electors at last met, for the first time as they have always met since, without choice or volition in the important business of President-making. When Jefferson opened their votes he found 73 for himself, 73 for Burr, and 64 for Adams. There was no choice, and the election went to the House. Of its 106 members the Federals had an overwhelming majority: of its 16 States, the Republicans controlled 8, the Federals 6, and 2 divided. If they could not elect their own candidate the Federal leaders determined to defeat Jefferson, and voted for Burr. At the second or third ballot, his friends were to bring over New York and Tennessee, and elect him. They failed. The balloting went on for a week. Sick men were brought to the chamber on litters. Thirty-five ballots were taken. Overtures were made to Jefferson for some pledge to Federal officeholders, some promise to protect the infant navy. He refused. The Federal rank and file voting for an opposition candidate, grew restless. Only two weeks were left of Adams's term. It was proposed to ballot till March 4th, and meanwhile pass a law devolving the duties of President on the President *pro tem.* of the Senate. Jefferson at once threatened Congress with the march of troops from Virginia and Pennsylvania. Had Congress been sitting at Philadelphia instead of amid the clay wastes of the District, the body would have been mobbed. Burr at last wrote, declining the candidature. The deadlock was broken by Bayard, and Jefferson was elected.

WILLIAM A. WHEELER, OF NEW YORK, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

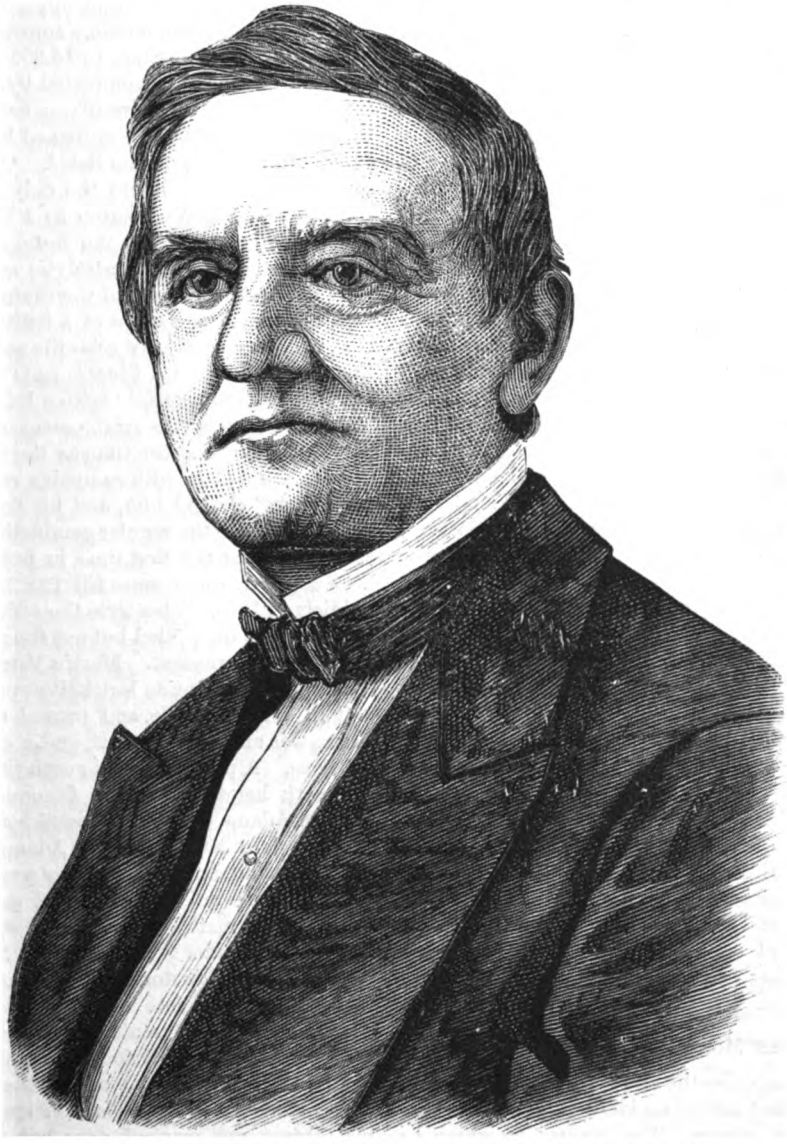
### Thomas Jefferson—1804.

An immediate amendment to the Constitution was passed, under which each elector cast a designated vote for President and another for Vice-President. For his second term, Jefferson was unanimously nominated by a Congressional caucus, and George Clinton, after a short contest, was named for the Vice-Presidency. Their opponents, Charles C. Pinckney, of South Carolina, and Rufus King, of New York, received only the electoral votes of Connecticut and Delaware, with two from Maryland—14 in all; while the vote for Thomas Jefferson and George Clinton was 162. For years to come, Connecticut remained the last stronghold of Federalism. Most of the nominations, says Lyman Beecher in his autobiography, were made by the ministers.

### James Madison—1808.

A third term for Jefferson was among the possibilities of the canvass of 1808. The Legislatures of Vermont, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Georgia, the Senate of New York, and the House of Delegates in Virginia all presented addresses or passed resolutions asking him to run again. Confidence in Jefferson had something to do with this; even more, it was an expression of State distrust in the action of the Congressional caucus. In the interregnum which followed its death and preceded the National Convention, the State Legislatures took the business of making nominations in their own hands. Three candidates sought the succession—James Madison, Secretary of State; James Munroe, late Minister to France; and George Clinton, Vice-President. Jefferson fought out his intrigue in Congress, and in a caucus of ninety-four Republican Congressmen he got eleven votes and Madison the rest, not the least of his helpers being his graceful wife. George Clinton's game was played elsewhere. He had the Administration support and the Vice-Presidency with it. The "Tenisites" and the "Burrites" bitterly opposed him at home and were known as Martling men. Clinton saw his chance in a divergence from the Administration which would make New York secure to him and give political capital for a Federal com-

bination. His opposition to the embargo was published in the *Albany Gazette* the Winter before the election in an "interview," the first appearance of that commencement-tool in politics. Madison saw his danger and set one of his clerks to abusing George Clinton's relatives in the Administration organ, the *Washington Monitor*—altogether of a piece with Administration organ ways ever since. Madison too, denied that he had had anything to do with setting the organ tune, another peculiarity since imitated. At home Clinton was attacked on the Island and supported in the State. His friends gained the Legislature. By that time the rout of the Federals was so complete that Clinton's plan was hopeless. In the Electoral College Madison received 122 for President and 3 for Vice-President; George Clinton 113 for Vice-President and 6 for President; John Langdon of New Hampshire receiving 9 for Vice-President, and James Monroe 3 for the same office. The Federalists voted solidly 48 for C. C. Pinckney as President and Rufus King for Vice-President.



SAMUEL J. TILDEN, GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

### James Madison—1812.

In 1812 De Witt Clinton repeated his uncle's manœuvre. The country was at war, and Congress was in no mood to make needless changes. Madison was renominated unanimously as President, and dropping George Clinton, Elbridge Gerry was made the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency, John Langdon, of New Hampshire, declining The Federal party had carried a number of State elections in 1810–11, and offered fair opportunities for a combination. De Witt Clinton was Mayor of New York—an office with about twice its present salary and a dozen times the patronage of to-day; he resigned, and got the Republican members of the Legislature to nominate him as Lieutenant-Governor. There was some hesitation, but Gideon Granger Postmaster-General, wrote to Albany about the matter and the Administration party yielded as usual to the Administration postmaster Much to everybody's surprise, De Witt Clinton ran behind his ticket in the City, and was beaten. The regular organization had treated him as the regular organization has treated other men since. Mr. Clinton went into the canvass under serious hindrances. The indictment had made its appearance in American politics. Two of his friends, Thomas and Southwick, Speaker and Senator, had been indicted for bribery in procuring the charter of the Bank of America. The bribery was a business transaction, since repeated, an Assemblyman received some stock and $1,000 was offered for his prospective profits. Both the men were acquitted. Everybody appears to have believed them guilty. They remained in politics and were useful men for some time to come. In the Legislature twenty Republicans declined to vote for the caucus candidate. Somewhat to the surprise of the State, however, the Federals voted for Clinton. A year later, Rufus King, twice the Federal candidate for Vice-President, was elected Senator by Clinton's friends, and Clinton made Mayor. It was the chairman of the Clinton campaign committee who had said, in response to overtures for a compromise with the Bucktails, brought by General King of the "Province of Maine," "bargains between politicians are inconsistent with the purity and dignity of Republicans." The Federals made common cause with Clinton all over the country but to no effect. The vote in the Electoral College was almost sectional, Madison receiving 128 votes and Clinton 89; but the latter did not obtain a single vote from the States south of the Potomac. At this time Elbridge Gerry was chosen Vice-President, his opponent being Jared Ingersoll.

### James Monroe—1816.

The next Presidential canvass extended over nearly two years. It appeared likely that Governor Tompkins of New York was to break the line of Virginia Presidents. The "farmer's boy" was popular throughout the State. At thirty he had gone on the Supreme Bench of his State; his election as Governor in 1807 had united party factions; at a critical hour of the war he had saved Madison by carrying the State against the Federalists. Federal patronage flowed

through his hands, and in the war Federal commissions, Federal supplies, and Federal moneys—the last to his political destruction. He was universally regarded as the Administration candidate. More than a year before the election Albany transparencies bore "Tompkins and Crawford." In that year blunders came thick and fast. For one thing he had to choose between Tammany Hall and Clinton, and chose wrongly. In any event he could not have chosen both. Under a *nom de plume*, Clinton said of Tammany Hall, it is "the combined spawn of Federalism and Jacobinism, and generated in the venomous passions of disappointment and revenge," and Tammany Hall, in its first organ, set up in 1814, said not unlike things of Clinton. The inevitable minority in New York politics, headed by Spencer and Armstrong, began to support W. H. Crawford, of Georgia. The Martling-Bucktail-Tammany Hall faction still favored Tompkins. The Administration grew lukewarm. The Richmond *Enquirer* had kindly words for the rural Democrats in New York, and attacked Tompkins as the representative of corrupt politics in New York City. The strongest opposition was felt to the Congressional nomination, and when it was held but 119 Congressmen were present and 19 absent. The New York delegation had come to Washington to vote for Tompkins. They counted on friends in Pennsylvania, and all of Ohio, of Maryland and New Jersey. Before the caucus met the New York delegation went into one of its own, and debated abandoning Tompkins for Crawford; adjourned, and went again with a clear understanding at last that Tompkins was to be the first choice of the delegation and Crawford the second. The closing sessions of the Congressional caucus began to take a close resemblance to the proceedings in a national convention. Martin Van Buren was at Washington paving the way for Monroe's nomination, and, hurrying back to Albany, he straightway got the Legislature to "instruct" the delegation to stick to Tompkins—the first time home instructions came in to modify the proceedings of a national nominating body. When the Congressional caucus met—March 16th—a strong effort was made to adjourn without taking a vote. Clay, who was serving his long term of ten years as Speaker, refused at first to attend, but was persuaded to appear and offer the resolution that a caucus nomination was not expedient. It was voted down, and on the ballot that followed Monroe had 65 votes and Crawford 54. Tompkins was nominated as Vice-President, receiving 85 votes and Simon Snyder 30. The Federalists nominated Rufus King and John Eager Howard. There were no issues before the country save the strong wish of the outs to get in, and when the canvass was over it was found that Monroe had swept the country, receiving 183 electoral votes, and King 34, the latter carrying New England, and not all of that.

### James Monroe—1820.

Monroe's last campaign was the ebb tide of American politics. Public opinion had settled on two terms as the proper length of a presidential career. The canvass by which he was re-elected came to be known as the "Era of good feeling." He received every electoral vote but one, and that was cast by Plumer, of New Hampshire, for John Quincy Adams, on the ground that it was dangerous to give a President an unanimous vote. The choice of Taylor of New York to succeed Henry Clay as Speaker really attracted more attention in politics. One sign of coming danger there was. *Niles' Register* tells us of a large meeting in Philadelphia to concert measures for putting in the field an "Anti-Slavery ticket."

### John Q. Adams—1824.

The close of Monroe's peaceful administration saw a Presidential contest begin with no principles to divide candidates who owned no separate party allegiance. The fight began early. In 1822 the *National Intelligencer* tells us the succession "disturbed legislation and embarrassed the action of Congress." For the first time the real contest was to be fought elsewhere. Crawford entered the field as the strongest of the four candidates before the people. He would be known to-day as the "machine" candidate. The money power, Government patronage, the organization in the Empire States of the North and South, New York and Virginia were at his back. The New York Legislative caucus put him in the field, he returned the compliment by nominating Van Buren as Vice-President through the Georgia Legislature. But the New York leaders had sold more votes than they could deliver. Clinton appeared in the field the candidate of the first nominating convention ever held in New York, and swept the State by 16,906 majority. Clinton pronounced for Jackson, nominated by the Tennessee Legislature just before, "endorsed"—a new thing in politics—by Pennsylvania, further strengthened by Calhoun's acceptance of the second place on the ticket. Of all the backers of rival candidates Jackson's were the only men who had the foresight to abandon Washington as a Presidential base and go before the country. By the Spring of 1824 Crawford had met serious reverses. A paralytic stroke prostrated him in the very heat and agony of the campaign; and the bulletins of his friends, the charges of a fictitious illness, and a fictitious recovery, curiously echo the scenes at Cincinnati over Blaine. Close on his illness came the first "charges of a Presidential campaign." Ninian Edwards, Minister to Mexico, sent an elaborate arraignment of the Secretary of the Treasury, known at the time as the "A. B. plot," and filling the campaign press with campaign contradictions. An "investigation" cleared him, and his friends determined at all hazards to have the regular nomination. The Congressional caucus met for the first time in public. Its meetings had been secret in every sense till 1808. Its call was first made publicly in 1816. This time the public were to be admitted. The galleries were filled but not the floor. Only sixty-eight members were present. Martin Van Buren, under the "instructions" of his State legislative caucus insisted on a nomination. It was made, and proved Crawford's destruction. There was an universal bolt, and a great harvest of "favorite" sons. A party caucus in each State legislature took up the work heretofore left to Congress. Massachusetts put forward Adams, and was followed by New England and supplemented by New York with Adams and Clay, as the people's two candidates. Kentucky put Clay into the field for the first place on the ticket and gained support in Ohio. Four evenly matched candidates went into the field with about equal claims for regularity. No candidate received a majority in the Electoral College, and Clay had his first narrow escape. His fate was sealed by a New York caucus, which, under Van Buren's adroit manipulation, gave Crawford on a second ballot four electoral votes which belonged to Clay. This kept him out of the House of Representatives. There Jackson's election appeared so probable that his cabinet was mapped out; but two leaders were determined to prevent his election. However, leading men, from Jefferson down, shrank from the idea of placing the rough Western soldier in the chair. "The House is to decide whether men are to live under a civil or military government," wrote Jefferson to Adams. In the House, Clay determined to nominate Adams on the first ballot. Van Buren planned to carry Crawford's strength to Adams on the second ballot. To the astonishment of everybody, and most of all Van Buren, Clay defeated the manœuvre. Thirteen States voted for Adams on the first ballot—Van Buren was unable to hold his own delegation—seven States voted for Jackson and four for Crawford. Calhoun, whom everyone had aided, was elected Vice-President by 182 electoral votes out of 261, with 13 for Jackson and 2 for Clay.

### Andrew Jackson—1828

Adams was scarcely inaugurated w[illegible] campaign was opened by a re-nor[illegible] the Tennessee Legislature. Va[illegible] well-disciplined force which sup[illegible] but not at once. New York [illegible] Pennsylvania pronounced f[illegible] and Georgia; a great celebration of the 8th of January, at New Orleans, secured the floating vote of Louisiana; other States fell into line; Clinton died and left his party leaderless, and when the accession of New York would decide the matter, Van Buren lifted his hand, and the entire New York press placed Jackson in the field. Hickory poles went up everywhere. The Bucktails marched in single file to the grove at Ninetieth Street, cut the biggest tree they could find, and set it up in the open green five miles below, at the corner of Grand and Ludlow Streets. The opposition invented the new campaign weapon, a campaign newspaper, and *We the People* and the *Anti-Jackson Expositor* have not been surpassed since. Jackson's supporters retorted with another new campaign device, the "Whitewashing Committee." Against Adams the "White House billiard-table" grew as famous as Van Buren's "gold spoons" in the canvass of 1840, and were quite as valuable as the charges of a bargain with Clay—the alliance between the "blackleg and puritan." Throughout Jackson had the advantage of a telling cry—What could "Adams and Liberty" do against the "Hero of New Orleans," "Old Hickory," and the "Tennessee Farmer"? Before the canvass was over, to quote Bennett's vigorous editorials, "the full Adams slandering chorus" had "called Jackson a murderer, an adulterer, a traitor, an ignoramus, a fool, a crook-back, a pretender." The popular answer was an electoral vote of 178 for Jackson and Calhoun, to 83 for Adams and Rush. In New York the "peopleish party," which had routed the Regency, was routed in turn and disappeared. It had the aid of the Anti-Masons, who met in convention. The State Legislative caucus had followed the Congressional, and nominated a State ticket. A "fusion" ticket was put up by the Clintonian Adams and the Anti-Masons, and defeated, carrying but 16 out of 34 electoral votes, as "National Republicans." The newly-christened Democracy held everything the country over but the United States Senate. One ominous argument was heard from its Southern supporters—threatened secession if Jackson were defeated.

### Andrew Jackson—1832.

"Would not Mr. Eaton," wrote Jackson in 1829, "have been the basest man on earth to have severed the ties that exist between Masons?" His remark accurately expressed popular appreciation of those sacred ties. Before the year was over the Anti-Masonic party had carried New York, and in a State convention at Albany had issued the first call for a national convention. This substitute for the "caucus" had been suggested by the great mass meetings, embracing delegations from adjoining States, which, began in the last campaign, had nominated Jackson. The first national convention met at Baltimore, September, 1831, parleyed with the National Republican leaders, made a wry face over Clay, nominated John McLean, who declined, and the choice was then made over to William Wirt, with Amos Ellmaker, of Pennsylvania, as Vice-President. Meanwhile the National Republicans of New York had held a State convention, at the call of the Legislative caucus, and appointed Clay delegates to a national convention held in Baltimore in December. Most of the other State delegations were, like New York, pledged to Henry Clay; he was nominated on the first ballot, and John Sergeant had the second place. Clay's hopes hinged on New York. The Anti-Masonic State Convention spoke kindly of Clay, chose an electoral ticket [illegible] "ed" [illegible] was [illegible] if successful [illegible] of these [illegible] Wirt or Clay, and the canvass was a [illegible] one accordingly, even with a young printer named Weed to lead it. The Legislature of New Hampshire was Democratic—the only New England one that was—and it issued a call for a Democratic National Convention. In May, 1832, the convention met in Baltimore, elected General Lucas, of Ohio, president, and renominated Jackson by acclamation. The Clay-Calhoun compromise had separated the Vice-President from the Administration, and nullification had widened the breach. To make his nomination impossible, a resolution was adopted providing that *two-thirds* should be needed to nominate a Vice-President, each State casting a vote equal to its electoral vote. Nearly every State was represented by more delegates than it had electors. As a result, the "unit" rule of Democratic conventions made its appearance with the "two-thirds" rule. Van Buren, the fortunate martyr of a Whig Senate which had rejected him as Minister to England, profited through his own skill and the blunders of his enemies, by receiving 203 votes in the convention against 49 for Philip Barbour, of Virginia, and 26 for Richard W. Johnson, of Kentucky. The hot strife of this campaign over the bank, the deposits, and the character of Mrs. Eaton, have been burnt into the popular memory, and need no recital. The use of political medals or tokens, although known in the earliest years of the American Republic, rose to its greatest proportions during this and Jackson's preceding compaign. The struggle over Jackson's removal of the government deposits from the United States Bank, brought out a large number of these tokens. One lying before us bears on the obverse the figure of a tortoise carrying on its back an iron-bound chest, marked "Subtreasury"; beneath is the inscription, "1837. Fiscal Agent," and around the margin the words "Executive Experiment." On the reverse is a jackass at full gallop, and the legend, "I follow in the steps of my illustrious predecessor." Another has the same devices and inscriptions, except the motto around the margin of the obverse, which reads, "Executive Financiering." A third has on the obverse a figure of Jackson, bearing in one hand a sword, and in the other a purse, with the inscription, "A plain System, void of Pomp." The reverse shows the figure of a donkey, marked "LL.D.," in a very obstinate attitude, with the inscription, "The Constitution as I understand it." "Roman Firmness." "1834." Another shows Jackson rising from a money-chest like a Jack-in-the-box, sword in one hand, money-bag in the other, and the motto, "I take the responsibility." The reverse is the same as that last described, save that the word "veto" is substituted for the date. Jackson had another sweeping popular victory, and gained 219 electoral votes, while Clay had but 49. South Carolina cast a hopeless vote for John Floyd, of Virginia.

### Martin Van Buren—1836.

Jackson chose his own successor, and the Democratic Convention, which met in Baltimore in May, 1832, nominated Van Buren without a dissenting voice. There was a brief contest over the Vice-Presidency, but Richard M. Johnson was nominated over William C. Rives, of Virginia. When Van Buren gained the President's confidence, Hugh Lawson White, of Tennessee, found himself in a secondary place; went home, canvassed the State, carried the Legislature, and in the Winter of 1835 was nominated by that body for President. Calhoun, the real head of the movement, gained an indorsement for it in Alabama, and something like it in South Carolina; but when the election came, that State again cast a protesting vote for Mangum. In New York the split

elected President by an overwhelming ma-
al College.

H. Harrison—1840.

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ll over the country; Clay's

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, OF INDIANA, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

tion of Colonel Johnson, his slayer. "Humpsey Dumpsey, Colonel Johnson killed Tecumshe," says a song of the time, and the climax of Senator William Allen's stump speeches was the baring of the mutilated arm which Johnson had lost in the Indian war. The Whig caucus in the Ohio Legislature put up John M'Lean's name, and a like body in Massachusetts complimented Webster with a complimentary caucus. popularity and Webster's reputation had gained both complimentary support. Webster wrote his letter declining, and Clay made his famous self-sacrificing speech at Buffalo. The friends of neither proposed to withdraw; the politicians of New York had already determined to nominate Harrison. An ingenious and unheard of plan was developed to kill off Clay. Each State voted by itself, and the result was com-

municated to a sub-committee made up of three members from each delegation. To quote a contemporary, Clay "submitted himself to the Convention, the Convention delivered him to a committee, the committee disposed of him in a back chamber." Disposed of he was on the 24th ballot, when Harrison had 148 votes, Clay 90, and Scott—whose vote had oscillated back and forth—the Virginia delegation of 16 votes. Scattering votes were cast for Webster, but the opportunity for his nomination never came. John Tyler was chosen Vice-President. Five months later the Democratic Convention met as usual in May, at Baltimore, and nominated Van Buren by resolution, a new method, and following the plan originated by the Loco Foco's, adopted a platform. The "log cabin and hard cider" campaign that followed was without a parallel. The "first gun" of the campaign was at a great ratification meeting in Baltimore, where a great ball twelve feet in diameter was "set a rolling, rolling, rolling" out to a great meeting of 60,000 persons by the Ohio delegation. The banks united in Harrison's support and the papers swarmed with advertisements. "The subscriber will pay $6 a barrel for flour if Harrison is elected, and $3 if Van Buren is; $5 a hundred for pork if Harrison is elected, and $2.50 if Van Buren is. Meetings were held without stint; at one place in Dayton seven acres of people gathered by actual measurement. Log cabins were erected everywhere, with the "latch string out," a coon skin nailed over the door and a barrel of hard cider served out in a gourd, Women organized in campaign bodies, and 250 of them in Nashville gave Clay a dinner. Processions marched by the mile in every city with transparencies showing a coon getting the constant and decided advantage of a fox—Van Buren. Doggerel songs were everywhere asking:

"What has caused this great commotion, motion, motion,
To set the ball a rolling on
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

In September men asked:

"Have you heard how Maine went, went, went,
Hell-bent,
For Governor Kent, Kent, Kent?"

And straightway:

"Van, Van, Van,
You're a used up man."

FIRST PRESIDENTIAL RESIDENCE.—WASHINGTON'S HOUSE IN PEARL STREET, NEW YORK, DEMOLISHED IN 1856.

was sung all over the nation. The tokens of the day show the popular ideas. Among other tokens that found a wide circulation are the following: 1. Obverse, a phœnix; inscription, "Substitute for Shinplasters, November, 1837"; reverse, "Specie Payments Suspended May 10th, 1837." 2. Obverse, ship *Constitution* under full sail; inscription, "Webster Credit Currency, 1841"; reverse, the ship *Government* dismasted and driven on the rocks; motto, "Van Buren Metallic Currency, 1837." 3. Obverse, same as last; reverse, "Millions for defence. Not one cent for tribute." 4. Obverse, portrait of General Harrison, "Born February 9th, 1773"; reverse, a pair of scales, wherein "Whigs" outweigh "Democrats"; inscription, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting. 1840." 5. Obverse, same as last; reverse, a log cabin and cider-barrel; motto, "The People's Choice in the year 1841." 6. Obverse, portrait of Harrison, "The Redeemer of his Country, March 4th, 1841"; reverse, log cabin, cider-barrel, and mug; "The People's Choice. The Hero of Tippecanoe." Van Buren met the most crushing defeat in American politics. Out of twenty-six States he carried but seven. New York was overwhelmingly Whig, and the Democrats lost the State Senate which they had held without interruption since 1818. An Abolition ticket with James G. Birney for President and Francis G. Lemoyne for Vice-President, nominated at Warsaw in November, 1839, did not secure a single vote in the Electoral College, which gave 234 votes to Harrison.

### James K. Polk—1844.

Van Buren began his manœuvring for the next candidacy by declining a nomination made by the Missouri Legislature in 1842. Next in order South Carolina nominated Calhoun on the syllabic platform, "Free Trade, No Debt, Economy, and Retrenchment." Tennessee refused to nominate Van Buren, and announced that "under no circumstance" would the State support him, and shortly after Van Buren was still further damaged by his expressed opposition to the annexation of Texas. The split at home between the Hunkers and Barnburners damaged him still further. Still, when the Convention drew near it was seen that the only hope of defeating him lay in deferring the Convention till May. By first procuring a similar postponement from the Whigs, the necessary delay was gained, and for five months the opposition was kept up. Calhoun withdrew, and so did

Buchanan. The Convention met, chose Colonel Wright, of Pennsylvania, as its chairman, when it was discovered that many state delegations outnumbered the State electoral vote, and it was decided such votes should be cast by the chairman. It was the formal recognition of the "unit" rule which has since prevailed in the Democracy. Unfortunately for Van Buren, this rule was not followed in voting on the two-thirds rule, and in the vote adopting it by 148 to 116, taken after a bitter debate, 63 delegates pledged to Van Buren divided their State vote, and went over to the enemy. After polling 146 votes on the first ballot, he fell, Cass passing him on the fifth, and receiving a majority on the seventh ballot. Night came, and the New York delegation met, withdrew Van Buren, and agreed to support Polk, and the next morning Polk was presented by Virginia, and nominated, receiving 232 votes. New York then presented Wright. He was nominated, declined, and George M. Dallas was nominated. President Tyler's friends had held a convention just before and nominated him He declined after Polk's nomination, and, in the slang of the day, the "Tyler party went over to the Democrats in an omnibus." The Whig Legislative caucus in New York, while presenting Millard Filmore's name, eulogized Clay, and he was nominated by acclamation in the national convention; and after three ballots Theo. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, was named for the Vice Presidency, over John Davis, of Massachusetts, and Millard Fillmore, of New York. The campaign opened with a touch of the excitement of 1828. Polk lived near the Hermitage, and he was enthusiastically hailed as "Young Hickory," but the split in New York, the growth of the American Party—which had elected a mayor in New York—all gave hope that

—"the nation's risin'
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen"

would carry New York and the Union. July 1st, Clay ruined his chances by writing, "Personally I could have no objection to the annexation of Texas." Very much the same effect would be produced now if Mr. Hayes were to write, "Personally I could have no objection to the inflation of the currency." From that day on to the end of the canvass, "Polk, Dallas, and Texas" was the winning cry of the Presidential year, and Polk received 170 votes to Clay's 105. It was the only time the defeated party seriously charged fraud. Louisiana, it was claimed, was carried by the Plaquemine riot, and New York by ballot-box stuffing. There was talk of an appeal to Congress, but it died away, and Polk was inaugurated. An early act was to contradict a favorite cry of his supporters on the Oregon question, "54° 40' or fight."

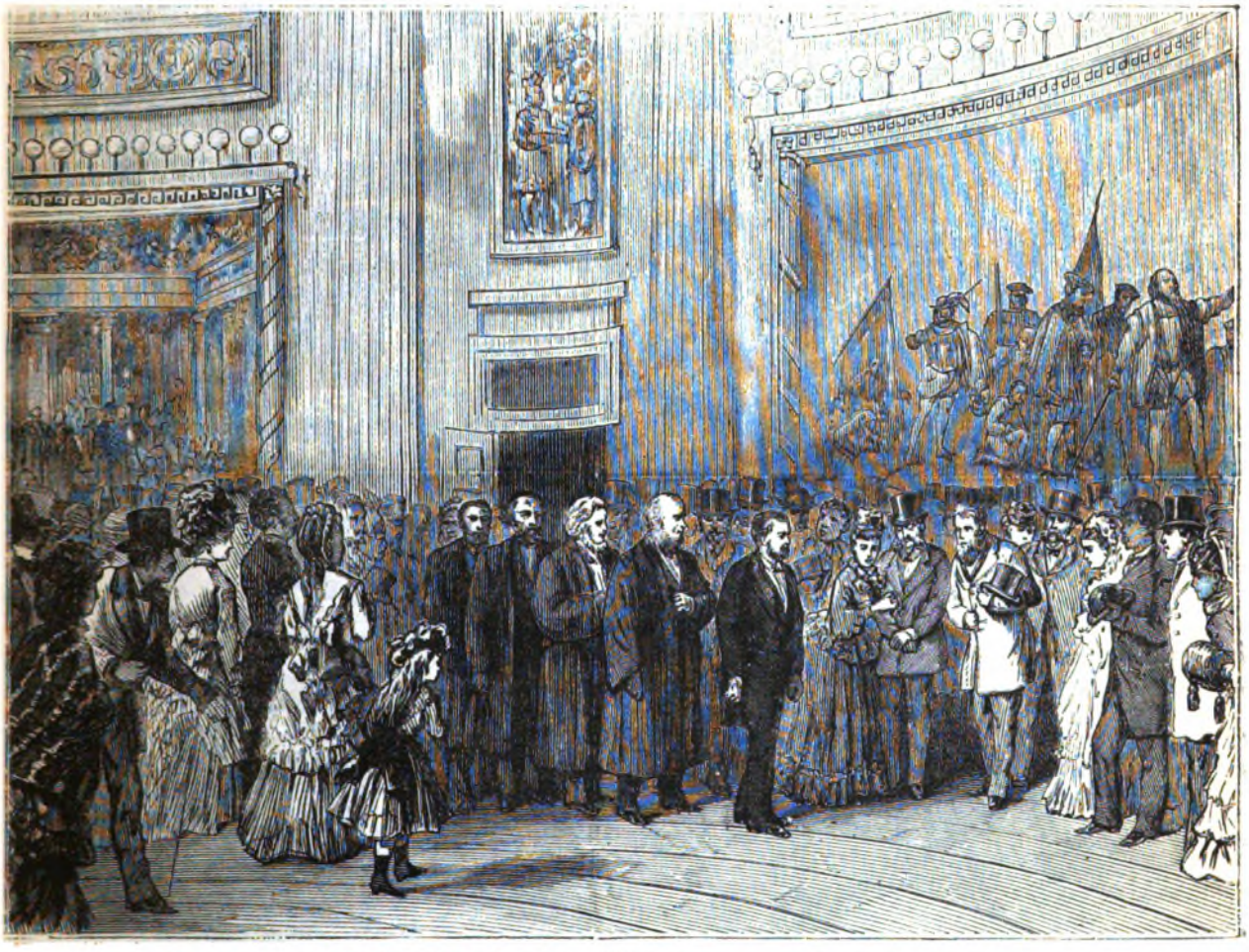
### Zachary Taylor—1848.

Clay came for the last time into a national convention at the famous "Slaughter-house" Convention of 1848. At the close of a Democratic meeting four years before, a banner was flung out with Clay's blood-stained figure holding a duellist's pistol in one hand and a gambler's deck of cards in the other. It was a fair index of the attacks made on him, and Northern Whigs declared it useless to press his name. The Northeast brought Webster instead, and Virginia Scott, with General Taylor commanding a general support. Judge M'Lean was again in the field and so was Millard Fillmore. Taylor, it should be remembered, had never voted, had no civil experience, nothing but a successful battle to recommend him to the North and his slaves to the South. He led every competitor on the first ballot with 111 votes, Clay at 97, Webster, Scott, and M'Lean following, and the Convention adjourned. Hard work was done over night and at the first ballot the next day Clay polled his State vote and a little more, Webster his, and Scott had sixty-three votes. Over all Taylor polled a majority of 171 votes. The Convention nominated Millard Fillmore Vice-President, and adjourned demoralized. There was talk of uniting with the Free Soil Democrats, the Americans, and the National Reformers, but Webster, who had pronounced the nomination "not fit to be made," was strong enough to prevent party suicide. Contesting New York State delegations to the Democratic National Conventions known as the "Hards" and "Softs," the last headed by Van Buren, who by some miracle was outside the regular organization. When the Convention met at Baltimore it was in Cass's hands, and his friend, Andrew Stephenson, of Virginia, was elected President. There was a long debate over admitting New York, and at last by a vote of 157 to 95 neither was admitted, and each got a a half vote which neither accepted, and the Convention proceeded to nominate without the help of New York, but found it was quite impossible to elect the candidate in the same way. On the fifth ballot Lewis Cass had 179 votes, Buchanan getting his State vote and Levi Woodbury something more. Both factions from New York went back, organized from one end of New York to the other, and fought it out to the bitter end—mutual defeat. "Prince John," aided by the younger Barnburners, called a national convention at Utica, adjourned to Buffalo, and in the most heterogeneous assemblage of Abolitionists, Softs or Barnburners, organized the "Free Soil Party" with its capital watchwords of "Free Soil," "Free Speech," "Free Labor," and "Free Men," and Martin Van Buren and C. F. Adams as its ticket. It was the first bolt, pure and simple, in American politics. Nobody expected to elect anything, but three-fourths of the men liked the work and have been bolting ever since. "We'll carry Cass home by way of the Lakes," said the campaign song of the period, and twenty-two years later a Liberal Republican Convention at Albany was thrown into delirious enthusiasm by the quotation. Cass lost his election by losing New York, and yet the Free Soil movement did not altogether poll a tenth of the votes cast in the Presidential election. As usual in a triple candidacy, no candidate received a majority over all his competitors on the popular vote.

### Franklin Pierce—1852.

With the canvass of 1852 the old Congressional caucus had a brief reappearance in fifty members of Congress who signed an address just before the Democratic Convention met, refusing to support any candidate who did not accept the Compromise of 1850 as final. William L. Marcy, of New York, claimed to be able to harmonize New York, and James Buchanan to satisfy the South. Cass and Douglas offered the Western votes. The convention agreed to its platform readily enough, and then sat for days balloting. Cass started with 117 votes, declined on the thirteenth to 90, while Douglas had risen to 50, and ran on the thirty-fifth to 131, when Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, was nominated and received a New England vote till, on the forty-eighth ballot, Virginia voted for him amid the wildest enthusiasm, and the forty-eighth ballot saw him nominated. W. R. King, of Alabama, was named Vice-President. The Whig Convention met immediately after. The night before, the Southern Whigs agreed to a statement of their principles, which they should require the convention to adopt, or bolt. It was shown to Webster's friends, and they agreed to it, following in the path he had outlined in his March 7th speech. Nevertheless there was a row about it, and it was carried only by 164 to 117. The balloting began under the impression that Webster was to receive the Southern vote, but after 52 ballots he still remained with the New England vote, Fillmore and Scott leading, as they had done at starting, when one had 132 and the other 131 votes. On the fifty-third ballot, Scott received 159 votes, and was nominated. W. A. Graham was, on the second ballot, nominated as Vice-President. Scott fell into the blunder of making speeches around the country, and a nickname

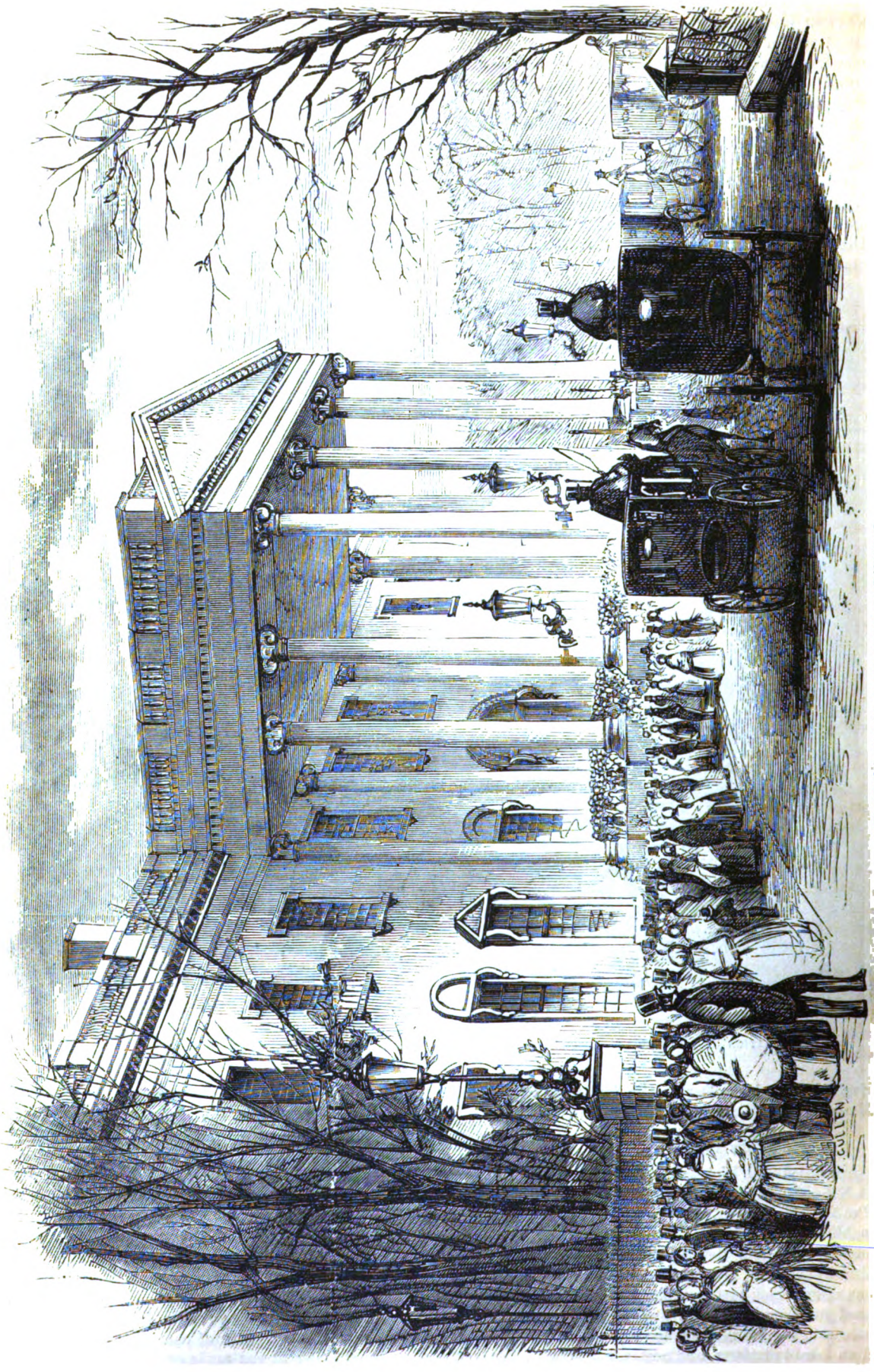
of "Fuss and Feathers" had its weight, while a "hasty plate of soup" gained a notoriety which does not usually attach to that fugitive course. The election of Pierce was considered certain when the Hards and Softs in New York fraternized, and leaving their "halls," marched in single file to Stuyvesant Hall, and returned arm-in-arm to Tammany Hall. There were a number of scattering nominations, but none had the slightest weight. John P. Hale and G. W. Julian were nominated by the Free-Soilers at Pittsburgh, in August. The Southern "Fire-eaters" put G. M. Troup in the field as a Roland for the "Abolitionist" Oliver in William Goodell; and the American party, which was just going through its Know Nothing stage, nominated Jacob Brown. The Democratic organization, rather than Pierce, received 254 votes; even Delaware, for the first time since the "era of good feeling," voted the Democratic ticket. Scott carried only Massachusetts, Vermont, Kentucky, and Tennessee.



THE INAUGURATION OF A PRESIDENT.—GENERAL GRANT, IN 1873, PASSING FROM THE SENATE CHAMBER TO THE EAST STEPS OF THE CAPITOL.

### James Buchanan—1856.

Whiggery died with Webster. After a short masquerade as anti-Nebraska men, the great body of the Whigs were united to the Free-Soilers, and pretty much everything else, as Republicans. The Silver Gray Whigs tarried a while in the American fold, and then sorrowfully became Democrats. The first Republican Convention met in Pittsburgh, and called another, which met in Philadelphia. It was a loosely organized mass meeting, with delegates from some States that were said to have been picked up in the streets; but it passed an adroit platform, and nominated John C. Fremont on the first ballot by 359 votes over John McLean, who had 196, and on the second ballot the choice was unanimous. It was the general belief that Seward could be nominated, but his friends advised not, and he withdrew, and lived to regret it. William L. Dayton, of New Jersey, was chosen on the second ballot, Abraham Lincoln, David Wilmot, Preston King, Charles Sumner, Thomas H. Ford, and Cassius M. Clay all received ballots for the position on the first ballot. The American Party had already—February 22d—nominated Millard Fillmore and Andrew Jackson Donelson. Prior to the Convention the secret council of the Know Nothing Order met and chose a platform. The anti-Nebraska men protested, but were voted down in the Convention, 141 to 59, and withdrew, to join the Republicans. A Convention of Whigs was held in September, presided over by Edward Bates, of Missouri, and voted to indorse the American nominations. It was a rather ghostly performance. The Democrats, at Cincinnati, nominated on the eighteenth ballot James Buchanan, after a contest in which Pierce led off with 122, the successful candidate receiving 135, and Douglas kept up a plucky fight with a handful of 50 odd votes. John C. Breckenridge was nominated by acclamation on the second ballot. "Buck and Breck" became the war-cry of the Democracy, as "Free Soil, Free Speech, and Fremont" was of the Republicans, and "America for Americans" of the Know Nothing Party. Fremont's career as an explorer made capital reading as a campaign document, and was perused in that shape by everybody, while his wife, Jessie Benton Fremont, made the prettiest possible of campaign pictures. A virulent personal assault was made on both by the opposition, and the chief campaign lie of the canvass was the charge

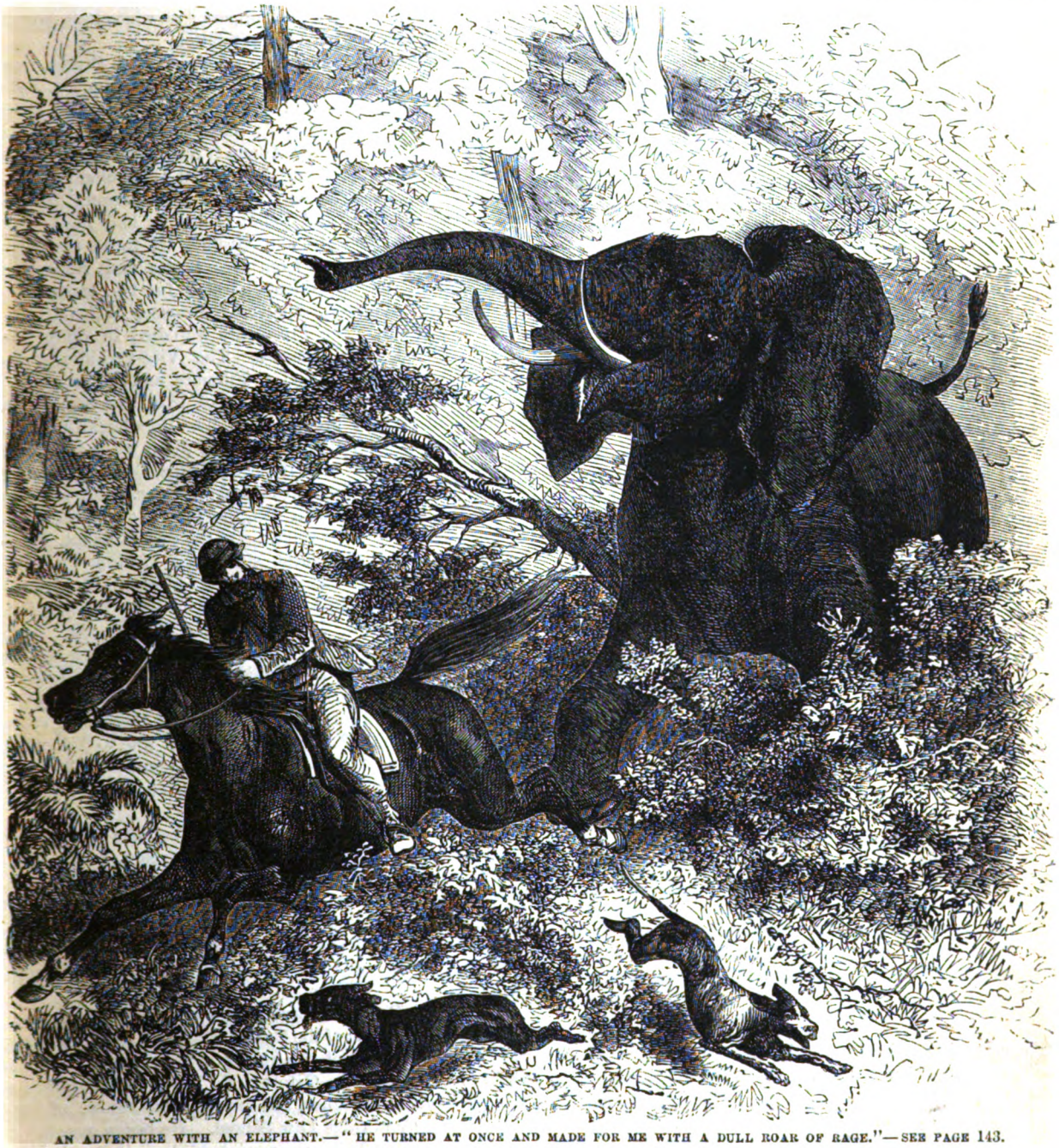



A RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

that Fremont was a Catholic. Criticism on Buchanan was of a more general sort. The election in Maine in September gave the Republicans some hope, but Buchanan's brilliant success in the October elections ended the campaign in his favor, although he failed of a majority over all on the popular vote, he carried 174 electoral votes—a clear majority.

### Abraham Lincoln—1860.

The canvass of 1860 divided and defeated the Democratic Party. The story is a very familiar one. Entering the Charleston Convention with 145 votes, Stephen A. Douglas, the "Little Giant," gained slightly up to the thirty-sixth ballot without ever reaching a two-thirds majority, and after three days balloting the Convention adjourned to meet in Baltimore, June 18th, having spent a week previous to the balloting over the platform. Nearly all the Northern delegates met at Baltimore and nominated Douglas by 180 votes. The Southern delegates, who had meanwhile adjourned over from day to day at Richmond, nominated Breckinridge and Lane. The "Union Constitutional" party, adopting the motto of a past campaign, "The Union, the Constitution, and the Laws," met at Baltimore early in the year and nominated the Bell and Everett ticket. In the Republican Convention which met at Chicago, the nomination of Seward, who polled 184 to Lincoln's 181, appeared for some time certain; but at the critical moment Simon Cameron cast the vote of Pennsylvania for Lincoln, and he sprang on the third ballot to 231 and was nominated on the fourth ballot A strong effort was made to put a delegate from a slaveholding State o1 the second place, but in spite of a large vote cast for Cassius M. Clay, Hannibal Hamlin was nominated. The canvass was spiritless on the Democratic side. On the other extreme, efforts were made to raise a hard-cider campaign. Mr. Lincoln had once split rails, and the whole country went wild on the subject—rode on a rail, so to speak, for five months. Mammoth processions were



AN ADVENTURE WITH AN ELEPHANT.—"HE TURNED AT ONCE AND MADE FOR ME WITH A DULL ROAR OF RAGE."—SEE PAGE 143.

had in which men split rails on open platforms, marched with rails—small ones—on their shoulders, carted around sections of the rail fence which Mr. Lincoln had built. The "Wide Awakes," the prettiest campaign device of recent times, with big hat, cape, and torch, were organized by thousands, and made the streets light with their marching. "Honest Old Abe," "Abe, the Railsplitter," and a dozen other nicknames were given to a man from whom they have all fallen. From first to last his campaign was a triumphant success. Douglas made a feeble attempt to stem the tide by stumping the country, beginning at New York, but he was only burlesqued for his pains. The September and October elections both went for Mr. Lincoln, and his election was assured long before it came, not by a majority on the popular vote, but by a majority in the Electoral College.

### Abraham Lincoln—1864.

Mr. Lincoln came before the people for a re-election in the midst of civil war. Three parties took the field, thick and thin supporters of the Administration, extreme and radical agitators, who looked on the Government as conservative, and the Democrats who were opposed to the Administration as too radical, and opposed the conduct of the war generally. A convention summoned by a call "to the radical men of the nation," opened the canvass by nominating John C. Fremont and John Cochrane. Half the States were unrepresented in the 350 delegates of the Convention; pretty much every one disowned the job and it proved a flat failure. The Union National Convention (Republican), met at Baltimore in June, elected a clergyman as presiding officer, and, after wasting some time over the credentials of delegates, nominated Mr. Lincoln, Missouri alone voting for General Grant. In the nomination for Vice-President, Andrew Johnson received 200 votes, and changes soon brought him up to 494 votes, and a majority over Hannibal Hamlin and Daniel S. Dickinson, his chief competitors. The Republican Convention met at a time when the war was supposed to be nearly over; the Democratic Convention met in August, when defeat had checked Grant's advance, and the platforms show well enough the change, and are at opposite extremes. In spite of its peace platform, the Democratic Convention, which met at Chicago, August 29th, over which Horatio Seymour presided, nominated George B. McClellan on the first ballot, receiving 162 on the first announcement, and 202½ as delegates changed, reducing 64 which Thomas H. Seymour first polled to 23½. George H. Pendleton gained at the first ballot for Vice-President not half the votes of J. Guthrie, but the latter was withdrawn, and Pendleton unanimously nominated. The war absorbed all the excitement of the day, and the campaign was quiet. After a gleam of hope in the Maine election, "Little Mac" was defeated by a popular majority of 411,000, carrying only twenty-one electoral votes in the States of Kentucky, New Jersey, and Delaware.

### Ulysses S. Grant.

The campaign of 1868 is within the memory of every one. The Republican Convention met, May 20th, in Chicago, nominated General Grant unanimously, and Schuyler Colfax, on the sixth ballot, for Vice-President, over Wade, Fenton and Wilson. The Democratic Convention met July 4th, in New York, balloted for three days, saw Pendleton reach 137 votes, Hendricks 140½, and Hancock 162, and just as a reasonable prospect existed that Chase might be chosen, Horatio Seymour's name was sprung on the Convention, and carried. Frank P. Blair was nominated for Vice-President by acclamation. The campaign was chiefly remarkable for reviving war memories, and was fought on an issue made by General Blair in a letter to Mr. Brodhead, of Missouri. The Wide-Awakes of eight years before were revived, and with them marched the "Boys in Blue," made up, for the most part, of Union soldiers, whole regiments, and sometimes brigades being reorganized. The Democratic candidates were utterly routed, carrying an insignificant share of the electoral vote, over the counting of which a serious dispute arose for the first time.

The campaign of 1872, with the renomination of General Grant, and the nomination of Henry Wilson on one side, and the choice of Horace Greeley and B. Gratz Brown, first by the Liberal Republicans and then by the Democrats, on the other, with its "Wood-Choppers," its white hats and its white coats, scarcely need recapitulation.

Of the seventeen Presidents of the United States, from Washington to Grant, Virginia had 5—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Tyler, and was, therefore, called the "Mother of Presidents"; Massachusetts had 2—John Adams and John Quincy Adams; New York had 2—Van Buren and Fillmore; Pennsylvania had 1—Buchanan; New Hampshire had 1—Pierce; Ohio had 1—Harrison; Tennessee had 2—Jackson and Polk; Louisiana had 1—Taylor; Illinois had 2—Lincoln and Grant. Of these seventeen Presidents, eight were from free States and nine from slave States. The Presidents elected for two terms were Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln, and Grant. The Presidents who died in office were Harrison, Taylor, and Lincoln. The Vice-Presidents who became Presidents were Tyler, Fillmore, and Johnson.

This brings us to the election of 1876, the canvass for which is at present progressing. The Republican Convention met at Cincinnati on the 14th of June, when the candidates for nomination were Bristow, Blaine, Conklin, Morton, Hayes, Hartranft, Washburne, and Wheeler. On the first ballot, Blaine led off with 285, the next highest candidate being Morton, with 124 votes. On the second ballot, Blaine had 296, the second highest still being Morton, with 120. Third ballot: Blaine 293, Bristow 121, Morton 113. Fourth ballot: Blaine 292, Bristow 126, Morton 108. Fifth ballot: Blaine 286, Bristow 114, Hayes 104, Morton 95. Sixth ballot: Blaine 308, Hayes 113, Bristow 111. It now became evident that many of the candidates were in a hopeless minority, and the delegations began to combine on one or other of the two leading contestants. Of these new votes, Blaine gained but 43, raising his highest vote to 351, while Hayes, accumulating all the rest, rose from 113 to 384, just five more than he needed to secure the choice of the Convention.

For the second position on the ticket, the competitors were the Hon. William A. Wheeler, of New York; Hon. Marshall Jewell, of Connecticut; Hon. Stewart L. Woodford, of New York, and Hon. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey. When the ballot began, Mr. Wheeler was so evidently the choice of the majority, that the other candidates were withdrawn, and that gentleman was nominated unanimously.

Rutherford B. Hayes, presented by the Republican Convention to the people of the United States for their suffrages, is actually Governor of the State of Ohio. He was born at Delaware, in that State, October 4th, 1822; was graduated at Renyon College, Gambier, but pursued his course of legal study at the Cambridge Law School. He began practice in Cincinnati, and in 1856 was appointed City Solicitor, holding the position till the commencement of the civil war. When the struggle began, he enlisted in the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers. He soon rose to the rank of major, and in 1862 was lieutenant-colonel, commanding his regiment at the battle of South Mountain. Though severely wounded in the arm, he refused to leave the field, and was the first officer who established a position at South Mountain. In 1864 he was appointed Brigadier-General, and was nominated as the Republican candidate for Congress from the Second Ohio

district. He was elected by a majority of 3,098 over his Democratic competitor, J. C. Butler. In 1866 he was re-elected, but had become so popular in his State that, after one session at Washington, he was brought forward as a candidate for Governor of the State, and, after a closely contested canvass, was elected by a majority of 2,983, in a vote of 483,000. He was re-elected in 1869 by a still larger majority, and in 1875 was once more chosen by a majority of 5,544 votes, after one of the most bitter contests ever seen in Ohio; defeating his competitor, William Allen, on the sectarian and hard-money issues. Governor Hayes was mentioned as a suitable candidate for the Presidency early in the Spring, but did not loom up into prominence, and his nomination was a general surprise.

In 1852 Governor Hayes was married to Miss Lucy Ware Webb, who is said to be a lady of great personal charms, fine intelligence, and agreeable manners. Governor Hayes is a man of fine personal appearance.

William A. Wheeler, associated with Governor Hayes on the Republican ticket, as the candidate for the Vice-Presidency, is a lawyer, who has been successful in his profession. He has been a member of the State Senate, and in 1859 was elected to the Thirty-seventh Congress. In Congress he has had the chairmanship of important committees, and was re-elected to the present Congress by 6,770 majority. Mr. Wheeler was originally a Democrat, and was elected District-Attorney as the candidate of that party. Afterward he entered the Legislature as a Whig, and acted with that party until the Republican party was formed, when he joined it.

The preliminaries for the Presidential contest of the centennial year were completed with the nomination, on June 28th, by the Democratic National Convention, at St. Louis, of Samuel J. Tilden, of New York, for President, and Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, for Vice-President.

Governor Tilden was born at New Lebanon, Columbia County, N. Y., March 15th, 1814, near the close of the last war with England, and is a descendent of the best Puritan stock. One of his ancestors, Nathaniel Tilden, who came to America in 1634, was among the founders of the town of Scituate, Mass. His grandfather, John Tilden, came from Connecticut in 1790, and settled in Columbia County, N. Y., since then the residence of this branch of the family. At the age of twenty, Mr. Tilden entered Yale College, but, in consequence of ill-health, was unable to complete his course.

He subsequently attended the University of New York, where he completed his academic education, and then entered the law office of the late Judge John W. Edmonds, of this city, where he continued his legal studies until his admission to the bar.

In 1846 Mr. Tilden was elected to the Assembly from one of the New York City districts, and in the same year he became a member of the Constitutional Convention. From 1847 to 1869 Mr. Tilden took no very active part in politics, although he was always a power in the councils of his party and succeeded to the chairmanship of the Democratic State Committee on the death of Dean Richmond. During these years he devoted himself to his profession, attained high standing at the bar, and gained a practice probably the largest and most lucrative enjoyed by any single lawyer in the country.

In 1870 he again became active in political affairs, and began the contest with the corrupt Tweed ring, which resulted in its complete overthrow in the following year.

Mr. Tilden's prominence in the work of reform made him the chosen leader of the New Yo k Democracy in 1874, in which year he was elected Governor of this State, by a majority of 38,549, over John A. Dix, Republican, aud Myron H. Clark, Temperance.

His war upon the Canal Ring, and his efforts at economy and administrative reform, were so successful and so consistent with the pledges made during his canvass, that in the election of 1875 the candidates identified with his policy were triumphantly elected.

Mr. Tilden is a bachelor, and a man of cultivated literary and artistic tastes. His law library is excelled by none in this city, and he also possesses a rare collection of books on political economy and finance and in general literature. He preserves his health by frequent out-door exercise, and is often seen in the Park on horseback or behind his well-known roadsters.

He is now in his sixty-third year, and has what is called the purely nervous temperament, with a spare figure, blue eyes, and fair complexion. His hair, originally chestnut, is now partially silvered by age.

A convention opposed to a speedy resumption of specie payments nominated Peter Cooper, of New York, for President, and Senator Newton Booth, of California, for Vice-President. The latter declined the nomination, but as Mr. Cooper accepted, the ticket is actually before the people.

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## AN ADVENTURE WITH AN ELEPHANT.

We had been on an expedition against the elephants for several days, and as far as I was concerned, it had been nothing but a series of mishaps.

It was the last day out. We were to return to the Caffre village on the next morning; and after losing myself in the woods, and spending the night there, I got back just in time to join the party.

The next morning I joined them in pursuit of the elephants they had hunted the day before. I was on horseback, my late experience having taught me the folly of attempting any more expeditions on foot.

My unlucky star, however, seemed still in the ascendant, and I ran the gauntlet of another danger before the first two hours were over.

We followed the river down several miles, instead of entering the forest, and at last came in sight of a troop of ten or twelve elephants, who fled pell mell at our approach.

I singled out one that was making towards the woods, and followed in the path his enormous body cleared for me. I was quite near, anxious to have my revenge for yesterday's misfortune, and sent a ball through his right shoulder. He turned at once, and made for me with a dull roar of rage. My horse bounded into the air, and dashed off through a thicket with the elephant so close that once his trunk almost touched Bryan's flanks.

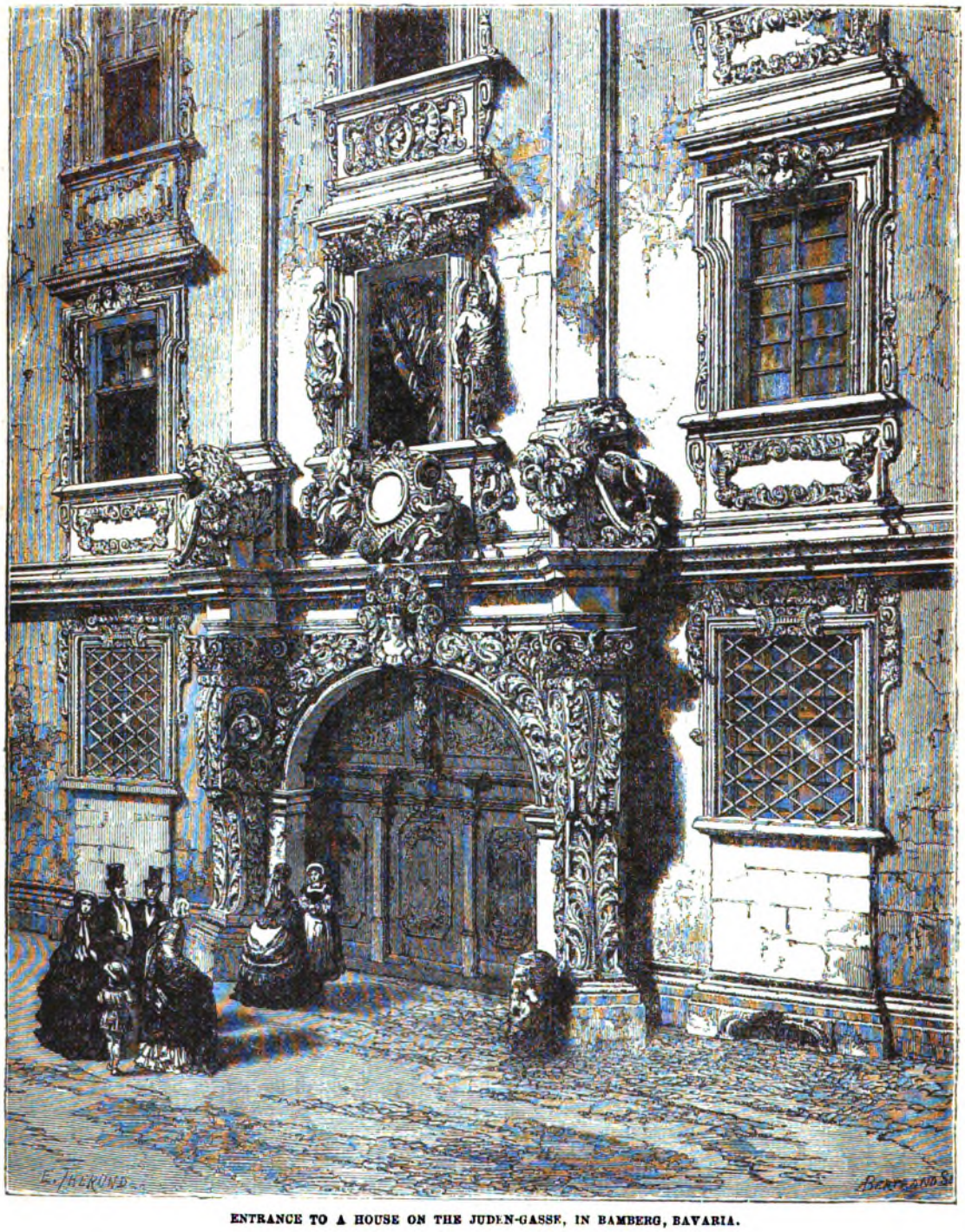
The frightened beast gave a plunge that fairly unseated me, yet I may say without danger of being accused of vanity, that a year's coursing among African plains and forests had made me a good horseman, if I was not one before, and the person that such a life would not turn into a sort of modern centaur, had much better stay peaceably at home along with his sisters.

I was fairly out of the saddle, half over the horse's side, and obliged to hang on to his mane like an astonished monkey. I thought I should be down in spite of all I could do, and just behind sounded the heavy tramp of the elephant, and a sudden roar of rage showed that he saw my condition, and was fully expecting to have me in reach of his trunk without loss of time.

I was too furious with my bad luck to be much frightened, and steadying myself on Bryan's neck, greatly to his inconvenience, I managed to regain my seat. I drove my spurs into the horse's side—we made one spring into the air, and dashed on at a rate that must have been confusing to the eyes of any elephant, who had not been in civilized countries, and visited a circus.

It had such an effect on the creature in question, that he stopped short, and flung up his trunk with a long roar of amazement.

When he stopped in his pursuit, I reloaded and fired again, but without effect, and the animal made off through the woods. One or two of my friends came up, and we followed him for a long distance, but lost his traces, so the abominable brute came off conqueror at last.

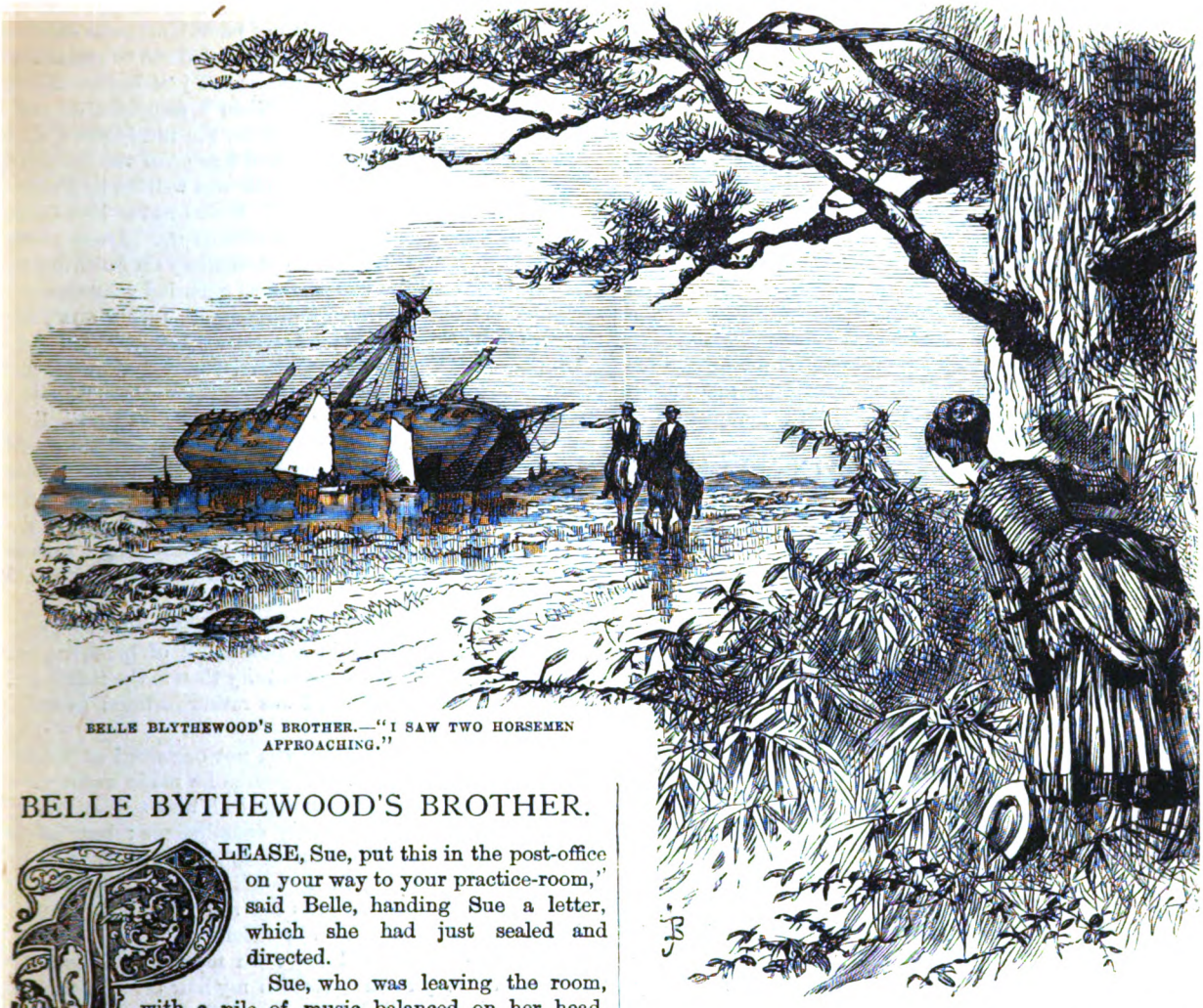


ENTRANCE TO A HOUSE ON THE JUDEN-GASSE, IN BAMBERG, BAVARIA.

## HOUSE ON THE JUDEN-GASSE, BAMBERG, BAVARIA.

BAMBERG, now chief city of one of the divisions of the Kingdom of Bavaria, was, for eight centuries, the seat of a prince-bishop. The Emperor St. Henry II., and his successors, as well as the princely bishops themselves, made it a rich and splendid city, a little of its ancient splendor remaining to attest the glory of the past. The house in our illustration, situated on the narrow street called the *Judengasse*, or Jews' Street, is one of the finest specimens of German domestic architecture in the last century, for it was erected about 1700, before the decline of ancient taste and art, when bastard antique, French and Italian styles, supplanted that which had grown up on German soil.

The ornamentation here is rich, but not overcharged, and worked out with fidelity and grace. The management of the spread-eagle in the capitals of the rich pilasters of the portal shows that our carvers in wood and stone can learn to make the national emblem more available in decoration than it has yet been, by introducing it even into elaborate work.



BELLE BLYTHEWOOD'S BROTHER.—"I SAW TWO HORSEMEN APPROACHING."

# BELLE BYTHEWOOD'S BROTHER.

"PLEASE, Sue, put this in the post-office on your way to your practice-room," said Belle, handing Sue a letter, which she had just sealed and directed.

Sue, who was leaving the room, with a pile of music balanced on her head, stopped to scan the address.

"'Mr. Stuart A. Bythewood'—is he your father?" asked Sue.

"No—brother," replied Belle.

"Brother, is he? Where is he at?" asked Sue, with Sue-like disregard of grammar.

"Don't bother!" exclaimed Belle, who was already scratching away at another letter. "Look at the address, and see for yourself."

"I *will* bother," returned she, teasingly. "I sha'n't leave this room till you tell us all about Stuart. Don't *you* want to hear about Stuart, Kate?"

"*Cela dépend*," replied I, looking up from a French composition.

"Depends on what?" asked Belle, with much interest.

"Depends on whether he is a *nice* young man or not. I care very little for nice young men in general, considering them just about a match for *sweet* girls."

"What are you fumbling in your desk for, Belle?" asked Sue.

"For this," replied Belle, handing me a photograph. "Does that look like the picture of a nice young man, Kate?"

"Oh, what a beauty!" exclaimed Sue, who was looking over my shoulder. "Surely, Belle, that isn't *your* brother?"

"Yes, it is," replied Belle, with a triumphant smile; "that is Stuart Bythewood."

And really Stuart Bythewood *was* a brother to be proud of, if he bore any resemblance to that photograph, for it was as handsome as a book-of-beauty picture—that is, supposing masculinity to have admittance into books of beauty, which—now I think of it—I don't believe is the case.

Anything less like Belle could scarcely be imagined; for Belle, although beyond dispute the best-natured girl in Miss Hull's seminary, could not, with the slightest shadow of reason, lay any claim to the fatal gift of beauty.

"Belle, I *must* have Stuart for a sweetheart," said Sue.

"No, you can't," returned Belle: "I'm saving him for Kate there."

"Oh, *she* doesn't want him," said Sue. "Kate hates beaux."

"How do you know that?" asked I.

"Because you said that dark-eyed youth, who was so devoted to you at Mrs. Singleton's the other night, was a bore; and you know you quite frown down Carlo Friedrich's attentions, although he says Miss Clinton is his best pupil, and has 'one talent for music.'"

"But Stuart is a very different sort of person from Carlo Friedrich, as you call him," interrupted Belle. "He is learned, and elegant, and refined, and knows French and German, and has such a fine voice, and such a nice mustache, and—and——"

"And, in short, is so jam up," interrupted Sue. "Now, seriously, Belle, don't you think I would suit him better than Kate? You know people like their opposites, and I am neither learned nor refined, nor anything else that is commendable."

"No," returned Belle, decidedly. "I have been thinking ever since I came here that he and Kate were made for one another."

"Because they are both too good for anybody else, I suppose?" said Sue. "Well, Miss Bythewood," since you won't give me your brother, I must go downstairs and comfort myself with music. I shall have to play the 'Albion Waltz' at the concert next Friday night—so Carlo Friedrich says; and I don't want to pain his gentle heart by playing it *à la* Maggie Dent."

And off Sue Hammond went, with arms akimbo, a pile of music on her head, and whistling, "Oh I should like to marry," and yet not looking nearly so objectionable as any other girl would have looked under such circumstances. She was little and graceful, and presumed considerably on her littleness and grace, as also upon a rather larger portion of good looks than generally falls to the share of girls.

When she was gone, Belle turned to me, and informed me that, in her letters, she had been describing me to her brother, who had begged her to send him a pen-picture of the most charming girl in the school."

"And do you really think *I* am that?" asked I, in some surprise.

"Yes," returned she; "don't you get the highest marks in school regularly every month?"

"My dear young lady," said I, "high marks are no sign whatever of a girl's power of fascination."

But Belle was not to be convinced. She was rather dull herself, and, in consequence, had that high regard for mental culture which I, who belonged to a reading family, did not share.

"I am sure brother would like a girl like you," persisted she, "because he is so intellectual himself. He not only knows about Latin and Greek and trigonometry, and all those *mannish* sort of things, but he knows other things besides. He is ever so much better in French than I am" ("*Mirabile dictu!*" thought I, ironically, Ollendorf not being Belle's *forte*) "and he understands botany, and can play on the guitar almost as well as——"

"There, that will do," interrupted I. "My heart is already taken captive, and there is no use in saying another word. You have twice mentioned his French. Is he really so very thorough in it?"

"Yes; he used to correspond with my governess in French, and she said he wrote it like a Parisian."

"Your governess!" exclaimed I. "What sort of a person is she?"

"Mrs. Vernon? She is the best old soul alive. Papa won't consent to her leaving us, although she doesn't teach us now, because she is superannuated."

"Superannuated, is she?" said I, quite relieved. "Then those were not love-letters that passed between her and your brother?"

"No, of course not; though I believe brother *could* write a love-letter in French just as well as he could in English."

"I doubt it," said I, gravely.

"Ah, but indeed he could, though. If you don't believe me, I will prove it to you."

"*Bon!* Isn't that the tea-bell?"

"Yes, and I am glad of it, for we are going to have ginger-cakes for tea. Mrs. Smith told me so when I went into her room a while ago to fill my lamp."

And being young and hungry, Belle and I quickly reduced our hair to order, and hastened downstairs to secure our share of the anticipated dainty.

One day, about a week after this, Belle, with much mystery, placed in my hand a little long envelope, addressed to myself in decidedly masculine chirography.

"Who is it from?" asked I, more eagerly than grammatically.

"Look inside and see," replied Belle, as she passed on, and left me standing in the monitress's hall.

I thought I heard Miss Hull coming, and, although I knew nothing about the letter, instinct made me put it in my pocket. By the time that lady had passed, and was safe out of sight and hearing, a school-bell sounded me to recitation; and it was not until the breathing-spell just before dinner that I had time for my letter. Then I sought a deserted practice-room, and, seating myself on the music-stool, drew forth the letter from my pocket, and tore open the envelope.

As I had half expected, the epistle was written in French, and signed "Stuart Bythewood." It was not a love-letter, though, or I shouldn't have read it through. I was pretty good in French myself, and my commentary on finishing the production was, that it was *parfait* as regarded grammar and spelling. As regarded composition, it was rather stiff; but that was to be expected in an American's French.

On the whole, I considered that Mr. Stuart Bythewood had done credit to himself, and now the question came, Should I answer? There was nothing in the letter that particularly required a reply, but, then a French correspondence would be so improving—ever so much better than writing stiff compositions—and, besides, if I did not reply, that letter would probably be *Omega* as well as *Alpha*, and it was decidedly pleasent to be written to by as good-looking a man as Belle Bythewood's brother, even though one never expected to see him.

I was a great believer in Platonics at that tender age, and, having been brought up in a house full of brothers, was much more accustomed to masculinity than to the softer sex. In truth, like Henry Pelham, I was rather inclined to think the latter a bore.

As I have already said, there was not one word of love in Stuart Bythewood's letter. Of course he made mention of congeniality and kindred spirits, and all that sort of thing, and he paid me ever so many compliments; but as he "never said he loved," I concluded, at length, that there would be no impropriety in my sending him a *sisterly* letter—that is, a letter such as girls *call* sisterly, although they never write them to their own brethren.

The dinner-bell aroused me from my meditations; and when I went to my room to smooth my hair before descending to the dining-hall, I looked into the glass with more interest than usual; and although my regard for Belle Bythewood's brother was going to be strictly Platonic, and although I never expected to see him with mortal eyes, still I was glad to see that my auburn hair was looking quite brown through the instrumentality of bears' oil, and that the freckles which the country sun had brought out on my fair face were fast disappearing in the city's shade.

Altogether, I fancied that I was not an ill-looking girl, and I wondered if Belle Bythewood's brother would agree with me.

I answered that letter, and many a successor to it. Of course Belle directed my letters; and her regular correspondence with her brother was remarked on, and commended by Miss Hull, who admired family affection. Writing in French soon grew monotonous and tiresome, so we substituted English, and then we went on swimmingly. It is strange how much we found to write about, considering we had never seen each other; but every time we exchanged letters we managed to fill up four pages of good-sized note-paper.

The correspondence was kept a profound secret, that is, from *my* cronies. I rather doubt if such were the case at the university where my correspondent's young ideas were then being taught to shoot. We were not sentimental, that is, not *very*. I had always been so much ridiculed at home whenever I had shown any such tendencies, that I had become rather inclined to run into the other extreme. However, other people's brothers are, as a general thing, much more appreciative than one's own, and Mr. Bythewood treated with so much respect any idea of mine that "verged

on the poetical," that I gradually began to let the unpractical side of my character display itself in my epistolary intercourse with him.

I am inclined to think that that unadmiring sister of his had left him under the delusion that I was homely. I know that Belle used to say that the brunette was the only style of beauty that she liked, and I know that Belle's brother was, in his letters, continually expressing the Solomonic sentiment that *favor is deceitful and beauty is vain*, etc., etc., until I became so weary of it, that if I could have had a photograph taken that would do me justice, I should have sent it to him in order to correct his erroneous impression. I never did set up for a beauty, but I was not nearly ugly enough to have Solomon quoted for my consolation.

Time flies at school, and almost before we were well launched into our studies the June examination came. I was looking forward to a long, lonely Summer among the classic halls of Miss Hull's seminary, for, my home being far away in the wilds of Arkansas, my people thought it hardly worth while, and certainly not worth the expense, for me to return there for the Summer, especially as yellow fever was rampant in Memphis, through which place I should have to pass.

Gladly, then, did I accept an invitation from the Hammond girls to spend the vacation with them, at their Summer house on the coast. We had roomed together for a term, and therefore, as we had not fallen out with one another, were rather more intimate than sisters, although Sue was decidedly aggravating at times, so great were the depth, length, and breadth of her sincerity and candor.

Belle Bythewood expected to spend the Summer with an aunt, who had a Summer house near the Hammonds; but, although she was also a roommate, the thought of having her near us during vacation did not produce any vast amount of rapture; for Belle, in spite of her good-nature under snubbing, and of the lavish generosity with which she scattered her cakes and candies, was undoubtedly somewhat of a bore. Even the fact of her being Stuart's sister did not render her interesting to me; and it was, therefore, with a guilty conscience that I returned her double kiss at parting, and tried to look pleased when she informed me that she expected to *live* at the Hammond cottage during the Summer, as it was only half a mile from her aunt's residence.

The Hammonds, who lived in great style on their plantation during the Winter months, delighted in Arcadian simplicity during the Summer, occupying a cabin on the seashore, wearing their old clothes, and repudiating fashion altogether.

There were ever so many brothers in the family, besides various uncles and aunts, and we had a lively company, although we were rather "scrouged." There was no parlor in the cottage, so our gathering-place was the front piazza, which was shaded from the glare by a luxuriant growth of jackbeans. Rocking-chairs and settees were there in abundance, as were also palmetto fans and new novels. We had plenty of euchre, and cribbage, and fishing, and *promenades a pied* and *a cheval;* so, on the whole, we had what Mollie Hammond was reproved by her brother for calling "a *nice* time."

"My contentment would be complete," said Sue, one afternoon, "if it were not for the thought of *one* thing."

"Well," said her brother Tom, "don't be mysterious. What is that *one* thing?"

"Belle Bythewood coming to stay with Mrs. Rembert," returned Sue.

"Belle Bythewood! Can that be Stuart Bythewood's sister, I wonder? I met him in Beaufort the other day, and he told me he was coming down soon, to see his aunt, Mrs. Rembert."

"*Stuart* Bythewood coming! Oh, that's another pair of boots!" exclaimed Sue, while my heart bounded simultaneously. "Yes, Tom, Stuart and Belle are brother and sister."

"Then she must be pretty to kill," said Tom; "for Stuart is one of the finest-looking fellows I ever saw."

"Where did you get acquainted with him?" asked Sue.

"At the university."

"Oh! I might have known that. I think I have seen about forty-two thousand letters addressed to him at the university, for Belle was an everlasting writer. Were you intimate with him?"

"Not very; we roomed in different tenements. Is his sister pretty?"

"Pretty! Isn't she, though—with her snub nose and sandy hair. But, I say, Tom, is he really coming down here to spend the rest of the Summer?"

"I don't know. He said there was a girl in these parts that he was in love with (oh, how my cheeks burned when Tom said this!); and I suppose if she makes herself agreeable he will stay till Fall; otherwise, I suppose he will make himself scarce in a few days. Who is going to ride this evening? I saw a great saddling of horses going on when I passed the stable just now."

"I am going, and Mollie, and aunt Liza; and—you are going, ain't you, Kate?"

"No," replied I; "I am going to stay at home and finish Rutlege. You girls haven't given me half a chance to read it yet."

I staid at home that evening, but I didn't finish Rutlege; for Mr. Tom Hammond staid, too, and he kept on talking to me, making so many allusions to Mr. Bythewood that I became confident he, for one, knew something about that unlucky correspondence. Of course if I had ever expected to meet the man I should never have written him a line; but as he lived in South Carolina and I in Arkansas, such a meeting appeared highly improbable, to say the least of it; and therefore I had been airing my French and my epistolary powers *sans* reserve.

No wonder, then, that I was nervous when, as the Hammond girls and I were taking a *siesta* the next afternoon in our very diminutive dormitory, Belle Bythewood burst in upon us, woke us all up with her kisses, and then informed us that "brother" was out on the piazza.

"He is crazy to see you," continued she, turning to me, "and wouldn't give me a moment's rest till I brought him over, although I told him that he ought to wait for Mr. Hammond to call on him."

"Oho! *there's* where the land lies, is it?" exclaimed Sue, rousing up and rubbing her eyes. "I begin to see into it, now. Kate had a hand in some of those letters that used to swarm out of our room last Winter. How blind we were, Mollie, not to see into it sooner! That's right, Kate, crimp up (I had begun to grease my objectionable hair), and look your prettiest. One does not catch a beau like Belle's brother every day. Just look at Katie, Mollie how she is admiring herself in the glass."

If there is anything I do detest, it is ridicule. I therefore put down the bottle of bear's oil, and came away from the glass, with my hair very carelessly arranged.

"Loveliness needs not the foreign aid of ornament," quoted Sue, who was making her own toilet very rapidly, but, at the same time, with great care. "What dress are you going to wear, Kate?"

"The one I wore this morning," replied I, sulkily.

"What! that dingy old wrapper. Don't be silly, child. I didn't mean any harm by laughing at you just now. Wear your white organdie—it tones down your bright hair and complexion so nicely."

"I'll do no such thing," replied I, crossly; for, as Sue very well knew, I did hate to have my hair called *bright*

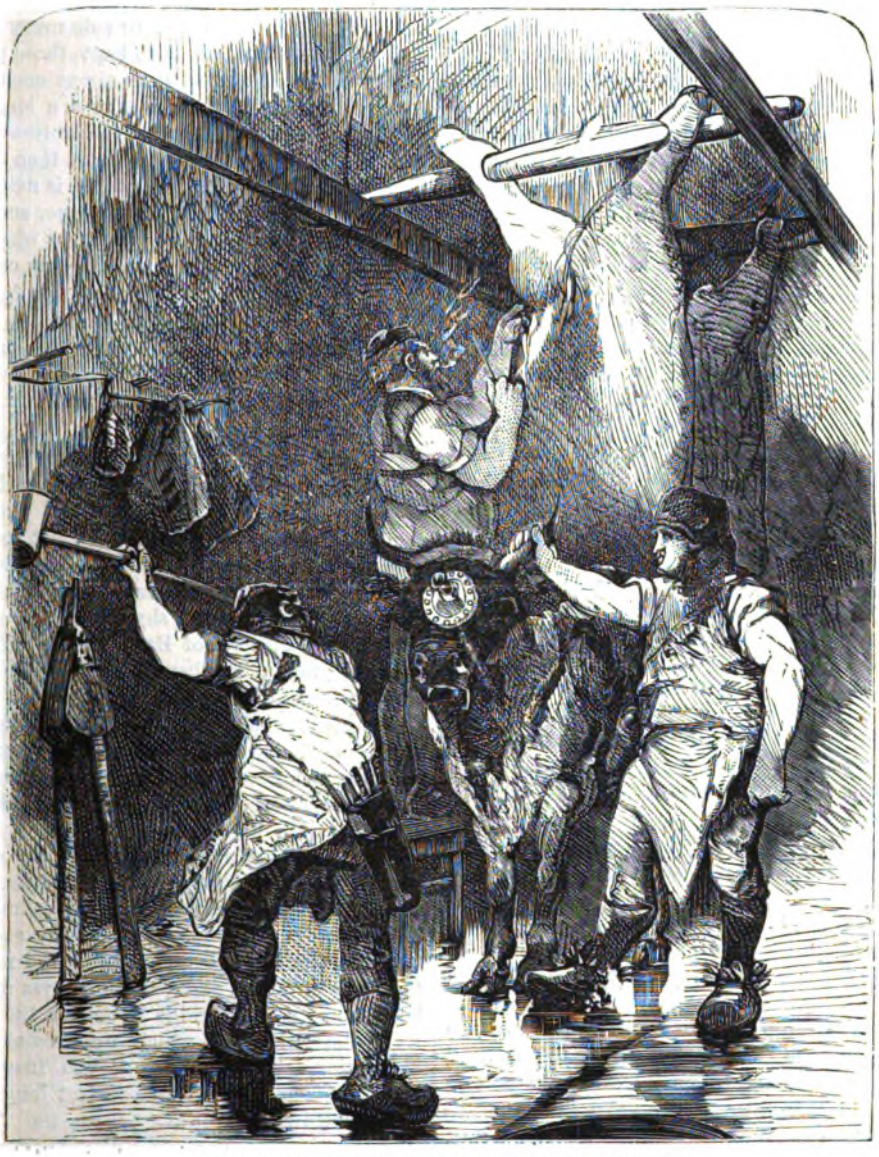
THE CHARLES ALBERT BRIDGE IN SAVOY.—SEE PAGE 150.

I therefore arrayed myself in an old calico wrapper, and, without a second look at the glass, followed the other girls out on the piazza, where Mr. Bythewood sat, surrounded by a crowd of young Hammonds, who, upon our appearance, vanished immediately He was the handsomest man I ever saw in my life. I could not help blushing

like an idiot when Mollie introduced us, but the other party went through that ceremony with the utmost *sang froid*. It was very evident that, whatever might be Mr. Bythewood's failings, he was not in the least troubled with *mauvaise honte*. At first he divided his attentions equally between the Misses Hammond and myself, but soon he began to address himself more particularly to Sue, who was looking remarkably well in pink muslin, and who was on her good behavior that afternoon. I was of opinion that *that* wouldn't *begin* to do, and then I began to exert myself conversationally, and it was not long before my efforts seemed to be crowned with success. Mr. Bythewood changed his seat in order to be nearer to me, and then we talked sentimentally, and *belles lettres*, and "Shakespeare and the musical glasses," and, in short, all sorts of nice things.

Sue very soon grew tired listening, and retired. Mollie and Belle kept up a languid conversation at the other end of the piazza; and my hero and I were left to entertain one another, which we did until the sun set behind the tall pines, and Belle informed her brother that it was time to go home.

Sue came out on the piazza to say good-by. She had been twining flowers among her dark curls, and they were very becoming to her. I did not like Mr. Bythewood's look of admiration at her baby-face, but I could hardly blame him for it, as I rather admired Sue myself, in spite of the many quarrels we had had.



A NEW SYSTEM OF SLAUGHTERING BEEVES.—SEE PAGE 150.

"Well, Kate, what do you think of him?" asked she, before the Bythewoods were well out of sight.

"I think him very handsome," replied I.

"As handsome as Tom?"

"Yes," said I, imitating her usual candor, "ever so much handsomer."

"Love at first sight. How romantic! That is, unless you have been seeing his image in his letters during the last several months. What did he write about, Kate?"

"That is my affair," returned I, peevishly. It was hard for me to forgive her nicely curled hair and pink muslin, when I compared them with my own unkempt locks and rumpled calico.

At this juncture Tom Hammond came up the front steps.

"Tom," cried Sue, "guess who has been to see us, or, rather, who has been to see Kate, this afternoon."

"Who?" was Tom's natural rejoinder.

"Mr. Bythewood."

"The mischief he has! What do you think of him, Miss Kate?"

"I don't think about him," replied I, crossly and mendaciously. "I don't see why *I* should be any more interested in him than Sue and Mollie."

"Neither do I," observed Sue, coolly. "Come, Kate, let's take a walk down the beach. We can go as far as the wreck, as there is going to be a good-sized moon to-night. Do you want to go, Mollie?"

"No," replied Mollie, languidly extending a little slippered foot; "it is too much trouble to change my shoes."

"Then I will stay with Mollie," said I, promptly, "The tide will be up to-night, and the walking will be horrid."

I did not mind the tide particularly, but I did not care for any more of Sue's society just then.

"Tom, *you* must come with me," said Sue.

"Nary a time," replied that gentleman. "I am completely stove up already. Get aunt 'Liza to go with you. Yonder goes the old lady now, rambling off by herself. Run after her."

Sue obeyed, and Mollie, Tom and I spent the evening on the front steps of the piazza, Tom and I carrying on a lazy flirtation, while Mollie, no doubt, thought of a certain dark-eyed youth in Charleston, whose sister was her particular friend, and at whose father's house she used to spend her holidays while at Miss Hull's.

About nine o'clock Sue and her aunt returned from their stroll, and who should accompany them but Mr. Bythewood! That gentleman remained on the steps, chatting with Tom;

and then, refusing an invitation to stay all night, he bowed his *adieux*, and walked away.

"Where did you pick him up, Sue?" asked Tom, when he was gone.

"At the wreck," replied Sue. "He was perched on the bowsprit, gazing at the moon, when aunt 'Liza and I came upon him; and he evidently took us for a pair of *bogies* at first! but I told him not to be frightened, as it was only us, and then he seemed to recover himself a little."

"You were very late in getting home!" observed Mollie.

"Oh, we staid down at the wreck ever so long, looking out on the ocean, and up at the stars, and talking about moonlight, music, love and flowers. He is a very nice sort of a person, if he *is* Belle Bythewood's brother."

The next morning I concluded that *I* would go down and look at the wreck; but I wished to do so alone, and therefore I managed to steal away from the house when Sue and Mollie were not looking. I did not wear my calico wrapper this morning, but arrayed myself in a very becoming morning-dress of blue lawn. My hair, too, was arranged with great care, and as the day was cloudy, I carried my hat in my hand, in order that my shining locks might not be rumpled. Mrs. Rembert's cottage was not a great way from the wreck, so I had to be prepared for emergencies.

I had proceeded about half-way, and was resting myself under a group of pines, when I saw two horsemen approaching; whereupon, not recognizing them in the distance, an instinct of timidity made me retreat into the thicket, where they could not see me in passing. When they came up, I recognized the voices of Tom Hammond and my old-new acquaintance, Stuart Bythewood.

"Halloo, Tom! what is that animal doing!" asked the latter, as they came up close to my retreat.

I trembled. Perhaps the horsemen had caught a partial view of me among the trees, and, taking me for an animal of an unknown species, was about to shoot. But Tom's answer relieved me.

"Is it that turtle you are talking about? It's digging a nest."

"Digging a nest, is it? Not being acquainted with the habits of the *varmint*, I thought it was digging a well. Let's stay here a while and watch it. You have nothing particular to do, I suppose?"

"Nothing, except to go home and do the agreeable to Miss Clinton. By-the-way, Stuart, what do you think of that young lady?"

"Of what young lady?" asked the other.

"Miss Kate Clinton."

"I think she ain't so uncommonly pretty as you led me to suppose."

"Why, man, you haven't any taste. She is one of the best-looking young women I ever had anything to do with."

"I can't say that I agree with you. However, Venus de Medici herself wouldn't look pretty dressed *à la* Miss Clinton. When I went to call on her yesterday afternoon (my sister wouldn't let me have any rest until I *did* go), she was wearing one of Mrs. Noah's old dresses, and looked as if she had, on hearing of my arrival, run into the store-room, dipped her hands in the lard keg, rubbed them down on the front part of her hair, leaving the back part blazing in its native redness, and, then walked out to see me without further preparation."

"Well, that was complimentary, wasn't it? It looked as if she was in a hurry to make your acquaintance."

"That might be; but when a girl fixes herself up to see *me*, I wish her to go the whole swine—*lard and all.* Come on, Tom; that turtle seems disposed to rest from its labors, and it's getting deuced hot here."

And hot it was, judging from the way my cheeks were burning. After giving the horsemen time to get out of sight, I came out of my hiding-place, and retraced my steps toward the Hammond cottage, a sadder but a wiser woman.

The next evening I was surprised to receive a letter from one of my brothers, bidding me meet him in Charleston on that day week, as he should then be in that place, on his way home from New York. He was going to take me home with him, as it had been decided by those in authority that my last school-term should be spent in New Orleans, instead of Charleston. I had not much time to lose, and a few days afterward I was steaming over the Atlantic, under the care of a Hammond cousin whose convenience it suited to visit Charleston at this time.

The Hammond girls and I made many promises to write, and, after a fashion, we have kept those promises—that is, Mollie and I exchange letters about once a year. Her last letter informed me that Sue, after a long, *intermittent* engagement was finally married to Mr. Stuart Bythewood. I, myself, have been married for more than a year, to one who, though a native-born Arkansawyer, is neither a ruffian nor a rowdy. My husband is kind to me, and I suppose I am about as happy as most people; but when I read Mollie's last letter, some lines from an old poem came into my head:

"God pity them both, and pity us all
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, *It might have been.*"

## CHARLES ALBERT BRIDGE IN SAVOY.

SAVOY can vie with Switzerland in wild and picturesque scenery. The Maurienne ridge, the Costian, Graian and Pennine Alps, skirt or traverse it. It can thus claim some of the loftiest peaks and the most magnificent glacier, of the whole Alpine system. It can boast its charming lakes not only such as mirror the sky above, but subterranean lakes like those in the cave of Bauge. The valleys are sometimes wild and grand; but there are others like that of Chamouni, which present a succession of cultivated fields, or orchards and gardens; and the steepest declivities of the mountains are terraced and made productive. Among the romantic scenes in the more rugged part, few exceed in grandeur the deep and narrow chasm spanned by the light Charles Albert Bridge.

Between Chambery and Geneva, beyond the villages of Metz, Caval, and Alouzier, is an immense cleft in the rock, such as we have learned to call a cañon. At the bottom murmurs, or roars, according to the season, a torrent six hundred feet below the surface of the rocky wall. This is the defile of Usses, and over this abyss modern engineering has thrown a wire bridge known as the Charles Albert, or La Caille Bridge, of which we present a most charming illustration. This bold work was inaugurated June 10, 1839. It is nearly six hundred feet long by eighteen wide. There are two paths for foot-passengers. Travelers generally stop to experience the effect of throwing a stone from the bridge into the torrent. The sound, reverberating from side to side, reaches the ear like a peal of thunder or the roar of cannon. The bridge perched at this giddy height is light and graceful, though fully strong enough to insure safety.

## A LATE FRENCH SYSTEM OF SLAUGHTERING BEEVES.

THE forming of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals marks a tide in public feeling averse to the infliction of needless pain on the lower animals. Some have to spend their lives in our service, and these deserve a constantly kind treatment in return for the labor they perform; even when untoward and fierce, it has been proved that mildness effects more than violence or compulsion. A

Rarey tames by gentleness a horse that no violence could subdue.

Where animals must serve as our food, humanity and a regard for the general health require them to be taken to the shambles, so as not to overheat them and inflame the blood; and to dispatch them in such a way as to cause instant death and prevent long lingering torture, which must exercise an injurious effect on the flesh as food.

A method of slaughtering food-animals has been devised in France, at the new abattoirs of La Villette, which must challenge the attention of every friend of dumb beasts. A mask is placed over the head, covering the eyes. In the forehead is placed a metallic plate fitted with a sharp spike. The killing is done by the butcher striking this spike with a heavy hammer, thus piercing the brain and causing instant death.

## THE RUINED ABBEY.

By Arthur Matthison.

In the old, old days when the mitred priest
Held sway o'er that stately pile,
When the massive walls unbroken stood,
And worshipers thronged the aisle;
When the grand old window's glorious glass
Its beauteous colors threw
O'er the altar's pomp, o'er the priestly garb,
And gave them splendors new,
Then the lofty nave to its carven roof
Re-echoed the holy hymn,
And censers swung their incense clouds
In that light so soft and dim.

Now roof has crumbled, now columns cleft,
And the wondrous window's a ruin gray;
O'er the dead old abbey the ivy twines,
The dim past merged in the bright to-day!
No more shall priest pace those grass-grown aisles,
No more shall the pious song resound;
Its departed glories no more return;
Its altar, no more, is holy ground!
For the light, gay laugh, and the joyous song
Replace the hymn and the sacred airs;
And the merry-makers blithely dance
On that soil once holy with monkish prayers!

## BERTHA'S CASKET.

### Chapter I.

It was nearly midnight. But there was neither darkness nor silence in the house of Mynheer Grootschedel, the burgomaster of Nimeguen. Servants in divers liveries hurried hither and thither, in hall, staircase, and corridors, all of which were bright with lights, and gay with flowers and foliage. The sound of music pervaded the entire mansion, whose massive timbers vibrated to the measured tread of scores and scores of dancers. The scene displayed to the curious interlopers of inferior rank, who were peering inward from the outer doorway of the splendid first-floor suite, was one combining every charm of the fairest spectacle of nature—all imaginable variety of tenderer tint or richer coloring, of comely form and of gracefully undulating movement, under light too well diffused to admit of sombre shadows—the whole instinct with life in that culmination of beauty, which owes its short-lived reign to joy quickened by fluttering hope, and the soft lightning darted between pleasure-sparkling eyes, and setting cheeks aglow.

But amid every landscape there are spots of blight and desolation, none the less real for their not appearing in the general prospect. All was not mirth and hope within that festive scene.

There was one among the guests who stood moodily apart—a young man of some five-and-twenty years, more aristocratic in his bearing and the taste of his attire than most of those then present. This was Hendrick van Oorsveldt, a gallant and stanch adherent of the House of Orange; whereas his host of this evening was a believer even now (the year was 1590) in the vain and incompetent Earl of Leicester and his half-hearted counselors and captains. Hendrick had seriously impaired his patrimony in his devotion to the cause which he deemed to be that of his country and his God. This helped with the circumstance of their difference in politics to keep him low in the favor of the prudent burgomaster. But the plebeian magnate's favor, strange as it may sound, was no matter of difference to this young noble. For the plebeian had a daughter, fair and graceful—wise also, but so gay and uniformly pleasant, both of speech and eye, that even brainless boobies approached her without fear; while many who piqued themselves on the abundance of their brains failed to discern, through the scintillation of her playful wit, the depth of unobtrusive excellence which it at once adorned and vailed. Hendrick and she loved each other truly; and the burgomaster knew it. But, cautious every way, he had hitherto refrained from speech and action in the matter.

This evening, however, Oorsveldt was aware of a change of tactics. Whithersoever Bertha Grootschedel might turn, a bevy of female cousins, aided by their attendant danglers, hemmed her assiduously round. As often as he approached, these ladies took turns in occupying his attentions, with a skill and pertinacity which his politeness could not easily resist; while of the gentlemen, one or other was on the watch to engage that of Bertha, in the brief intervals when she was relieved from the assiduities, not apparently over-welcome to her, of a slender but shapely young gallant, who evinced by his demeanor his own sense of the honor he conferred upon the guests at large by mixing in their citizen festivities.

This was the young Count Ulrich von Aldenhuysen, formerly a pet and junior aide-de-camp of Leicester's. By one familiar with the court of France, he would have been set down, from the effeminate extravagance of his dress, his scented curls, his affected accent, as one of the number of the notorious minions of that miserable king in whom, on his assassination about a year before, the splendid line of Valois had so ingloriously ended.

The burgomaster had made this count's acquaintance only two days before; and, for reasons of his own, had introduced him to his daughter, bidding him at the same time to the present entertainment.

Count Ulrich, though a stranger to Nimeguen, had also his reasons for accepting the invitation; and now, much as he might look down on the assemblage of money-making citizens among whom he found himself, he had seemingly made up his mind that the attractive daughter of one whose money was already made was not unworthy of his serious attention.

Hendrick, whose mind had been crossed more than once by a suspicion that Bertha herself was a party, willing or unwilling, to the game so successfully carried on before her eyes—had desisted from his attempts to reach and to address her, and stood, as has been said, apart, in no comfortable or benevolent frame of mind or feeling.

Still, to the surreptitious lookers-on, all seemed alike joy-bright, and enviably gay.

But a change came over the smiling aspect of the scene.

From the farthest chamber of the suite was heard suddenly a female shriek, followed instantaneously by many

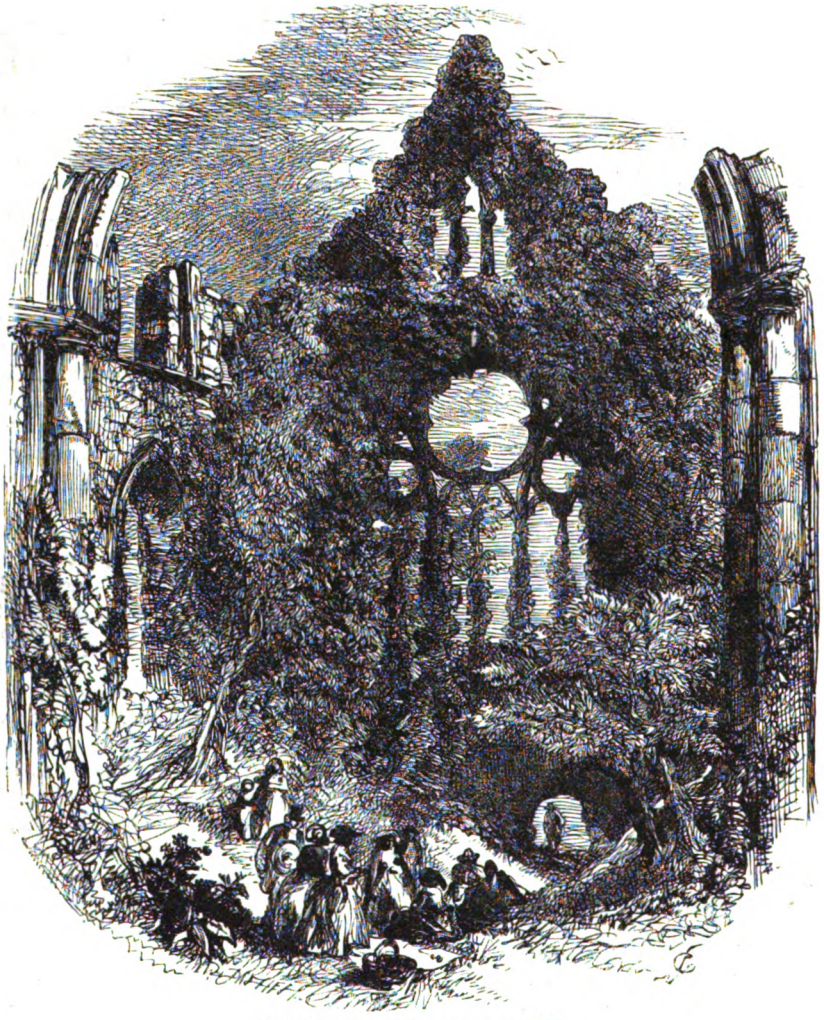
others in every variety of voice and intonation. The movements of the dance were arrested, there was a rush of the guests toward the inner room, and the music died away in a few agitated chords.

Then, after a moment's silence, the voice of the burgomaster was heard—but barely heard—for its tones were straightway overborne, absorbed, and silenced by those of another voice, deep as the first utterance of the thundercloud.

Mute attention was evidently given to the new speaker's words, and ere these could have been very many, the whole listening crowd of revelers were seen to direct suddenly behind them a look of comfortless dismay toward that outer doorway, from whence the servants and their favored friends were watching their proceedings.

These hereupon looked also involuntarily round, and discovered themselves to be hemmed in by a file of shaggy steel-capped troopers, who, fully armed with sword and arquebus, had silently taken post behind them in the corridor. At the same moment the first articulate sound reached them from the mass of panic-stricken revelers within, by whom was repeated the name of "Martin Schenk!" in every accent of amazement, consternation, and despair.

"Yes," said one of the troopers to a gazing townsman, whom he clapped at the same time cheerfully upon the shoulder, "old Donnerblitz is in there, by the high dais, with some choice additions to the company. He is not going to interrupt the mirth, but share it. We, too, expect our portion of what good cheer is going."



THE RUINED ABBEY.—SEE PAGE 151.

Martin Schenk was one of the most formidable coadjutors of the Prince of Parma—the relentless governor, consummate general, and accomplished liar—who was drawing his toils around that portion of the revolted Netherlands which had baffled the craft and withstood the military power of Parma's uncle, the pale bigot of the Escurial, and so achieved its deliverance from the Spanish rule.

Martin, a captain of free companions, had long kept the bishoprics of Cologne and Cleves in check by perpetual surprise of towns, and levying of blackmail, under the pleasant appellation of *Brandschätzung*, or price of exemption from being burnt out of house and home. He had recently extended his operations further to the west; but no one in Nimeguen, except perhaps the thoughtful and already experienced Van Oorsveldt, had ever dreamed of his paying their good town a predatory visit.

He had entered the mansion by a back way, and, mounting by a private staircase, had passed from thence to the inner reception-room, to which it adjoined; and all this so quietly, though accompanied by half a dozen of his officers, that already he himself stood near the middle of the chamber, and the officers within its private doorway, ere this addition to the company had beeen remarked by any one save the disengaged and observant Oorsveldt. When, however, a lady (turning, oppressed by heat, from the group that surrounded Bertha) caught sight of the six grizzly troopers, and discovered their stern and weather-beaten captain by her elbow, all being drenched and dripping from the waistbelt that bore their pistols and confined their buff-coats downward, she gave utterance to her surprise and terror in the cry which startled all within hearing from their festivity.

"This house," said Martin, coolly disregarding Grootschedel's loud demand to be informed who they were who intruded, unbidden, on a scene of private festivity, and on what pretext they did so—"this house, with the entire block in which it stands, two houses on the right, three on the left, and six behind, is inclosed by a double line of gentlemen like those you see. I will interrupt your mirth only so long as while you, Herr Burgomaster, countersign these modest requisitions," pulling herewith some papers from his pouch.

"The first set are for meat and drink to be furnished to my companions—nay, sir, you need not stir," he added, as a gentleman moved from near him toward the principal entrance to the room; "look that way, and you will see that there is no passage from this suite"—and then it was that all within sight of the doorway leading to the corridor, looked in that direction, as above described.

"The second set, my worthy host, are for one hundred thousand guilders, to be paid down, here where I stand, within three hours' time. Ah! 'impossible,' you were about

BERTHA'S CASKET.—"OORSVELDT MOVED SLOWLY ON AND GAINED THE STORM-WINDOW; BUT, ALAS, HE FOUND IT FASTENED SO SECURELY AS TO RESIST EVERY EFFORT TO OPEN IT."—SEE PAGE 151.

to say," as he saw the burgomaster opening his lips to speak. "If it is, that matters little. My boys are very reasonable, and never kick against impossibilities. When coin is scarce, they will compound cheerfully for gold, or even gems and jewels of sufficient price. Where requisitions fail, they can content themselves with a sack instead, *but always with fire to follow*," added he, in words which left no doubt in the minds of those who heard as to who it was with whom they had to do; and then the outer room resounded, as already said, with the dreaded captain's name.

"Nay," said he, with a grim smile, when the first shock of surprise and terror had subsided, "if it really appears to you that a properly apportioned requisition might perhaps be attended with success, you have only, Mynheer Burgomaster, to fill in, with the assistance and advice of these worthy townsmen whom I have the pleasure of now meeting under your hospitable roof, this schedule, viz.: in this column, with ten to twenty good and substantial names, and in this with the proportions of the proposed contribution for which each may, in your estimation, be equitably made answerable. Then attach your signature. My lieutenant here, trusty Jan Voorst, will, under the guidance of some gentleman familiar with the town, present the document to such of the assessed as are not here present; and some of my officers now in waiting below will accompany to their homes, or other repositories of their cash, such of your kind contributors who are. These preliminary matters once arranged, we will resume the festivities of the evening; and when supper shall be served, I hope, with my friends, to do it as ample justice as its excellence will unquestionably merit."

While the free captain spoke thus, Hendrick, who amid the confusion occasioned by his first appearance, had easily made his way at last to Bertha's side, exchanged a few words with her, which must have had a quieting effect upon her nerves. She breathed after this conference more freely.

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### Chapter II.

NOT long thereafter a cavalier issued from among the group of guests nearest to the outer doorway, and stepping, with a business-like air, up to one of the troopers there on guard, said to him:

"Follow me, to find pen and ink."

"Martin Schenk never is without them," answered the man, without moving a muscle that was not concerned in the utterance of this brief reply.

"Well and accurately stated," said the gentleman; "it is only ink we want; the water has spoiled his, so this way, if you please." And the trooper, suffering him to pass, followed without further parley. They soon returned, the gentleman bearing a silver standish. He re-entered the rooms, and disappeared among the still silent and closely crowded company.

After a brief interval the same gentleman again approached the trooper.

"The first installment is wanted," said he; "you and I must fetch it;" and he showed a bunch of keys.

The trooper accompanied him to an upper floor. There, entering an apartment which had the appearance of a luxuriously-furnished dressing-room, having evidently a lady for its rightful occupant, he opened a cabinet, and counting the drawers inside till he came to one of which he was in search, unlocked this and took from it an elegant, but strongly-constructed casket.

"This," he said, "I must convey to the presence of your captain, but not through the crowd outside; you must accompany me down the other stairs, and pass me inward by the private door."

With these words he put a gold piece in the trooper's hand.

"Lead on," said the fellow, with a surly smile of satisfaction.

They gained the private door; the gentleman was admitted, and his formidable attendant, ere he turned away, saw him deposit the casket on a table by which stood the fair mistress of the house, an act which the grim Martin honored with an approving nod.

The trooper had not long resumed his appointed post, when the servants and strangers, getting weary of their confinement in the narrow space around the doorway, began to struggle for greater liberty of locomotion, nor were the efforts of all the guards on that station more than was required to control them without the use of deadly weapons. Ere these insubordinates had been fully reduced to submission, the cavalier, already mentioned, appeared a third time, with his bunch of keys, as before.

"You seem to have your hands full," said he to his former attendant; "but you can trust me now. And, after all," he added, "I presume that it would be difficult, in any case, to run away."

"Pass," said the man, with a rigid smile.

The gentleman disappeared, ascending as before, but this time alone, the upward flight of stairs. Nearly three hours elapsed before he again descended. But his non-appearance in the interval did not disturb the trooper. Every known outlet of the house was guarded, and the soldier took for granted that the gentleman would, as before, re-enter the dancing-rooms by the back entrance.

This, however, was by no means the purpose of the latter. No sooner had he reached the room whence he had fetched the casket, than, seizing a light which burned there, and taking up an iron firehook from the stove, he made his way swiftly to the second range of the attics, which rose tier on tier within the high-pitched roof of the mansion. There, in a spacious laundry or drying-room, he possessed himself of a coil of rope, strong enough, when doubled, to sustain his weight, and also of a handful of dry linen. Opening a window in the gable-wall, and carefully guarding his light from the rush of air which was thus admitted, he ignited the linen, and thrusting it through the opening, obtained, as the night-wind fanned it to a flaring flame, a momentary view of the relative arrangements, in these airy regions, of this and the contiguous house.

He could perceive that the latter, in common with nearly all others in the town, but unlike the burgomaster's new and more pretentious dwelling, turned its gables to the street; and that, consequently, the slope of its tiled roof formed with the perpendicular wall, from one of whose apertures he viewed it, a valley (as the builders term it), and that the bottom of this hollow was occupied by a leaden gutter. This seemed to lie about twelve feet below his present position. Attaching, therefore, his doubled cord to a collar-beam overhead, he cast the other end through the window, clambered out and slid safely down upon the gutter.

Great as was his haste, he thought a few moments might be well employed in reconnoitering the enemy. So, proceeding toward the front, he peered cautiously over into the dark gulf of the street below.

It was a moonless October night. A link gleamed here and there, flickering and twinkling, as the wind swept by, amid a narrow circle of uncertain light. But, observing such figures as came within these spots of scanty illumination, he could see that all traffic up and down the street was prevented, by the simple process of arresting and detaining every person who approached the cordon of armed men

described by Schenk in his lucid explanatory speech. So profound was the silence enforced, that the inmates of the mansions overlooking this investing force seemed as yet quite unconscious of its presence. He satisfied himself that the line of guards did actually continue its course down a narrow cross lane two houses off, and doubted no longer that all communication with the town forces and authorities, through ordinary channels, was effectually cut off. This confirmed him in his present purpose. By the aid of the iron hook he had secured, he raised some tiles, tore up the spars on which they rested, and effected an opening in the lath and plaster beneath, sufficient to admit him into the interior of whatever chamber it protected. He dropped boldly, at all hazards, in, lighted on what felt beneath his feet like a heap of clothes or other drapery, and, stumbling on the yielding and uneven surface, fell forward across a bed, and upon its occupant.

A rough voice, as of one startled out of sleep, demanded, with an oath, who was there.

"Heer van Oorsveldt," answered the gentleman. "Up, knave, and bring me to your master."

"He's ill, and can't be seen," answered the other, in a sulky voice.

"He *must!*" said Oorsveldt. "Do not give me the trouble of dragging you out of bed. Up, and do my bidding!"

The man obeyed, though grumbling, as he shivered down the stairs, bitter imprecations on young cavaliers, who pursued their revels till they did not know on which end sober people's houses stood, and mistook, in their cups, attic-windows for street-doors.

They found the master of the house still up, too ill to join the p rty next door, but unable to hope for sleep, owing to the sounds of music, which had, till within the last quarter of an hour, reached him through the brick nogged walls, and of which he every moment anticipated the recommencement.

"All I want," said Hendrick, after he had briefly explained to him the critical position of affairs, "is a rope and a lantern. Be liberal of your drink, when called on, and do not yet despair."

He got what he required, and in due time, working his way rapidly from attic to attic, descended into the third house, being that whose side-walls flanked the narrow lane already mentioned.

In the upper portion of this tenement dwelt, as he knew, a worthy tradesman, the tailor whom he usually employed, Heer Zumpt by name. Finding him abed, he soon aroused him out of all tendency to slumber by the intelligence he communicated; and received from him, on the instant, promise of unlimited assistance. A ladder was the first requisite, and hands enough to manage it, with noiseless ease, the second.

"There are repairs," said Zumpt, "going on upon the house behind; there must be ladders in the yard, and this is a populous tenement. I'll find you hands."

Soon a ladder of moderate length was hoisted in by a back window of the attic, and an opening made through the roof on the side toward the lane, the tiles being carefully drawn inward.

Hendrick was raised with his lantern half-way through it, to investigate the conditions of his projected enterprise. He saw that, owing to the narrowness of the lane, with which he was familiar (and whose houses, moreover, projected story over story, decreased in mutual distance as they ascended), the roof the house over the way was not more than nine feet distant from him where he stood.

There was a sort of storm window in it, nearly on a level with his present position, and directly opposite. He redescended; the ladder was cautiously thrust through, and with much care, and the use of some hastily-improvised tackling, adjusted as a bridge terminating on the other roof, close beneath the window, which seemed to be unglazed and closed only by a shutter.

Bidding those within hold firm, Oorsveldt crept out upon the ladder. He was already over the lane, a mark only too clearly defined against the now starry sky for the bullet of any trooper who should happen at that juncture to look up, when he heard a loose tile, disengaged by some movement of his friends behind, slide downward.

There, thought he, goes a message to seal my fate, and that of Nimeguen. It was impossible to turn. He waited a second or two to hear the crash below—the alarm—and to receive the deadly volley. But all was still. It had pleased Providence, in its all-foreseeing wisdom, to endow the good Heer Zumpt with an indomitable taste for gardening, a *penchant* which, in his lofty premises, he could not otherwise indulge than by the use of window-boxes filled with mud. In one of these the tile, that might have been so fatal, lay quietly arrested.

Who knows with what weighty issues the most trivial acts are pregnant? Little thought the honest tailor, when he hung that capacious box of his over the heads of his fellow-citizens, in what a mighty drama he was acting an essential part!—the great drama of Dutch independence, and in it, that of English liberty, in which has further stood involved that of every country now free or destined yet to be so, throughout the habitable world.

After that pause of awful expectation, Oorsveldt, with a beating heart and some faintness of the limbs, moved slowly on, and gained the storm window that rose from the steep slope of the opposite roof. The eaves concealed him from all eyes below; but, alas! he found the shutter to be fastened so securely on the inner side as to resist every effort he could make to open it. Chagrined, but not disheartened, he slowly worked his painful way backward along the ladder.

"Who," said he, "can find a carpenter with his centre-bit and keyhole saw?"

None responded, save the good Heer Zumpt.

"If my Jan were only here!" said he. "He is a schoolmaster and sexton now, but he can handle all sorts of tools; for Wilhelm Horst and he——"

"But Jan isn't here, so where's the use?" interrupted a more practical, but, for the time, equally resourceless counselor.

"Father," at last said a little girl, from the crowd which now filled the attic, "I saw Wilhelm Horst come up before I went to bed; I am sure it was he, though it was not quite like him neither."

"Nonsense, child!" said Madame Zumpt. "Vrow Horst had no thought at five o'clock this afternoon of her son's coming home."

"But," said Hendrick, catching at a chance, "if he is a carpenter, we can but see for ourselves whether your little girl is deceived or not. Lead the way, Heer Zumpt; let us pay Vrow Horst a visit."

Zumpt instantly complying, they descended to the second floor below, where the tailor knocked by a dingy-looking door. It was opened instantly by a woman of some five-and-forty years, in her ordinary daylight dress. She did not appear to have retired to rest.

"Neighbor Horst," said Zumpt, "my kattkin tells me that Wilhelm is now with you. Is it so?"

"Yes, my good friend," replied she, with sad voice and tearful eye; "but——"

"Let us see him instantly," interrupted the tailor; "he is wanted for a job that admits of no delay."

"Alas!" said the poor widow, "his last job, I fear, is done. He cannot help you. But see him, and then judge. He'll be pleased to greet you."

She made way for them to enter. Reclining on his bed,

AMSTERDAM, FROM THE WATER SIDE.—SEE PAGE 161.

but not undressed, they found the artisan—a tall and handsome man, of that intelligent look and kindly aspect in which one may recognize "the true widow's son." But his flushed and hollow cheek and over brilliant eye told at a glance that he had come home to die. The stage of his fatal malady was not, however, apparently reached when strength and energy are utterly extinguished. Hendrick laid on a table by his bed three gold pieces.

"There," said he, "is your fee, if you will come instantly and help us."

"What is the job?" asked the carpenter; "and why can't it wait till I have had some sleep? I have come far, and am somewhat weary."

Zumpt explained the case. The carpenter sat up.

SUNDAY MORNING IN THE JEWS' QUARTER, AMSTERDAM.

"It would be his death," cried his mother, in an indignant voice. "Away, sir, with your gold! Not but that you are very kind—but do you think I can let him sell what chances of life he yet may have for any sum of gold that you could name?"

"Friend," said Hendrick, "gold may improve his chance."

"Thanks to the boy himself, sir," said the woman, "I have wherewith to

procure him all he can require while his complaint continues. Should the Lord see fit to take my son, I can trust *Him* to provide for *my* necessity. Take away that money," she resumed, in terror, as she saw her Wilhelm extend his hand toward it. But the latter only pushed it toward Oorsveldt, rising, however, as he did so."

"Mother," he said, "you would that my life should be prolonged. There is but One who can prolong it. If I refuse his work while I can do it, dare you pray to Him that He would spare me? Do you know what threatens us? Have you lived through these years, and not learnt what is meant by the pillage of a town? And even if Schenk can be bought off this time, he will come again for more, and hold us with a garrison at last, like Arnheim—hold us for these demons of Spain; and the true Gospel, for which my father died, will be quenched in fire and blood and torture, as before. It will give worth indeed to my poor life to risk it in a cause like this. I thank God for the call; for I thought my days of usefulness were ended. Give me no gold," he continued, addressing Hendrick. "My mother will not want. I have provided for her better than she is aware."

He reached an old tool-box, a relic of his boyish days.

A MARKET-WOMAN OF AMSTERDAM.

The mother threw herself in silence into her elbow-chair, covered her face with her apron, and struggled with convulsive grief.

"Come," said the mechanic, "let no more time be lost."

The heart of Oorsveldt smote him as he marked the languid gait and emaciated limbs of the artizan who ascended the steep attic-stairs before him.

"Cruel necessity!" thought he, "that bids me tax, and perhaps drain the last remnant of his wasted strength. But necessity it is; and besides who could turn him now? Heaven only grant that he may be equal to the task!"

But he was not. Once out upon the ladder—a position he did not gain without a visibly prodigious effort—his head swam, and he sunk flat upon that perilous and narrow bridge. It was well that so many were there to help; for it required the exertion of no small power to draw the ladder now so far backwards as to admit of its being disencumbered of its load.

While Horst, prostrate on the attic floor, was slowly recovering consciousness, Hendrick had nearly made up his mind, though utterly unskilled in carpentry, to take the needful tools, and as a desperate resource, attempt himself to pierce the shutter. But time was now everything, and such work must, in his hands, be desperately slow, if performed at all.

In that moment a voice from the stairs, as of a young man, struck his ear, and immediately Heer Zumpt rushed out, exclaiming:

"My Jan! sent by Providence in the nick of time!"

"O yes!" cried Jan, in answer to his father's appeal, "give me the tools. You'll trust me with them, Wilhelm," added he, with a cheerful smile, as he stooped to select the implements required from the box which stood by the slowly-reviving carpenter. The eyes of the latter beamed with delight and happy confidence.

"But, mother," said Jan, "you must be active too, and all you women, for that matter. Those rascals seized me at the corner. I was on my way home from Fred. Schmitt's wedding feast. But when they learned that I had relations here, they let me come in, to get them a supply of eatables and drinkables. So, collect at once all the meat, and, above all, the strongest drink you can find between roof and cellar floor, and let them have it instantly; the busier they are with that the better for us."

With these words, he scrambled nimbly upon the ladder, and returned in less than ten minutes, having successfully pierced and opened the obstructing window-shutter.

"Heer Baron," said he, "the time has not been lost which Providence has made you wait to find a workman. The shutter board was large; so the saw, fine as it was, made some noise, which must have been partially heard below there. But the sky has clouded over in the last twenty minutes. The night is black as pitch; the ladder is now as invisible to them as nothing. But up, Freyheer, and I will follow you; for you may find bolted doors as well as windows on your way."

"And you, my good friends," said Hendrick, turning to the other men of serviceable age then present, "do you, too, follow; I shall want you all."

None hesitated, under the new security of total darkness.

Once in the street, a few doors beyond Schenk's outermost pickets, Hendrick and his party hastened with all speed to the house of the commandant of the town guard (fortunately an old and experienced soldier).

To explain all to this officer, to dispatch his own followers, each furnished with twenty addresses of the members of that force, and bid to summon them quietly to an immediate muster under arms—to array the first twenty who arrived in certain dresses, procured in the interval from various houses of his friends—to arrange with the commandant the combinations he had himself devised—these were tasks which, in the course of much less than the ninety minutes of respite from general military rapine that now remained, he executed with the unembarrassed promptitude which belongs only to minds of that order out of which events mould leading warriors, statesmen, and—when they are wanted—kings.

"I ascertained," said he to the captain, "by hazarding to a trooper a remark, which he did not contradict, that they came in across the river. You know, therefore, where their line of communication must be broken. Press them hard around Grootschedel's by three o'clock. Now, good-night, and the Lord be our helper!"

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### Chapter III.

UPPER had been served—the second sumptuous repast of that night's revel—in the mansion of the burgomaster. Even the terrible Martin had proved unable to induce his victims to renew the dance. Such a mockery of their own grief and indignation they refused to perpetrate. But supper had intrinsic recommendations of a kind less dependent upon temporary circumstances. Some sacrifice of dignity would not utterly destroy the savor of fricasees, of roasts, and comfitures, nor deprive their host's rich wines of all their power to cheer and elevate. They were honest Hollanders—the guests. So the immense company sat now at several tables, in the many-pillared, low-ceiled hall, which occupied the chief part of the basement story of the building.

At the head of the chief board sat Schenk, his rough features arrayed in grotesque smiles of seeming jovial abandonment. Grootschedel, who appeared to have decided that utter subserviency was, under the circumstances, the wisest policy, not only was seated on his right, but had actually obliged his daughter to occupy a place upon the ruffian's left; where she sat, pale but untrembling, ready for such prompt speech or action as occasion might require. Troopers, in sufficient number to maintain complete control over the unarmed company, were stationed round the hall—a guard of honor as Schenk facetiously termed them. These, notwithstanding their having had a liberal share of liquor, had lost no trace of their customary stern solidity of look and bearing. Their officers sat judiciously dispersed amid the guests. The servants were, apparently, more numerous than had attended at the earlier meal.

The addition to the number of these latter might be kitchen and office functionaries, at leisure from further commissariat duties to give their aid in the banquet-room. That their present occupation was, at all events, not their customary one, was a thought readily suggested by their awkwardness and embarrassment, which amused not a little those whose habits enabled them to detect such menial deficiencies.

"Can you make room for me?" said a well-known voice behind Frank Gronow, who sat at an angle of a table contiguous to that at which Schenk had his place, and nearest to that place of all the guests, except those seated to the right and left of the free captain. "If good company has, as it seems, dulled your appetite, hard work has sharpened mine. Thank you," as Gronow edged away so as to admit Hendrick to the corner place upon the bench. "Now, listen to what I have got to say."

While Gronow listened to Hendrick, stout old General Backhuys was thus addressed in a low voice, in like manner from behind.

"When Van Oorsveldt cries 'Schenk forever!' seize with your neighbors that enemy beside you. The guards will not interfere. We are all armed, and will dispose of them."

He looked quietly round, and saw one of the awkward squad of servants standing, with a stolid look, ready to fill his glass with a rare wine, which was then being served exclusively, as he had remarked, by them. He saw this man, thereafter, stoop behind an officer of Schenk's, by whom he

sat, and address him precisely at the same length, but listening attentively (and he was sharper-eared than the trooper for his own native Guelder tongue), he could discover that a description of the wine formed for him the sole substance of the servant's communication.

There was a turn-table in the wall whereby the viands were introduced. Through this there had been passed, at an early period of the meal, some large panniers, filled, apparently, with flowers. These were received uniformly by the same less handy waiters, and were distributed on the various tables that lined the circuit of the hall.

Time wore rather anxiously on.

At length Schenk arose, with no trace of even affected hilarity remaining on his brow.

"Heer Burgomaster," said he, turning to his host, "not more than one-third of the stipulated ransom has come in. Time is now up, and we may wait no longer. Captain Voss, pass the second word, and let the sack begin; now, my brave boys, let each choose for his hostess the fair lady that best suits his fancy. Mine sits here by me."

With that he moved his right hand toward the pistols in his belt, and was extending the other to lay hold on the now dismayed and fainting Bertha, when a powerful blow struck down his upraised arm. He felt himself enclosed in an embrace so irresistible as pinned both his sinewy elbows helpless to his sides.

In the same moment, "Schenk forever!" was shouted in a voice of gay derision close behind his ear, and every officer of his at table was seized, overpowered, and disarmed by the civilians who sat round him.

"Guards, ho!" cried the free captain, purple, and foaming with astonishment and fury.

But half of his guards were already shot down by the newcome servants, with pistols drawn promptly from beneath the ample skirts of the liveries they wore; the others, having made a wild discharge of their fire-arms with but slight effect, amid the surprise and confusion of that sudden *mêlée*, were endeavoring vainly to make head with their swords against the whole host of attendants, who had armed themselves from out the flower-baskets with similar weapons.

None of their trooper comrades came to their reinforcement from without, for volleys now echoed from the street, mingled with shouts and yells, as of the fiercest combat.

Our worthy freebooter was foiled this time in both the chances of his double game.

By possessing himself of the persons of the leading citizens, their dames and daughters, as his manner was, he had meant to secure hostages for advantageous parley, in case of discovery and surprise from without; while a sack, once commenced, could secure to him, by stipulating to countermand it, escape from any overmatching move within.

"Forth, then, for your lives!" cried Martin to his disarmed associates; and throwing off with a sudden effort those townsmen who now held him, he rushed through the nearest doorway, and escaped into the street behind. One officer achieved a like escape; the rest were reserved for trial and punishment.

Schenk, as is well known, fought his way, with arms snatched probably from some dead or disabled combatant, through all opposition, to the river, and plunged once more amid its waters. But he never reached the further bank alive

His flight once known, the survivors of his company surrendered.

Loud were the praises gratefully bestowed on Hendrick Van Oorsveldt for his ready wit, dauntless perseverance, skillful management, and bravely decided action—praises which mingled with the shouts of victory and the hysteric tears in which even the strongest-nerved among the women now found relief from the terrible strain their feelings had endured. To Hendrick all felt that their deliverance was owing.

As he handed to Grootschedel, safe and untouched, the valuable casket which Bertha had permitted him to make an occasion for training his surly trooper friend to give free transit to the upper floors, the worthy burgomaster embraced him publicly—an act which caused Bertha's eyes to brighten, and her cheeks to glow, in spite of the languor of exhaustion which had by this time overwhelmed her. This helped the tide of Grootschedel's own existing feelings to carry the good man one step further—but that step a most important and unexpected one.

This youth, thought he, will make a fortune for himself; and if not, I have enough. So, taking Bertha's hand, he placed it in Hendrick's, gave them both his blessing, and called all present to witness their betrothal.

Where, meanwhile, was the exquisite Van Aldenhuysen, while he was being thus summarily superseded? Catching, as was his wont, the mood for the time being of the man he wished to win, and influenced possibly by a feeling, more or less vague, that it must be pleasanter anywhere than in the same room with Schenk, he had, when the burgomaster called for a guide to the lieutenant, promptly volunteered, though he scarcely knew as yet the leading thoroughfares of the town.

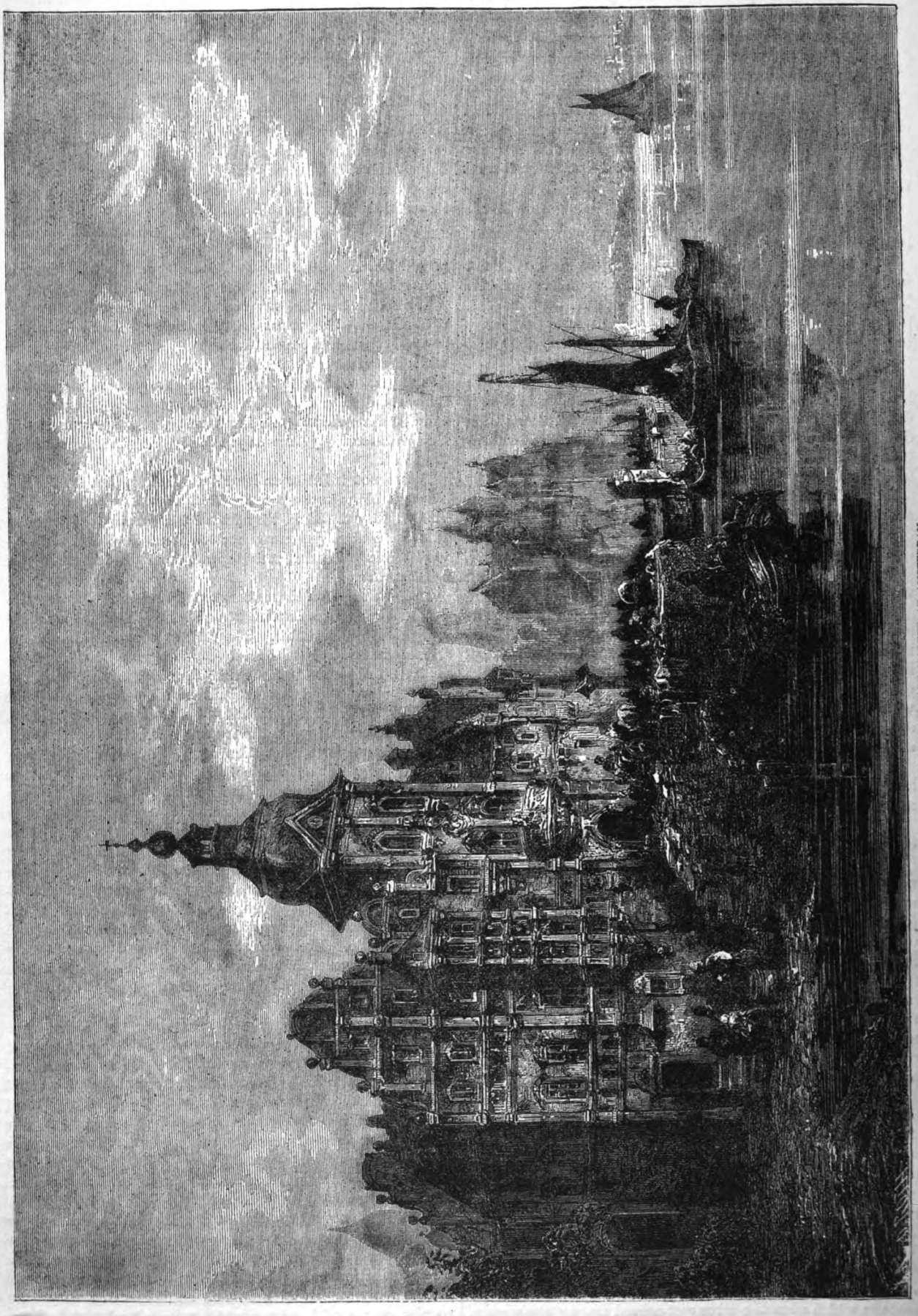
It was not till after an hour's wandering, that he and the exactors blundered upon the first mansion that was to be visited. By the time they found the second, the burgher guard had already secured it; the lieutenant and his men were made prisoners, and stopped from all further levy of *brandschätzung*.

Hendrick seldom thereafter passed the corner-house without looking in to inquire after the health of the generous and patriotic carpenter. The latter's conversation was extremely interesting to an adventurous man like Van Oorsveldt; for Horst had at one time been half round the globe, as carpenter on board an English vessel, and could describe not only the wonders of the deep, but the charms, the riches, and the dangers, too, of the tropical emporia of trade. His clear religious faith, his patience under miserable sufferings, and his constant solicitude for the comfort of all around him, endeared him much to Hendrick, who was himself a sincere and thoughtful Christian. He died ere many months in perfect peace.

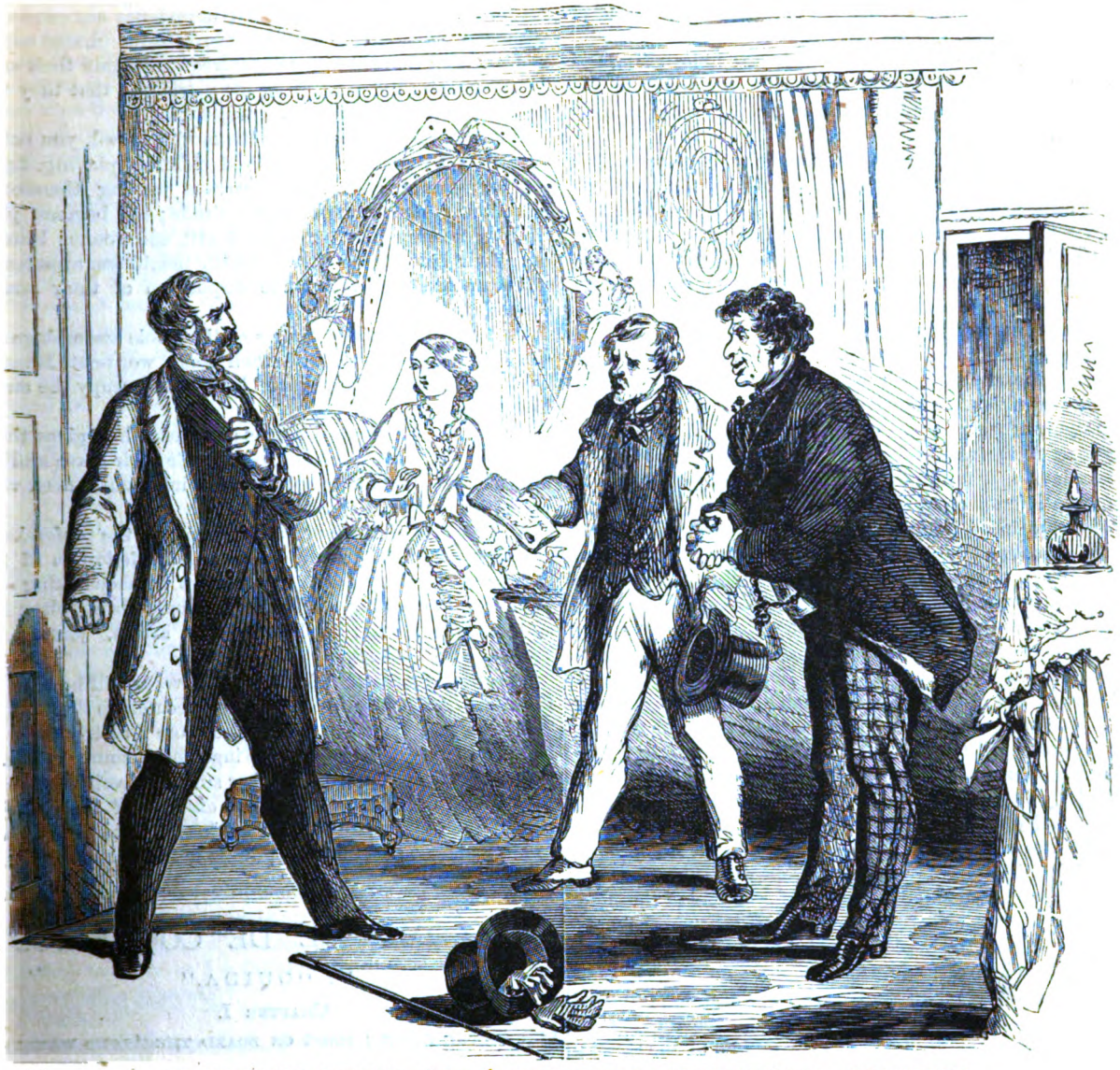
He had, as he told Hendrick on the occasion of their first meeting, provided comfortably for his mother, having clubbed his savings with those of a fellow-journeyman, intelligent like himself, to commence in partnership an independent business. This already gave promise of becoming large and profitable. He bequeathed his share to his mother by a formal testament, and for some years she had remittances from his surviving partner more than sufficient for all her simple wants.

Seven years had already elapsed since the date of the events that have been related, when Oorsveldt, now a general of high repute in the service of the States, found, on a temporary return to his home, his lady, the still beautiful and brilliant Bertha, in some perplexity to supply the place of the governante who had superintended the larger of their two sumptuous establishments, and who was about to make an advantageous marriage. The general had brought no register of such ladies from the field, and could not, in this matter, immediately assist his wife.

Next morning, however, he was summoned, as a member of a judicial commission, to hear an appeal in which a poor widow appeared as the complainant. The allegation made on her behalf was that her partner in a carpentery business, after having passed in her name and his own through the regular course of legal proceedings as a bankrupt, had recommenced business on his own account, under circum-



THE LITTLE FISH MARKET AT AMSTERDAM.



THE COMTESSE DE COQUELICOT.—"THE TRAVELER CAUGHT IN THE SHARPERS' TRAP.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

stances which suggested grave suspicions of fraud. Although the creditors had been paid so nearly in full as to indispose them to reopen inquiry, the stock with which he had resumed business was as large, at least, if not identical with that which had been sold off; yet the widow's property was utterly gone. The plaintiff appeared in court. In her the general immediately recognized the mother of noble-hearted Wilhelm Horst.

The defendant and his lawyers were too clever, or the law too weak—the poor widow could have no redress. But she had not trusted in vain that God would care for her when her son was gone. She never begged her bread.

Years after this defeat of justice, she breathed her last in Bertha's arms—the long-loved, prized, and venerated échevine of her château of Rosenbergen.

## A GLANCE AT AMSTERDAM.

AMSTERDAM, the capital of the Netherlands, has often been called "the Venice of the North"; for, like the "Queen of the Adriatic," it is almost a floating city, being intersected by numerous canals, and divided by them into many small islands. It is situated on the south bank of the Y, an inlet or arm of the Zuyder Zee, at the mouth of the river Amstel. The form of the city is that of a crescent—with the port between the arms—and it is divided into two sections, known as the eastern or old, and the western, or new port, by the Amstel. The sea is prevented from entering the canals by huge dams, provided with flood-gates of sufficient strength to resist the pressure of the highest tides. The vast commerce of the port is accommodated in two immense basins, known as the east and west docks, capable of holding 1,000 vessels. In the older portion of the city many of the houses are poor, and the streets narrow and irregularly built, but the newer part contains many handsome edifices, and the principal streets are especially noteworthy for their length and breadth and the elegance of the buildings which line them. The Heeren, Keizer's, and Prinsen grachten are each about two miles long, and two hundred and twenty feet broad; each having, like the smaller streets, a canal through its centre. Communication between the old and new parts of the town is effected by a bridge 610 feet long, and 64½ feet wide.

All the streets are paved with brick, and but few have raised footpaths for pedestrians; but as wheeled carriages are neither numerous nor allowed to be driven with speed, the ways are quite as safe as the crowded pavements of New York.

Most of the private houses are built of brick, neatly pointed, and recalling, in their peculiar architecture, the

houses erected by the old Dutch settlers of New York, of which structures a few yet remain in Albany and other interior towns. The exteriors are generally quite plain, but the interiors are frequently splendidly decorated in the French style, and the sides of the rooms painted with landscapes in oil colors.

The population of Amsterdam is sufficiently cosmopolitan in its character to include types of almost every nationality, but the Jews, who form about one-sixth of the whole number, are much the most prominent. They dominate every trade, and the contrast between the slow, deliberate, thoughtful, unimpressible and often stolid Dutchman, and the mercurial, bustling, gesticulating representative of the Semitic race is particularly striking.

In nearly all European cities there are certain districts set apart for the special occupancy of the Jewish population, districts to which, in medieval times, the hated Israelites were rigorously confined. Of all the Jewish colonies in Europe one of the most peculiar and characteristic is that of Amsterdam, and few tourists visiting that city omit to explore the district occupied by the Children of Israel.

It is approached from the square embellished with Rembrandt's statue, by driving into Todebree Street, the thoroughfare into which open all the lanes, alleys and by-ways of the real ancient Jewish quarter of Amsterdam. On entering this remarkable highway, the ear is assailed with shrieking, guttural vociferations, and most inharmonious yells, surpassing even the uproar on the beach at Naples. An indescribable medley of smells, proceeding from kitchens, grog-shops, small groceries, court-yards and laundries, pervades the air, and the combined odor is at first rather overpowering. But such sensations are soon forgotten under the impression created by the picturesque scenes presented by the men, women and children on the street, which often surpass the most bizarre conceptions of the imagination. Rembrandt himself is said to have frequently strolled through this part of the city, and here found inspiration for several of the more humorous productions of his genius. As if the unchangeable azure sky of Rome or Naples extended over Todebree Street, every trade is here carried on out of doors; on the pavement everybody cooks, eats, drinks, lives, loves, converses, peddles, gambles, buys, sells, and speculates. Small traders are selling their wares, squatting even in the middle of the street; the sides and corners are lined with venders, hawking hot and cold dishes, dried, boiled, fried or raw fish; southern fruit, pickled cucumbers, and boiled eggs. Since those who cry the loudest are generally the most successful, the competition in crying is something frightful. "*Haas, haas!*" (hot, hot), screams an aged Jewess who propels a greasy wheelbarrow laden with boiled or fried fish, and her ear-piercing cry seldom fails of attracting a customer from the depths of some neighboring alley.

In seeking to avoid contact with this ambulant kitchen, you perhaps stumble into the arms of an active young Hebrew, who is selling lottery tickets. He enumerates on his fingers all the lucky numbers of the next drawing, and assures you that by purchasing them you must certainly win at least 100,000 florins, and probably the grand prize besides. If any one questions the probability of his prescience, he will call all the great and minor prophets to witness that he is right, and swear, that as an humble member of the chosen people, he will forego his chance of a triumphal entry into the restored Jerusalem if he proves to be mistaken. When the drawing has already taken place, he offers for sale a long list of all the winning numbers, thrusting it into your face and shouting fiercely: "*Nakijken, nakijken!*" (look into it).

While second-hand dealers, rag-pickers, old clo'men, etc., swarm in the side-alleys, the main business is done in Todebree Street, where booths, shops, and tiny stores are crowded upon each other so as to lose not an inch of the ground. Eastern eloquence, ingenuity and impudence are employed without stint in setting forth the merits of the various wares, and when all else fails, they not infrequently gain their ends by avowing, in the name of all the patriarchs, that they will not make a cent's profit by the transaction.

When you pass further on in the motley crowd, you notice dozens of barefooted, black-haired children, playing, fighting, or running about; water-carriers jostling themselves and their loads through the multitude; old beggars piteously entreating you for a small gift, and women leaning over their balconies conversing with neighbors, apparently quite unconcerned about the disposition of their scanty draperies.

Perhaps the quaintest figures of the whole assemblage are the Polish Jews, who, with their long, worn-out, Russian coats and battered "stove-pipe" hats, often occupy the street in swarms.

Their long, untrimmed beards and curled hair gives them something of a patriarchal aspect, while their grave and sedate manners seem to adapt them for intercourse even with the better classes of society.

All branches of trade or business, and all the professions, are represented in Amsterdam among the followers of the Mosaic creed; they employ themselves in shoemaking and tailoring; in covering and repairing roofs; in shopkeeping and manufacturing; and many as artists, journalists, brokers, and bankers.

The market women of Amsterdam have, as will be seen by the engraving, a costume and custom peculiar to themselves. The yoke and trays are not unlike those formerly used by New York street venders, but the ingenious manner in which the worthy dame has balanced her stock of fresh vegetables with a real live, Dutch baby, is an example of the practical side of the sturdy Hollander, that does infinite credit alike to her maternal affection and powers of invention.

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# THE COMTESSE DE COQUELICOT.

By "OUIDA."

Louisa de la Ramé

## Chapter I.

### THE ACQUAINTANCE I MADE ON BOARD THE "LORD WARDEN."

LAST Spring I thought I would run over to Paris; a friend of mine, attaché to the British Legation, wanted me to see his mare Cantonnière run at Chantilly; so one morning I put myself in the express for Folkestone with a dear, dashing little widow (who was perusing "Bentley," and asked me if I did not think "that fellow Ouida had been jilted by some woman, he was so spiteful on the *beau sexe's* shortcomings"), and got on board the *Lord Warden*, with Mills and the luggage and my bulldog Pontos, who has a black patch over one eye and might pass for a Chelsea pensioner in a state of soul transmigration. Much yachting has given me an ægis, thank heaven! against any *soupçon* of *mal de mer*, and I leaned against the side of the deck looking at the passengers, with Pontos looking out of his black patch and making an inventory of them likewise, probably with a keen eye to business, in the way of legs that might be snapped at with impunity. Pontos's mission in life was snapping at legs, and he naturally viewed people through that medium. Everybody looks through his own glass, be it a burnt or a Claude one, and will be shot if he will look through anybody's else. Why might not Pontos,

too? Canine snapping at enemies' ankles is not more dangerous than human snapping at friends' characters and reputations, is it? There were a good many people on board; there were Smith, Brown, and Jones, of course, looking miserably ill, but talking of the Hopers and "Ide Park" with sickly smiles. I never travel but I see that genus somewhere—wretched swells who make me ready to cut off my own mustaches in disgust and dress in serge and sackcloth when I see their horrible stubbly caricatures and their shocking onslaught on taste and ties. There were pretty girls in hats lisping Longfellow's poem on "The Sea," and petting infinitesimal terriers with shy glances at us, to show how they would pet us if we would let them. There were a bride and bridegroom, who seemed to find romance uncommonly slow work with a rough sea and a hard-hearted steward and a small storm of smuts from the funnel, which seemed as destructive to the lady's temper as they decidedly were to her bonnet. There was an old maid, who, on embarking, expressed her opinion that "it was beautiful," referring to the sea by that laudatory epithet, which fickle element felt the compliment so little, that, instead of returning it, it tossed her in ten minutes' time into the most complete antithesis of beauty that ever the female countenance could be imagined to present; and there was an odd, mean, little old man, who appeared everlastingly occupied in looking at me. There was nothing remarkable about me that I know of—nothing odd, I trusted—certainly nothing suspicious; I was not got up so elaborately as my friends the swells, to be sure; I had on a wide-awake and a ribbon tie and a Maude of the simplest shepherd plaid possible. Nothing queer about them, was there? But I certainly was an object of most extreme solicitude to this old fellow; he watched me furtively like a cat at a mouse-hole, and finally sidled up and began speaking to me.

"Rough sea, sir, isn't it!"

Now I was too much of an Englishman not to look upon it as confounded impudence for him to address me, but I was still cosmopolitan enough to consider it only due to courtesy to reply, so I compromised the matter by giving a monosyllabic rejoinder:

"Rather!"

"Great traveler, perhaps, sir—don't mind it?" As he got no answer this time, he tried me with something else: "Fond of smoking, I see, sir? Very nice amusement, I dare say, when it don't make one sick? Wish I could do it, but I can't. That's an uncommonly handsome pipe of yours, sir?"

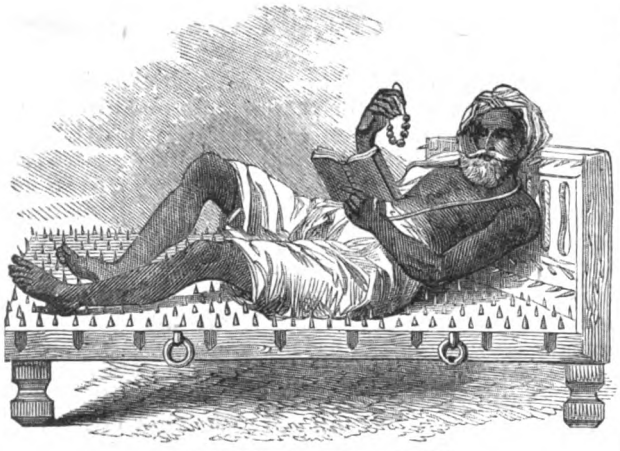
My pipe was handsome, and a singular one, too, insomuch as the bowl was curiously molded like a grinning faun's head, and I had had my crest put on it with my initials, and generally used it, though it was cumbersome in size.

"An uncommonly nice pipe," went on the loquacious little animal, eyeing me and the meerschaum as if we were something unparalleled and monstrous. "Going as far as Paris, may I ask?"

"No, sir, you may not ask, for it is no concern of yours," said I, knocking the ashes off the pipe and looking at him.

I suppose my eyes expressed my thoughts, which were simply, "What the deuce do you mean by your impertinence?" for the old fellow gave a little chuckle, moved away, and I heard him mutter to himself, as if I were a runaway apprentice and he was making out the items of my *personnel*, "Six feet as near as may be, brown mustaches, aquiline features, shepherd-plaid scarf, wide-awake, meerschaum with a faun's head and the letters L. V. H. on the bowl. Worth taking down and keeping an eye upon, anyhow. I'll ask madame what she thinks. Mighty stiltified! We'll see if we can't take the rise out of him." And the little man shuffled away, taking his mem.-book out. What for? Not to enter mine and my meerschaum's appearance, surely? I was not outlawed for debt, or a secretary of a Bible Society flying with the guineas of Christian supporters to spend them over the water, nor a bank director cutting a rotten concern to go and set up a dashing hotel in the Champs Elysées with the tin of deluded shareholders. Take the rise out of me? I laughed at the little wretch's oddity, as Pontos gave a low growl after the departing legs he had not been permitted to snap at, and I put my pipe in my pocket and turned to take a walk up and down the deck. My curious interlocutor had disappeared into the cabin possibly, and I walked up and down unmolested, thanking my stars I was not that unlucky bridegroom who between his own sensations, his *nouvelle mariée's* temper and the funnel's smuts, seemed to think he had better give up the ghost altogether and find a watery grave under the paddle wheels. And as I walked I saw, just coming out of the cabin, a lady, tripping across the deck as safely as if it had been a ballroom floor, and showing the most charming little brodequins in the transit, finally nestling herself among a pile of cushions, like a silky little dog in its basket (or a Nereid in the curl of a wave, my dear young sir, if you prefer poetic similes, in which case, *par parenthèse*, I would beg to refer you to Mr. Coventry Patmore, who carries poetry into the kitchen and makes verses upon burst boilers and other domesticities of a like character, with a ponderous playfulness quite marvelous—so marvelous that, like a certain dexterous *coup d'état*, we would rather not see it imitated we think)—well my lady was an exceedingly pretty little one, as pretty as her brodequins; and as she lay curled on her cushions, with a French novel and a smelling-bottle in her small, plump, *bien ganté* hands, with her shining crêpé hair and her bright, sparkling inquisitive eyes, like a marmoset's—and her pretty carnation cheeks, and I was just thinking to myself what a godsend the bewitching little creature was, and going to address her with some commonplace or other, *pour commencer*, when up she started, with a little scream and both hands extended: "Ah! there you are! Good gracious, how delighted I am! How fortunate that we should again happen to meet!"

Here was somebody who knew me decidedly, but where the deuce had I seen her? She met me with the greatest animation—I might say ecstasy, if it didn't sound vain—she recognized me clearly, and, what was more, seemed delighted to do so, and I hadn't the faintest conception of ever having seen her face before! There I stood, holding her hands of course, and looking down at her, wondering where the deuce I had met her, raking up every place I'd ever been in, from the Closerie des Lilas to the Salt Lake, and trying to remember every woman I'd ever seen, from the peeresses at Almack's to the cantinières in the Crimea. It was not a bit of use; I didn't recollect her, and I couldn't, but I was scarcely going to tell her so, as you will readily believe, so I pressed her cream-colored gloves warmly, paid her a compliment on her looks, told her I was enchanted to see her—which was perfectly true, for I thought a little mild flirtation would while away the time very pleasantly in the train to Paris, if she were going on there; and, finally, sat down by her, talking away as if we were old friends, without the faintest shadow of an idea who the devil she was. She might be a serene highness of Something-Schwerin; she might be a *danseuse* out of the Haymarket; she might be a foreign princess with countless titles; she might be a little adventuress with only paste rings; I didn't know, and, what's much more, I didn't care; she knew me, and was extremely pleasant with me, and was a gay, légère, agreeable, very pretty little woman—a dangerous one very likely on further acquaintance—but I had eaten too much wheat in my day to fear being caught with chaff, and I sat on the bench beside her, the envied of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, I doubt not, and talked away to this charming friend of mine, whom



HINDOO PENITENT.—SEE PAGE 171.

I'd never come across before to the best of my own knowledge, though she was evidently as intimate as could be with me—so intimate that I began to think my memory must be failing me, or that the Bass I'd taken at Folkestone must have had a dash of Lethe in it, that I couldn't anyway remember those bright, brown, marmoset eyes and that piquant *nez retroussé*, whose owner retained so flattering a recollection of me.

"Last August," thought I, "where the deuce was I? In Perthshire, I'd swear, knocking over the grouse with Fairlie. I haven't been at Ems for five years and more." But *place aux dames!*—if they don't stick to the truth we mustn't always be telling them so, for we should eternally be guilty of the rudeness of contradiction; so I asked her a counter-query, if she thought it possible for any living man to forget any days he'd had the happiness of spending with her?

"Fie, fie, flatterer!" she cried, giving me a blow with her ivory-handled parasol, and laughing a gay, musical laugh. "Do you suppose I believe that? Not a word of it. I remember you too well of old! Poor D'Aguilar, do you remember him that night at your *petit souper*—he had lost at the roulette—and what fun we made of him? Have you ever seen him since?"

"D'Aguilar? No, I don't think I have," said I. Now, to the best of my belief, I'd never known a man of the name, but he might have made an impression on her and none on me, so I let that pass, and thought what a very pretty figure she was as she lay back on the cushions, taking the perfume from her flaçon, which had Jockey Club at one end of it, and I've a shrewd suspicion sal volatile at the other, as certain clever essayists we know of have refreshing rationalism for those who can appreciate it at one end of their pen, but a little drop of orthodoxy still at the other to assuage their bishop's qualms and preserve their social preferments. (Query: Is that their fault after all? If Truth paid a little better and Profession a little worse, shouldn't we have more of the one and less of the other? *Il faut vivre*, and so—men hold their tongues.)

"And are you going on to Paris, my dear fellow?" asked my new acquaintance, or rather my old friend. "Ah, you are then? I am very glad of that, you can see me through that horrid custom-house, and we can go on to Paris together. And what have you been doing with yourself? losing your money after those stupid horses, and risking your neck after foxes, and making love to all the pretty women you've met, and forgetting me, your best and most valued friend?"

Now positively she'd hit so exactly on my occupations, that, with the greatest effrontery in the world, I couldn't have told her she was wrong, and as for forgetting her, I certainly had done that with a completeness only equal to that with which your oldest chum, who has gone to the bad, invariably forgets that "little bill," or that "mere trifle" he borrowed of you on the strength of the old Eton and Cambridge days. So I made her another pretty indefinite speech, that sounded a good deal, but, sifted, meant nothing, as several speeches do, forensic, ministerial, post-prandial, and others.

And then while the *Lord Warden* puffed across the Channel, and Pontos snapped at each stewardess as she passed him, and the newly-married pair looked at each other as if in mute but stern demand why a Margate moon wouldn't have done as well as a Boulogne one for their honeymoon, my friend and I flirted pleasantly in that silvery Gallic tongue, best of all for coquetry or repartee, till the steamer ploughed her way into the Anglo-French port.

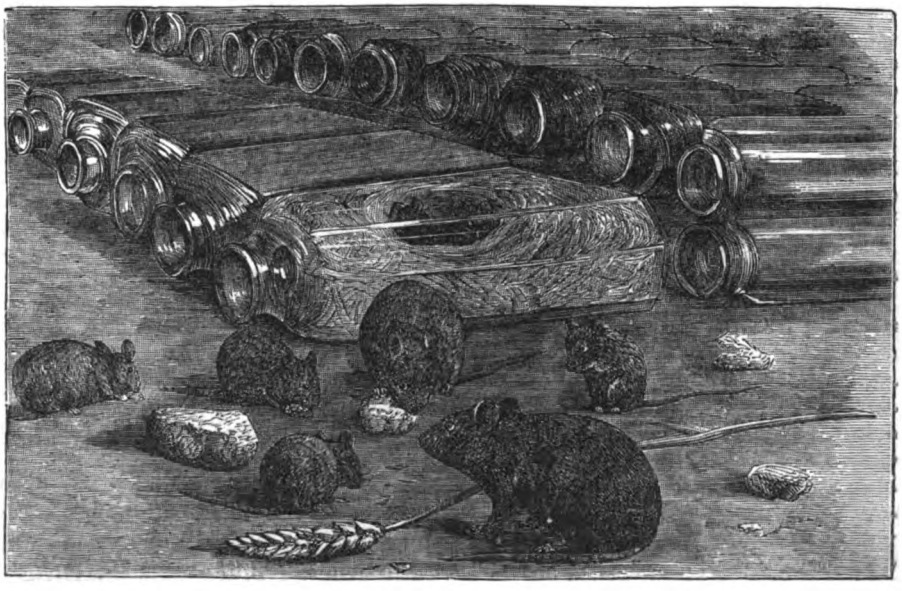
"Take care of my luggage a moment," said she; "I have left my handkerchief in the cabin. No! I would rather go for it myself."

And down she went, while I, with her maid, guarded the boxes, at which I hastily darted a glance and read, "Madame la Comtesse de Coquelicot."

"Coquelicot! Coquelicot!" I'd never heard the name in my life; but, however, I would not tell her so. I was in for the acquaintance, and I knew very well how to take care of myself and my purse; besides, Madame de Coquelicot was very pretty, and extremely agreeable to me. As I was looking at them I thought I heard somebody say sharply:

"You do not see very far ahead! Let me alone, I will show him the elephant. Take care that he does not bolt—that is all you have to do!"

I thought it sounded like my countess's voice, but it couldn't be, for she just then stood by my elbow bidding me



CURIOUS MOUSE NESTS.—SEE PAGE 172

LAMANTIN FISHING IN THE UPPER AMAZON RIVER.—SEE PAGE 174.

take all the trouble, and mind the custom-house officers didn't touch her boxes, or she would never speak to me again.

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### Chapter II.

#### HOW, NOT OWING A CENTIME, I WAS STILL PLUNGED INTO DEBT.

Of course I saw her through the custom-house into the train, which was just starting for Paris, and got in myself. She was a very agreeable woman. No possible harm could come of a little civility to her on a journey; if she was an adventuress, I wasn't a boy, to let her lighten my pockets. I had known too many countesses, baronesses, and marquises. So, I sat opposite to her in the same carriage with the rector, who wrapped himself in a great-coat, and that customary hedgehog *noli me tangere* seclusion common to habitants of the Britannic Isles, and went to sleep, and a lady and her daughter—at whom—the girl beating her out and out for beauty—I saw madame cast certain contemptuous irritated glances. Did you ever see any woman look pleasantly at another if she was pretty, or speak well of her by any chance? I never did. Ladies may admit some possibility of virtue in a plain sister, but in an attractive one never. Teresa Yelverton has our sympathy and admiration, but wouldn't her own sex have loved to stone her if they could have found a flaw, for her one unpardonable sin, poor little dear! in being attractive, talented and fascinating? Arria Pœtus might be as pure, as noble, as self-devoted as she would, but I don't doubt that the Roman ladies, in committee, hated her for the admiration she excited, and tried their best to put some "bad construction" even on the heroic "Pœte non dolet" of a nature too high and loving for them to be able to measure or understand, or do anything but vent their spite in throwing stones at it!

The train whisked on, and madame settled herself in her compartment, looking as fresh, and as crisp and as charmingly got up as if she'd just come out of her boudoir, instead of off the *Lord Warden*, and chatted away so familiarly that I felt quite sure she must have known me all my life, though to the best of my belief I'd never seen her till an hour before. She called me "My dear fellow"—and evidently was so well acquainted with me that it would have been a height of discourtesy to tell her the reciprocity was all on one side, as the Irishmen have it, and that I had no more remembrance of her than I had of the pointsman or the guard.

So we talked away very pleasantly, those quick handsome brown eyes of hers scanning me so intently when I appeared not to be looking at her, and professing themselves under their curled lashes so perfectly innocent of intending any such scrutiny when I did regard her, that I began to be a little intrigued as to what possible interest I could possess for her, and to think I must be a more interesting personage than I had ever flattered myself before. It was between four and five when we hissed and snorted and puffed into the Paris station. I put my little comtesse into a carriage that was waiting for her, a very dashing carriage, with a pair of fretting bays, three parts thorough-bred, that wouldn't have made a bad figure in the Ring, and had the tenderest shake of the hand that ever such little cream-gloved fingers gave a man, as Madame de Coquelicot said, most amiably:

"Come and see me to-morrow, my friend. No! not this evening, I am too tired; but to-morrow as early as you like. The old quarters, you know."

"Where the deuce are they?" thought I, as I said aloud, "The old quarters? Let me see, what is the exact address?"

"Numéro quinze, Rue Belphégor-et-Mélusine, quartier du Diable Boiteux—don't you remember? Adieu, and au revoir!"

And madame waved me her hand, and bade her coachman drive off, and I laughed as I turned away to think how entirely I'd forgotten my fair friend, or how cleverly the little woman pretended to an intimacy with me, for some support or other, that remained hidden in the leaves of fate. "I'll see that farce to the end. I'm 'not a young bird to be trapped and plucked, and she's certainly pretty enough to take the trouble of calling on her," I thought to myself, as I walked to the voiture Mills had summoned. As I jumped into it I dropped my stick. Somebody picked it up, and as I thanked him, I saw it was the little man whom I had snubbed so unceremoniously on board the *Lord Warden*.

"You are quite welcome, sir; good evening," he said, shuffling off to his own cab. And when I was set down at the rooms where I generally stay when in Paris, who should stand on the pave, watching me curiously, but the old fellow again, or his ghost—a very seedy-looking ghost, too, with a disreputable air, redolent of Whitecross Street, Leicester Square, Homburg, and all refuges for those whom fortune won't smile upon, and whose characters are usually purified with the ablution known as whitewash—watching me, certainly watching me, though he did his best not to be seen. Why had I all of a sudden become so extreme an object of interest to people? Did they take me for the Comte de Chamborg come to steal surreptitiously into the Tuiléries to take the crown from that clever fellow who is his own *deus ex machina*, and seems to have stolen Atropos's scissors, and to be snipping the thread long and short, as it amuses him, for everybody in Europe? Did they fancy I'd come to fire off bombs like Orsini, or to dabble in giant frauds like Law or Mirès? Had I anything odd about me? Had I murdered anybody without knowing it?—entered into a conspiracy without remembering it?—become a célèbre without being aware of it?—joined a secret society and broken my oath without recollecting it? The people of the hotel didn't seem to find anything peculiar in me; they recognized me, indeed, but in no unpleasant manner, as their recognition resulted in as good a dinner and as choice wines as ever gladdened a man's soul, over which I forgot all about the acquaintance on board the *Lord Warden*, and after which I drove to the Jockey Club, found up my old chums, went to the Opera to see the new *danseuse* in "Satanella," supped at the Maison Dorée, and finally went back to the Hotel de Londres in the gray of the Spring morning, which was just light enough for me to see two men dodging me from the café—which it was easy to do, for my driver was an Alsatian and sleepy, and let his horse creep at his will—two men whom I heard whisper:

"It is he—it is certainly he. We must give the cue to Monsieur——"

I lost the rest; but what the deuce did they know about me? and to whom were they going to give a cue as if I'd escaped from a lunatic asylum, and was required to be recaptured? It was too dark to see, but one of them looked deucedly like my little old man of the steamer; but what possible interest on earth could I have for them? I owed no man anything, nobody could pull me up for debt—not even for a case of Havannas, or a pair of gloves, unpaid for: it was vastly odd to be dodged in this style, as if detectives were at my heels for embezzlement. But I was too tired to think much about it, so I turned in and went to sleep, by no means uncertain that I shouldn't be woke up like Changarnier in the middle of the night, and marched off by gendarmerie, possibly to find myself located in Brest, or Toulon, for some crime of which I'd forgotten being the perpetrator.

When the morning rose I remembered my engagement to Madame de Coquelicot, my pretty little friend who knew so much about me, and of whom I knew nothing, and was just going into my coffee, omelette, claret, sardines and all the rest of it, and looking over the *Times*, and the *Charivari* in my own room preparatory to calling on her, when Mills tapped at the door.

"If you please, sir, there's a man here who wants to see you."

"See me. What for?"

"He says he wants to see you about some wine, sir—three dozen Marcobrunnen as is owing for."

"Owing for? Nonsense. Never bought any Marcobrunnen by the dozen in my life. He's made a mistake; go and tell him so."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but he says you do owe it to him, sir, and he won't go without it," said Mills, returning.

"Deuce take his impudence! he's made some mistake, I tell you; he must have the wrong name."

"No, sir, he hasn't got the wrong name; leastways, not wrong as the French would pronounce it. He asked me for Monsieur Hervey, and here's the bill."

"Take the bill to the deuce," said I, "and don't come bothering me. I don't owe a centime in Paris; tell him so, and that if he doesn't go about his business, we shall call in the police."

Mills departed on his mission, and I lighted my meerchaum to have a quiet smoke, but peace was not for me. There came another tap at the door, and Mills ventured in again, every lineament of his countenance replete with injured dignity and noble indignation.

"What's the row, Mills? Won't the fellow go?"

"Yes, sir, he's gone; but, sir, he had the positive impudence to say he'd have the law upon you. He did, indeed, sir, for a paitry three dozen of hock!"

It was the horrible insignificance of the debt that overwhelmed Mills. If it had been a few thousands, now, he wouldn't have felt lowered by it; he was accustomed to live with gentlemen who, if they got into difficulties, got into them in princely style, and who, if they went to the dogs, drove on that unpleasant road *au grand galop*, with postilions, and outriders, and all the rest of it, *comme il faut*.

"For a debt I don't owe! that's a good idea. He'll have to prove my identity first, and his own claim afterward. What you mean by listening to such fellows I can't imagine, Mills. You should send them to the right-about without coming to trouble me."

"But, sir, if you please, sir, there's another one now—from M. Follet's, of the Rue Vivienne—about some coats and vests, sir, that he says you had from him last year."

"God bless me! are all the Parisians gone mad? I owe no debts here—not a sou. It's a pleasant thing, certainly, if tradesmen can saddle foreigners with bills in this style! What the deuce do they mean by it?"

"Then you won't look at the bill, if you please, sir?"

"Certainly not. It is nothing to me. Go and turn the fellows out this moment, or let them find their right debtor. This is a pretty state of things! to be besieged by creditors the minute one sets foot——"

But my peroration was cut short. Through the door, which Mills had left open a little, burst a wiry, excitable, voluble, and indelibly wronged little man, who pounced upon me with wild alacrity.

"Ah, monsieur, you are caught at last. Pay us this—five hundred and eighty francs. We have waited a whole year for it. Here is the bill; a coat, a Talma, a——"

"Go away with you," said I, repressing a strong impulse to laugh—an impulse which, I believe, lowered me irremediably in Mills's eyes. "Be off! I do not owe you a farthing. I never entered your store. How dare you——"

"What!" shrieked the little emissary of M. Follet. "You do not owe us anything! Oh, you dishonorable Englishman! You owe us nothing? Look at this bill!"

"Devil take both you and your bill! Leave my room instantly," began I, taking my pipe out of my mouth, fairly exasperated. "Mills, why don't you turn that fellow out? He is subject to the law already for assaulting me in this manner."

But the little fellow didn't wait to be turned out; the bully and the coward generally unite in one person, they say, and I suppose the vision of single combat with two *monstres d'Anglais* was too much for him.

"You have refused to pay me, and have also threatened. It is well, sir! We shall see!"

And he clattered down stairs, signed thither in a lordly and imperious manner by Mills, as fast as his little feet could carry him; and as he went we heard the diminuendo cataract of "Wretched liar! bare-faced scoundrel!" etc., etc., in his shrill, vociferous, little voice, and I told Mills to get my hat and gloves, thinking decidedly that Paris folk had gone mad, and that I had become the special subject of their insane fury. I'd fallen into a nest of people who evidently knew more about me than I knew myself, and I wondered if I should find any Q. E. D. to the problem at Madame de Coquelicot's, as I got into a hansom, and bade the driver take me to No. 15 Rue Belphégor-et-Mélusine, quartier du Diable Boiteux, of which fashionable faubourg, if you are ignorant, I beg leave to hint that you know nothing about Paris.

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## Chapter III.

### HOW I FELL AMONG THIEVES.

It was a very handsome house, but one which, though madame had alluded to it as old quarters very familiar to me, I had never been in, to my knowledge. I inquired for madame. The porter answered, "Yes, sir, she is at home. Walk in, if you please;" I did so accordingly, and was received by an exceedingly resplendent valet, who appeared to know perfectly who I was without my telling him. The deuce, I thought it was uncommonly odd everybody knew me here, and I could recollect nobody! But I had no time to reflect upon it, for the valet flung the door open, and I was ushered into the presence of my Comtesse de Coquelicot.

If she had looked charming on the deck of the *Lord Warden*, she looked ten thousand times more so now, sitting in an armchair, clad in the daintiest négligé possible to devise, with a cobweb lace about her throat and wrists, and gold-broidered slippers on her feet, as pretty a tableau as a man could want, reading her yellow-papered novel, and stirring the cream into some chocolate that stood on a little silver service by her side; a very pretty tableau, indeed—too pretty, surely, for me to have so utterly forgotten it if I had ever seen it before! She rose to meet me with her hands outstretched, and so sweet a smile, that I could scarcely fail to greet her with equal warmth.

"Well, my dear," said the comtesse, seating herself, giving me a delicate blow with her novel, and signing me to a chair by her, "so, you have kept your appointment, and come to see me?"

"Do you suppose any man could fail to come and see you if you'd let him?" said I, thinking to myself what a deucedly pretty woman she was without her bonnet.

"Ah, you have been long enough without coming to see me," laughed madame. "It was very shabby in you, dear, to run off from Ems as you did!"

"Run off from Ems! Decidedly the little woman's mad," thought I.

"We were very happy at Ems, dear!" sighed madame,

with a pretty pathetic air. "Isn't it a pity that happy days like those won't last forever?"

Of course I answered her suitably, to the effect that any days in her society must be the happiest days of his life to any man, and our *tête-à-tête* was going on *à ravir*. I was completely bewildered by her constant references to a past with which I ought to have been as well acquainted as she, but of which I could not, for the life of me, remember a word; but, as I said before, she was far too pretty a woman for any man to disclaim a friendship she claimed with him, and we were going on first-rate when every nerve in my system received as violent a galvanic shock as ever any luckless *rus in urbe* received at the Polytechnic, and I started as though the most horrible douche that ever the water-cure gave to any victim surrendered to its grasp had struck me with an arm of ice, when my little comtesse, looking at me under her fringed lashes, and closing her soft warm hand on mine, whispered sweetly:

"My dear! would it be inconvenient to you to pay me those seven thousand francs you lost to me at écarté last August?"

I am a cool fellow generally, I believe; used to flatter myself that nothing could startle me; that if I possessed nerves in common with the rest of humanity, they were of that texture commonly denominated cast iron; but I can no longer say so, for when the comtesse spoke those words, a child, had there been one in the room disposed to so pugilistic an enterprise, might have knocked me down. Plon-plon's fit of eloquence could not surprise France, nor their sudden notoriety bewilder the Bishop of Durham and his son-in-law, nor the Seven Essayists' free speech amaze the legend-loving Church, more utterly than Madame de Coquelicot's speech surprised, bewildered and horrified me. I stared at her, and mechanically echoed:

"Seven thousand francs—I—lost—to you!"

She shook her head at me, and gave me another rebuking blow with Le Brun's yellow volume.

"Ah, you naughty fellow! Do you pretend to forget it? Fie! for shame! You recollect well enough!"

"On my honor, madame——"

She shook her head again, and laughed gayly.

"Ah, good heavens! your honor, my dear, is not a very wonderful witness. If you've no better gauge than your honor, my boy——"

This was going a little bit too far; we do let women say more than men, but there are limits to one's allowance, even to the female tongue. I shook off her hand, and got out of the chair.

"Madame, you do not know what you are saying, nor can you, I think, know whom you are addressing. There must be some very extraordinary mistake here. On my word, as a gentleman, I never——"

But she interrupted me with peals of laughter.

"That will do, dearest! You do not know what you are saying, or you would scarcely try to talk that nonsense to me. You will say you never played écarté at all with me, I suppose, next?"

"To the best of my knowledge, I decidedly never did, madame. I repeat, again, that you are speaking under some very extraordinary delusion."

"Do be quiet; you make me laugh too much!" cried the comtesse, beginning to look rather angry, though with a nasty glitter in her eyes, beating an impatient tattoo with her spoon on the Sêvres saucer.

You may generally know your suppressed vixen by that sort of angry rataplan; she beats an inanimate object when she would love, if she could, to be beating you.

"I like you very much, my friend, but I did not like your running off from Ems in my debt, and I don't like your pretence of ignorance now. I shall be very glad if you will pay me those seven thousand francs without delay, for I am extravagant, as you well know, and they will fill up a little gap nicely."

"But, by heaven, I owe you none! I never played écarté with you in my life! I was never at Ems last August——"

"Hush, hush, hush!" cried madame, her tattoo getting fiercer and her laugh louder. "What will you say next? Never played écarté! never at Ems! Good heavens! what next?"

"Anything you like, madame; and, first of all, that I am not a boy to be tricked in this way, and be frightened into paying a debt I never contracted. I suppose I have been fool enough to come amongst a gang of swindlers, but I am

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

not so great a one as to stay amongst them. Another time, madame, try the trick on some younger bird, though it is an adroit one, I admit, and allow me to have the honor of wishing you a very good-morning!" said I. backing to the door, at all, was, as I richly deserved to be, a prisoner in the Comtesse de Coquelicot's drawing-room.

She nodded her head with devilish delight, laughing again, though her dark eyes scintillated angrily

MADAME ROLAND.—SEE PAGE 174.

too disgusted with my own tomfoolery in coming there at all to remember courtesy or anything else.

Tomfoolery, indeed! As I put my hand on the lock of the door, I found it was fastened on the other side, and that I, who ought to have known better than to have come there

"The windows are twenty feet from the ground, my dear. Ah, now we have caught you again, do you think we should be so silly as to let you go so easily! Have you quite forgotten all those little bills and bonds at Ems, dear?"

"Bills and bonds!" I repeated, contemptuously. "On my

life, this is carrying the farce too far! You mistake. I am not your victim, madame," said I, only keeping myself cool by recollecting my combatant was a woman. "I shall be obliged by your putting an end to this, and ordering your servants to unlock this door. I presume that you are aware that by detaining me thus, the law——"

"The law! Ah, you wish for the law. It is well!" cried madame, clapping her plump and jeweled hands.

I suppose it was a preconcerted signal, for a door I had not noticed at the other end of the salon opened softly, and a man, curled and ringed, a Jew all over, came noiselessly in, with another insignificant fellow, neither of whom had I ever seen before, and, coming up to me, and laying his hand on my shoulder, the latter whispered the lively and agreeable information:

"Monsieur, in the name of the law, I arrest you."

"Arrest me! The deuce! What for?"

"For the several sums of seven thousand francs, twenty thousand francs, and fifteen thousand francs, borrowed in the months of June, July, and August, from Alcide Mathieu," began the fellow, with such abominable legal precision and audacity that, *à la* David, the fire kindled, and I spake more furiously than perchance was prudent.

Shaking off his grasp with a jerk that span him off into the middle of the room, "What the deuce do you mean by this tomfoolery? I owe nobody a sou, and you know that as well as I do. You are a league of rascally sharpers; but if you fancy to trap or frighten me into admitting your charges, and letting you pick my pockets, you are exceedingly mistaken. You are a gang of swindlers, and as such I will cite you before the——"

"What effrontery!" shrieked Madame de Coquelicot. "Good heavens! who could think any living mortal could have such audacious impudence, when he knows——"

"Knows!" chuckled the individual of jewels and curls, who I conjectured was the aforesaid Alcide Mathieu. "Something he will know when——"

"Gently, gently, madame," said the miniature Vidocq, who, having got me into the claws of the law, was scarcely going to let me off so easily; "take care, or you will commit yourself for libel as well. Diantre!" said he, turning to me, "it is of no use resisting. Come, monsieur, do not oblige me to make a scene. Come with me quietly, like a gentleman. You have given us a great deal of trouble. If you would have settled these little matters privately with Monsieur Mathieu six months ago——"

The cool impudence of the fellow positively stunned me. I, who had never seen any one of them in my life, to be told I had given them a great deal of trouble, that I should have settled these little matters—little matters, forsooth!—six months ago! I, who flattered myself that I was a cool hand, and knew life, if anybody knew it, to have let myself be trapped into this by that little demon, De Coquelicot! The devil within me was roused, and nothing short of knocking them all down would have cooled me in the least. As the fellow came up to lay his hand on me again, I set my back to the door, and prepared to receive them scientifically.

"If you attempt to lay a hand on me again I shall knock you down. You are a gang of swindlers, and if you refuse to unlock the door, I will throw open the window, call in the police, and give you into custody——"

"Ah, ha! that is your game!" said the man, with a smile, moving himself to the window, and giving a low whistle, while M. Mathieu, with a laugh, laid his grasp on my arms to pinion them behind me, and the comtesse lay back in her armchair, laughing shrilly in concert. But that was rather too much of a good thing. There are limits to human endurance, and, before he could touch me, I knocked him over with a tap on his face.

"Ah ha! for debt, for assault, for libel," murmured the other man, with a purr of enjoyment at the prospect of three such charges combined against one individual, as the door behind me opened with a jerk that made me stagger forward, and I fell helpless into the stern grasp of two gendarmes, who, I presume, at their commandant's whistle, had come upstairs to cope with so bellicose and restive a prisoner.

"Will you go quietly now, monsieur?" asked he, while my *soi-disant* creditor rose slowly from the floor, wiping the blood from his face and head.

Resistance was now useless. I didn't want to blacken my name by being shown up in an assault like some tipsy youngster. It was no earthly good talking sense to these rascals; they'd the best of it at present, and the only way to get the game into my own hands was to state the case to some sensible judge, who would give me a hearing, and listen to the circumstances. Of course, in no court could they make out their case, and it was a perfect bewilderment to me what sort of game they could mean to be playing, or why they should have pounced upon me as the victim of it—an Englishman only just landed in France, of whom they could not possibly know anything.

So I went quietly, and the whole of the Rue Belphégor-et-Mélusine, from the sixième to the rez-de-chaussée of each domicile, appeared to me to have turned out to witness my convoy by gendarmes. There were ladies opening the jalousies to peep at me, children running out on the balconies to laugh at me, grim porters coming to the grilles to stare at me, gamins loitering in the gutters to make fun of me, while I swore *sotto voce* like a trooper at my own confounded folly in letting myself be trapped by that odious little Coquelicot, when there were fifty handsomer women in Paris, too! into such a ridiculous and apparently inextricable a scrape.

However, I went quietly, not exactly enjoying my new position, but making the best of it with Tapleyan philosophy, consoling myself with the reflection that I should scarcely be put out of the world, like Mrs. Dombey, without making an effort, and that I, an Englishman, with friends by the dozen among the French nobility and at the British Legation, would scarcely let myself be treated in this style without kicking up a dust about it, even if that dust were the whirlwind that should blow up the Anglo-French alliance.

It was three o'clock before I was taken into court, where, or by what rules, on my life, I hardly know now, it was so bewildering an affair that I took little note of particulars. The interval was passed by me as you, my sympathetic reader, can easily imagine, in much such a state of virtuous indignation as the Z. G. lion exhibits when his keeper makes him wait too long for his dinner.

There were my accusers; the fat man with the jewels and curls, desperately, villainously Jewish, with a bandage on his forehead, which afforded me fiendish delight; there was pretty, gayly-dressed, highly-rouged Madame de Coquelicot, as witness, I suppose; there was my old man of the steamer; there was the wine-merchant's agent; there was the tailor and his emissary; there was everybody arrayed in grim and inexorable array; and there was I, charged there with debt, assault, and libel!

Wasn't is pleasant? and for the commencement of a first day in Paris, hadn't it a nice rose-colored aspect? How bitterly I swore at myself! Surely those oaths were as pardonable, under the circumstances, as uncle Toby's!

I'd never been in a French court in my life. I didn't know who was who, nor how the proceedings were likely to commence. Somebody—I think the judge—eyed me fiercely. I dare say he thought me a hardened sinner; perhaps he'd been a refugee in his time, and had been up at Bow, or Westminster, and enjoyed the opportunity of retaliating a little on a son of Albion. He began in a stern voice: "You, Léonce Victor Hervé——"

I put up my eyeglass and stared at him—an act which he seemed to consider an impertinence. I wonder why. I've put up that self-same eyeglass at some of the best women in the peerage, at her Majesty herself, lounging on the rails or driving down the Ring, and none of them took it as an offense.

"Hallo, sir!" said I, "wait a minute. That isn't my name."

"Do not address the Court in that impertinent manner, sir. What do you intend to imply by so singular a remark as that it is 'not your name'?"

"I mean what I say, and there's nothing singular about it," said I, heedless of the indignation with which everybody was regarding me for venturing to interrupt the Court. "It's not my name. I'm an Englishman, and am called Leonard Villiers Hervey, as you can see in my passport; and as my friends—the British ambassador himself if you very much prefer him—will swear to you at any moment. I have been brought here on false pretences, charged with false debts, under, as I see now, a false name. It is either a conspiracy or a case of mistaken identity. In either circumstance I shall expect to be indemnified for the trouble, annoyance, and insult to which I have been subject this morning, or I shall decidedly complain to the British Legation of the abominable manner in which a British subject is liable to be treated by a gang of French swindlers the moment he sets foot in Paris."

I hurled my words at him in the fiercest passion I ever was in in my life. I certainly astonished an audience then, if anybody ever did. The judge stared, the gendarmes stared, Madame de Coquelicot, the man of curls and rings, the wine-merchant, the tailor, everybody stared at me in my passionate peroration, and I caught the comtesse's gasping whisper:

"Who could have believed that any one could have borne such a resemblance to Léonce, or that an Englishman could speak such good French? Good heavens! I see now that his eyes are gray instead of blue!"

It was a case of mistaken identity, luckily not so fatal to life or reputation as such a case has been more than once to some poor devil pulled up for a chance resemblance to another spirit worse off than himself.

Two of my best friends—one French, one English—to whom I had sent, entered just at that minute, and corroborated my statement, which, after some delay and trouble, with the sight of my passport, sufficed to clear me from the charge of M. Léonce Victor Hervé's debts; though I am bound to say that the vigilant gentleman before whom I had been brought was desperately reluctant to let me go, and as intensely anxious to make me in the wrong, if he any way could, as any lady to take away the character of her pet friend, or democrat to saddle a nobleman with all the sins of the Decalogue, and wouldn't let me off till he'd gone into it all from beginning to end, about fifty-six several times, in an examination which, frightfully as it bored me, afforded me much unchristian delight, by the evident torture it was to my persecutors, whose characters were probably not such as to render legal investigation highly acceptable.

It seemed that M. Mathieu was a money-lender, brother to Madame Coquelicot, a widow, but not of a count: that in the August before, at Ems, a luckless fellow had borrowed of the one and been bewitched by the other, and, I presume, been so driven to desperation between them that he cut the concern and fled unseen from Ems, owing the little widow his play debts and her brother several sums, which M. Mathieu had lent him, knowing him to be a man of some fortune, and for which Mr. Mathieu held M. Hervé's I. O. U.'s and bonds. They were sharps, doubtless, but probably he must have been rather a disreputable fellow too, and their anxiety had naturally been to catch him again and sue him.

The little fellow on board the steamer was a man sometimes employed by them to hunt down their lost prey, and who, when he saw me on board the *Lord Warden*, with a meerschaum and a Maude like those M. Hervé was in the habit of sporting, duly notified the fact to madame below in the cabin, who, coming on board, recognized me at once, as she thought, and set her little wits to work to enthral me in her fascinations till M. Mathieu should have legal traps ready, setting the old man to watch me wherever I went, who, in turn, apprised a wine-merchant and tailor of my arrival, whom he knew to be creditors of poor Hervé, receiving, of course, a percentage for his information.

So ran the story, simply enough, intensely as it had bewildered me, as it still bewildered Madame Coquelicot, who could do nothing during the examination but sniff at her flaçon, and murmur, in humiliation:

"Good heavens! What a fool I have been! Why did I not notice that his eyes were gray? But the resemblance is extraordinary, nevertheless!"

They sued me for assault, and I had to pay M. Mathieu something heavy for the pleasure of knocking him down; but I sued them for false imprisonment, so I had a *quid pro quo*, and we were quits. My fellow-sufferer, with a Maude, a meerschaum and a face like mine, I have never seen to my knowledge. I have given you *noms de plume*, of course; but I look eagerly out in the streets, at the clubs, at the opera, in the parks, anywhere and everywhere, for anybody that may bear a resemblance to me, for I have a keen sympathy with M. L. V. Hervé; I can exactly fancy how that little demon of a Coquelicot bewitched and robbed him, poor fellow! as she'd have bewitched and robbed me if she'd had the chance; and if any gentleman reads this who owns a pipe with a grinning faun's head, who fell among thieves at Ems, and played too much écarté with a charming little woman with a *nez retroussé* and bright marmoset eyes, I shall be happy to make his acquaintance and condole with him, and tell him further particulars, *vivâ você*, of How I was Tracked by Trappers, in a case of mistaken identity, and the Evils that came from a Maude and a Meerschaum, innocent things enough in their way, heaven knows.

N. B.—Learn this lesson, friendly reader: When Ulysses is traveling, he'd better keep to his pipe, wrap himself in his plaid, and invariably avoid a fair Calypso.

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## HINDOO PENITENT.

THE very look of this devotee makes one shudder. Familiar as we are with the singular penitential austerities of the Hindoos, this seems to exceed belief. Yet it is pure truth. Purrum Soatuntree, a native of Benares, in India, began, at the age of ten, a life of self-mortification, making his bed of thorns and pebbles. To these succeeded the bed of spikes, shown in our illustration, and in this he was drawn about the country for thousands of miles, everywhere revered by the people as a deity. The distance we do not exaggerate, for he continued it for five and thirty years. These were not his only chastisements of the flesh. In Winter he arranged a jar of water, so that it would drop gradually on his head. In Summer he always kept fires burning near him, to increase his suffering from heat.

All this strikes us as strange; yet, when we reflect, we find that no system or religion ever disavowed the use of austerities. The last three centuries have, indeed swept away much of it from the various forms of Christianity; but, as long as we proclaim fast days, we admit the principle, that the "flesh lusteth against the spirit," and must be chastised to bring it into subjection."

There was once a sect in Europe who made all religion consist in self-scourging, and went through the streets in bands

scourging their bare shoulders, and getting very properly the name of Flagellants. With all the variety of new religious ideas, seething in the heads of enthusiasts in this country, however, the love of the dear body seems inherent, and we are not likely, even here, to see Flagellants or Fakirs.

## CURIOUS MOUSE NESTS.

THE common mouse of our houses (*Mus musculus*), is a notable house-builder, making nests out of various materials, and placing them in various situations. There seems to be hardly any place in which a mouse will not establish itself, and scarcely any materials of which it will not make its nest. Hay, leaves, straw, bitten into suitable lengths, roots and dried herbage, are the usual materials employed by this animal when it is in the country.

When it becomes a town mouse and lives in houses, it accommodates itself to circumstances, and is never in want of a situation for a nest or material wherewith to make a comfortable house. It will use up old rags, tow, bits of rejected cord, paper, and any such materials as can be found straggling about a house; and if it can find no fragments, it helps itself very unceremoniously to, and cuts to pieces, books, newspapers, curtains, garments, or old hats and bonnets.

MADAME ROLAND IN HER YOUTH.

Many instances of remarkable mouse-nests are recorded, among which the following are worthy of mention.

As is usual, at the end of Autumn, a number of flower-pots had been set aside in a shed, in waiting for the coming Spring. Toward the middle of Winter the shed was cleared out and the flower-pots removed. While carrying them out of the shed the owner was rather surprised to find a round hole in the mold, and therefore examined it more closely. In the hole was seen, not a plant, but the tail of a mouse, which leaped from the pot as soon as it was set down. Presently another mouse followed from the same aperture, showing that a nest lay beneath the soil. On removing the earth, a neat and comfortable nest was found, made chiefly of straw and paper, the entrance to which was the hole through which the inmates had fled.

The most curious point in connection with this nest was, that although the earth in the pot seemed to be intact except for the round hole, which might have been made by a stick, none was found within it. The ingenious little architects had been clever enough to scoop out the whole of the earth and to carry it away, so as to form a cavity for the reception of their nest. They did not completely empty the pot, as if knowing by instinct that their habitation would be betrayed.

Accordingly, they allowed a slight covering of earth to remain upon their nest, and had laboriously carried out the whole of the mold through the little aperture which has been mentioned. The flower-pot was placed on a shelf in the shed, and the earth was quite hard, so that in the process of excavation there was little danger that it would fall upon the architects.

Another nest was discovered in rather an ingenious position. A bird had built a nest upon a shrub in the garden, and as usual in such cases, had placed its home near the ground. A mouse of original genius saw the nest, and perceived its value. Accordingly, she built her own nest immediately below that of the bird, so that she and her young were sheltered as by a roof. So closely had she fixed her habitation, that as her young ran in and out of their home,

MADAME ROLAND.—THE SUMMONS TO THE SCAFFOLD IN THE REIGN OF TERROR.—SEE PAGE 174.

their bodies pressed against the floor of the bird's nest above them. No less than six young were discovered in this ingenious nest.

Another very remarkable nest of the common mouse is thus chronicled:

"Early in March we set a hen; and as her nest was a basket, a sack was placed under and around it, so as to keep in the heat. When the hen was set, she was in good feather, wearing an ample tail, according to her kind (the Brahma); but as the three weeks went on, her tail seemed much broken, assumed a dilapidated appearance, and finally became a mere stump. This excited notice and surprise, as there was nothing near her against which she was likely to spoil her tail.

"When the chickens were hatched, and they and their mother were taken to a fresh nest, and the old one removed, it was found that a mouse had constructed a beautiful nest under the basket. The body of the nest was made of tow, scraped from the sack, and chopped or gnawed hay from the hen's nest; while the lining was made of the feathers of her tail, which had evidently been removed, a small bit at a time, as wanted, until all the feathers were reduced to stumps, showing marks of the mouse's teeth. We should have liked to have heard the hen's remarks on the transaction, when the mouse was nibbling her tail."

In this case the mouse improved on the conduct of her relative that built in the garden; for by placing her nest in such a position, she not only secured the very best materials for her home, but enjoyed the advantage of the regular and high temperature which proceeded from the body of the sitting-hen, and which was admirably adapted for the well-being of her young family.

The last example of a remarkable mouse-nest is that which is figured in the accompanying illustration, and which was drawn from the actual object.

A number of empty bottles had been stowed away upon a shelf, and among them was found one which was tenanted by a mouse. The little creature had considered that the bottle would afford a suitable home for her young, and had therefore conveyed into it a quantity of bedding, which she made into a nest. The bottle was filled with the nest, and the eccentric architect had taken the precaution to leave a round hole corresponding to the neck of the bottle. In this remarkable domicile the young were placed; and it is a fact worthy of notice that no attempt had been made to shut out the light. Nothing would have been easier than to have formed the cavity at the underside, so that the soft materials of the nest would exclude the light; but the mouse had simply formed a comfortable hollow for her young, and therein she had placed her offspring. It is therefore evident that the mouse has no fear of light, but that it only chooses darkness as a means of safety for its young.

The rapidity with which the mouse can make a nest is somewhat surprising. One of the English journals mentioned, some few years ago, that in a farmer's house a loaf of newly-baked bread was placed upon a shelf, according to

custom. Next day, a hole was observed in the loaf; and when it was cut open, a mouse and her nest were discovered within, the latter having been made of paper. On examination, the material of the habitation was found to have been obtained from a copy-book, which had been torn into shreds, and arranged into the form of a nest.

Within this curious home were nine young mice, pink, transparent, and newly-born. Thus, in the space of thirty-six hours at the most, the loaf must have cooled, the interior been excavated, the copy-book found and cut into suitable pieces, the nest made, and the young brought into the world. Surely it is no wonder that mice are so plentiful, or that their many enemies fail to exterminate them.

## LAMANTIN FISHING.

The Lamantin, or manatee, a huge cetaceous animal found in rivers of South America and Africa, has been so little known that the descriptions in our works of natural history are in almost all cases extremely incorrect, our naturalists knowing less than the mound builders of Ohio, who deposited beneath those earthy structures quite accurate models of the animal.

A recent French traveler describes a hunt as he witnessed it on the river Ucayali:

"The channel which we ascended was called Mabuiso, or Black Earth, and like all those which range with the Ucayali, ends in a lake. That which we reached was some seven to ten miles in circuit. Its banks scarcely rising above the water are covered with false maize which the Peruvians call "sara-sara," the Brazilians "camalote," and which the lamantins, without characterizing it by special name, seek with great avidity as their choice food.

"No tree or bush masks this great sheet of water. Here and there tufts of water-plants rising to the surface gave apparent islands to break the dull monotony of its surface.

"On entering it our periagnas struck to the left shore; the paddles were drawn in, the tongues of the women silenced, and fishers put themselves on the look-out.

"In a few moments a slight noise attracted our attention on the right. The black muzzle of a lamantin rose above the water plants. The animal puffed noisily to expel the vitiated air, and inhaling repeatedly, swam towards the middle of the lake.

"As he approached it five more muzzles loomed up above the surface. But for the fear of disturbing them we would have hurrahed, so promising was the sport.

"On perceiving the first one the others circled about so as to surround it. When within a few yards they stopped to breathe, and rushed on him; he dove to avoid them, and a fight ensued. The water rose in jets; the lake was soon all disturbed; the mud rose to the surface under the lashing of their immense tails.

"Amid this muddy water, snorting muzzles, bloody flippers and broad tails passed and repassed with such strange bounds that I asked Padre Antonio in a whisper what the strange manœuvring meant.

"It was a deadly fight of male lamantins. It lasted some minutes, and then calm ensued; two at once emerged and swam off.

"I now saw the plan of the Indians. When they discover a female in one of these lakes, they watch the entrance till a number of males get in, and then by barring all exit make sure of their prey.

"The Indians then put out, and with their rude harpoon, a spike six inches long and sharpened on a stone, soon mastered the lamantins.

"All the fishermen need to do is to plant it on any part of the animal to stun it. The shapeless mighty mass, which one would suppose capable of resisting any shock, yields to the slightest wound.

"Of the three we took, one was struck in the neck, another in the body, the third in the back. A finishing stroke was given, and the bodies tied by the flippers were towed to the Ucayali and drawn ashore. Here they were turned over and cut up. The rosy, firm, inviting flesh is covered by about three inches of fat.

"All the works on Natural History that we have consulted seem to fall into the same errors. A work by a most eminent Zoologist in the University of France describes the flippers as having vestiges of nails, and as used to hold their young and enable the animal to creep. It also describes it as inhabiting the warmest parts of the Atlantic, and reaching a size of fifteen feet.

"The flipper is a real arm in structure, terminated by three fingers: but these fingers are covered with two inches of skin, fat and flesh. They are consequently used only for swimming, or at most for bending stalks, so as to bring them within range of the mouth.

"As to the delicacy of the flesh, there is no doubt.

"They are seldom found more than six or seven feet long, and have entirely deserted the mouths of the rivers, being found only in the interior lakes, and even here they will probably soon disappear, so vigorous is the war carried on upon them."

## MADAME ROLAND.

IN November, 1866, a young man, employed by the booksellers as a collector of autographs, presented himself at a shop on the Quai Voltaire, Paris, with a bundle of old manuscripts. They were declined at first, but after being examined were purchased for fifty francs, having been found to be the original letters from Madame Roland to Buzot.

The knowledge gained from these new sources of the most remarkable woman of modern times—remarkable not less for her virile intellect than her womanly heart, her free thinking than her purity of action, her peerless beauty than her tragic fate—has corrected much of history and given new zest to the alleged *liaisons* of the republic. That the warmth and outspokenness of the autobiography will prevent its translation into English notwithstanding its rich material, and that the "Buzot letters," which make out of literal fact a love tragedy wilder than romance, and present psychical phenomena such as the upheaving of society alone could reveal, will never be literally translated, seem reason enough for a magazine sketch of her life.

Besides her singular destiny and her great political power, Madame Roland, like Mary Stuart, attracts not only by union of heart-weakness and mind-brilliancy, but by a mystery that involves her life. She herself speaks of "passions, which, with the strength of an athlete, she hardly controlled," and her enemies charged her with "coquetting with the bailiffs of the guillotine and flirting with the victims of the triumvirate. And yet—her life was surrendered for France, purer patriotism never was, and in a loose age she was mistress of herself and loyal to the obligations of wife and mother.

Marie Jean Phlipon, born in Paris, March 18th, 1854, was the only child of a wood-carver. In writing from prison, thirty-nine years afterward, she describes her childhood as spent in the midst of fine arts, nourished by books, conscious of no superiority but merit and no greatness but virtue. Manon—her pet name—learned to read so early and

easily that she could never recall the process. At the age of seven she was accustomed to rise at 5 A. M., creep in her night-gown, without shoes or stockings, to her table in the corner of her mother's bedroom, and there to commit her lessons, read her story-books, and write poetry, till called to her task in her father's workshop.

No restraint was imposed upon her reading; she devoured every book she could obtain; and it furnishes her a theme for remarks which that age permitted, that at ten she had added to her knowledge of ancient and modern history the Confessions of Rousseau and the *Candide* of Voltaire. Her lively intelligence appropriated everything presented to her senses—green fields, crowded streets, gay shop-windows, decayed manors and royal palaces, public gardens, and Gothic cathedrals; the Seine with its forest of masts, and the Champ de Mars flooded with soldiery.

The love of flowers was a passion so intense that a rose-bud kindled her imagination till she "reveled in the delightful consciousness of existence." In her religious education she learned the creed, catechism, and paternoster; was prepared by the priest for confirmation and duly received the rite; and at eight years of age, amidst the gorgeous ceremonial of Notre Dame, partook of her first communion, "bathed in tears and ravished with celestial love."

At ten she went to the convent, from which she returned five years afterward, in the fullness of health expanding into womanhood, beautiful both in reality and promise, and rich in the exuberance of girlish sensibility. She describes the apartment to which she came back as offering from its windows to her "romantic and wandering fancy a boundless field. The vast deserts of blue heavens were as familiar as books, while my heart, suffused with unutterable motion, rejoicing in life and thankful for existence, offered God pure and worthy homage."

During the next twelve years we have the often-told history of maidenhood. At the convent she had formed friendships with Sophie and Henriette Cannet, sisters, six and ten years her seniors, with whom she corresponded till her marriage. Then, at M. Roland's request, no reason being assigned, she ceased to answer their letters; but she said afterward, "It was a wrong view; marriage is grave enough, and if you take from a wife the sweetness of a female friendship, you run risks not anticipated."

The picture of these years, as painted in the correspondence, is full of interest. Not personal topics only, but court intrigues, as they were whispered by the people; the alleged weakness or coldness of the king, the favorites of the queen, the escapades of the ladies of honor, the destitution among the peasantry—all, with hundreds more, beget matter for comment. The strange charm of these letters, with their unequalled brilliancy, where topics stale and trite are vivified, and the common joys and sorrows of a bourgeoise girl become romance, is due to the intense womanhood of the woman. Her heart impels everything. Her opinions echo both the encyclopedists and the convent. A husband, "that unknown conqueror of the future," is at one moment the mind's idol, whilst the next she is indignant "that women should shamelessly sell their liberty by marriage vows." "I could make," she writes to Sophie, "a model of the man I could love, but it would be shattered the moment he became my master." She continues, "I see in marriage great losses to every woman—losses that are compensated only by the gain of giving to the world useful men. In love our opponents are more brisk, impetuous, vigorous than we, less tender and faithful, but possessing the ardor, activity, and pliancy which strong desires give, without the impressibility which refines and perpetuates regard, solicitude and deference. Their attentions are interested in behalf of an immediate end, and their love the effect of a momentary frame of mind, whilst with us love is a requirement of the heart."

Among the numerous suitors for her hand, one only, M. Lablancherie, an aspirant for literary fame, touched her heart. He brought her his works, and she was delighted in reading them. "I dare not judge this young man," she writes, "for he is too much like myself; but I can say of his writings, as I said to M. Wenze of his paintings, that, if I had not loved excellence before, they would have made me crave it. But I repent already. A droll little body, my feelings varying every hour, I say over my books, 'Adieu, love, I am free;' but comes a knock at the door, my heart goes pit a pat, and my imagination conquers me." She shortly gave her lover his dismissal, because, with senses most susceptible, she "doubts if any one as fitted for happiness ever tasted it less. I only consider pleasure to be bliss in the union of thought and action without the cost of regret."

It has been said already that after her marriage her correspondence with the Cannets ceased. From 1789 to 1792 they did not exchange a word. Politics, as well as the command of her husband, separated them. But—to the honor of woman's fidelity to friendship let the story be told—when, years afterward, the news of Madame Roland's arrest reached the old château, Henriette hastened to Paris, with perseverance that would not accept denial gained access to her cell, and urged her with earnest implorings to escape in the disguise she had brought.

"I was a widow," Henriette said, "without children, whilst my friend had a husband and a daughter. What more natural than that I should expose my life to save hers? I proposed a change of garments, and that she should escape while I remained. My prayers and tears availed nothing. 'They will kill you,' she continually repeated. 'Your blood will come back against me. Better suffer a thousand deaths myself than to reproach myself with yours.'"

But to return to our narrative. On the 5th of February, 1780, Marie Phlipon became the wife of Roland. He was forty-six years old, she twenty-six. She had known him several years as a literary friend, had learned to esteem him as a man of probity old enough to be her father, and had been flattered by his interest in her studies. But she did not love him, he fell short of her idea of a husband, and in marrying him she "charged herself with both his happiness and her own."

Still she was alone, her mother dead, her father estranged, her means were cramped, her future was unremunerative toil, and she gave herself to the sacrifice. "I have known all grief," she writes on her wedding-day, "and am able to defy all evil. Life is only a *chaîne de bizarreries*—I can endure it without impatience and end it without fear. Men are either fools who abuse or knaves who deceive themselves, more deserving pity than hatred; the passions are cheats; science is only vanity; virtue alone is substantial, and, when accompanied by friendship, may make life endurable. In wedding M. Roland I reduce my expectations to a measure where there can be no disappointment." What an epithalamium to be composed by the bride!

She said of him afterward, in that delicate irony of which she was queen, "He was a man fond of ancient history, and more like the ancients than moderns; about seven-and-forty, tall, stooping, and awkward, but simple and sincere; thin in flesh, yellow, partially bald, and with manners respectable rather than pleasing. He had, however, a sweet smile and an expressive face; his conversation was full of facts, but, owing to an unmodulated voice, more pleasant to recall than to hear."

During the first nine years that followed their marriage, Roland occupied several public positions, and made two considerable journeys, his wife accompanying him, to England and to Switzerland. One child only, a daughter, was born

SONGS OF THE WINDS.—SEE PAGE 180.

to them, which, but for his cold temperament and exacting disposition, might have become a bond of union between husband and wife. With more than common devotion, nevertheless, the devotion of duty, Madame Roland partook of the occupations of her husband, editing his notes, rewriting his journals, and reviewing his articles for encyclopedias and newspapers. "Working with him became as natural as eating with him." During a long illness she never left his bedside, for months depriving herself of air and exercise until he was out of danger. Through the whole of their united life she prepared the dyspeptic's food with her own hands. In his sickness she never permitted his serial contributions for the Academy to be delayed, and of the notice which those composed by herself received she naïvely remarks, that her "husband enjoyed the perusal, persuading himself that he was in an unusually good vein when they were written."

During these years she corresponded by letter with Bosc, Issarts, and Lanthenas. Friendship was as necessary to her as air. Communication of thought was the safety-valve of her life. Deprived of intimacy with her own sex, she found it in the other. Bosc was six years her junior; Issarts four her senior. It is to her letters to these two eminent men—those to Lanthenas being lost—letters wonderful in life, tone, and power, filled with anecdote and repartee, free from secrecy and cant, now in tenderness of womanly feeling touching the very core of sympathy, and anon arousing the mind to patriotic devotion, everywhere herself, sometimes playful in coquetry, severe in satire, and almost girlish in fickleness, and again the dignified and noble woman who knew no measure to the law of right her inspired genius laid down for her devotees: it is to these letters we are to look for the secret of that power which for two years made her, in after days, the real power of France. In contact with such men her mind grew. To cope with difficulties, be equal with emergencies, infuse life into dead theories, and to rule minds then startling the world by audacity of doubt, was a woman's triumph. Free as these letters are, they never exceed her self-imposed rule of morals. And it is no small proof of her sincerity and truthfulness of character, that she kept her friends to the last. It was Bosc who, at the risk of his life, left his retreat in the forest of Montmorency, and, clothed as a woodcutter, gained admission to her cell, received and preserved her journal, which he concealed for months in the cleft of a rock, and followed the cart which took her to the scaffold, thus complying with her request that he would see her die.

Roland arrived in Paris in February, 1791. Madame Roland accompanied him. Here she shortly made the acquaintance of Brissot, Pétion, Buzot, and other leading Republicans, and her lodgings became the rendezvous of the foremost men of the Convention. Describing the reunions in her rooms, she writes: "I knew the place that became my sex and did not quit it. In the debates I took no part. Seated near the work-table, outside the circle, I sewed or wrote while they deliberated, losing not a word, but never speaking or seeming to listen."

Madame Roland was now thirty-six years old; her husband fifty-seven. The prime of that beauty, which compelled homage from friend and foe alike, was just reached. The Heinsius portrait at Versailles represents her in morning dress, her abundant black hair, confined by a ribbon in front, falling from the back head in ringlets, her dark eyes large and liquid, her nose wide-nostrilled, and the red full lips and rounded chin charming. It is a face alive with expression; and when there are added the small tapering hands, the rounded arms, and the bust swelling in dazzling whiteness as it comes in sight under the folds of the shawl, it requires little effort to imagine the queen of the Mansion of the Interior, surrounded by the wits of the Revolution, charming by a sagacity which, under womanly ways, knew how to make the intonation of a word an invincible spell.

Tissot describes her as without regularity of features, "but possessed of elegance of form, grace of movement, easy presence, a winning smile of transparent sincerity, and large black eyes so full of vivacity under penciled lashes of brown, that they reflected in varying expression every thought and emotion. Endowed with a masculine character tempered by womanly graces, a perception always acute, voice soft and flexible, conversation full of life, heart, soul aglow with enthusiasm, and unequalled charms of manner, she ruled the husband whose intellect she inspired, governed the Girondists by an irresistible ascendency, and remained in the midst of a circle of modern Athenians a chaste Aspasia."

A score of eulogies of her wonderful beauty have been left, coming as often from enemies as friends. Camille Desmoulins expressed surprise that, at her age, she should have so many admirers; "but I never spoke to him," is her *naïve* remark, "and his vanity was wounded." It was evidently not so much the beauty of person as of soul that irradiated it, and only in conversation, when her eyes, full of life, now mild and loving, anon flashing indignation, lighted her countenance, that she compelled universal homage.

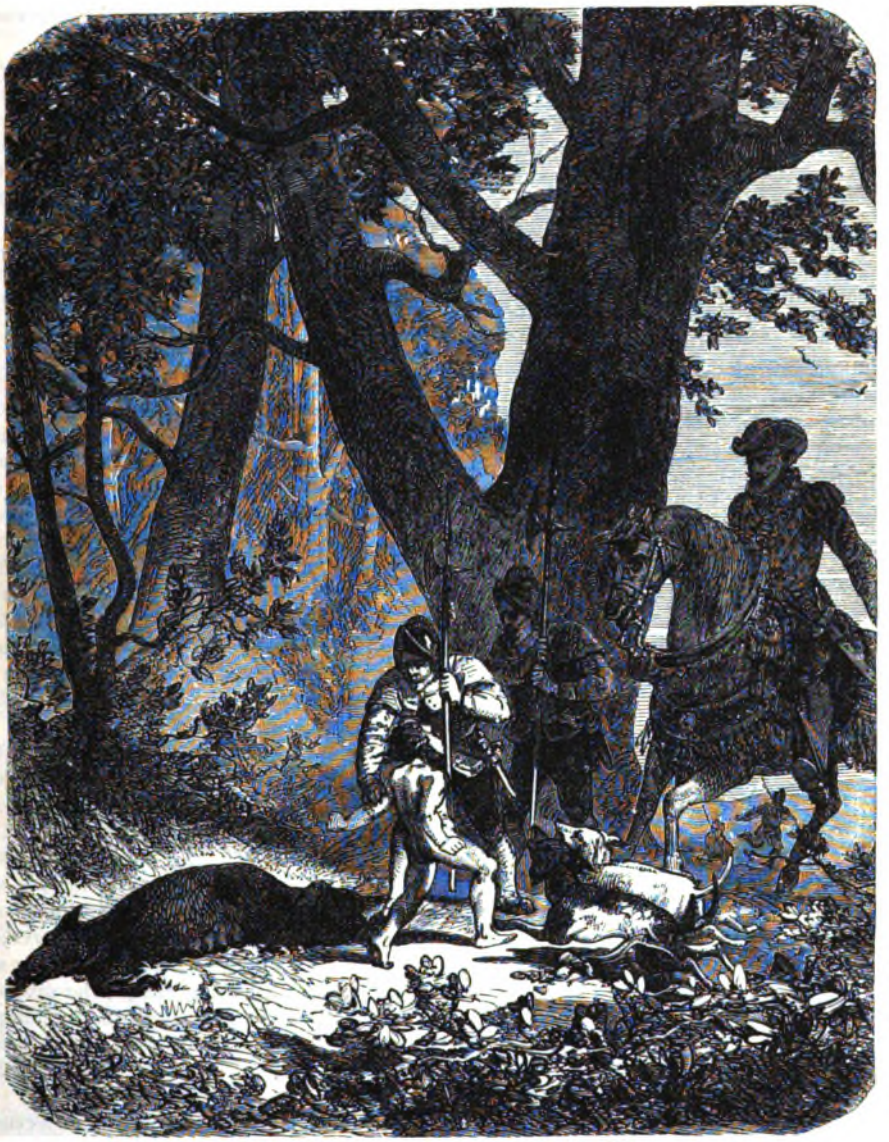
The character of Madame Roland must be judged by her times. During the last half of the eighteenth century throne, altar, and family in France had fallen into one common ruin. Over the desolation there was not one hopeful outlook. The sacred was accounted superstitious, the revered ridiculous. Virtue received no praise, and the lapse from it incurred no censure. Social obligations were denounced as tyrannical burdens. Foundling hospitals provided for children, the fancy of the moment, were accepted as an excuse for sin, and divorces kept pace with marriages. The brand of *prejudice* was stamped on every social institu-

THE BEAR.—A NEWFOUNDLAND SKETCH.—SEE PAGE 179.

tion. Inherited property, legitimate birth, subordination of woman in the home circle, faithfulness to wedded vows, chastity when the affections were won, celibacy against inclination, and purity either in man or woman, were traditions cast off in the progress of human reason. Of course there are not two codes of moral law. The bond that unites husband and wife in virtue of the marriage covenant is sacred in every age. But the moral law receives a sanction more or less sacred from the spirit of the age, and individual character is affected by public opinion.

Reviewing her married life at this time, she remarks, that having "wedded M. Roland in all the seriousness of reason, I did not hesitate to devote all my powers to his happiness. Never for an instant have I ceased to respect him, or failed to honor him, as my husband. But there has never been equality between us, nor could there be with his love of command joined to twenty years' greater age. When we live in the country my time is spent mostly alone, and when we come to town I am noticed by men of mark with whom I dare not be intimate."

With such feelings, when what of love there may have ever been, when respect, gratitude, common interest, constant association, and mutual help were reduced in the solvent of pity—what wonder that such a woman, in such an age, should have loved another? The chief element in Madame Roland, in all that made her what she was in *physique* and *morale*, was *life*. The vitality of a score of women animated her being. What she demanded in the man she could love was corresponding *life*. This Roland had not. At forty she would have been younger than he at twenty-five. Was it strange, then, that when "the lover, whom she did not desire and never expected to see," appeared, with warmth, delicacy, probity, courage, a cultivated mind, and grace of person and address, appreciating her qualities, quickened by her spirit and kindled by her beauty, that he should have won her regard?



THE WILD BOY OF ARDENNES.—SEE PAGE 180.

Buzot was four years her junior. He was the leader of her party. Correct, pure, serious, faithful, and implacable, known in the Assembly by unyielding decision and consistent conduct, sensitive, ardent, a passionate admirer of nature, and capable of intense sympathies, he added to all, freedom from the libertinage and hatred of the debauchery that debased the age. His wife was below his level. The families were neighbors. In the Roland reunions he was always present. He possessed a fine figure and graceful address, and was nice to excess in dress. What a contrast to Roland, who was so negligent of his personal appearance that even Marat said of him: "This Puritan, who no doubt has stolen millions of the public funds, shows himself in the streets afoot in a threadbare coat and darned stockings;" and Camille Desmoulins had immortalised him as "The venerable man whom excessive slovenliness renders more venerable." It was the disparity of natures, not years, that alienated Madame Roland from her husband; it was their parity that drew her towards Buzot. Four years less of age in the husband is counted a greater objection in society than twenty in the wife; but society does not measure natures nor count pulsations. If it did, there would be more both of virtue and happiness in married life. What the soul of Madame Roland was, we have seen; what her physique was, Bertin, a royalist, who diverted suspicion by attending the daily executions, and who stood near enough to have touched Madame Roland on the scaffold, shows by extraordinary proof when he testifies, "that the axe had no sooner cut off her head than two large jets of blood sprang from the trunk, an unprecedented sight, inasmuch as almost always when the head falls a drop or two only of blood oozes from the wound." She died in the flush of life and health; she would have been still young had she lived three-score-and-ten.

"Age could not wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

We now reach the last two years of Madame Roland's life. Roland was made Minister of the Interior in March, 1792. From the time he accepted office, it was his purpose to overthrow the throne. His wife seconded him. Differences with the king, want of deference to the queen, disregard of court traditions were all suggested by her. It was she who advised the omission of the salutation upon entering the royal chamber, who ridiculed the antique dress, and who protested against the profound courtesy and bent knee. In every stage of that momentous quarrel which came to an end so tragic as to cause empires to quake, Madame Roland manifested an opposition to all kingly authority unaccountable by any hypothesis but that of bitter personal hostility to Marie Antoinette.

It was now that she began to rise to the height of her great power. Her assemblies, as wife of the minister, surpassed in brilliancy the splendid entertainments of the Regency. It was there the Girondists discussed the civil list over their wine, and plotted the ruin of the monarchy amidst the measures of the dance. It was the high-day of unscrupulous democracy. The blandishments of the present concealed the future. Ministers arranged their mansions as if for life. The bourgeoisie had usurped the place of the nobles, political economy was studied in the maxims of Rousseau and the dramas of Voltaire, and the new era of approaching liberty was gilded by rays of hope that appeared the morning of an eternal day for France.

On the question of forming a camp in Paris, the king dismissed his ministers on the 13th of June, 1792. Servan, Minister of War, entering madame's *salon*, said, "I am dismissed. Congratulate me!" "I am piqued," she replied, "that you have precedence in the honor." Roland's followed, and he became the idol of the French people.

The revolution of August 10th succeeded, and the minister was reinstated. The events of the next few weeks, the vain attempts of those in power to stop the wheel they had set in motion, the rise of the "Mountain" in the convention, the growing audacity of the mob, the September massacres, and the initiation of the triumvirate, do not come within our scope. We only see Madame Roland, wise, earnest, self-contained, courageous, industrious, fruitful in resource, equal to emergency, and various as the sternest demands of every hour—the grand heroine of the Revolution. The "Proclamation of the Executive Council," signed by all the ministers, she wrote. The "Circular to the Departments" was hers, as was also the exhaustive paper on "Subsistence," quoted during the late American Rebellion by every writer in the commissary department. She prepared the "Letter to the King," composed the "Appeals against the Assassins," which were placarded over France, wrote the "Demand for Justice" against the Septembrists, and collated the masterly "Reports" which Roland made to the Assembly. These five months, from August 15th, 1792, to January 22d, 1793, exhibited, in real living words and deeds, what a woman could do and suffer. She flung back the jeers of Danton with stinging irony, treated the ribald blackguardism of Père Duchesne with lofty contempt, branded the insinuations of Marat, in articles signed by herself in the *Moniteur*, as falsehoods known to the utterers, and exposed the vanity of Robespierre to the roars of laughter of all the sans-culottes of Paris. The party leaders in the Assembly drew their inspiration from her ever-active brain. She kindled the eloquence of Barbaroux, directed the attacks of Pétion, nerved the courage of Lasource, and cemented the union of the twenty-two Girondists who stood with Spartan bravery against the assaults of an infuriated populace.

In reference to this part of her life, she afterwards wrote: "It is so true that appearances are deceitful, that those periods in my life when I have experienced the greatest pleasures or tasted the bitterest chagrins, have seemed to observers just the contrary. It is our disposition that affects us, rather than events. When attacks upon my character were most audacious, and I was in hourly danger of assassination, I tasted more of the sweetness of life than ever before or since."

It is difficult to understand how events hurled themselves along in that age of madness. In spite of her leadership, perhaps in consequence of it, Madame Roland was abandoned by her party. The times had become frightful. Every public interest was menaced. Roland resigned. The most sagacious could not foresee whither events were driving them. The king was deposed. The triumvirate ruled. The power of the Girondists was departing, and self-preservation became the first law.

At three in the morning of June 2d, 1792, the tocsin announced insurrection in Paris. An immense army took possession of the streets, and five thousand picked soldiers surrounded the Convention Hall. A *mandat* was issued against Roland. Madame arose from a sick-bed in the dusk and started for the Assembly. "It is overthrown," said a friend she met, "and you must escape." She returned instantly, but was arrested within an hour and conducted to the Abbaye. Her associates fled from Paris and became vagabonds over France. Terror marched at double-quick time.

To follow Madame Roland through the next five months would fill a volume. In various prisons; crowded among felons and vicious women; cramped in stifling wards; exposed to daily insults; shut out from friends and correspondence! cheated with false promises; her power departed and her good name defamed; she conquered misfortune. In the face of all she composed those incomparable Memoirs which will never cease to be read. There is nothing in French history to compare with them. She never lost her self-control. Once released, only to be re-arrested before nightfall, she writes Buzot a cool account of the atrocity. Nowhere does she appear in truer greatness, letters expressing affection though they are, than in these epistles. Behind prison walls she is present with him, urging new sacrifices for the fatherland.

It is impossible to quote at large from these autographs, but they cannot in fairness be passed entirely over.

"They will be less cruel to Roland," she writes, "if I remain. I can better sustain his reputation. In doing this I acquit myself of a debt I owe to the unhappiness I have caused him. But do you not see that, in being absent from him, I can think of you? By my imprisonment I sacrifice myself for my husband, and may have remembrance of you. Thanks to my jailers for reconciling duty and love."

Again, when declining escape, she writes:

"Yes, I would rather brave every danger to fly to you, but it is to Roland, old, feeble, and peevish, that my duty would lead me, and I prefer this cell. Here I may stay, without sin."

And still again, in her most ardent fervor of love—the last of her letters that reached Buzot—she writes:

"Events have placed within my reach what I could else have procured only by crime. These irons make me free to express my affection without hindrance. I will not seek to fathom the designs of God, nor suffer an indecorous vow to escape my lips, but I thank Him for having substituted these chains for the intangible fetters I have worn so long."

During her imprisonment she appears never to have lost her serenity of mind. Not a complaint escaped her.

"My cell is large enough for a chair near my bed, where, with my table before me, I read, draw, and write."

A fellow-prisoner describes her as always cheerful, and possessed of such self-control that the most revolting scenes failed to disturb her. In the Conciergerie, where were mixed women of quality and petty thieves, sisters of charity

and courtesans—where pure-minded women, mothers and daughters, heard the vilest language and witnessed the most revolting scenes, Madame Roland created for herself a little empire. Her cell was an asylum of peace. When she went into the court, her very presence produced order; and abandoned women, whom no punishment could tame, became gentle in fear of displeasing her. To the needy, she gave money; to all, counsel and consolation. When taking her daily promenade, the poor unfortunates would press around her as if she were a tutelary divinity.

One who was her companion in misfortune speaks thus of her beauty:

"It was not the well-shaped hand and graceful figure, not the liquid eye and rounded bust, so much as her manner, that won hearts. She spoke with ease and elegance, giving to her native tongue the rhythm of the Italian. To this sweetness of voice she added an attraction of manner and a countenance full of life, holding listeners as if by a spell."

Upon the morning of her trial she dressed herself with unusual care. She wore a dress of white muslin, trimmed with lace, and fastened by a black velvet girdle. Her hair, parted so as to show her low, broad forehead, fell in ringlets on her shoulders. She was uncommonly vivacious. Holding the train of her dress in one hand as she walked toward the prison door, she gave the other hand to the women crowding around her, who covered it with kisses. She could not be certain of her return, and so bade adieu, with counsels and gentle admonitions, to all. Fontenay, the old jailer, as he turned the key, burst into tears. She whispered to her nearest friend in the prison, "Courage!" and passed out of the gates.

She was twice before the Tribunal. The clear account of her examination, protracted for nine hours, which she wrote from memory on the eve of the first day, corresponding almost word for word with the official record, is a marvel of self-possession. The attorney-general, angry that he could not embarrass her, said at last, "that with such a babbler the trial would never end."

"I pardon your rudeness," she replied; "you can condemn me, but you cannot destroy my good conscience, nor my conviction that the future will justify me, while it will cover you with infamy."

When she re-entered the prison after the second day, her eyes were red with weeping. In passing toward her cell, she indicated, by an expressive sign, that she was condemned to death. Her spirits quickly returned, however, and she sat conversing with her usual sprightliness until her name was called.

It was 4 P. M., November 10, 1793, when the tumbril, carrying herself and a man named Lamarque, former Director of Assignats, aged about thirty-five, left the Conciergerie and took the usual route toward the place of execution. A crowd followed, shouting her name. Lamarque excited her pity by his unmanly fears, and true to her woman's instincts, though he was entirely unknown to her, she addressed him encouragingly. Her manner during the ordeal of this terrible hour, while the mob were heaping upon her scandalous outrages, is one of the bravest recollections of the Revolution.

Tissot, writing his history at the age of sixty-seven, ten years afterward, describes the scene as the most impressive he ever witnessed.

"Dressed in white, with rose-color trimmings, the day being bright and warm, she sat undemonstrative as the cart fared slowly forward, the obscene shouts producing no change in her manner. There was high color in her face, adding greatly to its beauty."

Arrived at the guillotine, the vehicle was backed to the steps.

"Go up first," she said to Lamarque; "you have not the courage to see me die!"

"You, madame, are named first in the warrant," replied Sanson.

"But you will not contend precedence with a woman, monsieur?" she rejoined, and her companion ascended. Her turn came in a moment. As they bound her to the plank, catching sight of the great statue before her, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Liberty! how they mock thee!" and the ax fell.

Her husband survived her only five days. Taking leave of his friends, one of whom furnished him a sword-cane, on the evening the sad news reached him, he went out on the Paris road, turned into a lane, seated himself, and drove the steel into his heart.

Buzot, her friend, hunted like a wild beast from covert to covert, lived nearly seven months longer, and was torn to pieces, a prey to wolves. Her friends, the Girondists, wandering over mountains and through deserts, exposed to all inclemencies of weather, often ill, and without money, food, or clothing, nearly all perished within the year.

Among the curious phenomena of that day was that of indifference to death. Adam Lux prayed that his head might fall by the same ax that was wet with Charlotte Corday's blood. Dupré desired nothing more than to die with his friends, and went singing to the scaffold. Philippe Egalité, with the charm of manner that never forsook him, begged the favor that his execution should not be postponed till evening.

The guillotine was a lottery from which the numbers were always drawing; last week your wife's, yesterday your father's, to-day yours—why quarrel with the Inevitable? Akin to this indifference was the desire that grew among high and low to witness the daily executions. Men of letters, birth, wealth, wearing the red cap, crowded with the masses close to the victims, that no circumstance of the tragedy should be lost. It is from one of these that we hear of Madame Roland's coolness on the scaffold, and of the jets of blood which sprang from her headless body. "*Ainsi les peintres font mourir les martyrs—le sang s'élance vers le ciel avec leur dernière pensée.*"

## THE BEAR—A NEWFOUNDLAND SKETCH.

HAVRE DU FRAC, in Newfoundland, was, some years since, the theatre of a dramatic affair, in which, as in the imaginary murder of the Rue Morgue, so thrillingly described by Poe, man and brute alike were suspected of the deed of blood.

The central character of the story was a gloomy, violent man, who went by the name of Jim Haggerty, an Irishman. Feared by his neighbors, he dwelt in an isolated house, with his wife and two children and a man he employed. His household was not happy. How could it be?

It was Winter; the bay was covered with ice. Jim sent his man across the bay, and announced his own intention of going off for a time.

When the man came back at night he found the house open. The first room showed a sign of a struggle. A bloody ax lay on the ground. The woman and her children had disappeared. Snow had been falling fast, and there were no tracks around the house. There was nothing to lift the vail from this mysterious drama. The closets were untouched; there had been no robbery.

Jim, on his return, showed much emotion, but his character was so bad that an outcry was raised against him. He and his man were arrested. The latter died in prison, at St. John, during the proceedings. As there was no proof against Jim, he was discharged.

Bears, fierce brown fellows, really abound in the island, and when pushed by hunger they will attack human beings. Jim always declared that he believed that they had entered his house and carried off his wife and children to the woods

to devour; and as the ax was stained with blood, and had hairs still adhering to it, his story may have been true. But many doubted it, and when, by an accident, he lost his right hand, the people cried, "Heaven has cut off the hand that dealt the blow."

Yet while that unhappy woman was in her lonely home with her little ones, the bears, driven by cold and hunger, may have come down, the snow deadening their footfalls, and entered before she saw her danger. We can imagine how she acted; seizing the only available weapon, the handy ax, she rushed at the foremost; but if several entered, the others probably fell upon the children, and the shrieking mother, pursuing the ravisher of her loved ones, may have fallen, too. But the story of Jim's wife is told around the fires in Newfoundland to this day, and many a discussion ensues as to the guilty party.

Certainly it has made bear-hunting keener, and every bear that falls elicits a grunt of approval from the sturdy men of that outlying island. White bears also frequent the island.

## SONGS OF THE WINDS.

By William Ross Wallace.

I.

Ye winds of Palestine,
Sing softly o'er each holy shrine,
Sing of the prophet's wondering eye
That saw the Future shadow by
With all its pomp of woe and bliss,
The godlike birth, the traitor's kiss,
The temple rended and the night
That brought for man Redemption's light—
Sing, winds!

II.

Ye winds of iron Rome,
Sing of its wolf-fed founder's home,
Who, rearing high his hairy hands,
Shook law unto a thousand lands,
The law of force and only force,
The signet of his empire's course,
With teeth of steel and brow of Fate,
Too stern for love, too proud for mate-
Sing, winds!

III.

Ye winds of myrtled Greece,
Sing of the azure eyes of Peace,
Of all her lovely Art that spread
Light on the living and the dead,
Light that is yet the light of mind
In an eternity enshrined,
Light that is yet the fondest nurse
Of the Ideal's Universe—
Sing, winds!

IV.

Ye winds of Freedom's Land,
Sing Power that stands with equal hand,
Where all behold a common shrine,
Lit only by the Soul Divine
That rainbows every race with love;
Dropping for ever from above
Sweet benedictions, where the voice
Of choral Heaven cries, "Rejoice!"
Sing winds!

V.

Ye winds of every clime.
Sing to the waving wand of Time,
Religion, Freedom, Peace, and Power,
Borne on the car of every hour,
When only joy shall lap the world,
One ensign over all unfurled,
Flaming upon its golden span
"The Endless Brotherhood of Man"
Sing, winds!

## THE WILD BOY OF ARDENNES.

Stories of human beings living in a wild state amid the forest were formerly more common than now, when intercourse has been so greatly facilitated by improved roads. One of the most celebrated stories of the kind rivals that of Romulus and Remus, and was related by De Humiere, huntsman to Charles IX.

A party of huntsmen had killed some dozen wolves in the forest of Ardennes, when a she-wolf appeared, followed by a naked boy, about seven years old, of the color of a dead leaf, and light curly hair. When the wolf was killed he sprang at the huntsman and his attendants, and was with difficulty restrained. Simon Goulard, one of the party, related the fact of his discovery, and subsequent investigation added many particulars. The mother of the child, pursued by brutal tax-gatherers, fled to the woods and laid her child down, as she supposed in a safe place, but on returning for it some hours after, could find no trace of it.

The child was restored to its mother, and gradually recovered its civilized characteristics, unlike many such poor outcasts who have defied all attempts to elevate them. The boy, however, in the imagination of those around him, had acquired extraordinary power in protecting himself and the flocks under his care from wolves. He was accordingly in great demand as a shepherd, and made much money by touching sheep to make them wolf-proof.

One day, however, a wolf broke the spell, ate up a sheep, and spoiled our wolf-boy's business. So, being a noisy bully and thief, he was not regretted when, in 1572, he enlisted in the forces raised by De Genlis to march against the Spaniards. He was soon after killed in battle, and, like his old friends,

"He died in silence, biting hard,
Amid his dying foes."

## MY FIRST KANGAROO HUNT.

LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

AUSTRALIA is one of the strangest countries under the sun. Everything seems turned topsy-turvy. All, or nearly all have heard and read of the many seeming contradictions there to be found. How trees shed their bark, instead of the leaves; the fruit has the stone or kernel outside, instead of inside, as with us; it's being night there when day here, and our Summer is their Winter. The swans are nearly all black; a species of fly, called the ichneumon fly, kills and eats the spiders; a fish called the climbing perch (*carpus scandens*) walks deliberately out of its natural element, the water, and with the aid of its fins, climbs the trees after the insects on their foliage. The animals are nearly all pouched, having bags wherein to carry their young. Parrots, gorgeous in plumage, make the forests resound with their horrid, discordant shrieks; snakes most deadly in their bite frequent the hot, sandy plains and dry, arid rocks. Everything seems new and strange; the very hills are of, comparatively speaking, recent formation, and the phrase, "as everlasting as the hills," would be there out of place.

Its inhabitants are among the very lowest types of humanity; small in stature, ungainly in figure, mischievous and treacherous in disposition, feeding on anything and everything they can come across, and with no sense of propriety regarding *meum* and *teum* (mine and thine), taking

from the white settlers their sheep and cattle wherever and whenever they can lay their hands on them. A land of floods and torrents in Winter, dried up, baked and parched with Summer droughts. Such, in few words, is a brief description of Australia.

Now for my first and last visit to it, and what there befell me.

Thirty years have passed since my first visit to Australia. It was then a penal settlement for the convicts from England, and the now large and flourishing city of Melbourne was then a small, irregularly built settlement. Gold, that magic and all-potent thing had not been discovered, though strongly suspected to exist. Sydney, the capital of Australia, was at that time its principal and largest town, and it was there I first landed, in the beginning of the Summer, the month of November, 1844.

MY FIRST KANGAROO HUNT.—"MY FIRST EAGER SHOT, OF COURSE A MISS."

I had taken out with me letters of introduction to an English gentleman named Clifford, who had emigrated to Australia some years before, and had finally settled in the then comparatively unknown region far north of Sydney, called Moreton Bay.

By rare good luck I found him on my arrival at Sydney, and about to return home in a few days. Of course I made my arrangements to go back with him, communication between the two places being rare and infrequent.

We both accordingly embarked on board a small schooner called the *Eliza Ann*, and after ten days' pleasant sail, with light baffling winds, arrived safe and well at my friend's new home.

His house, a long, one-storied, weather-boarded building, was raised on the banks of a salt-water creek, sufficiently deep to allow the *Eliza Ann* to go right up to it, and we landed at a small, rudely-erected landing of logs, running some thirty feet into the creek.

Our arrival was quite an event, as Mr. Clifford only went to town, as it was called, once a year, and many and varied were his commissions from one and all of his little settlement. All his family came rushing down to greet us, and make and answer inquiries. I was quickly introduced to them, and very soon felt quite at home among them. His two sons, Ned and Charles, were both fine specimens of a settler's family; the eldest, Ned, was twenty, and Charles eighteen years old; both the lads tall, strongly built, and with a healthy manly bearing, the result of their out-of-door, active life; honest and open in expression of their faces, fearless riders, and equally brave and courageous in the few encounters they had had with the natives, as well as the constant perils they underwent in their frequent contests with the herds of half-wild cattle which formed part of their father's stock.

Mr. Clifford was also a large sheep farmer, and the owner of three large runs in different parts of the country round him. Our principal fare was then, as it is now, mutton and dampers and tea, in regular order, three times a day, varied occasionally by pork, and at still more infrequent intervals, kangaroo steaks, whenever the boys were so fortunate as to get one.

Behind the house was the native forest, very different to what I had expected to see, the trees chiefly various kinds of gums; the blue gum, black gum, and acacias looked ragged, with the bark peeling off in long strips, and the foliage a dusky, sombre, olive-green color, shelterless and shadeless from Summer's heat or Winter's storm. There is certainly not much beauty in an Australian forest, but it has one

advantage, and that is, you can ride through almost any part of it, the ground being covered with a coarse kind of grass, and the trees allowing you freely to pass amongst them, unchecked by any dense undergrowth of scrub or brush.

Now for my first kangaroo hunt—an animal becoming rather scarce from the eagerness with which it is hunted by the whites and blacks, both on account of its valuable fur and the goodness of its flesh; for kangaroo-tail soup, I can assure my readers, is only second, (if second at all), to turtle or terrapin, and a nice broiled kangaroo-steak requires no other condiment to make it acceptable than that acquired by the exercise and trouble of catching it, a good healthy appetite.

A peculiar kind of dog, called a kangaroo dog, is kept for this sport; a large gray-haired animal, a compound of the grayhound, staghound and mastiff; swift of foot, keen of sight, strong to hold, and eager in the chase.

My friend, Clifford, kept four of them, hunting, however, with only two at a time.

One fine morning, shortly after my arrival at Gum Creek, (the name of Mr. Clifford's place), Ned and Charles asked me if I felt disposed for a two or three days' excursion up the country, as they were wishful to see the different runs, being somewhat uneasy at having over night received word from their next neighbor, who lived some fifteen miles off, that the natives had been out and killed some of his sheep, and driven off many more. Mr. Clifford, with two of his men, had ridden over tc Mr. Johnstone's early that morning to inquire further into it, and we were all to meet at their second station, about thirty miles away, and near a large forest.

Ned, Charles and myself accordingly mounted our horses as soon as we had breakfasted, and started off, taking with us two of the hounds and a little rough terrier called Pepper, the property of Ned.

Our way for the first ten or twelve miles was over a range of fern flats, broken here and there by clumps of trees, which seemed to serve the two boys as landmarks. We were all armed with double-barreled guns, a small tomahawk, and Ned had in addition a brace of pistols, in case, as he said, he should come across any of the black devils, he could give them a warm reception. We had got over about half our journey, and were nearing a larger piece of brush than common, when my attention was drawn to Pepper; he darted about with his nose close to the ground, every now and then giving a short, checked sort of bark. The kangaroo dogs seemed to watch him keenly, and every now and then stood still and looked sharply all round.

"What's the matter, Ned, with the dogs?" I asked; "look how excited Pep is."

"Hush!" he said, quickly; "don't speak; I believe they scent kangaroos. How jolly it will be for you if they turn one up."

Scarcely had the words passed his lips when I saw a large, dark-looking animal bounding through the air with such tremendous long leaps it seemed almost to fly; the dogs immediately gave mouth, and the two lads a loud shout, and off we all went as fast as our horses could gallop; my first eager shot, of course a miss.

"By jove, a boomer!" I heard Ned roar out; "come along, Durham!"

And along as fast I could I followed, much doubting, however, my capability of retaining my seat on my horse over the rough and broken ground, and in great fear of being left behind by them, as I did not know the road. The kangaroo was evidently making for the bush and getting very near it. Excited with the chase myself, and unheeding my horse and straining my eyes after the fast fleeing animal, I was suddenly and unexpectedly flung over my steed's head in consequence of its stumbling in a large hole. Scrambling quickly up on my feet, I had the mortification of seeing them all disappear in the forest, my horse last, riderless, and tossing its head, as if with joy at its unwonted freedom from its burden.

I ran in the direction they had taken as fast as I could, and unthinkingly plunged into the forest after them. I ran some distance among the trees, trying to guide myself by the traces of the horses' hoofs. At last I stopped; I had lost them, and bewildered, I now wandered up and down, trying in vain to strike some trail or path. At length, completely baffled and wearied, I sat down on a fallen tree and tried to think over what had best be done. I had just lighted my pipe, when a loud, mocking laugh sounded close at hand. In great fear I leaped upon my feet and looked all round; again and again the horrid peals of laughter resounded in the forest, when looking up into the trees, I saw a couple of birds, from which the noise came, and which seemed to be rejoicing in my misfortune. They were a pair of "laughing jackasses," the name given them out in Australia. In a great rage I lifted my gun (which fortunately had neither been broken nor gone off in my fall), and fired at them, a foolish thing to do, as I missed the birds, and it flashed upon my mind that, were any natives about, they would have heard the report and make toward me. I sat down again on the log, more disconsolate than ever, and was again startled by a loud snort close by; again I jumped up and looked round, when, imagine my delight at seeing my runaway horse coming toward me, cropping the grass, with the bridle under its feet. I walked toward it, half-fearing that on sight of me it would make off again. It let me, however, catch it, and mounting once more, I started again, trusting to my horse's sagacity to find its way home. I was jogging along quite composedly, when a sharp, whizzing sound struck my ear, a quick line of darkness seemed to pass by me and hit a tree, where it rested, quivering. It was a native spear. In great affright I drove my spurs into the horse and went off at a gallop. I had a passing glimpse of some twenty or thirty dark figures gliding among the trees, and then a queer feeling in my right side as if a red-hot needle had run into it. I reeled and nearly fell off the saddle, and with great difficulty and no small effort I managed to retain my seat, whilst my gun went off from the sudden jerk of my right arm. A spear had passed through my right side and glanced off against my ribs.

I felt for a few moments faint and giddy, but a loud Coo-ee (a cry peculiar to Australia, and in use among the settlers), let me know the whereabouts of my friends, and a very short time brought them in sight along with the dogs. I need not say how glad I was to see them.

"The black devils have hit you, haven't they?" asked Charles. I nodded assent.

"Well," he said, "keep up a little longer, and we shall come to a sheep-station, and there we will attend to you."

We galloped on about twenty minutes, when we came to some wattled huts (the station we expected to arrive at), but which were all deserted and tenantless. Riding up to the largest and strongest built one, we dismounted and led in our horses.

On dismounting, I am ashamed to say I fainted away, and on coming to my senses I found Ned holding up my head. and Charles bathing my forehead with cold water.

"Tush, man!" said Ned; "I have seen to your wound; it is not much more than skin-deep; you need not fear. God help us, however, out of the black fellows' hands, for they'll be sure to come up in the night and give us trouble. I had hoped to have seen Johnstone's men here, but I suppose they have gone to spread the alarm. We must try and hold out until they come."

We fastened the door as well as we could, and piled against it some rude benches and a table we found in the

single room of the hut, which seemed to be both kitchen, dining-room and bed-room, for wooden bunks ran round three of its sides.

Charles lighted a fire from a small pile of wood he found in one of the corners of the hut and then proceeded to cut three or four large steaks from the dead kangoroo, which I now noticed for the first time was hanging over the saddle of his horse; broiling these, we made a good supper and then awaited, on my side, I frankly confess it, with no small fear, what the darkness of the night might produce.

We loaded carefully our three guns, and Edward looked at his pistols; the three horses seemed uneasy cooped up in so small a place, and the dogs every now and then whinnied distrustfully. Three hours after nightfall I was roused, as well as my two friends, by a deep growl from the two dogs and a sharp bark from the terrier. We listened, but no other sound save the crackling of the wood on the fire met our ears.

There was no window to the hut; a square hole some two feet square secured by a wooden lid let in both light and ventilation; this shutter we had let down and fastened. I was sitting opposite it on a log of wood when I saw a spear gently and noiselessly thrust through the wattles beneath it, and then withdrawn; next moment from the light of a flickering flame of the wood falling on it, I saw an eye applied to the aperture the spear had made. I raised my gun and fired; a yell followed, and then a sound as a body dropping on the ground. A strange, queer feeling thrilled through me; he was the first man I had ever shot and killed, for I had shot him right through the head, as we found afterward.

For a full half hour—but oh, what a long half hour it seemed—we neither saw nor heard aught more except the uneasy movements of the horses, and our own hoarse, excited whispers to each other. Ned at last lost patience, and opened the door, tore down the benches and tables, and then throwing it open, drove out the three horses, which galloped off homeward.

"What did you do that for," I asked, "and why do you not close the door again?"

"The black devils are going to burn us out," he said. The thatch was dried grass, and would easily ignite.

"Let us all three stand close together, and as they come up, fire right into them," I said.

"No," said Charles; "they're no fools; only one will come with the light, whilst the others will make a feint of attacking us, keeping, however, a safe enough distance from the guns."

"Here, Pepper," said Ned, "watch them, old boy, and let us know as they come."

Twice the dog gave us warning, and two more natives lay dead beneath Charles and Ned's fire.

At length they withdrew altogether out of sight; before going, however, they uttered the most fearful yells, and threw one or two spears, more in disappointed rage than from any idea of hitting us.

They had not gone long when a sudden round of firearms sounded from various parts of the forest, and then loud yells, fierce shouts, and horses galloping backward and forward. We were saved.

Mr. Clifford and Mr. Johnstone, with their servants, had come to our rescue. Twenty-two natives were killed, how many wounded and how many escaped we could not ascertain.

Next morning I rode back to Gum Creek, more than satisfied with my first and last kangaroo hunt in Australia.

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PHILOSOPHY is a modest profession, it is all reality and plain dealing; I hate solemnity and pretence, with nothing but pride at the bottom.

# RETALIATION.

IN 1845 I was attached as surgeon-major to the military hospital of Constantine. This hospital rises in the interior of the Kasbah, over a precipice of from three to four hundred feet in height. It commands at once the city, the governor's palace, and the vast plain beyond as far as the eye can reach. It is at once a comprehensive and savage scene; from my window, left open to inspire the fresh breezes of the evening, I could see the vultures and ravens soaring around the inaccessible cliffs before withdrawing for the night into their fissures and crevices. I could easily throw my cigar into the Rummel, which flows along the foot of the giant wall. Not a sound, not a murmur came to trouble the calm of my studies, till the evening bugle and drums, repeated by the echoes of the fortress, called the men to their quarters.

Garrison life had never any charms for me; I never could accustom myself to absinthe and rum, or to the *petit verre de cognac*. At the time I am now speaking about that was called wanting in *esprit de corps*, but my gastric faculties did not permit my having that kind of *esprit*. I occupied myself there with visiting my patients, prescribing and dressing, and then I retired to my room to make notes of the cases, to read a book, or sit at the window contemplating the gloomy, savage scene before me.

Every one got accustomed to, and put up with, my retiring habits, save a certain lieutenant of voltigeurs, Castagnac by name, whom I must introduce to you *in propriâ personâ*.

On my first arrival at Constantine, getting down from the carriage, a voice shouted out behind me:

"*Tiens!* I'll lay a bet that is our surgeon-major."

I turned round and found myself in the presence of an infantry officer, tall, thin, bony, with a red nose and gray mustache, his kepi over his ear, its peak stabbing the sky, his sword between his legs; it was Lieutenant Castagnac, and who has not seen the same military type?

While I was familiarizing my eyes with this strange physiognomy, the lieutenant had seized my hand.

"Welcome, doctor! Delighted to make your acquaintance. You are tired, I am sure. Come in, I will introduce you to the *Cercle*."

The *Cercle* at Constantine was the restaurant and bar of the officers united. We went in. How was it possible to resist the sympathetic enthusiasm of such a man! And yet I had read "Gil Blas"!

"Garçon, two glasses. What do you take, doctor—cognac or rum?"

"Neither. Curaçoa, if you please."

"Curaçoa! Why not say *parfait amour* at once? Ah, ha, ha! you have a strange taste. Garçon, a glass of absinthe for me, full to the brim; be attentive. Your health, doctor!"

"Yours, lieutenant!"

And so I was forthwith in the good graces of this strange man. But it is needless to tell you that the intimacy did not last long. Castagnac had habits that were especially antagonistic to my own. But I made the acquaintance of other officers, who joined me in laughing at the originality of his character. Among them was a young man of merit, Raymond Dutertre, who said that he had likewise been obliged to drop his acquaintance, but that Castagnac having taken it up as a personal affront, they had gone outside the walls, and he, Dutertre, had administered to him a severe chastisement, which chagrined him all the more, as he had

CHERRIES ARE RIPE.

RETALIATION.—FATIMA DENOUNCES CASTAGNAC.—SEE PAGE 183.

previously bullied with impunity, on the faith of one or two successful duels.

Things were in this condition, when about the middle of June a malignant fever broke out in Constantine, and among the hospital patients were both Castagnac and Dutertre; but Castagnac was not there for fever, he was invalided by that strange nervous affection called delirium tremens (and in our bashful army D. T.), and which is especially common among those who in Algeria are given to the frequent imbibation of absinthe.

Poor Castagnac used to get out of his bed during the attacks, and run along the floor on all fours, as if he was catching rats. He also mewed like a cat, but the only words that he uttered were, "Fatima! oh, Fatima!" A circumstance that induced me to suppose that the poor fellow had experienced some disappointment in love, for which he had sought consolation in the abuse of spirituous liquors.

When he recovered from his fits he would invariably ask the same question:

"What did I say, doctor? Did I say anything?"

I naturally replied that he had said nothing of importance, and bade him quiet himself. But he was not satisfied, and after trying to search my inner thoughts with his fierce eyes he would give up the attempt and resign himself to his couch with the equally invariable observation:

"A glass of absinthe would do me a great deal of good."

One morning, as I was entering into Castagnac's room, I saw Dutertre, who was nearly convalescent, hastening after me along the passage.

"Doctor," said he, taking me by the hand, "I have come to ask you a favor. Will you give me permission to go out for a day?"

"Anything, my dear friend, but that. The fever is still raging in the town, and I cannot expose you to a relapse."

"Well, give me then two hours—the time to go and come back."

"It is impossible, my good friend. In another week, if you go on well, we will see what can be done."

He withdrew, evidently deeply chagrined. I was sorry, but could not help it, but on turning round was surprised at seeing Castagnac following the retiring suitor with a strange look.

"What was Raymond asking for?" he inquired.

"Oh, nothing! he wanted to go out, but I could not sanction it."

"You refused him permission, then?" persevered the sick man.

"It was my duty to do so."

Castagnac said no more, but resumed his recumbent position with a grim smile, I was almost about to say a diabolical expression of countenance, which I could not account for, but which filled me with strange apprehensions.

That same evening my duties called me to the amphitheatre, where an autopsy claimed my attention. The so-called amphitheatre was in reality a vaulted dungeon fifteen feet long by twenty wide, with two windows opening upon the precipice, and looking in the direction of the high road to Philippeville. The body lay upon a table slightly inclined, my lamp was placed upon a stone that advanced out of the wall, and I remained engaged in my examination till near eleven o'clock. On leaving off at length, I was horrified at seeing the window blocked up by innumerable owls, small and gray-colored, with their feathers all erect, their green eyes sparkling through the semi-obscurity. They were waiting till I had gone.

I rushed horrified to the window and drove the rapacious birds away, like so many great dead leaves carried off by the night wind. But, at the very moment, I heard a noise—a strange sound, almost imperceptible in the depths of the abyss. I stopped, and putting my head out of the window, held my breath, so as to catch the sounds more distinctly.

RETALIATION.—THE ASSASSIN'S DOOM.

Castagnac's room was immediately over the amphitheatre; and below, between the precipice and the wall of the hospital, was a space, not above a foot in width, covered with broken pottery and bottles, the refuse of the infirmary. In the stillness that reigned around, I could distinctly hear a man groping his way along this dangerous shelf.

"Heaven grant!" I said to myself, "that the sentinel does not see him! A single false step, and he is a lost man!"

I had barely had time to make this reflection to myself, when I heard the hoarse voice of Castagnac calling out from above: "Raymond, where are you going?"

It was a condemnation to death. At the very instant I heard some of the broken pottery slipping down the incline, followed by the fall a heavy body. I heard the sighs of a man struggling as if to hold for his life—a groan that went to the very marrow of my bones and bedewed my forehead with a cold, clammy perspiration, and then all was over! Not exactly all, for I heard a diabolical burst of laughter above, and then a window closed with such impetuosity that it was followed by the sound of broken glass. And then the deep silence of night spread its shroud over this frightful drama.

After I had somewhat recovered from the state of inexpressible horror in which I had been thrown, I went to bed. To sleep, however, was out of the question. All night long I was haunted by those lamentable sighs and by that demoniac laugh.

The next morning a feeling of horror came over me, which prevented me verifying my impressions till I had visited my patients. It was not till that was accomplished that I directed my steps to Dutertre's room. I knocked; there was no answer. I entered; there was no one there. I inquired of the hospital attendants; no one had seen him go out. Summoning all my courage, I went next to Castagnac's room. A glance at the window satisfied me that two panes were broken.

"It blew hard, lieutenant, last night," I remarked.

Castagnac lifted up his head, till then buried in his bony hands as if in the act of reading.

"*Parbleu!*" he said; "two windows broken, only that!"

"Your room, lieutenant, appears to be more exposed than others, or perhaps you left your window open?"

An almost imperceptible muscular contraction furrowed the cheeks of the old miscreant, and he at the same time fixed so inquiring a look at me, that I felt glad of a pretence to withdraw. Just as I was going out, I turned back suddenly, as if I had forgotten to ask a question.

"By-the-by, lieutenant, has Dutertre been to see you?"

A shudder passed through his gray hairs.

"Dutertre?"

"Yes, he is gone out, and no one knows where. I thought, perhaps——"

"No one has been to see me," he interrupted, abruptly; "no one whatsoever."

I went out convinced of his guilt, but I had no proofs. I determined to wait and watch, and in the meantime contented myself with reporting the disappearance of Lieutenant Raymond Dutertre to the *commandant de place.*

Next day some Arabs, coming with vegetables to the market of Constantine, made known that they had seen from the road to Philippeville a uniform dangling in the air on the face of the rocks of the Kasbah, and that birds of prey were flying around it in hundreds. These were the remains of Raymond, and it was with the greatest possible trouble that they were recovered by letting down men by means of ropes.

The catastrophe furnished subject of conversation to the officers of the garrison for two or three days, and was then forgotten. Men exposed to perish every day do not dwell upon unpleasant topics. Jacques dies, Pierre takes his place. The regiment is alone immortal.

My position with regard to Castagnac grew, in the meantime, more painful every day. My actions were constrained in his presence—the very sight of him was repulsive. He soon detected it, and suspicion was awakened on his side.

"He doubts that I suspect him," I said to myself; "if he was sure of it I should be a lost man—that villain stops at nothing!"

Providence came to my aid. One afternoon I was leaving the Kasbah for a stroll in the town, when one of the hospital assistants brought me a paper, which, he said, had been found in Raymond's tunic.

"It is the letter," he said, "of a *particulière*, Fatima by name. I thought, sir, it might interest you."

The perusal of this letter filled me with surprise. It was brief, merely making an appointment, but what revelations in the name!

"What, then, those exclamations of Castagnac in his fits," I said to myself, "had reference to a woman, and Dutertre had also relations with her. It was to keep this appointment that he had asked my leave to go out! Yes, the note is dated the 3d of July. The very day. Poor fellow, not being able to get out in the day, he ventured forth by night by that frightful road, and Castagnac was awaiting him!"

As I was thus reflecting, I had arrived in front of a vaulted building or archway, open as usual to the wind, and where an old patient of mine, Sidi Humayun by name, distributed coffee to a few scanty customers. I determined at once to consult this *kawaji*, so I took my place on the matting by the side of half a dozen natives in their red fezzes and blue silk tassels and their long chibuks in their lips. The *kawaji*, without pretending to know me, brought me my pipe and cup of coffee in silence. Presently the muezzin was heard calling to prayers; the faithful rose up, stroked their beards, and departed slowly for the mosque. I was alone.

Sidi Humayun, looking around him to see that we were really so, then approached me, and, kissing my hand, "Lord Taleb," he said, "what brings you to my humble abode? What can I do in your service?"

"I want you to tell me who Fatima is."

"Lord Taleb, in the name of your mother, do not see that woman."

"Why so?"

"She is perdition to the faithful and to the infidel. She possesses a charm that kills. Do not see her!"

"Sidi Humayun, my resolve is made. She possesses a charm; well! I possess a greater. Hers entails death, mine gives life, grace, and beauty! Tell her that, Sidi; tell her that the wrinkles of age disappear before my charm. I must see her."

"Well, then, since such is your will, Lord Taleb, come back to-morrow at the same hour. But remember what I said to you; Fatima makes an evil use of her beauty."

You may imagine if I awaited the appointed time with impatience. I thought the muezzin would never summon the faithful to prayer again. At last his low, plaintive, monotonous voice made itself heard from the top of the minaret, and was taken up from one to another, till it seemed as if soaring over the indolent city. I slowly paced my way to the coffee-house, so as to give time to the guests to retire. Sidi was already shutting up his shop.

"Well!" said I to him, breathless with anxiety.

"Fatima awaits you, Taleb."

He affixed the bar, and, without further explanation, led the way. Leaving the main street, he entered the Suma, a passage so narrow that two could not walk abreast—a mere cloaca, yet crowded with industrious persons of many nations Moors, Berbets, Jews, Copts, and Arabs. Suddenly Sidi Humayun stopped at a low doorway and knocked.

"Follow me," I said; "you will act as interpreter."

"Fatima can speak French," he replied, without turning his head.

The door was opened by a Nubian slave, who, letting me in, as quickly shut it against the *kawaji*. She then led the way to an interior court paved with mosaic-work, and upon which several doors opened. The slave pointed to one, by which I entered a room with open windows, shaded by silken curtains with Moorish designs. An amber-colored mat covered the floor, while cushions of violet-colored Persian shawls lined the divan, at the extremity of which sat Fatima herself, her eyes vailed by long dark lashes, straight and small nose, pouting lips, and beautiful little feet.

"Come in, Lord Taleb," she said; "Sidi Humayun has told me of your visit. You are good enough to interest yourself in the fate of poor Fatima, who is getting aged—yes, she will soon be seventeen—seventeen! the age of regrets and wrinkles. Ah, Lord Taleb, sit down, you are welcome!"

I scarcely knew how to reply, but, recovering myself, I said:

"You scoff with infinite grace, Fatima. I have heard your wit spoken of no less than your beauty, and I see that I have heard the truth."

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "By whom, then?"

"By Dutertre."

"Dutertre?"

"Yes, Raymond Dutertre, the young officer who fell over the precipice of the Kasbah. He whom you loved, Fatima."

She opened her great eyes in surprise.

"Who told you that I loved him?" she inquired, looking at me with a strange expression. "It is false! Did he tell you so?"

"No. But I know it. This letter proves it to me—this letter, which you wrote, and which was the cause of his death, for it was to get to you that he risked himself at night upon the rocks of the Kasbah."

Scarcely had I uttered the words than the young Oriental rose up abruptly, her eyes lit up with a gloomy passion.

"I was sure of it!" she exclaimed. "Yes, when my Nubian brought me word of the accident, I said to her, 'Aissa. It is he who has done it. The wretch!'"

"Whom do you mean, Fatima?" I said, astonished at her anger. "I do not understand you."

"Of whom? Of Castagnac! You are the Taleb at the hospital. Well, give him poison. He is a wretch. He made me write to the officer to tell him to come here. I refused to do it. Yet this young man had sought for my acquaintance for a long time, but I knew that Castagnac owed him a grudge. When I refused, he declared he would come out of the hospital to beat me if I did not, so I wrote. Here is his letter."

I went forth from Fatima's with a heavy heart, but my resolution was soon made. Without losing a minute on the way, I ascended to the Kasbah, entered the hospital, and knocked at Castagnac's door.

"Come in! What, is it you?" he said, forcing a smile. "I did not expect you!"

For all answer I showed him the letter that he had written to Fatima. He turned pale, and, having looked at it for a second, made a movement as if to throw himself upon me.

"If you make a step toward me," I said, placing my hand upon the hilt of my sword, "I will kill you like a dog! You are a wretch. You have assassinated Dutertre. I was at the amphitheatre; heard all. Do not deny it! Your conduct towards that woman is infamous; a French officer to lower himself to such a degree of infamy! Listen! I ought to deliver you over to justice, but your dishonor would defile us all. If an atom of heart remains within you, kill yourself! I grant you till to-morrow. To-morrow by seven, if I find you still living, I will myself take you before the *commandant de place*."

Having said this, I withdrew without waiting for his reply, and went at once to give the strictest orders that Lieutenant Castagnac should not be permitted to leave the hospital under any pretext whatsoever. Since Castagnac's guilt had been rendered evident to me I had become pitiless. I felt that I must avenge Raymond. Having procured a torch, such as our *spahis* use in their night carousals, I shut myself up in the amphitheatre, closing its strong doors with double bars.

I took up my position at the window, inhaling the fresh breeze of the evening, and thinking over the horrible drama in which I was called to play so prominent a part, till night came on. Some hours had passed thus, and all was buried in the deepest silence, when I heard stealthy steps descending the staircase. They were followed by a knock at the door. No answer. A febrile hand then sought for the keyhole.

"It is Castagnac," I said to myself.

"Open!" exclaimed a voice from without. I was not deceived, it was him. A stout shoulder made an effort to shake the door from its hinges. I moved not, scarcely breathed. Another and a more vigorous effort was then made, but with the same want of success. Something then fell on the ground, and the footsteps receded. I had escaped assassination.

But what would become of him? Once more, as if by instinct, I took up my position at the window. I had not waited long before I saw the shadow of Castagnac advancing along the foot of the wall. The hardened criminal stopped some time to look up at my window, and seeing nothing, moved on slowly with his back to the rampart.

He had got over half the distance when I cast the shout of death at him:

"Raymond, where are you going?"

But whether he was prepared for whatever happened, or that he had more hardihood than his victim, he did not move, but answered me with ironic laughter, "Ah, ah! you are there, doctor; I thought so. Stop a moment, I will come back; we have a little matter to arrange together."

Then lighting my torch, and raising it over the precipice. "It is too late," I said; "look, wretch, there is your grave!"

And the vast steps of the abyss, with their black shining rocks, were illuminated down to the depths of the valley. It was so terrible a vision that I involuntarily drew back myself with horror at the scene. What must it have been to him who was only separated from it by the width of a brick! His knees began to tremble, his hands sought to cling to something on the face of the wall.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the assassin, in a hoarse voice, "have mercy on me!"

I had no heart to prolong his punishment. I cast the torch forth into space. It went down slowly, balancing its flame to and fro in the darkness, lighting up rock and shrub on its way, and casting sparks on the void around. It had already become but a luminous point in the abyss, when a shadow passed by it with the rapidity of lightning.

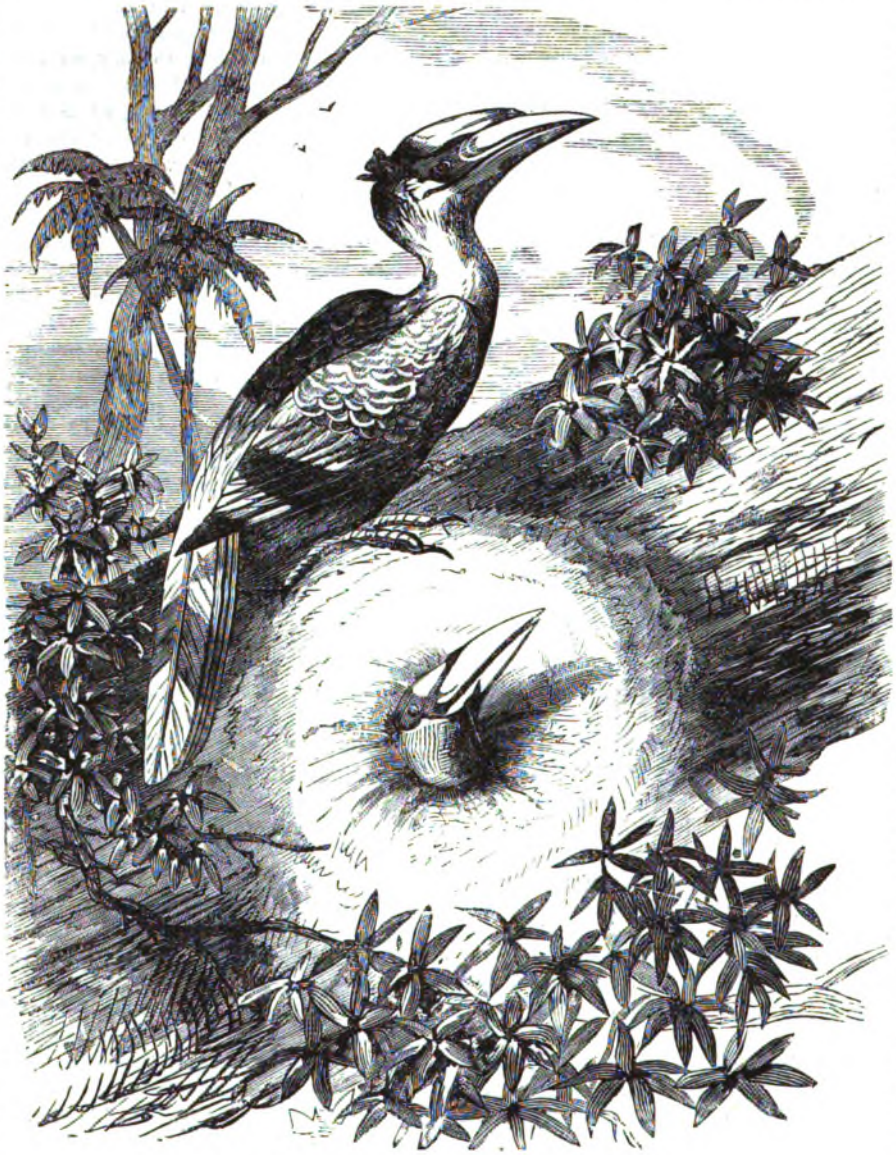
I then knew that justice had been done.

As I reascended to my own room, my foot struck against something. I picked it up; it was my sword; Castagnac, with characteristic perfidy, had resolved to kill me with my own sword, so as to leave an opening for belief in suicide. I found, as I had anticipated, my room in utter disorder, the door had been broken open, my books and papers ransacked, he had left nothing untouched. Such an act completely dissipated whatever involuntary pity I might have felt for the fate of such a wretch.

## A TYRANNICAL FEATHERED HUSBAND — THE HORNBILL.

One of the most curious peculiarities of the breeding season, among birds, is met with in the case of the African Hornbills, large birds, some of them exceeding a barn-door cock in size, and with immense, oddly-shaped bills.

This bird seeks for its resting-place a hollow in the trunk of a tree, usually one or two feet deep, and capable of holding the entire body. When the eggs have all been laid, the female establishes herself in the nest, and—in case of most of the species—the male walls up the mouth of the hole with wet earth, leaving an opening, generally a narrow slit an inch wide and two or three inches long, through which the female can protrude her bill. Here, thus immured, she remains while brooding over her eggs, the male, meanwhile, being diligently occupied in bringing the food necessary to supply her wants. Ordinarily, the female is entirely concealed in the cavity; but when the male arrives with food, and taps on the tree near the hole, she extends her bill, and takes in her provisions. The nest is kept perfectly clean, the excrement being carefully removed from time to time. Wallace, a naturalist, who recently explored the Malay Archipelago, says:



A TYRANNICAL FEATHERED HUSBAND—THE HORNBILL.

"While I was at breakfast, my hunters returned, bringing me a fine large male hornbill, of the *Buceros bicornis*, which one of them assured me he had shot while feeding the female, which was shut up in a hole in a tree I had often read of this curious habit, and immediately returned to the place, accompanied by several of the natives. After crossing a stream and a bog, we found a large tree leaning over some water, and on its lower side, at a height of about twenty feet, appeared a small hole, and what looked like a quantity of mud, which I was assured had been used in stopping up the large hole. After a while we heard the harsh cry of a bird inside, and could see the white extremity of its beak put out. I offered a rupee to any one who would go up and get out the bird, with the egg or young one; but they all declared it was too difficult, and they were afraid to try. I therefore very reluctantly came away. In about an hour afterward, much to my surprise, a tremendous loud, hoarse screaming was heard, and the bird was brought to me, together with a young one which had been found in the hole. This was a most curious object, as large as a pigeon, but without a particle of plumage on any part of it. It was exceedingly plump and soft, and with a semi-transparent skin, so that the unfledged hornbill looked more like a bag of jelly, with head and feet stuck on, than like a real bird."

In one species the female is said to construct her own prison-wall, by means of her excrement, which is very viscid and tenacious; but this statement is not fully substantiated.

During the period of incubation, the female has most of her feathers worn off, and she becomes a peculiarly forlorn-looking object; but, in spite of her apparently miserable condition, is very fat, and is considered a great delicacy by the natives. Her incarceration ends with the hatching out of the young, when the wall is torn down.

These facts in regard to the habits of the bird have been known for some time, and thought curious in the extreme. A still further peculiarity, however, adds to the interest in this case. Quite recently it was observed that certain males of hornbill, kept in the Zoological Gardens in London, occasionally disgorged some singular pear-shaped objects, which, on examination, were found to be membranous sacs, containing fruits, closely packed, such as constituted the food of the bird. It was at first supposed that this was the result of some diseased state of the stomach. Day by day, however, additional disgorgements of precisely the same character took place, without any apparent injury to the condition or appetite of the bird; and it is now suggested by the very intelligent superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, that

LILI.—FROM A PAINTING BY KAULBACH.

the stomach of the bird is a reservoir of food from which the male habitually supplies nourishment to the female during the period of incubation, sustenance being furnished not only by the fruit, but by the animal matter in which it is enveloped. This animal matter is probably not the interior permanent lining of the stomach, as might be supposed, but a very thick epitherial discharge of great compactness, and of a tough, leathery consistence. The process is probably very exhausting to the male bird, as it is an established fact that during the time of incubation he becomes extremely emaciated and worn down, at which we need not wonder, if this secretion from the stomach be continued for a long period.

A secretion somewhat analogous to this has been long known to be supplied by pigeons to their young, whence has been derived the well-known phrase of "pigeon's milk."

A supposed fable has been current in regard to the pelican's feeding her young with her own blood, and it is not at all unlikely that this has some foundation in fact, if not in the pelican, at least in the flamingo, a bird which might possibly have been mistaken for it. Although this habit has not been observed of the bird in a wild state, it has recently been noticed that at a certain season of the year, when kept in captivity, the flamingo discharges a reddish liquid from its own mouth into those of any birds that may happen to be around it. On examination, this secretion has been found to consist largely of blood corpuscles. The scientific name of the hornbill illustrated in our figure is the *Dichoceros bicornis*, generally a native of Southern India.

## A STUDY OF THE PACK MULE.

NOTHING is so abominably temper-trying as journeying with pack animals. Some of the beasts will not feed if they are picketed; and as it is essential they should eat well, you picket one or two only, and turn loose the rest. You have a long way to go, we will suppose, and get up early in the morning, determined to make a good day's march, and, while the cook is getting breakfast, send a man off to drive in the stock. The rest of the party strike the tents, make up the bundles, eat their breakfast, and then begin to wax impatient, and wonder what has become of the man and the beasts. Presently he comes in with the pleasant intelligence that that three-fourths of the stock have left, that he cannot see them anywhere, and that the ground is so hard he cannot trail them.

Off you all go, some on foot, others mounted on the remaining horses, and in two hours' time or so the runaways are found and driven in. It is needless to say that they had abandoned very fine pasture, and wandered many miles to find grass not half so good.

Well, this delay has not tended to improve your temper, and the beasts have to be caught, and that is no easy task, and a good deal of kicking and cursing takes place. At last they are all secured, and you proceed to pack.

A man stands on each side of the mule to be operated upon; the saddle, a light wooden frame, is placed on his back and securely girthed, and a long rope is looped into proper form and arranged on the saddle. The side packs are then lifted into position on each side of the saddle and tightly fastened; the middle bundle is placed between them, a few spare articles placed on top, a tent is thrown over all, and the load is ready to be secured.

The rope is so fixed that the fall, as it were, is on one side and the slack is taken in on the other. Each man places one foot against the pack or the animal's ribs, and throwing the whole weight of his body into the effort, hauls with all his strength upon the line—one pulling on the fall, the other gathering in and holding all the slack, like two sailors sweating down the jib-purchase. At each jerk the wretched mule expels an agonized grunt, snaps at the men's shoulders, and probably gives one of them a sharp pinch, which necessitates immediate retaliation. The men haul with a will, squeezing the poor creature's diaphragm most terribly. "Nothing like clinching them up tight," as they say. Smaller and more wasp-like grows his waist; at last not another inch of line can be got in, and the rope is made fast.

"Bueno!" cries the muleteer, giving the beast a parting spank behind, which starts it off, teetering about on the tips of its toes like a ballet dancer. The unfortunate beast has assumed the appearance and proportions of an hour-glass—large at each end and exceedingly small in the middle. The apparent sufferings of that mule arising from undue compression of its digestive apparatus are pitiable to behold; but it is all "kid"—the heart of a mule is deceitful altogether, and in an hour's time that pack will require tightening again.

Having done with one animal, the packers proceed to the next, and so on through the lot. While you are busy with the others, No. 1 and 2 have occupied themselves in tracing mystic circles in and out, among and round and round several short, stumpy, thickly-branching firs; and having, with diabolical ingenuity, twisted, tied, and tangled their trail-ropes into inextricable confusion, are standing there patiently in their knots. No. 3, on whose back the brittle and perishable articles have been entrusted, he being regarded as a steady and reliable animal of a serious turn of mind, has acquired a stomach-ache from the unusual constriction of that organ, and is rolling over and over, flourishing all four legs in the air at once. No. 4, who carries the bedding—a pack bulky but light, and measuring six feet in diameter—has thought to run between two trees only five feet six inches apart, and, hopelessly jammed there, is trying vainly to back out stern first. She is a persevering creature, and will in time back herself out of the pack altogether. Nos. 5 and 6, fidgeting and twisting about as only mules can do, come into violent and unexpected collision with each other behind, and with ears laid back, and tails tucked between their legs, are squealing and letting fly as if they never expected to have another chance of kicking in this world. It is no use interfering—nothing will stop them. You may use language strong enough to split a rock, hot enough to fuse a diamond, without effect; you may lay hold of the trail-ropes and drag as hard as you like, but you might as well catch the tail-end of an express train and expect to stop it. It is wiser to refrain from all active intervention; for possibly you may be kicked—certainly you will be knocked down and dragged about the place in a sitting posture, to the great destruction of your pants. You may, and of course you do, curse and swear your "level best"; but it does not do a bit of good. Go on they will, till they kick their packs off; and then they must be caught, the scattered articles gathered together, and the whole operation commenced afresh.

At last things are all fixed. Boteler leads off on the riding horse, old "Billy," for the mules know him, and will follow him anywhere; and the pack animals straggle after. We take a careful look over the place lately occupied by our camp, to see that nothing is left behind; coil up our lariats, tie them behind the cattle, take our rifles, swing into the saddle, and spread out in open files, some behind, some on the flanks, to keep the cavalcade in order. All goes nicely for a while; the beasts are plodding along, very slowly, it is true, for some will wander, while others will stop to graze; when suddenly Satan enters into the heart of the hindermost animal. A wild ambition fires his soul; he breaks into a trot and tries to pass to the front. A tin bucket begins jangling on his back; he gets frightened at the noise, and breaks into a canter. The bucket bangs from side to side; all the small articles in the pack rattle and shake; an ax gets loose, and the handle drops and strikes against his ribs; he fancies that there must be something alive upon his back, hurting and belaboring him—something that must at any price be got rid of. A panic seizes him, and, wild with fright, he breaks into a wild gallop. Yells of entreaty, volleys of oaths, are hurled at him; two of us try to cut him off, and only add to his terror and make matters worse. The pack begins to slip over his tail; mad with ungovernable fear, blind with terror, he kicks, squeals, and plunges. A saucepan flies out here, a lot of meat-cans there; a sack of flour bursts open, and spills its precious contents over the ground; the hatchet, innocent cause of all the row, is dangling round his neck; a frying-pan is wildly banging about his quarters; until at last he backs himself clean out of the whole affair, and,

trembling and sweating with fear, stands looking on the havoc he has wrought, and wondering what on earth the noise was all about.

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## THE BURGLAR CAUGHT BY A GIRL.

I WAS fifteen years old, very shy and rather sentimental. I had been brought up in the strictest seclusion in my father's country parsonage, and all my mother's time and care had been bestowed upon me, her only child.

I need hardly say I had never been from home, and had never even contemplated the horrors of such a possibility. My dismay, therefore, may be better imagined than described, when one morning after breakfast, just as I was running off to my poultry-yard, my mother called me back, saying that she and my father wished to speak to me. I couldn't help feeling very guilty, and very conscious of the fact that "Lalla Rookh" was at that moment hidden under my mattress. Was it possible that mamma had seen its circulating library cover peeping out? My heart beat fast, and my face was very red, while I stood to hear what she had to say.

"My dear Clara" (of course my name was Clara, and I wore curls), "my dear Clara, your father and I have thought it best to accept for you an invitation to spend a day and a night at your godfather's, Sir Thomas Bullyon, at Golding Park. How shall you like it?"

I felt that this was "out of the frying-pan into the fire." I had much rather they should have found "Lalla Rookh." I had a horror of strange faces, even when papa and mamma were present to give me the support of their countenance. But the idea of being among strangers, alone in a great grand house, and for a whole day and night, was insupportable. I wept, and bewailed, and entreated, in what I considered the most moving terms, such as ought to have melted a heart of stone. But in vain! My parents were for once, inexorable, and I was to go.

I need not detail all I suffered on my journey, nor during my first day. With all Lady Bullyon's kindness, the day dragged wearily on, but I managed to amuse myself tolerably till bed-time, when, after a good-night, I went up to my room, and found, to my horror, that the lady's maid was waiting there to undress me.

"Am I never to be let alone?" I thought.

But I had to submit to her fingers and her tongue, which latter never stopped, to make up for the silence of mine, I suppose. Amongst other things she particularly cautioned me not to mistake a rope, that hung beside a closet door, for a bell-pull. I inquired why?

"Oh, miss, don't you know?" she said, evidently delighted at the notion that she was about to astonish me by what she had to tell. "Why, miss, the people that lived here before had a raving mad old uncle with a great deal of money, and this was his room, miss, where he lived with his keeper. That closet, miss, is a shower-bath, with a great, big cistern over it, big enough to drown you and me; and when he was more than common fractious, his keeper used to lock him in there (you see the key is on the outside) and pull that rope, which let all the water down on his poor old head till he was half dead. One day when they went to take him out he was *quite* dead, and his family got all the money. Which 'ill-gotten gains never prosper,' as doubtless you've heard, miss; and it didn't do them much good, seeing they haven't a penny now, owing to spending it all, and was obliged to let this house to Sir Thomas, and hide their heads in foreign parts. They do say, miss, that the poor old gentleman may be seen at night in the shower-bath, beweeping and bewailing the cruelty of those that killed him, which they did for certain. Good-night, miss, and I hope you may sleep comfortable."

She had certainly not taken the best means to insure that happy result; but though I was so shy, I was not in the least nervous about those sort of things, and consequently did not trouble myself much about her parting words. I had to turn my whole thoughts and energies to the consideration of an important question, viz.: how I was to get into bed! It was piled up so high, that any ordinary means would have been wholly inadequate. The chairs were all so large and heavy (I suppose to prevent the mad old gentleman throwing them at his keepers), that I found it quite impossible to lift one to the bedside and help myself up that way. The only plan was to take a run and a jump, and after many failures, I at length alighted on the top of this mountain of feather-beds. There I lay for some time, watching the flickering of the fire on the ceiling, thinking of home, and of my different misadventures since I had left it so short a time ago.

The house had become quiet, every one must have been in bed, when all at once an odd fancy seized me to look into the shower-bath and see what sort of place it was. I fought against the idea for some time, but finding it kept me awake, I thought it best to indulge it, and after much hesitation, and not a little laughing at myself for being so inquisitive, I descended carefully from the bed, and advanced on tip-toe toward the mysterious door.

I had already placed my hand on the handle, when I suddenly heard a slight noise within. My heart stood still. *I* thought for a moment, What if it should be the old gentleman's ghost?

But as quickly dismissing so absurd an idea, I remained perfectly still, holding my breath to listen. There! I heard it again, a low rustling, such as would be caused by a person breathing heavily in rather stiff clothes. I had no longer any doubt that some one was hidden there with an evil design. Quick as thought I turned the key so as to lock the door, and seizing the rope which hung close beside, I pulled it violently, at the same time screaming for help. A gasping, strangled shout came from within the closet, and then no sound was to be heard but my own screams and the steady down-pour of the water from the cistern. Soon footsteps came running from all directions; my door was opened, and a confused troop of servants, with Sir Thomas at their head, rushed in. But I still clung to the rope as if for my life, screaming, "Don't let him out! Don't let him out! He'll kill you!"

Sir Thomas, in the shortest of night-shirts, and the most wonderful night-cap, with a tassel at the top, stood motionless with astonishment, grasping in one hand a pair of trowsers, and in the other an old scabbard without a sword. The servants, too, overcome with terror, did not stir beyond the door; and had not the water in the cistern failed at last, I know not how long we might all have remained in our respective positions. When nothing came of all my tugs at the rope but a few slow, heavy drops, I let go my hold, and gasped out to Sir Thomas: "He is there; I'm sure of it. But you may open the door now: I don't think he can hurt you!"

They did open the door, and sure enough, there lay a half-drowned fustian-clothed ruffian, whose bunch of skeleton keys, and other burglarious implements, sufficiently showed what he had come for. He was thrust into the strong room as soon as he had recovered his consciousness, which was not for some time, thanks to my exertions with the rope.

A guard was placed at the door, and he was left to his

own meditations till he could be conveyed in the morning to the nearest county magistrate, who would commit him tc the county jail. I was taken to Lady Bullyon's own bed, where, all my shyness having departed in the excitement of the moment, I answered all her questions, returned her kisses, and then fell into a dreamless slumber, from which I did not wake till a late hour on the following morning.

The hero of the shower-bath had been already carried off to prison when I at length awoke, but Lady Bullyon told me he had owned to having selected that place of concealment on account of the superstitious horror in which it was held by the servants, as was well-known in the village. He had been watching his opportunity some time, and had made himself so well acquainted with the ways of the household and the interior of the house, that while the servants were at supper, and we were in the drawing-room, he quietly walked in at a side-door, and went up stairs to the haunted closet. The arrival of so unimportant a person as myself, and the fact of my occupying that room, had not reached his ears, else he might have probably deferred the execution of his project till another night. As it was, he felt so secure of being uninterrupted, that, without even locking himself in, he merely shut the door, leaving the key on the outside, and the closet, or rather bath, being very roomy, he sat down on the floor to fill up the time by taking a nap. Thus he never heard me come to bed, nor the maid's conversation, nor indeed anything, till down came the water and roused him with a vengeance, only to deprive him of breath and consciousness almost immediately after. We afterward heard that he was fully committed for trial at the next assizes, where he was condemned to penal servitude for seven years.

THE BURGLAR CAUGHT BY A GIRL.—"SEIZING THE ROPE, WHICH HUNG CLOSE BESIDE, I PULLED IT VIOLENTLY, AT THE SAME TIME SCREAMING FOR HELP."—SEE PAGE 191.

Sir Thomas and Lady Bullyon overwhelmed me with praises and thanks. They did not know how to make enough of me, and I was only afraid their gratitude might take the form of inviting me to stay longer. But I showed such evident uneasiness when they hinted at it, that they kindly let me go at the time agreed upon, not, however, without many expressions of friendship, and many wishes that they might some day have an opportunity of doing me an essential service in their turn. I need not tell you my dear mother's delight at hearing of my exploit. "Who knows what may come of it?" she said; and something substantial did come of it.

When Sir Thomas died, some few years afterward, his will was found to contain a bequest to me of three hundred pounds a year, "as a mark of gratitude for the service she rendered me, and of admiration of her courage and presence of mind." Upon this three hundred a year I live, retired and happy. I was too shy to marry, even ever to be asked to marry, but I am not the less content on that account.

Often when sitting alone with my cats and dogs in the Winter evenings, and looking round on my many comforts, my memory carries me back to the various accidents and the happy results of My First Visit, and the singular adventure which made me a kind of involuntary heroine.

THE MUSICAL PARTY.—BY WORMS.

# A WOMAN'S WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REPENTED AT LEISURE," "LADY GWENDOLINE'S DREAM," "REDEEMED BY LOVE," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXII.

(Continued.)

MARGARITA was filled with a warm, sudden impulse to tell this faithful servant that she was the wife so much desired; it would have been so sweet, standing in her husband's home, to have one word of welcome. But it was not to be; she shuddered at the idea, and then turned away.

Mrs. Grame thought she had looked long enough at one picture, and was tired of it. There was plenty more to show and admire—pretty morning-rooms, gay and flowered chintz and white lace; elegant boudoirs, with hangings of pale silk; the magnificent library, with its hundreds of costly volumes, and its old oaken furniture.

"I should think," said Lady Rylestone to the housekeeper, "you have some difficulty in remembering all these rooms?"

"It is not often that they are all in use," was the reply. "Miss Cameron will have things different. There will be no lack of visitors where she is, I am sure."

Again came the gleam of light on to the stranger's face which Mrs. Grame could not understand—the mention of Miss Cameron's name had brought it there. A hundred questions trembled on Lady Rylestone's lips—she dared not ask one of them. Time was flying, and, as yet, she had not found the least clue to the secret that seemed wearing her life away. What could she do?

She could not endure the thought of leaving without knowing more than when she came. She must learn something of the secret, let it cost her what it might, even should she be compelled to cross-question the servant—a proceeding from which her whole soul recoiled. At present she had learned only this—that, whatever might be the nature of the will, whatever might be its secret, it was unknown to the people in the house, even as it was unknown to herself.

"How my visitor is given to dreaming!" thought the housekeeper. "She has looked during the last ten minutes like one in a trance."

And then the tall, graceful figure was turned to her.

"I have but a small house compared with this," she said, "yet I love it dearly. Why should people leave their homes? Your story interests me. If this beautiful place belongs to Lord Rylestone, why does he go abroad instead of living here? And why does this lady, Miss Cameron, come here, as though it were her own home?"

"I cannot tell;" and Margarita saw a light shade of eagerness on the housekeeper's face. "We have all felt some little surprise about that; but I suppose that, as my lord is going abroad, he prefers letting Walton to closing it; and, if it is to be let, there is no one who will care better for it than Miss Cameron."

"Is she much loved here?" asked Margarita.

"Yes—almost as much as my lord himself—indeed, I should not be surprised if——"

Some lingering amount of discretion came to the good housekeeper. She remembered that she was speaking to a stranger. She paused abruptly.

Lady Rylestone did not ask her to continue—she was thinking of what she could say or what she could do to find out the secret of the will. It seemed more hopeless than ever now. She was not one whit nearer to it, although she had been talking so long.

Mrs. Grame asked her to go through the library—strangers always admired the books—and she stood there in the very

place where the will was read, and yet could not find the least clue to its contents.

Would the day ever come when she would reign in that magnificent mansion as its mistress? She would have been its mistress now, her husband still by her side, if it had not been for this Miss Cameron, who was loved "almost as much as my lord." Would she ever stand there, arrayed in gay dresses, in costly jewels, the queen of brilliant *fêtes*, honored. happy, and beloved, her husband with her, and her heart at rest? If they lived to see Walton together, would he tell her the secret of the will? She might have written to him, and have told him of the line she had read in Miss Cameron's letter, and have asked him to tell her the secret of the will—but she would not do it. That knowledge which he had kept from her and shared with another woman must be voluntarily shared with her.

"It is his secret and Miss Cameron's," she said to herself, bitterly—"not mine."

And then came a reaction. How could she be unjust to one who had given her such proof of his love? All that concerned him concerned her, too—the secret was hers as well as his.

"I never saw such a one to dream in my life!" said Mrs. Grame to herself; and then, with a curtsey full of respect, she said that the lady had now seen all that was generally shown to strangers.

"And I have enjoyed it very much," said Lady Rylestone; but her heart sank as she spoke.

She was going now; and, although she had had the pleasure of seeing Allan's home, she knew that she was as far from the discovery she wished to make as she had been before.

She thanked Mrs. Grame in the manner best suited to that good lady's understanding. The result was a still deeper curtsey, and an offer to show the conservatories, if the lady liked.

The lady liked anything that would give her a chance of remaining a little longer at Walton; so they went through the long ranges of glass houses, and Lady Rylestone was rewarded at last.

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### Chapter XXIII.

LADY RYLESTONE had given up all hope; she had resigned herself to going away from Walton Court, knowing no more than when she came, when suddenly a few words from the housekeeper produced a marvelous change in her ideas.

They had arrived at the end of the long range of conservatories, and Mrs. Grame showed her visitor a shorter road through the park, one which would bring her much more quickly to the gates. Lady Rylestone looked round to impress the picture more firmly on her mind.

"Years will roll by," she said, impulsively, "and no change will come here."

"I do not think so," rejoined Mrs. Grame; "we shall have a change here soon, I expect."

"What will that be?" inquired Lady Rylestone, with deference.

"I have heard that Madame de Valmy is going back to France; and, if so, Miss Cameron will make some change, I suppose. She will marry, or find a new companion, or something of the kind."

News of Madame de Valmy had not much interest for the wife of Lord Rylestone. She repeated her adieus to Mrs. Grame, and, taking the short path indicated, made the best of her way to the gates.

She had seen Walton. When she heard of it or read of it in the future she could always recall the tall towers, the square turrets, the grand mass of gray-stone, the light, graceful balconies, with their twisted pillars and radiant flowers. She could recall the gorgeous rooms, the broad corridors, the picture-gallery, the library. It was all engraved on her heart and brain; she could never forget.

But she had no clue to the secret. She was returning just as unhappy as she had come, her unhappiness increased by the fact that, whatever the secret was, it lay buried between her husband and Miss Cameron. It was shared between them. She remembered now that Lord Rylestone had always spoken of Miss Cameron as though she were almost a stranger to him—that he had seen her only once or twice. How could that be, if they had a secret between them? The sharing of a secret betokened intimacy. Why should he have denied all intimacy? And yet she could not doubt him—she dared not. To doubt him would have been to lose all her faith, her hope, her love, her life—to doom herself to the most terrible despair; but she resolved more firmly than ever that she would find out what the secret was.

"Time will teach me how to do it," she said to herself.

It was growing late in the evening when she reached Lutdale Station, and there was still some time to wait for the train. She was first inclined to remain at the "Rylestone Arms" hotel, but the reason which deterred her was a prudential one.

"I could not stay there an evening with my vail down," she said to herself; "and it would not do for me to be seen, lest, when Allan brings me home, I should be recognized."

She preferred waiting at the station to staying there; but she felt that she must have something with which to beguile the time and keep her from thinking, or she should go mad.

She went to the bookstall, took up a novel, and looked through some of the pages. It seemed very interesting, and she purchased it. Perhaps, after all, the turning-point of her life was the reading of that story.

She soon became fascinated by it. The heroine seemed to her one of the most charming creatures she ever met with. She read the opening chapters of the book during the first stage of her return journey, and then the light in the railway-carriage grew too dim; she could not see to continue reading until she reached Faverley, from which station she would go direct to Marpeth.

The night had grown dark then, and Lady Rylestone went into the waiting-room, intending to read there until the train into which she had to change should arrive. She soon became absorbed in the fascinating pages. Suddenly with a low cry—a cry that died away on her trembling lips—she laid down the book. A great, almost terrible idea had occurred to her. The heroine of the novel, wanting to see a certain will, found admission by stratagem into the house where it was kept. The idea that came to Margarita Rylestone was that she should do the same. If she could but read the will, she would know the secrets, were it for her happiness or for her misery, she would know it. Better anything than ignorance or suspense.

What a heroine in fiction did, surely a woman in real life could imitate—could and would. She could go to Walton Court, and when there she could by some means or other see the will. It would be kept there—either the will or a copy. She remembered to have seen in the library a peculiar oaken chest; it was curiously carved, and she had no doubt but that it was the receptacle for all private papers. If she could reside in the house for a time, and get the key, all would be well.

But how was she to gain admittance? She would find out a way; the scheme would require thinking over, planning, but she would accomplish it in the end. Then she

opened her book and tried to read again, but she could not —a burning fever had seized her mind; she could not rest, for it was consuming her. She closed the book, and went out to the platform—that was better than the four walls of a room. She could pace up and down with rapid steps, without any one thinking it strange.

Over and over again, until the words sickened her with their burning repetition, she said, "I must live at Walton, and find means to read the will;" and the thought was repeated in the throbbing of the steam-engine, the rush and whirl of the train. No matter what people said or porters shouted, she heard only the words, "I must live at Walton, and find means to read the will."

When the first feverish flush of the thought had died away, an idea came to her of how she could secure her end.

Mrs. Grame had announced that Madame de Valmy was going back to France; and, from what Lord Rylestone had said, Margarita knew quite well that Madame de Valmy was Miss Cameron's chaperon and companion. What was to prevent her from obtaining the situation as companion to Miss Cameron?

The magnitude of the idea at first appalled her, but by slow degrees she accustomed herself to it. People looked at her in wonder. She passed with rapid steps up and down the platform, her beautiful face so rapt, so silent, that she neither saw nor heard what was passing around her. She started back like one frightened when a porter came up to her and said:

"You wanted the train for Marpeth, ma'am; it is due now."

She looked at him with such dazed eyes that the man grew half afraid.

"There is something wrong about her," he thought to himself as he walked away.

She took her place in the train, still feeling like one in a dream; and then, as it sped on through the sweet, soft, dewy night, her ideas all became clearer to her. She would go and live at Walton as companion to Miss Cameron, and she would not let any one know her whereabouts. People had kept secrets from her; she in her turn would keep hers from others. No one should know what she was doing—not even Lord Rylestone himself.

"If he had trusted me with the secret," she said to herself, "I should not have to find it out now for myself."

Of after consequences she never thought; that there was anything mean or dishonorable in the plan she proposed never occurred to her. It would have occurred to Adelaide Cameron at once. She would not have done such a thing to save her life. And herein lay the difference between the two women. Adelaide had a noble, passionate sense of honor; Margarita had the keenest and most passionate love. Margarita would have moved heaven and earth, would have scaled the steepest heights, would have gone down into the lowest depths, for her love's sake; while for her love's sake Adelaide Cameron would not have left the clear sunshine.

No idea of treachery or meanness occurred to Margarita. Her husband, whom she loved with such passionate love, had a secret which he shared with another, and not with her. For her love's sake she must find it out. The grand, broad, generous faith to believe all and trust all was wanting in her —the noble love to trust even without understanding. She would have braved torture and death to know what the secret was; but it never occurred to her to wait till her husband should tell her. Nor was it curiosity that prompted her; it was nothing but love of him.

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## Chapter XXIV.

The two servants looked with something like wonder at the beautiful restless face of their mistress when she reached home. It was as though years of terrible suspense and terrible anxiety had passed over her. She looked like one whose thoughts were so entirely concentrated on one object that naught else could distract her. They asked her respectfully enough if she was ill, and the answer was a puzzled "No." She could not tell whether she was ill or not. Her brain was slightly dazed; the one paramount idea eclipsed and absorbed all others. She was going to Walton, and would see the will.

It took her some days to accustom herself to her new project. Sleeping or waking, the thought of it was always before her. She grew thin and worn. She looked as if the pain of a great and secret trouble was gnawing at the very core of her heart. As the fierce fever burned away—as the dull red mists seemed to clear from her brain—she began to wonder how she should accomplish her plan. It was no selfish motive that actuated her—no mean curiosity—no hope of doing herself any service—no thought that she might in the future be the richer for it. It was all for love of Allan. He was shadowed by some terrible cloud—she longed to clear it away; he was caught in a web of circumstances—she longed to free him. He had lost his fortune, and with it all hhoe of maintaining his position; she wanted to know how and why he lost it, and whether her woman's wit could not find a way of giving it back to him. She wanted to find out if there was a flaw in the cruel will—something that would invalidate it; she wanted to find out why the money was left to this girl-heiress instead of to her husband; she wanted to know Allan's secret for Allan's sake, and to do her best for him.

That she had not the keen sense of honor which would have forbidden her to seek out knowledge not voluntarily given to her was the one great fault of her character. The depth of her love was greater than anything else. She trampled down all scruples, and set down one fine Summer morning to think how she could best carry out her plan.

It so happened that she had taken her seat by the window where the flowers and foliage made a pleasant bower. It recalled her husband's words—how, when he returned, he should hope to see her sweet face watching for him there. So he should; she would return before he came home—nay, she would leave Walton on the very day on which she discovered the secret; and, oh, if she could but meet him with good news—if she could but say to him, "While you have been away from me I have not rested; I have not been idle, but I have worked hard—I have won by hard toil and deep thought the knowledge of your secret—I have found out for you how you can win your fortune back!" Oh, if she might but meet him, and say this! A passionate cry came from her lips. She stretched out her hands as though she would fain embrace him, as though he were near. She felt that she could suffer anything for this one great end and aim.

How was it to be accomplished? It was no light thing she had undertaken, but it must be done. How was she, a total stranger, to find her way into the home of Miss Cameron? How was she to secure an engagement as companion —she, who had no friends, no reference, no one to help her?

"I will not be daunted," she said to herself. "I will go, even if I have to go as a housemaid!"

Presently she remembered that Lady Davenant would permit any references being made to her; she had always been kind to her, she had been sorry to part with her; and now, if she asked her, she felt quite sure that the mistress of Laston Priory would say all that was good and kind of her.

That was one great difficulty removed, the rest seemed easy in comparison. Miss Cameron was in London, she knew, with Madame de Valmy; her best plan would be to go thither and try to see her.

She was glad afterwards that she had not been too hasty,

for, on taking up a fashionable paper, she found that Miss Cameron was staying at the Ranegond Hotel, Cowes, Isle of Wight. She wondered whether it was a direct interposition of Providence in her favor that in the next column she saw that Sir Charles and Lady Davenant, with their family, were staying there also. She believed it was; it seemed so to her excited imagination.

"Now that Heaven blesses what I am going to do," she thought to herself, "I need not mind anything else."

She would go to Cowes, and there renew her acquaintance with Lady Davenant. The children had always loved her, and would be pleased to see her—she knew that—and her ladyship would be sure to smile on her for the children's sake. Then, if Miss Cameron should make her want of a companion known there, she would be able to apply at once for the situation. Lady Davenant would be on the spot to speak for her, and all would go well.

But there were other things to consider. What was she to do with her house, and what should she do as regarded her husband's letters? She soon decided, being prompt in action as she was quick in thought. She would keep the house on just as it was, allowing sufficient for the expenses; and, as to the letters, they should all be forwarded to the General Post-office, St. Martin's-le-Grand. She could either go or send for them—they would be safe enough; and, as they would arrive only once perhaps in every two months, she would be sure not to miss one. Lord Rylestone had told her, as the Earl of Barton would be traveling about the country, not to expect a letter by every mail—above all, not to feel uneasy when she did not receive one. It was just possible that she need not be long absent from home. Of course all would depend on how soon she had a chance of securing the situation, and, when it was once secured, how long she would be at Walton before she had an opportunity of discovering the secret. She might be absent only for three months—she might be away for more than a year.

Another thing occurred to her. If she was to secure Lady Davenant's favor, she must call herself by her maiden name of Avenel. It was as Miss Avenel she had left Laston Priory—left it to go home. She had not said where that home was—there had been no mention made of her marriage; nor did she intend Lady Davenant to know that she was married. She would only have to tell her that she did not like home, and intended resuming service; even should Lady Davenant suggest a return to her, she had but to say that she did not intend to teach, but wished to live as companion to some lady.

The whole plan seemed to shape itself out clearly and distinctly in her mind. She would succeed in obtaining the engagement—some sure instinct told her that—and then she would soon find out the secret of the will. Whatever she did must be done quickly. She had no time to lose; the delay of even one day might be fatal to her.

She sent for her two servants at once, and told them that some friends of hers were at the seaside, and that she wished to join them. She could leave the house safely in their charge. They were to receive a certain sum in wages; and she gave them particular instructions how, when they received any letters for her, they were to be forwarded to the General Post-office, St. Martin's-le-Grand.

"But will you not leave us your own address, ma'am," asked the housemaid, "so that, if anything happens, we can write to you direct?"

She was puzzled for a minute, and then she looked up with a smile.

"Of course I shall send you my address; but, when I leave Cowes—to which place I am going now—I shall not be able to give any address, for I am not sure where we shall go."

The two servants saw nothing unusual in the fact that their beautiful young mistress, finding home dull during her husband's absence, should go to the seaside, and should afterward travel with her friends; it seemed so perfectly natural to them that they never even discussed it. Perhaps the prospect of some months by themselves, with plenty of leisure and good wages, was not altogether displeasing to them. They entered heartily into all the arrangements made by their mistress. All letters were to be forwarded to "Mrs. Estcourt, General Post-office, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London."

"No matter in what part of England I may be," she said to herself, "I shall be able to run up to London at least for one day in every two months."

She commenced her preparations at once. She packed up what clothes she would require, carefully putting away the costly and beautiful dresses in which Lord Rylestone had delighted to see her. She took only plain dresses, and none of her ornaments. Those were only to be worn before him; and when he was no longer here to delight in her beauty, she did not care to adorn it. She was well provided with money, and on the Summer day when she left the pretty villa there was not a doubt on her mind, not a shadow of fear on her beautiful face, not the faintest presentiment in her heart.

The only thing that troubled her was her wedding-ring. What was she to do with it? She could not call herself Miss Avenel, and yet wear a wedding-ring; and she could not take it off—it seemed like an act of disloyalty to Allan. She would rather have cut off her hand than drawn off her ring!

She found another with which she almost managed to hide it—at least, it was impossible to tell clearly what it was—and she trusted to the chapter of accidents that it would be overlooked. She could not have taken off her ring. A vision of the hour in which it was put on her finger came to her; she remembered the handsome, loving face bent over her, and kissed the little golden circle.

"It would be like losing my love," she thought. "I could not part with my ring."

She bade good-by to her pretty little home, smiling as she looked at the flower-wreathed windows.

"When I see you again," she said, "I shall know what so sorely perplexes me now—the secret of the will."

The sun was shining when she left. She walked down the garden-path where she had so often walked by her husband's side, and no warning came to her—no voice, cleaving the soft Summer air, bade her stay.

"When I return I shall know all," she said to herself; "and perhaps I may know enough to help my husband to regain his fortune."

For the idea strongest upon her was that she was going direct to the enemy's camp—going amongst those who had robbed her husband, and who were his deadliest foes.

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## Chapter XXV.

Sir Charles and Lady Davenant were seated in the drawing-room of their pretty villa at Cowes. The kindly, hospitable baronet, who would not for the world have owned that "my lady" had a temper, was trying his best to restore calmness and serenity to the domestic atmosphere. Her ladyship was ruffled. A grand charity bazaar had been organized and a list of lady-patronesses made out, and she was not one of them. As that list included the *crème de la crème* of Cowes, she was mortified because it included the name of her great friend and rival, the Marchioness of Heatherbrae. She grew doubly annoyed when she found that it also included the name of Miss Cameron, whom she wished to know.

Sir Charles found some difficulty in restoring to his

domestic atmosphere that which he loved best—peace. He assured his wife, in his blandest accents, that the oversight was a mistake, entirely attributable to the fact of her having been so short a time in Cowes.

"I came two days before the marchioness," she rejoined, in a querulous voice; "and I think it very strange, Sir Charles."

"Is there anything I can do, my dear," asked he—"anything to remedy the mistake, I mean?"

"Certainly not!" replied her ladyship, with great dignity. "I am surprised that you should even suggest such a thing!"

"Well, my dear, since you will not allow me to cure the evil, suppose we endure it cheerfully, after the manner of the old proverb."

"I do not like proverbs," said her ladyship, frigidly.

"You will be sure to meet Miss Cameron at the Officers' Ball," he observed, desirous of pleasing her. "I know she is going."

"I am not so sure that I have any great desire to make Miss Cameron's acquaintance," said his wife; and then Sir Charles gave up the attempt to console her.

Suddenly he remembered something which he felt sure would not only please her, but entirely change the current of her thoughts.

"I met some one this morning whom you like, my dear," he said.

"Pray do not speak in parables, Sir Charles. I like but few people."

"I am sure of my ground, though, in this case."

With an air of complete resignation and patience her ladyship folded her jeweled hands.

"When you are quite tired of a feeble effort to mystify me, you will speak plainly, Sir Charles," she said.

The good-natured baronet found matters more serious than he had thought. He wished to make them pleasant as soon as possible.

"I think, my dear," he said, "you will be pleased when I tell you that Miss Avenel is staying here. I met her this morning."

Then did her ladyship's face relax, and a smile play round her lips.

"Miss Avenel? I am very glad to hear it. I shall be pleased to see her."

"She spoke so nicely, so gratefully of you," he continued, diplomatically.

"Is she here with her pupils?" asked her ladyship, deigning to feel interested.

"No, I think not. She is here for her health, I should say. She looks ill—very pale and worn."

"Ah," said Lady Davenant, complacently, "she has found out her mistake in leaving Laston Priory. I told her that she would. I have a great respect for Miss Avenel. Her uncommon beauty was of course slightly against her, but she was an excellent governess. I have had three since she left me, but none of them could be compared with her. She was so fond of the children too. Did you say she intended calling on me?"

"Yes," he replied; "she said she greatly desired to see the children. I told her they would all be at home this morning. She will probably call."

Lady Davenant was pleased. She was stately, precise, and difficult to please, but she had liked Margarita. She forgot the list of patronesses—there was a great pleasure before her. She entertained a profound idea of her own wisdom. Miss Avenel had persisted in leaving her; but she had told her that she would repent it; and she was prepared to be very pleased in finding out that Miss Avenel had so repented.

There was an unusually gracious smile on her lips when Margarita entered the room, and kindly greetings were exchanged between them; and then her ladyship looked at her ex-governess in silent wonder. She could not quite understand the subtle change which had come over her; the tall perfect figure seemed to have acquired a new and nameless grace, there was deeper beauty in the dark passionate face, there were self-possession and dignity equal to her own.

She held Margarita's hand in her own for some minutes very kindly.

"Sir Charles told me, my dear Miss Avenel, that you were looking ill; I have never seen you look so well before."

And then she began to talk of her present employment. Margarita told Lady Davenant that she had left home again, and, thinking a visit to the sea-side would be beneficial to her, she had come to Cowes.

"You do not intend remaining at home, then?" said her ladyship,

"No," answered Margarita; "I am very anxious to secure an engagement as companion."

Lady Davenant's face fell.

"Then you do not care to undertake the charge of pupils again?" she said.

"No, I am not so strong or so well as I have been. I suffer from a pain that never dies or seems to grow less."

Lady Davenant was kindly interested. Had Miss Avenel taken advice? Had she tried any remedies? She guessed so little that the pain was the pain of an aching heart.

Presently Margarita, remembering her ladyship's love of fashionable gossip, began to talk about the great ones of the earth who were at Cowes, and gradually came round to Miss Cameron. Lady Davenant's face brightened at the mention of her name.

"I hope to make Miss Cameron's acquaintance very soon," she said. "We shall meet at the Officers' Ball."

She did not understand the sudden leap of fiery crimson to the beautiful face, or the trembling of the proud sweet lips. It had nothing to do with what she was saying, and her ladyship continued:

"I have not even seen Miss Cameron yet; but I am told she is extremely beautiful—and her fortune must be very large. They say here that she is one of the wealthiest heiresses in England."

How little she dreamed that the fortune she mentioned in such enthusiastic terms ought to have belonged to the husband of the girl before her!

They talked about some of the other most noted residents, and then Miss Avenel, after seeing the children, took her leave. She did not wish to see Lady Davenant again until after the Officers' Ball. In the meantime she must live as quietly as she could, and wait in patience and hope.

The Ranegond Hotel was one of the best in Cowes. Royalty had made it a resting-place; it was of such a class that only the wealthiest of the land could stay there. Margarita had noticed the building; it was the first object of interest to her in Cowes, the first thing she tried to see. She had looked up with wistful eyes at the numerous windows. Which of them belonged to the room where Adelaide Cameron was? Margarita had walked up and down before the hotel many times, longing intensely to be inside—to stand face to face with the girl she hated—the girl whom she believed to have so cruelly wronged her. But she found her tall graceful figure and beautiful face attracted attention; and she, Lord Rylestone's wife, must be careful of appearances.

"I will wait," she thought, "until the evening of the ball. I shall be sure to see her then."

On the night of the ball, plainly dressed, and the beauty of her face hidden by a thick vail, she stood with the crowd gathered outside the hotel to watch the visitors there drive

off to the ball. She should not fail to see Miss Cameron there. It would be easy to ask to whom the different carriages belonged, and so distinguish her.

She was not obliged to ask. A plain, unpretending brougham drove up to the door, and she heard one of the hangers-on at the hotel say:

"Miss Cameron is coming; people say she is the wealthiest heiress in England."

Margarita felt something like dread—a fear almost of what might meet her gaze, although she had been longing so intensely to see her. Presently she raised her eyes, and the sight that met them stabbed her, as it were, to the heart.

She saw a "shimmer of satin, and glimmer of pearls." She saw a tall, lovely, queenly girl, superbly dressed, with jewels that shone like flame, and a golden head crowned with precious stones; she saw one so delicate, so lovely, so high-bred, that her whole soul bowed down in acknowledgment of her rival's beauty; she saw grace that was all graciousness, dignity that was all sweetness. And then the beautiful vision in the sweeping silk dress passed on, and she stood alone in the soft darkness of the Summer night.

For some minutes afterward Margarita stood mute, bewildered. She had seen what the world called "belles," beautiful women and fine women, but she had never seen any one like Adelaide Cameron.

Lord Rylestone's wife had seen the young heiress at last. She had looked on the fair face of the girl she hated, and that one glimpse had left her whole soul in a tumult of emotion. She threw back her vail, and looked up where the golden stars were shining—there was such infinite peace, such infinite rest there. Why should she be discomfited because Miss Cameron was so fair? The moon was shining on the sea, and she walked down to the water's edge.

"I shall never forget the gleam of her golden hair; the delicate flush on her face; the light of her jewels; the shine of her dress. How could he love me best while she is so fair?"

Jealousy was one of Margarita's faults. It came to her with the dark eyes and the fire of the South. It was part of her warm, loving, passionate, impulsive character. She sat by the water's edge, and she hated the golden light of the stars because it reminded her of the golden gleam of the fair shining hair.

"How could he love me best?" she said, aloud; and her voice seemed to die away over the silvery waves. "How could he care for me while she is so fair?"

But reason came to her after a time, and she looked with a smile on the starry sky and the silvery sea.

"He did love me best. He could perhaps have married her with all her money, yet he preferred to marry me!"

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## Chapter XXVI.

Lady Davenant's great idea of life was of always rising in the social world; she liked making fresh friends, but they must be people of position. When money, beauty, high birth and station were all united, as in the case of Miss Cameron, her enthusiasm knew no bounds. On the evening she made the heiress's acquaintance she considered herself exceptionally fortunate.

They met at the Officers' Ball, and the introduction took place there. In Miss Cameron Lady Davenant saw one of the stars of the social system; she saw a belle—a girl whose future might be of the most brilliant. In Lady Davenant Miss Cameron merely saw a bland and amiable woman of the world, who seemed to estimate everything at its proper value, who never went into raptures over anything, and expressed herself with the greatest quietness and the utmost decorum.

Miss Cameron was rather amused by the pertinacity with which Lady Davenant sought her society, and the pretty phrases she wasted on her, especially as she saw that she was not cultivating her acquaintance with the view of improving the position in life of a son—and she made no mention of a brother—for Adelaide had been long enough in the gay world to estimate the attention paid to her at its true value. Some few loved her for herself—for her fair loveliness, her winning grace, her bright, winsome manner; but the generality—and she had the sense to know it—loved her for her wealth, flattering her because she was rich, following her and paying her homage because to know her was to shine with a reflected light. She knew that Lady Davenant was one of the latter class. But Adelaide was gentle and kind of heart; she did not like giving pain; she could not be repellent and cold; so she responded to Lady Davenant's advances, and that lady was charmed with the young heiress.

"I have really wished to know you, Miss Cameron," she said, "and the great attraction of the ball to me was your presence."

Adelaide could but thank her.

Lady Davenant persevered. She intended to be Miss Cameron's intimate friend; that would give her a higher standing and greater importance just now than anything else, and Adelaide cared too little to take any active measures to thwart her. Lady Davenant said it would give her great pleasure to see Miss Cameron at Laston Priory during the Autumn, and the young heiress bowed most graciously.

"I must go to Walton Court during the Autumn," she replied; and then Lady Davenant, as in duty bound, inquired after Lord Rylestone.

The exquisite flush that rose to the beautiful face was all lost upon her; she saw nothing of it. Miss Cameron replied gently that she believed he was well. And then Lady Davenant pressed Miss Cameron to call upon her; and it was rather to be free from her importunities than from any great desire to comply with her wish that Adelaide promised that she would do so on the morrow.

"Then we can talk over the ball," said Lady Davenant, with supreme satisfaction. She had attained the summit of her wishes, and was content for the rest of the evening to see Miss Cameron surrounded by her numerous admirers.

But the night that passed so pleasantly in the ball-room was sad enough for Lady Rylestone.

"Why should the beauty of that fair face haunt me?" she cried, passionately. "What is it to me? It never won one thought of my husband's from me. Why should I think of it?"

But she did think of it, and thinking of it made her more than ever impatient for the time when she should know the secret of the will. She could not rest until she had made further progress toward her one great aim. She resolved that on the morning following she would call on Lady Davenant. Her ladyship had always liked talking about parties and balls with her. One of her greatest reasons for liking Miss Cameron was because she was such an intelligent listener.

Margarita knew that Lady Davenant and the young heiress would meet at the ball; she knew also that, if Miss Cameron had said anything particular, Lady Davenant would repeat it to her. She could not rest until the hour came when she knew that her ladyship would have recovered from her fatigue, and would be pleased to see her.

Lady Davenant smiled as Miss Avenel was shown into her boudoir. She was the picture of elegant grace and languor, half sitting and half reclining on a sofa-couch, with a cup of chocolate on the little table by her side. She held out her hand to Margarita—an unusual condescension and a sign that she was in a marvelously good humor.

"Sit down, Miss Avenel," she said. "I am very tired this

morning—I over-exerted myself last evening. It was a very pleasant ball."

Margarita, who remembered of old that any interruption of her ladyship's flow of eloquence was fatal, took her seat in silence. And then Lady Davenant gave an animated description of the rooms, the dresses, the company.

"I think Miss Cameron was by far the loveliest girl in the room," she said; "and most of the gentlemen were evidently of my opinion. Lord Idlerscombe was greatly charmed with her."

"I should imagine her to be very charming," put in Margarita, gently.

"She is more than that. I am not often enthusiastic about people, but I assure you that I am quite in love with her myself. She has promised to come and see me. Miss Avenel, did you not tell me that you wished for an engagement as companion?"

"Yes," replied Margarita, breathlessly.

"I had that impression. Madame de Valmy, a very accomplished French lady, has been living with Miss Cameron in that capacity, but I am told she has had some property left her in France, and is compelled to reside there. I may mention that it was not Miss Cameron herself who told me, but one of her friends."

Margarita could not speak—the beating of her heart was almost loud enough to be heard. Lady Davenant continued:

"She will be almost sure to want some one in Madame de Valmy's place, I should think."

"Heaven has willed it!" Margarita was saying to herself. "I have no scruple—no fear. Heaven has willed it!"

She could not answer Lady Davenant; she opened her lips to speak, but the sound died away on them.

"I was thinking," resumed Lady Davenant, "that, if you still persisted in your wish, and Miss Cameron said anything to me, I could name you to her."

"I should be very grateful to you," said Margarita, faintly; "you could not do me a greater kindness."

"I am sure, my dear Miss Avenel, that it will give me great pleasure to be of service to you. Of course the fact of having lived in a family like mine will be a great advantage to you."

Before she had time to reply, the door of the room was opened, and a footman announced, "Miss Cameron." The next moment the beautiful, golden-haired vision came sweeping into the room. Margarita arose, and the two rivals stood face to face at last.

Lady Davenant received her visitor with the greatest *empressement*. She made every possible inquiry about her health, and then, seeing Margarita standing, introduced her in a few brief words. Brief as the words were, they showed Miss Cameron what she was intended to see—that Miss Avenel was what Lady Davenant called "an inferior."

"The young lady who was kind enough to take charge of my children;" and Margarita thought to herself with a proud, bitter smile, "If they only knew my real name—if they only knew that it is Lady Rylestone and not the poor governess whom they are patronising!"

Adelaide spoke some kind words to her. Margarita's answer was a bow. Her impulse was to seize the young heiress, and to hold her white hands tightly, and say, "Why have you taken my husband's money? What is the secret of the will?" But she controlled herself. She looked silently for a moment at the radiant loveliness of the fair face, and then with a bow to both ladies left the room.

"Dear Lady Davenant," cried Adelaide, "who is that beautiful girl? She looks just as though she had come out of an old Spanish picture. What a dark, tender, charming face!"

"She is a Miss Avenel. She was governess to my children, and she is an accomplished, well-bred girl."

"A governess?" repeated Adelaide. "And is she a governess now?"

"No. She is seeking an engagement as companion," replied Lady Davenant. And then Miss Cameron, with a little flush on her face, said:

"As companion? That is strange. For the last week I have been trying to find a companion. Madame de Valmy is leaving me. I must see Miss Avenel again."

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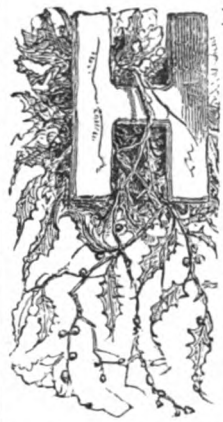
## Chapter XXVII.



"HEAVEN has willed it!" cried Margarita Rylestone to herself as she left Lady Davenant's villa. It did not occur to her that, although she had met Lady Davenant and Miss Cameron at Cowes by perhaps a strange coincidence, it was she herself who had planned going thither. The two ladies might have been there for years and it would not have affected her, unless she herself had elected to meet them.

Her heart beat with emotion. She had been face to face with her rival; she had heard the voice of this girl who lived in luxury on her husband's fortune. She had met her, and the passionate desire of long weeks was gratified. Still there was much to fear. Miss Cameron had seen her, and might not like her; she might decline to offer her the engagement, she might prefer some one older. If so, what should she do?"

"I will prepare myself for all emergencies," she said; "if I may not go to Walton as companion to its mistress, I will go as maid. It is uncertain how I shall go, but nothing but death shall prevent my going."

And then her thoughts returned to the lovely face and the sweet clear voice of her rival.

"Pitilessly sweet!" she thought to herself. "Perhaps she used the charm of her face and her voice to win my husband's money!"

She waited through the day in a state of feverish suspense; she seemed so nearly on the point of gaining all she wanted, and yet so far off. One word of refusal from Miss Cameron, and all her hopes would be destroyed; moreover, her difficulties would be increased tenfold.

But in the evening, as she sat in the sitting-room of the house where she had taken apartments, a footman came, and asked to see "Miss Avenel." Lady Davenant had sent a note, and she wished Miss Avenel to have it at once.

Margarita took the note, and when the servant had gone away she opened it. The contents ran:

"My dear Miss Avenel—Miss Cameron told me this morning that she was looking for some lady to live with her as companion. I mentioned you, and she seemed delighted. I think she has taken a fancy to you. I promised to ask you to call upon her at the Radegond Hotel to-morrow morning. I wish you success.

"Yours, faithfully, L. Davenant."

"Heaven has willed it!" said the girl again, as she laid down the note; and again she overlooked the fact that it was she herself who had come to Cowes in search of Miss Cameron.

That letter smoothed away all difficulties. Margarita felt no fear of not being able to win her rival's liking; she had been sure of it. Yet it was a great relief to her that Miss Cameron had taken a fancy to her. All night, between sleeping and waking, she heard the sound of the clear, sweet voice, and it seemed to mingle with the music of the waves; all night she confused the gleam of luxuriant hair with the

light she had seen in the stars. She awoke confused, trembling, half faint with mingled fear and hope.

She dressed herself carefully for the momentous interview. The remainder of her life depended on it—not only her life, but how much of her husband's welfare! It was the one small hinge on which so much would turn. She chose a dress of plain gray silk, with a black-lace mantle, and a plain hat with a long gray plume; but, almost to her distress, when she came to survey her toilet, she looked far better than she desired. The gray dress only made the superb coloring of her face more vivid and more conspicuous. Do what she would, she could not dim its radiance, she could not deaden its beauty. With a sigh almost of despair she turned from her mirror. It seemed to her hardly probable that a beauty like Adelaide Cameron would care to have anything like a rival near her.

"If I could take the color from my face, and the light from my eyes—if I could but make myself old and plain and disagreeable—I should have a better chance," she said to herself. She did not know that the rich, glowing beauty of her face, with its touch of Southern fire and passion, had charmed Miss Cameron.

When the hour arrived at which it was proper to call, she set out to keep her appointment. On reaching the hotel, she was ushered into the superb apartment that was called Miss Cameron's sitting-room. It was empty, and Margarita sat down to wait, feeling very much as though she were an actress taking part in a play. When she had been there a few minutes, the door opened, and Miss Cameron entered.

The lovely young heiress wherever she went, appeared to concentrate all the light and all the brightness in herself. The very sunshine that came through the rose-silk hangings seemed to settle on her golden hair—to linger in the violet eyes—to rest on the white morning wrapper with its blue ribbons. There floated in with her a faint sweet perfume—one of her failings was a love of sweet odors.

She came forward eagerly to Margarita, her white jeweled hand outstretched, the kindliest smile playing round her lips, the sweetest welcome beaming in her face.

"I am glad to see you, Miss Avenel," she said. "It was kind of you to call."

"The kindness lies with you," returned Margarita. "Lady Davenant told me that you had expressed a wish to see me. It is that which has brought me here."

The young heiress sat down by Margarita's side.

"I am afraid you will think me very childish, Miss Avenel, but I must plead guilty to a habit of conceiving either warm fancies or great dislikes; and will you forgive me if I add that I have taken the greatest fancy to yourself?"

She wondered a little at the sudden flush that crimsoned the dark face.

"I am a great believer in instinctive likes and dislikes," she continued. "Are you?"

"I do not know," replied Margarita. "I can hardly remember ever to have liked or disliked any one in so rapid a fashion."

"I hope," said Adelaide, in her impulsive way, "that you will learn to like me. I wanted to speak to you, Miss Avenel, on business; but now that I see you, I have a half fear that the business is not worthy of you. You lived as governess with Lady Davenant, did you not?"

"Yes," replied Margarita, "I was with Lady Davenant for two years."

Adelaide smiled.

"You must pardon me," she said, "but it seems scarcely credible; you look so unlike the ideal governess. One always imagines her a subdued lady of neutral tints. You are not the average type of governess at all."

It was impossible to resist the lovely face, the sunny smile, the caressing manner. Margarita smiled herself.

"I am very sorry," she began.

"Oh," interrupted Miss Cameron, "you have no cause for sorrow! Miss Avenel, I do not want a governess, but something like myself. I want a companion."

And then Miss Cameron, with a more business-like air, continued:

"Madame de Valmy, who has been living with me for some time, has recently, I am pleased to say, for her own sake, had some property in France left to her. The only drawback is that she is compelled to reside there, and so to leave me. It is a great trouble to me, I assure you, for I am much attached to her."

Margarita murmured some words of sympathy, and Miss Cameron resumed:

"I have been quite at a loss how to replace her. I have seen many ladies this week, but none whom I liked, or felt that I should care to live with. But, Miss Avenel, I do like you—I am sure that I could live happily enough with you. May I offer you the engagement? Will you become my companion?"

For a few moments there was silence between them. Something smote Margarita. The generous trust, the implicit confidence, the fearlessly-declared liking—how could she with such a one carry on a woman's war? She could not see her way as she had seen it before. An expression almost of fear came over Miss Cameron's face.

"You hesitate, Miss Avenel," she said. "Surely I am not too late?"

"No," replied Margarita; "I was thinking. I believe that I was a very good governess. I took the greatest pains to teach my pupils, and to train them; but I have no idea of the duties of a companion—I do not know how to fulfill them."

"You are very candid to say so. I do not think there are many duties, as you call them—at least not in this case. I have had a great sorrow. Although, perhaps, I look both well and happy now, yet there are times when the very spirit of gloom seizes me and makes me its own."

"A bad conscience!" thought Margarita to herself. "There is something wrong about the will."

"I merely want some one to live with me—some one who would be very kind, would walk and drive with me, go with me to balls and parties, help me to entertain visitors, talk when I am dull—that is all."

"It does not seem very difficult," said Margarita.

"Nor is it; there are no fixed hours, no fixed duties. You see, the fact is this—I am more lonely than most girls; I have neither mother nor sister nor cousin, and it is terrible to be alone."

There was something appealing in the half-sad tones and the pathetic little smile.

"I hope, Miss Avenel," continued the young heiress, "you will agree to what I propose."

"If you think I am old enough and wise enough for the position, I will do all I can," she returned.

The shadows cleared from the fair face—Miss Cameron laughed with the happy abandonment of a child.

"You are about my own age, I should think," she said, "or you may be a year older; and you are taller than I am. Suppose that you are twenty and that I am twenty—that gives a total of forty years—a period of time surely that cannot have been void of experience."

"I am not well versed in the observances of social life," observed Margarita.

"I am," laughed Adelaide; "my poor uncle first, and Madame de Valmy since, have both done their best to teach me. I think, between us, we shall succeed in observing the conventionalities."

"I shall be very happy to try," responded Margarita, again.

THE HOLY FAMILY.—BY RAPHAEL.

"Then, if you are willing," continued Miss Cameron, "we will consider the matter settled. I am so happy, Miss Avenel, and so grateful to you."

"The gratitude should be mine," said Margarita, stiffly. She fought against herself—she was unwilling to be led captive by the charms of this beautiful girl.

"You would not say so if you knew how much I have longed for you, and how greatly I have feared you would

not come to me. Madame de Valmy leaves me next week: when will it be convenient for you to come?"

"Whenever you require. I am quite at liberty now."

"I should like you to come on the very day that Madame goes, and then there will be no interregnum of dulness. I shall forget my own troubles in the effort to entertain you."

"It shall be as you wish," said Margarita.

A sudden flush came over the face of the young heiress.

"There is one thing, Miss Avenel," she said, "that I have forgotten to mention, and that is terms. Make your own; I shall be only too pleased to comply with them."

And they spent the next few minutes in discussing what was to Margarita the least interesting point of the interview.

"My new companion is singularly indifferent about money," thought Adelaide, with a smile; "it is the sign of a noble nature."

They had both risen, and were standing looking earnestly at each other, each wondering a little at the other's beauty. Presently Margarita asked: "Do you intend remaining long at Cowes, Miss Cameron?"

Her lips grew white and trembled as she asked the question on which so much depended.

"No," was the reply. "It is time now that I was at Walton Court, but, unfortunately I shall be compelled to remain some time in London before I go there."

"At Walton Court?" repeated Margarita. Her heart beat at the sound of the familiar words.

"Yes, that is my home—at least my temporary home. Walton Court is a beautiful place—I love it very dearly. I think, if you like everything beautiful in art and nature, you will be happy there."

"It is my own, because it is my husband's," thought Margarita. She spoke no word, but almost unconsciously she drew her tall figure to its full height. "It is my own; but because you have my husband's money Allan and I cannot live there," she reflected, and the idea produced such coldness in her manner that Miss Cameron looked in wonder at her.

And then, after a short time, they bade each other adieu; the day and hour of Margarita's arrival were agreed upon, and they parted with kindly wishes and kindly words.

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### Chapter XXVIII.

MARGARITA left the hotel with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow. It lay clear enough before her now—this tortuous path which she had elected to tread; every difficulty was overcome, every obstacle cleared away. Yet she felt a sudden repugnance to it, a sudden impulse to go away and leave her purpose unaccomplished; and then for that impulse she despised herself with bitter scorn.

"What!" she cried. "Am I turning faint-hearted because a girl's face is fair, and her hair has the sheen of gold? She, in common with my husband, holds the secret of the will—the secret that ought to have been entrusted to me."

She did her best to harden her heart against the girl whom she looked upon as her rival; she reminded herself that it was through her that Lord Rylestone had gone away and she was alone, and yet she could not quite hate her. The charm of the fair face and the sweet voice was upon her, and she could not shake it off.

The time that elapsed until she joined Miss Cameron seemed like one long dead calm. Margarita afterwards had a dim remembrance of monotonous days and nights—of eating when others ate, of walking out, of sitting by the sea while the waves broke upon the shore, of listening to words that seemed to come from afar off, of listening to music that had in it no rhythm, while something seemed to press upon her brain, and thought was torture to her.

She could remember days when the sun seemed blood-red and the waves were like lead—when no pulse stirred in the air, and no quiet came with the night-wind—nights when the stars did not shine and the moon was dull, and life seemed all pain. She tried to rouse herself. Had she not secured the great object of her life, the very desire on which her whole heart had been set?

Once during the interval Lady Davenant sent for her, but the languid hopelessness of the girl puzzled her. She expected to find her in an ecstasy of grateful delight; instead, she was dull and listless.

"Do you not like Miss Cameron?" asked her ladyship. If there were any little defects in the heiress, it would be as well for her to know them.

"Like her?" repeated Margarita, in a half-dazed fashion; in her state of mind such questions seemed so slight.

"Yes," said Lady Davenant, sharply—"like her. You will excuse me, Miss Avenel, but you seem to have lost some of your brightness and animation. Have you not been well?"

"No," replied Margarita, gravely; "I have not."

"I am sorry for that. You must try to recover before you go to Miss Cameron; nothing is more trying in a governess or companion than ill-health."

Margarita's face flushed proudly; and then she took herself to task. She tried to rouse herself and talk with her usual animation to Lady Davenant, but all the time she was conscious of a pressure on the brain—of the torture of a long train of thoughts.

Lady Davenant looked anxious after she had gone.

"It is never safe to recommend people of that class," she said to herself; "they are sure to fail at some time or other. If Miss Cameron should be disappointed in her companion, she will blame me. I wish with all my heart that I had not spoken so highly of her."

There was only one break in the monotony. Madame de Valmy, hearing that the engagement was really concluded, expressed a desire to see her successor.

"I shall be more difficult than you are, Adelaide," she said, "and I should like to see what my successor is like."

"I could not tell you in words what she is like," responded Miss Cameron. "Words would not describe her. She is one of those beautiful, dark-browed women that Titian and Giorgione delighted to paint. She has a face that reminds one of sunny Italy—that has fire, passion, tenderness, and piquancy, all mingled together. She has a rich, sweet voice, too, that reminds me of—what shall I say?—a nightingale!"

"A very nice poetical description, my dear, but I prefer plain prose. Sun and passion and nightingales are very well in their way. You who are so queenly in your notions, so lavishly generous, so open of hand and heart—you want plain common sense in a companion."

"And she has it," Adelaide hastened to add. "She lived with Lady Davenant as governess for two years."

"That alters the case. Lady Davenant is an eminently sensible woman. Any lady who would suit her would please me. But, Adelaide, my dear," continued Madame, after a short pause, "one thing puzzles me."

"Many things puzzle me," said Miss Cameron, with a smile, "and puzzle me completely."

"I am speaking seriously. Why have you chosen a beautiful woman? You cannot tell—some day or other she may be a rival to you. Beauty in a governess or companion

seems quite out of place. That is one reason why I was always thankful that I had none."

"You have something better than beauty, Madame—you have sense, goodness, and kindness."

And then it was arranged that Madame should see Miss Avenel. Adelaide wrote and asked Margarita on what day they should call, and at what hour. When it was settled she went, taking madame with her.

The interview was a long and not very pleasant one. Madame had so much to say—so many things to impress upon Margarita's mind; and Margarita, conscious of being in a false position, did not receive the advice kindly.

"I was not born to be an actress," she thought. "I cannot go throught with my part."

"There is one thing I must mention, as you are new to the duties of companion," continued madame—"it is that Miss Cameron is, if she will pardon me for saying so, lavishly, almost foolishly generous. She wants some one to stand between her and the impostors of the world—to save her from the consequences of her own credulity."

Margarita bowed; she did not like this shrewd-faced woman, who looked at her with such keen, calculating eyes.

"I will do my best," she promised, stiffly.

Soon afterward the interview, much to the relief of all concerned, ended. Adelaide was impatient to have madame's verdict as to her new friend.

"Since you ask me," said madame, ceremoniously, "I must reply. I agree with you that she is beautiful as an old Spanish picture, and not unlike one."

"And you think her clever?"

"Yes," replied madame, with some reserve, "she is clever enough, I am sure, for anything."

"But you do not like her, madame? Say so frankly. I feel sure of it," said Adelaide, quickly.

"You are right, my dear," admitted madame—"I do not like her. I have three impressions about her."

"What are they?" asked Adelaide.

"In the first place, I do not believe she is what she seems to be; there was a kind of constraint about her that was not natural. Then I am sure she is playing a part—I cannot tell what; and, lastly, I am sure she does not like you."

"I think you are mistaken," rejoined Adelaide.

"My dear child, you are young, trusting, and generous. I am old, and perhaps too worldly-wise, but I am shrewd and keen. It is seldom that I make a mistake as to character, or in my reading of men and women. I hope it may all be right, but I do not think it is. Remember my warning, if ever you are inclined to trust this Miss Avenel."

"But," remonstrated Adelaide, "what about Lady Davenant?"

"My dear Adelaide," said madame, impatiently, "you make me rude. Lady Davenant is a social bat—neither more nor less."

And with Adelaide's laughter the subject dropped.

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## Chapter XXIX.

The change was effected. Madame de Valmy, with many tears and many warnings, had gone, and Margarita Avenel occupied her place. Nothing could have equalled the young heiress's warm and kindly welcome.

"You must look upon my home as your home," she said, "and you must make yourself as happy as though you were living with your own sister."

Margarita's face relaxed at the words.

"You are like sunshine," she said; "you warm every heart that comes near you. I do not think any one could help being happy with you."

And then Miss Cameron showed her the pretty rooms prepared for her. They afterward selected some books, Margarita's favorites, then dined, and then spent their first evening together.

Margarita suggested a promenade, but Adelaide did not care for it. She looked into her companion's face and smiled.

"I am not used to crying," she said—"it is rather a rare event with me; but I cried very much when madame left me this morning, and it has made my head ache. I prefer to sit here. Perhaps you will sing to me. I can almost imagine what your singing voice is like."

Margarita looked very beautiful in her evening-dress of plain black net; and she wore no ornament save a deep crimson rose in her bodice and one in the coils of her black hair.

"You must be of Spanish extraction, Miss Avenel," said Adelaide, laughingly.

And then Margarita told her, as she had told Lord Rylestone, that she inherited her dark face from a Spanish ancestor.

"Will you sing to me now?" asked Adelaide. "That is, if you feel no disinclination. If at any time I ask you to do anything that is unpleasant to you, you must tell me."

"There is nothing I like better than singing," said Margarita, as she went to the piano.

Margarita sat down to the piano; the spirit of the hour possessed her—the music that stole from her fingers was sad and sweet. She sang in a low, rich voice that was full of passion and tenderness—sang so sweetly and sadly of love and absence and sorrow that the tears came to Adelaide's eyes. If they could but have known that the music meant the same for both, that the thoughts of each had gone over the sea, that the sadness and the tenderness were all for one object. When she could bear it no longer, Adelaide said:

"You are making my heart ache—you make me feel as though I had lost all I ever loved. What power there is in music!"

"Perhaps you like gay songs best?" said Margarita.

"Not as a rule, but to-night, yes—the music you are playing is too sad. Did you ever, Miss Avenel, read one of Browning's ballads beginning:

> 'Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead—
> Sit and watch by her side an hour'?"

"No, I do not remember it," replied Margarita.

"There are two lines in it that strike me as being very applicable to you," said Adelaide:

> 'The good stars met in your horoscope
> Made you of spirit, fire, and dew.'"

"I do not think good stars met in my horoscope," observed Margarita, sadly; but Adelaide seemed bent on pursuing the idea.

"It is a beautiful ballad," she said—"one of Browning's best. It is of a young girl—'beautiful Evelyn Hope'—lying dead, and the man who comes to sit by her side for an hour is the man who loves her. Listen to this last verse, Miss Avenel:

> 'I loved you, Evelyn, all the while—
> My heart seemed full as it could hold.
> There was space and to spare for the frank young smile,
> And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.
> So hush! I will give you this leaf to keep;
> See—I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.
> There—that is our secret; go to sleep—
> You will wake and remember and understand.

Is it not beautiful, Miss Avenel? Can you not fancy the lover gathering the rich crimson geranium leaf, and placing it in the dead hand?"

"It is beautiful, but unreal," said Margarita; "and the idea, though so poetical, is more heathenish than Christian."

"Why?" asked Adelaide, looking at her in wonder.

"Ah, Miss Cameron, I cannot explain myself! But I begin to think that human love has in it as much pain as happiness; and when we have been through its fire and its sorrow—when we have slept the long sleep of death, we shall not awaken to human love again."

"Would you not like so to wake?" asked Adelaide, in a low voice.

The dark, troubled eyes had in them a strange light.

"No, I think not," she replied. "We shall not wake to the memories that a crimson geranium leaf can recall. Your ballad is pretty, but it is unreal, Miss Cameron."

"Do you think all love is full of pain?" asked Miss Cameron, slowly.

"Seeing that it is human, one feels inclined to assert that it must be so. It cannot be perfect—it must have in it as much of pain as of happiness."

"But of what pain?" asked Adelaide.

"The pain of misunderstanding, of jealousy, of wrong; the pain of finding that the whole rich treasure of a loving heart has been given in vain; the pain of finding that where we have given perfect trust and implicit confidence we have not met with them in return."

"I should say the pain of loving in vain was greater than any other," said Adelaide," slowly; "and yet your melancholy vein cannot be the correct one. Listen to what Browning says again:

'God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love:
I claim you still for my own love's sake.'

Moreover he, a great poet, does not seem to think human love dies; he sings:

'Delayed it may be for more lives yet;
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few;
Much is to learn, and much to forget,
Ere the time be come for taking you.'

You see, Miss Avenal, he thinks that after long ages have passed we may renew this human love that was broken by death.

'What would you do with me, in fine,
In the new life come, in the old life's stead?'"

quoted Adelaide, and then she laughed.

"What a gulf of sentiment we have fallen into! It is all the fault of Evelyn Hope. Browning's ballads have one peculiar effect on me—they haunt me. I took up a book with 'Evelyn Hope' in it this morning, and the words have returned to me, until now I know them by heart."

That was the first, but by no means the last, conversation of the kind that they had. Adelaide was delighted with her companion.

"Madame would never talk about poetry with me," she said once; "she declared that I had a superabundance of it, and that it did me no good."

"Madame, judging from her face, was no lover of poetry," observed Margarita; and her tone was so cold that Adelaide cried quickly:

"You did not like her! How strange! She did not like you." She spoke without thinking, and the next moment was sorry for it.

"I knew she did not," said Margarita, quietly; "we mistrusted each other."

Though she spoke calmly, she felt anxious. She hoped this shrewd-faced Frenchwoman had not tried to prejudice Miss Cameron against her.

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## Chapter XXX.

Some weeks had elapsed since the heiress and her companion returned to Walton Court, and during that time Miss Cameron had grown warmly attached to her beautiful young friend. She was by no means "gushing," though impulsive and warm of heart; but there was something in the dreamy, passionate, poetical temperament of Margarita Avenel that delighted her. She liked to call up all the enthusiasm with which the beautiful face could glow; she liked the musical words in which Margarita clothed her thoughts; she liked her peculiar mixture of ideas, half grave, half gay, half tender, frank, with a dash of cynicism. She was the most original and delightful character that had ever come within the scope of Miss Cameron's observation, so she liked to watch the character, the tastes, the disposition of her companion.

"I am trying to find out your faults," she said to her one day with a little laugh. "I know your virtues and goodness. You must have faults, but I have not seen any."

"You will discover them in time," responded Margarita. "I know that I am jealous. I have an amount of jealousy that would startle any one."

"Have you been jealous?" asked Adelaide.

"No; but I have felt that I could be if I were roused. And I do not think my temper is quite perfect. I have not your marvelous patience and sweetness of disposition. I am impetuous, hasty."

"That is not a very terrible list," said Adelaide, laughing. "I think dark eyes and what people call a warm temper generally go together."

"I have seen plenty of temper in blue eyes," remarked Margarita, with a smile. "I am afraid that perhaps my most serious defect is a leaning to expediency; that I should overlook the means in attaining an end."

"I do not think you would," said Adelaide. "You are mistaken in your estimate of yourself."

On the second day after her arrival at Walton Court, Margarita had had a severe lesson. Miss Cameron had a great liking and respect for the stately old housekeeper, Mrs. Grame; and the day after their arrival, when the first confusion had somewhat abated, she proposed to Margarita that they should go to see her in her own room, and Mrs. Grame received them in her grandest manner. She talked busily to Miss Cameron about the unused rooms, and Adelaide, always desirous of making Margarita feel quite as much at home as herself, appealed to her every now and then by way of drawing her into the conversation; but the housekeeper's voice recalled to her mind so forcibly the day when she had first stolen her way, as it were, into Walton Court, that she relapsed into dreams. More than once the housekeeper's keen eyes were turned upon her, and at last she spoke.

"Pardon me, Miss Avenel, but you remind me so much of a lady who came some months ago to see the court."

Miss Cameron smiled. Margarita, with a heightened color, said: "Do I? Why?"

"She had just the same half-absent, half-dreamy way about her, ma'am, that you have."

"Do many strangers come to see the place?" asked Miss Cameron, finding that Margarita made no reply.

"When the family are away, a great many; but none ever struck me as this lady did. I showed her the picture-gallery. Every now and then she fell into what I call a waking dream. She would stand quite silent for some minutes, full of her own thoughts, and then, when I spoke to her, start as though I had awakened her from a long sleep. You have just the same fashion, Miss Avenel," she concluded, with a stately curtsey.

Margarita tried to reply carelessly, but in her heart she was thinking how foolish she had been to come there—how she had laid herself open to suspicion and discovery.

"I must try to cure myself of it, Mrs. Grame," she said; "it is a bad habit."

"Nay, ma'am, I did not intend you to infer that. I merely

observed that you had the same manner which struck me so in my visitor."

"Perhaps she was an artist," said Miss Cameron.

"She may have been. I showed her the portrait of his lordship, and I thought she would never be satisfied with looking at it."

"The face is so handsome," observed Miss Cameron, "she may be pardoned for that."

"You are right, ma'am," she said; "there is not another face in the wide world like it."

And then Miss Cameron, with all a proud woman's annoyance at having betrayed a secret liking, remarked, coolly:

"There was nothing particular in your strange visitor's admiring Lord Rylestone's face—every one does so who sees it. It is the type of face that is sure to be popular."

She tried to speak coldly, but the jealous eyes fixed on her read much the young heiress would have preferred to hide.

"Surely," thought Margarita, "in addition to taking my husband's money, she has not dared to try to make him like her!" And then she had to listen again, for Mrs. Grame continued:

"I thought at the time there was something strange about the lady, and I think so still. She kept her vail down the whole time that she was here. I had not so much as one glance at her face; and she spoke in a hushed voice."

"Why, Mrs. Grame, you are weaving quite a romance about your visitor!" laughed Adelaide.

"I misdoubt me that the romance was woven already, miss, when she came here," was the oracular reply. "I was vexed with myself afterward that I had spoken so freely to her, for she asked me such strange questions."

Margarita grew sick at heart, but she dared not show any sign of what she felt. As if the subject did not interest her, she walked to the window, while Miss Cameron began to feel some little interest in her old housekeeper's story.

"What strange questions did she ask you? The mystery deepens," she said, laughingly.

"She asked many things about you, miss—I hardly remember what; but the principal thing she asked was, 'Did I know if there was anything strange about the late lord's will?' At the time it did not strike me; afterward I thought a great deal about it."

Adelaide grew white as death, Margarita crimson as any rose. To hide the flush she bent over the geraniums, while Adelaide turned quickly to the housekeeper.

"She asked you that question? Who was she?"

"I do not know, miss. She was quite a stranger in these parts, she said."

"A stranger, and she asked you if there was anything strange in the late lord's will!" cried Adelaide, breathlessly. "What did it matter to her? What concern was it of hers? What did you tell her, Mrs. Grame?"

"I told her the truth, miss—that there was nothing strange in the will, or we should have known it."

"You did well," remarked Miss Cameron.

"Then," continued the housekeeper, "she said she must have been mistaken—that it must have been some other will she had read."

"What kind of person was she?" asked Miss Cameron, hastily.

"I cannot describe her, miss, because she never let me see her face. She was plainly dressed, and she wore a thick vail. She was about the same height as Miss Avenel, and she had a graceful way of moving. She was quite a lady, I am sure."

"How mad I was to come here!" thought Margarita. "And yet, but for that visit I should not be here now."

"It is very strange," said Adelaide, thoughtfully. "Did she ask many questions about the family?"

"I do not remember. That struck me the most—'Was there anything strange about the will?' And I am sure she was greatly interested in the answer, for she gave a kind of gasp that was like a sigh when she had spoken."

"It is very strange," said Miss Cameron again. "Have you listened to this romantic history, Margarita?"

"Yes, I have heard it all," she replied, gently.

"Do you not think it strange?" inquired Adelaide.

"Yes," answered Margarita, bending still lower over the geraniums, "it is very strange."

She was compelled to wait until the burning flush had died from her face before she turned round, and then she said, carelessly:

"Your geraniums are very fine, Mrs. Grame—you must take great care of them."

"I do," said the housekeeper; and when Margaret turned round she saw the shrewd eyes that she remembered so well fixed upon her, full of curiosity and wonder.

"She does not positively recognize me," thought Margarita—"she only suspects."

"But, Miss Avenel," cried Adelaide, "you do not seem to understand how strange this story is."

"I do not think it very strange, because I am more accustomed to the impertinent curiosity of the world than you are. If I had a place like this, I should not allow strangers to visit it. They ask all kinds of questions. The only way to repel such people is to refuse to show the place."

"But why," persisted Adelaide, "why should she come here to this particular spot?"

"She had to go somewhere—why not here? If there had been anything strange in the will, it would have been a curious coincidence."

She spoke carelessly, but her eyes were fixed eagerly on Adelaide's face. She saw it grow strangely white; and then she said to herself:

"I am on the right track. I shall be able to help my husband after all. She knows and dreads the secret of the will."

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### Chapter XXXI.

ON another occasion Margarita had found herself in some embarrassment at Walton Court. She was going with the housekeeper to the picture-gallery; Miss Cameron had expressed a wish to have some particular painting removed from there and placed in her own room, and had asked Margarita to superintend the removal; and the housekeeper went with her to measure the frame and see if it would fit in the place where Miss Cameron wanted it.

When they had reached the top of the broad staircase, Margarita, remembering the way she had gone on her memorable first visit, naturally turned aside to the little door that opened into the short passage which was the nearest way to the picture-gallery, and which was known only to the inmates of the house. Mrs. Grame looked after her.

"You have been here before, miss," she said. "No stranger would know that door."

"I have been here before," said Margaret, turning quickly; "I was here with Miss Cameron last evening."

Mrs. Grame made no reply; she walked on, leaving Margarita in a most uncomfortable frame of mind.

"If she suspects me," she said, "I wish she would say so at once, and give me a chance of saying something."

But, whatever Mrs. Grame's suspicions may have been,

they were kept to herself—Margarita never knew whether she had any or not. The only thing was that whenever she came near Margarita she watched her intently, and whenever she spoke to her it was with constraint and reserve.

Margarita never forgot the day when, with Miss Cameron, she went into the dining-room, where Lord Rylestone's portrait hung. She stood near the door, hardly daring at first to go near; but Adelaide walked up to the picture and stood before it in silence—silence which was yet so eloquent that Margarita could not bear it. She restrained her emotion and went forward and stood by her side. There were tears in Miss Cameron's eyes as she turned round.

"This is Lord Rylestone's portrait," she said to Lord Rylestone's wife. "Walton Court belongs to him. I am only a tenant."

"Why does he not live here?" asked Margarita, briefly. All her old anger surged up hotly against this golden-haired girl who had come between her husband and his fortune, who had sent him into exile and spoiled his life.

"It is a long story," replied Miss Cameron, "and a very sad one. What a noble face his is! What eloquent eyes!"

So they stood before the portrait—the dark-haired, beautiful woman that was Lord Rylestone's wife, and the golden-haired girl who loved him as a hero. They stood side by side, looking at the face they both loved so well.

"Is Lord Rylestone a relative of yours?" Margarita asked. The fair face of the heiress grew crimson.

"No—if he is related to me at all, it is in a most distant manner."

"Oh!" replied Margarita, significantly. "You admire his rank?"

"Yes—and I admire himself. Frankly speaking, I think Lord Rylestone the noblest man I know."

And then they looked at each other. Margarita was not to know Adelaide's secret just yet—the very frankness with which she spoke disarmed all criticism.

"You would think the same if you knew him," continued Adelaide—"he is so noble, so generous, so disinterested."

"All your admiration of him did not prevent your taking his fortune," thought Margarita. "You have not been disinterested, if he has."

Miss Cameron was reading the *Times* one evening, when she said, suddenly: "The Canadian mail is in."

"The Canadian mail?" Margarita repeated, faintly.

"Yes. I told you Lord Rylestone was in Canada."

Margarita looked up quickly.

"Does Lord Rylestone write to you?" she asked; and then, remembering how ill-bred such a question was, she blushed crimson. "I beg your pardon, Miss Cameron," she said. "I did not think what I was saying."

Adelaide laughed.

"You need not apologise to me," she said. "I have mentioned Lord Rylestone's name so often to you that it is not wonderful you should feel an interest in him. Yes, he writes to me sometimes—not very often. I tell him about Walton, and he thanks me. That is about the extent of our correspondence."

But for such singularly uninteresting letters Miss Cameron was very anxious.

The first question the next morning was: "Are the letters come?"

When the bag was opened it did not contain one for her, and all day the fair young face was shadowed with anxious thought. He had not written, and life had lost a great deal of its brightness. But the next morning all was happiness again. There was a letter for her, directed in the hand that Margarita knew so well:

"*Miss Cameron,*
*Walton Court,*
*Westshire.*"

Lady Rylestone's heart gave a great jealous bound when she saw that letter. She knew that in the London Post-Office one would be waiting for her, but she wanted Adelaide's. She could not bear that another face should be brightened, another heart lightened, by his written words. He was all her own, and she laid her hands with a passionate cry on the letter; she would rather, ten thousand times over, have torn it into shreds than have given it to Miss Cameron to read. She would have done so but that she dared not—it might have led to her detection.

And then Adelaide entered the breakfast-room, fair and smiling as a Summer morning. Her whole face brightened when she saw the foreign letter laid by her plate.

"That is for me," she cried. "It is from Lord Rylestone."

And Lord Rylestone's wife sat by in silence while the heiress read and re-read her letter.

"You do not eat any breakfast," Margarita said, at last; for Miss Cameron had pushed aside her plate.

"I do not want any—the tea is quite sufficient, thank you."

And Margarita could not help seeing that she was too deeply engrossed in her letter to care for anything else. When she had read it through she sat for some time, with a smile on her lips and a bright, happy look on her face, wrapped in a reverie, and then she said:

"That is a kind letter. I must answer it before the mail goes."

And Margarita was obliged to make some indifferent remark. She would have liked to rise indignantly, to seize the letter in her grasp, to say, "He is my husband, and because of you he is in exile!" Her heart was hardened against the fair-faced girl who lived in such luxury, while her husband was over the sea. She longed too, with a wild longing, to read the written words that had brought such a happy look to the young face.

"Is it a kind letter?" she asked, with a cold smile. "I do not think gentlemen, as a rule, make good letter-writers."

"Why not?" asked Adelaide.

"They study brevity where ladies study fullness of expression. Lord Rylestone does not try to describe Canada to you, does he?"

"No," replied Adelaide, with a happy laugh; "he does not even mention it;" and then, looking up suddenly, she saw the dark eyes fixed on her with a wistful look. She took the letter and held it out to Margarita.

"Read it," she said, "and you will change your opinion as to gentlemen's letters."

The dark face burned and the dark eyes flashed as Margarita took the letter—her husband's letter—and read it through. It was kind and cordial, thanking Miss Cameron for the long letter of details she had sent, asking her to see one or two old pensioners for him, wishing her all happiness and prosperity, and concluding as her "sincere friend, Allan Rylestone."

There was not one word that might not have been read aloud to strangers, and Margarita could not feel the least emotion of jealousy about it.

"It is a kind letter," she said; "but I cannot say that it alters my opinion. That remains unchanged—gentlemen do not write so well as ladies."

She had read the letter, but there was not a single word in it about the will, no allusion to it, nothing that could give her the least clue as to the secret, and she was bitterly disappointed. Could it, after all, be fancy on her part? No; she remembered the words so well. She had read them a hundred times, "I am thankful that no one knows the secret of the will."

She would have given anything for a clue, but the more she sought the farther she seemed from her object. Suddenly

she remembered that there would be a letter waiting for her in London; she knew that it would go to the little villa at Marpeth, and that the servants would forward it according to her directions. She asked Miss Cameron if she could be spared to run up to London for a day.

"Certainly. Your time is your own. Because you are kind enough to give the greater part to me, that is no reason why I should take it all. When do you wish to go?"

Margarita told her; and she was touched when Miss Cameron added:

"I hope you will not be away long—it is not so much because I need your services as that I shall miss your society. I have grown so fond of you that I shall count the hours of your absence."

Margarita went, and at St. Martin's-le-Grand she found a letter awaiting her. Her heart had hungered for it, her soul had longed for it, and now that she had it it exceeded all she had hoped for. Every line breathed such passionate love, such intense devotion, such sorrow at being away from her, that for a time she forgot everything else in the happiness of knowing how dearly she was loved. One sentence re-aroused all her dislike to Adelaide and all her longing to find out the secret of the will, and it was:

"I wish that something unforeseen would happen to shorten my exile and bring me home to you."

His exile would be shortened if she could but find out the secret of the will—so she, in her infatuation, firmly believed.

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### Chapter XXXII.

THE Autumn had gone; all the red and brown leaves had fallen; the great trees stood with their branches bare, and the cold winds bent them; the snow lay like a mantle over the earth; King Winter was come with his crown of red holly. Once more Miss Cameron received a letter from Canada. This time there was a request for business details—when John Luck's lease would expire, and whether the Home Farm was to let; and these two questions Lord Rylestone begged Miss Cameron to answer at once.

I must write my letter for Canada to-day," said Adelaide to Margarita. "I see the mail leaves on Wednesday, and this is Monday—I have no time to lose."

But Monday was a tempting Winter day; to remain indoors was an impossibility; there was a gleam of sunshine on the snow, the sky was brilliant, and the air so clear and bracing that to breathe it was a luxury.

"I must go out," said Miss Cameron. "I do not think there is a fairer sight on this fair earth than the woods in Winter; to-day there is such a rich purple light amongst the trees, such a delicate silver haze, such a network of hoar frost, that I cannot resist the temptation."

"You have forgotten your letter," said Margarita.

"No, I have not—nothing would make me forget it; but there will be plenty of time when I return. You will come with me, Margarita?"

Long before then Miss Cameron had abandoned a more formal style of address. She asked her young companion quite suddenly one evening what was her Christian name; and, before she had time to think, Margarita had told her.

"Margarita," repeated Miss Cameron, "then let me call you by it. I do not like 'Miss Avenel'—it is so stiff and formal." So from that time she used it.

They went out together. But an accident happened to Miss Cameron. She saw a beautiful spray of laurustinus, and tried to reach it. Either she had miscalculated the height at which it grew, or the ground beneath her feet was treacherous. She slipped and fell—fell with her whole weight on the extended hand, spraining it terribly.

A little cry escaped her lips, and then she rose. Margarita hastened to her.

"I hope you are not hurt," she said, anxiously.

"I have hurt my hand; it is either bruised or sprained—and it is my right hand, too. What shall I do?"

"We had better hasten home and send for a doctor," suggested Margarita. "I hope it is not sprained."

"It is very painful," said Adelaide; "and I am a great coward as regards pain."

They hastened home, and Miss Cameron, although she called herself a coward, bore the pain bravely. The moment they reached Walton, Margarita sent to Lutdale for a doctor. He came, and announced that Miss Cameron had sprained her wrist very seriously.

"It is your right hand, too, Miss Cameron. You will not be able to use it for some weeks."

When he was gone, and the proper remedies had been applied, Adelaide looked wistfully at the little clock.

"It is nearly five," she said; "my day has been a terrible failure. Margarita, you must please write to Lord Rylestone for me."

The book she was holding fell from Margarita's hand.

"Write to Lord Rylestone!" she said. "Oh, no! I cannot do that!"

Miss Cameron did not see the deadly pallor that came over the beautiful face. She laughed at the tragic tone.

"Are you frightened?" she said. "Have you never written to a gentleman before?"

"Yes, but I cannot write your letter. I should not know what to say. I have never written a business letter in all my life. I cannot do it."

Miss Cameron laughed again.

"My dear Margarita," she said, "what a waste of earnestness! What a tempest in a tea-cup! Why should you frighten yourself? I will dictate the letter, and you shall write it."

Margarita trembled so that she could hardly speak. Surely no one was ever placed in a more terrible dilemma. She could not persist in her refusal. Miss Cameron would not only be annoyed, but she would wonder greatly; and perhaps her continued refusal might give rise to suspicion. As to writing, she dared not do it. She had never tried to disguise her handwriting, and Lord Rylestone would recognize it at once, and then there would be a terrible *dénouement*. In her unutterable dismay she wrung her hands, and Miss Cameron laughed again.

"My head aches—I am tired," said Margarita. "I am not in the humor for letter-writing."

"It is because the letter is to a handsome young unmarried gentleman," commented Adelaide. "If it were to our good old rector, you would not object. Now be reasonable, Margarita. Lord Rylestone would not have asked for this information unless he really needed it. I cannot write. If I called Mrs. Grame in, she would be hours over it. Surely you will not persist in what is a most ungracious refusal? It is so unlike you, dear."

There was no help for it.

"I must write the letter to disarm suspicion," Margarita said to herself, "but it must never go."

*(To be continued.)*

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SINCE Time is not a person we can overtake when he is past, let us honor him with mirth and cheerfulness of heart while he is passing.

# THE DUCHESSE'S DIAMOND.

MOONLIGHT at Versailles! Moonlight on the long façade of that stupendous palace, the plan of which Mansard conceived, and Louis XIV. executed, at a cost of nearly thirty-three millions of dollars. Moonlight on the magnificent park and gardens, the spirting fountains, the straight alleys, the clipped hedges, the wilderness of hot bloom, and dew and sultry odors. Moonlight on a pair of lovers parting in the gloom and stillness of a secluded acacia walk, with hands clasped in anguish, and faces pale as death.

Hark! A night-bird is singing mournfully in the depths of the dark path. A vagrant wind sighs along the alleys, and shakes down a shower of petals on the brocade court-train of the girl; on the powdered clusters of her bronze-black hair. Her lover bends over her—his fair head, his gold-embroidered uniform, the orders on his breast, shine in the light. His lips meet hers in one deep, prolonged kiss.

"I leave Versailles to-night," he murmurs, "to join the army. Something tells me, Marguerite, that I shall never return."

The point-lace sleeves fell back from her milky arms as she flings them passionately around him.

"Gaspard! Gaspard!"

"Listen to me. The king orders me to the Rhine, simply to keep us asunder. It is plain that he will never give his consent to our marriage. *Mon Dieu!* but I have one hope left—it is, that faithful service in the field may soften his heart to my anguish. Meanwhile I do not ask you to bind yourself by promise or vow."

She interrupted him with a gesture—this maid-of-honor to Queen Marie of Poland, this Marguerite de Guise, in whose veins the blood of princes flowed.

"I swear to you, Gaspard——"

"Nay, nay, swear nothing, except to love me always, even as you love me this night."

"I will—I will!"

He strained her to his breast.

The song of the night-bird in the park thrilled plaintively through the silence. A fountain near-by dropped showers of crystals into the round basin, like passionate tears.

"In all the world," murmured the count, "I have but two ties; in all the world there are but two beings, the thought of an eternal farewell with whom wrings my heart. The first is yourself; the other——"

He hesitated, dragged his face aside from her uplifted eyes.

"The other?" she echoed.

"Is—my brother."

"Ah, my count, how can that be? You have no brother."

He drew her deeper into the shadow of the acacia trees. He held her hands locked fast in his own.

"Attend. I have a brother, Marguerite, and I love him immeasurably—that is why I talk of him to you. Many years ago, in early youth, my father—the late Comte de Fay—secretly wooed and wedded the daughter of a peasant in his native province of Brittany. *Mon Dieu!* the matter, somehow, became public—all Paris rang with it. My father expiated his folly by three years' imprisonment in the bastile, to which his indignant relative consigned him by a *lettre-de-cachet*. His peasant-wife died at the birth of her boy, Tancrède. After the count's release, he received this child into his own household. Although he was never called by our name—for the issue of such a marriage could not be considered legitimate—he became my playmate, my fellow-student. We loved each other fondly, but an unfortunate quarrel with my father parted us at last. Tancrède fled from Paris—from France. Years ago I lost all trace of him. But that he lives somewhere I feel assured; and, as I have already said, Marguerite, in all the world he is the only being, save yourself, that I love."

She did not answer; her eyes were fixed earnestly on his face.

He thrust his hand into his breast, and drew out something which, he held shut up in the palm.

"I leave Paris to-morrow," said the count; "I may never return. In case of my death I cannot bestow my title or my estates upon Tancrède. Neither can I bear longer to think of him as a wronged, nameless adventurer, wandering about the world. Here is something all my own. If you love me, Marguerite, take it—hold it in trust for him till he may return to France. Its value I cannot estimate, but it will insure him against all future want. Look!"

He opened his hand. In the hollow of the palm lay a marvelous thing, shaped like an almond, and shining as if all the stars of heaven had poured their lustre into it. It was a diamond—green as the eyes of the lion on the tomb of Hermias, which frightened away the fish from Cyprus. Its weight could not have been less than a hundred carats. Handsomely cut, absolutely without a flaw, and flinging out from all points vivid green and white lights, it lay burning in his hand—a strange, dazzling wonder, alive with fire and splendor—a coal torn—who could know when, or by whom?—from the altar of the genii deep in some Indian mine.

"I wrenched it with my own hand," said the count, "from the turban of an Arab sheik, while journeying through the East two years ago, on a mission for the king. Not far from the gates of Damascus, this Ishmael of the desert set upon me, intent on robbery and murder. *Ma foi!* His followers largely outnumbered mine, and I had a sharp struggle for my life, but the desert sand drank his blood at last, and I carried this jewel on my breast into Damascus. There is not in all Europe another like it. Marguerite, I wish to make you, my betrothed, the donor of this gift to the wronged, unhappy Tancrède, who holds the next place in my heart. Will you accept the trust?"

She hung upon his arm, trembling, pale.

"Yes, yes. But how solemnly you say all this. Are you, then, taking a last farewell of me?"

"God forbid! And yet—hark! some one is coming this way. You must not be seen here. Quick! Take the diamond! One kiss—one more—farewell, and God keep you, Marguerite!"

She shivered at the touch of the cold, green, glancing jewel, as he thrust it into her hand. Footsteps sounded close by in an adjoining walk. For one moment she was strained to his breast.

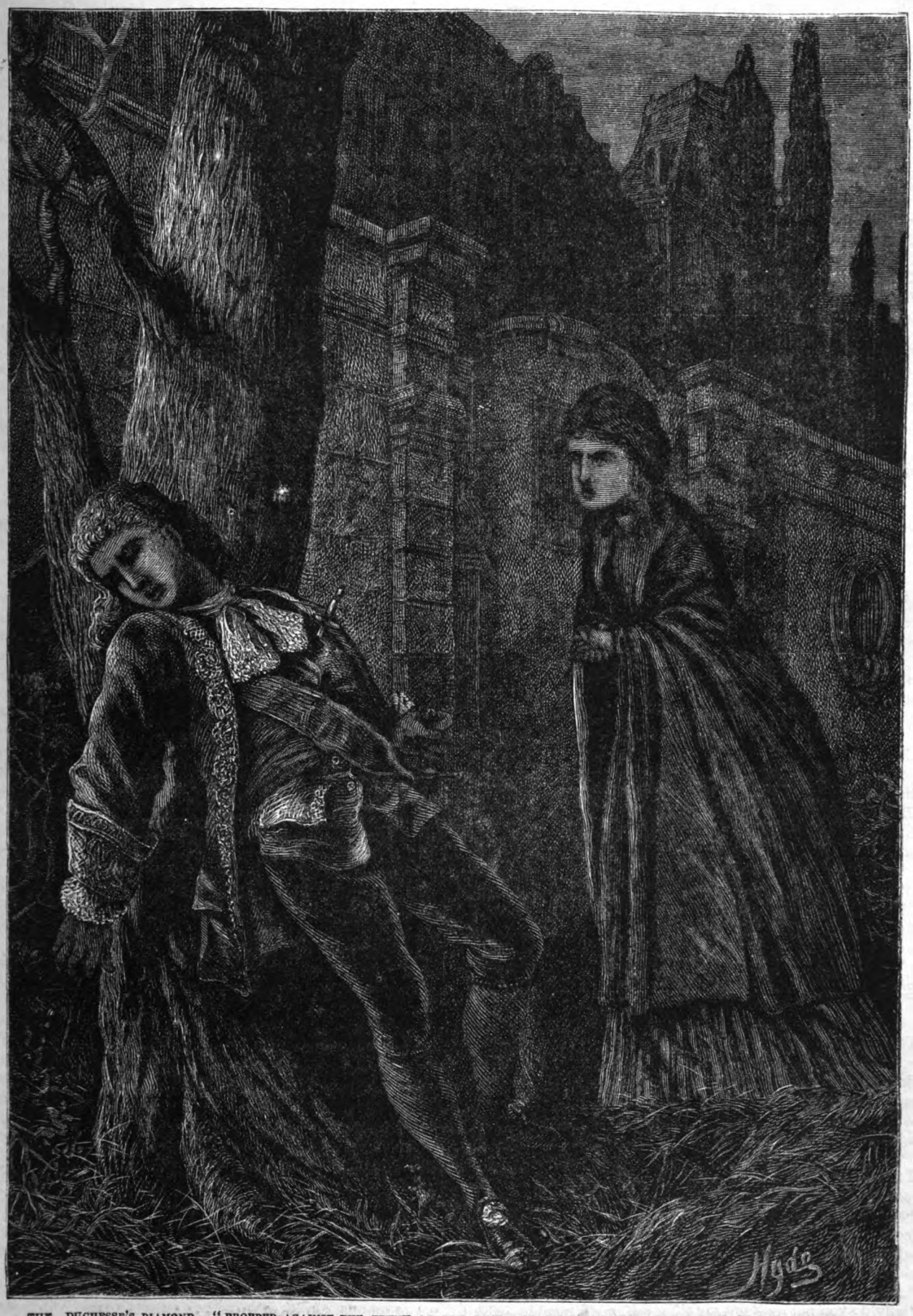
"I know the fate to which the king has already devoted you," he murmured; "but, whatever comes, do not forget to love me."

"I am *à toi* after, as before, death," she answered.

He embraced her passionately, then tore himself from her arms, and hurried off through the intricate walks of the palace-garden.

Under the flowering acacia trees, with the green diamond clutched in her hand, the queen's maid-of-honor fell to the earth in a death-like swoon.

Monsieur the count saw her but once again. This was at mass in the Royal Chapel on the following morning. Her face was cold and colorless as a star. Her superb, black-gray eyes drooped heavy with unshed tears. As she passed out of her pew in the suite of the queen, a knot of lace, with a rose attached, dropped unheeded from her corsage. The count snatched it up. Their eyes met. He grew pale as



THE DUCHESSE'S DIAMOND.—"PROPPED AGAINST THE TRUNK OF THE LIME-TREE, HE STOOD JUST AS THE HAND OF THE ASSASSIN HAD PLACED HIM."

ashes. She gave him an heartrending glance, an audible groan escaped her lips. It reached the ear of the king. He turned and regarded her with great displeasure.

"Mademoiselle, you are ill!"

"I've a sudden pain."

"Control yourself. Do you wish all Paris to know your secret?"

The royal party disappeared through the chapel door.

The count had looked his last forever on Mademoiselle de Guise.

Three months after, on a battlefield of the Rhine, that withered rose, that knot of lace, was found on his dead heart, drenched with its best blood.

When the news of his death reached Paris, King Louis XV. repaired in person to condole with the family of the Fays. He also made this announcement to Mademoiselle de Guise:

"I have found a husband for you. He is sixty years old, but good-tempered and enormously rich. It is the Duc d'Egmont. You are a ward of the crown, therefore it is our duty to see you settled."

Marguerite de Guise wedded the old Duc d'Egmont—the fattest man in France and the most stupid. She abhorred him.

Any allusion to the dead Count de Fay in her presence would cause her to swoon.

One night, in the apartments of the queen, where the king was playing *ombre* with some of his courtiers, the Prince de Salm, as malicious as he was ugly, thought proper to try the effect of this potent name upon her,

She was seated at a harpsichord, the light of the rock-crystal girandoles slipped down her powdered hair and golden-flowered court-dress.

De Salm stooped and whispered in her little ear:

"Madame, you are incomparably lovely. What a pity it is that Gaspard de Fay can find no successor in your heart!"

The unhappy duchesse fell to the floor in convulsions.

So indignant was the king with de Salm that he banished him from Versailles.

A few days after the Abbé Duhesme, confessor to the duchesse, was summoned to her hotel in the Rue de Grenelle, one morning before the sun was fairly up he found madame awaiting him in her bed-chamber, quite alone. She had dismissed even her maid. With a disordered white dress flung about her lovely body, she sat crouching on an ottoman, beside a burning log, shivering in every limb, although the weather was not cold. Her face was like ashes. Her dark hair hung dishevelled about her shoulders and bosom.

"Madame," said the good old priest, quite shocked by her appearance, "what can have happened?"

"Be seated," answered the duchesse, "and I will tell you. I have had a dream, monsieur, which disturbs me greatly. You and you only, can tell me what to do."

She ran to her dressing-table, drew from a secret drawer a tiny casket of sandal-wood, opened it, and lo! on a white velvet cushion therein, flashing like the sun itself—large, luminous, tinted like an emerald, but blazing with such light as no emerald ever possessed, lay the green diamond.

The duchesse related to the abbé the story of the wronged Tancrède, as she had heard it from her lover's lips, and the manner in which the jewel had been left in her care.

"Alas! monsieur," she said, with bitter tears, "it is a legacy to one whom I have never seen—whom I know not where to find. I dreamed last night of the count. He came to my bed-side, pale, sad. He looked at me with eyes full of sorrow and reproach. 'If you love me,' he said, 'why do you not seek out my other self, my Tancrède—why do you not enrich him with that which I left in your charge?' All night long, monsieur, he stood there, piercing my heart with his upbraiding eyes—all night long I heard his voice ringing through my ears. 'Marguerite, you have forgotten my last request—you love me no more!'"

"Duchesse," said the abbé, "believe me, you have had an attack of nightmare—nothing more."

"No, no; it was a vision, abbé, and it lies like a leaden weight on my heart. Tell me, how—where can I find this lost Tancrède? How can I fulfil the behest of those dead lips, which are, which must ever be, dearer to me than all the living ones of earth?"

"I will at once institute inquiries regarding him," said the abbé. "It is likely that I may be able to learn something of him at once. Your duty, duchesse, is to find him, to deliver to him the diamond, and vex yourself no more about the matter." Tears gushed from her eyes.

"I know not why it is," she said, "but I feel as if some calamity threatened me. Even the sight of this gem fills me with terror. An evil spell seems lurking in it, ready to dart out at any moment, like the fang of an adder, and smite me to the heart."

"It must be worth an extraordinary amount," muttered the abbé, regarding the jewel with the eyes of a connoisseur. "The young man will find himself rich. Do not distress yourself further, duchesse. If he is in Europe, and above ground, I will bring him to you."

He took his departure, and the duchesse restored the diamond to the secret drawer, and prepared to receive the duke, who was to breakfast with her in her own apartments.

Presently his heavy step sounded in the corridor. Very red in the face, very rotund and wheezy, his fat, puffy hands shaded with point-lace ruffles, the ribbon of the Order of St. Louis suspended on his crimson velvet waistcoat, the Duc d'Egmont entered.

The duchesse had put on a dress of black and white damask. Her dark hair, rolled high on her forehead, fell in abundant masses over her shoulders. With an absent look on her romantic face, she sat unmindful of her husband's presence till he stood, curving his huge body in a bow, before her. Then she looked up with a shudder.

"Madame," said the duke, "you are pale this morning—something disturbs you."

"True, monsieur; I did not sleep well."

He heaved a tremendous sigh. He was as much in love with her as a fat man of sixty could be.

"Ah, madame! your beauty is exceeded by nothing but your coldness. Will your heart never warm toward me? You exhaust my patience! How long must I wait for some return of the affection——"

"Stop! stop!" interrupted the duchesse. "Let us be sensible, monsieur. Pardon—you are too old for such folly, and I—I have no words to tell you how hateful the sound of it is to my ears."

"Madame, can a man ever reach an age when he is too old to love?"

"Yes, monsieur—when he himself has ceased to be lovable. But I decline to discuss the subject. My own heart is dead within me—as you must—as you do know."

He looked at her darkly, jealously.

"*Parbleu!* Be careful, madame, that in some unlooked-for hour it does not live again. A man may bear with a dead rival; but a living one——"

He touched the diamond hilt of his sword. Old, obese as he was, no man in France knew the use of that weapon better than he. The duchesse surveyed him with cold scorn.

"Monsieur, let us breakfast. Your talk is inconceivably stupid; it makes my head ache."

"And you," he groaned—"you stab my heart every day of my life, madame! But enough—you shall not find me

wanting in patience. I have given you a word of warning—nothing more. Madame, I kiss your hand."

From that hour henceforth he watched her ceaselessly.

The Queen of Portugal was dead. On this same day a funeral service was to be performed for her in the Church of Notre Dame. As matrimonial negotiations were then pending betwixt Madame Adelaide of France and the Prince of the Brazils, it was considered proper that the royal princesses and a retinue of courtiers should attend the grand ceremony.

In accordance with her rank, the seat assigned the Duchesse d'Egmont was in the front row, with the choicest nobility of the realm. Before the high altar stood a black *catafalque*, guarded by a sentinel. Through every arch and aisle of the sacred pile rang the magnificent funeral music. The choir was draped in black. Madame Adelaide had put on her most pensive expression, and all her ladies-in-waiting made haste to imitate her example. Everything inside the church was unspeakably sad, sombre, and solemn.

Presently the Duchesse d'Egmont advanced up the aisle. The pallor of her face—for rouge was prohibited with mourning—was angelic. She moved toward the *catafalque* to make her courtesy to it before taking her seat. To see her in the act, in the middle of the great Church of Notre Dame, was, it is said, an extraordinary sight.

As she inclined her young body with that matchless grace which no other woman in the kingdom possessed, her eyes chanced to fall upon the sentry standing by the tall, black *catafalque*. On his handsome figure, on his blonde, high-bred face, smote the light of the funeral candles. The duchesse started, stared at him one moment in utter silence. Then a piercing shriek broke from her lips. She sank senseless to the floor of the nave.

They carried her to the sacristy, and sprinkled holy water from the font upon her. In a semi-unconscious state she was conveyed to her house, in the Rue de Grenelle.

"Send immediately for the Abbé Duhesme," were the first words that passed her lips.

For the second time that day the good priest hastened to the presence of the unhappy duchesse. She was pacing her little oratory, her mourning attire not yet laid aside, her whole appearance betraying extraordinary agitation.

"Monsieur," she cried, "I have seen the Comte de Fay in uniform, under arms, in the Church of Notre Dame!" The abbé stood aghast. "Do not think me mad," she continued. "I saw him—I am certain of it; and I am more dead than alive. As I approached the *catafalque* he stood beside it, monsieur, in the uniform of the Gardes-Français. The candles shone full upon him. Could I mistake the blue eyes, the blonde hair, the face, the figure which none but he possessed?"

The abbé looked preternaturally grave.

"Duchesse, since our interview of the morning I have heard that in the Gardes there is a young soldier called Tancrède, the exact counterpart of the late Comte de Fay. Do you not see that it can be no other than his brother—the man of whom we are in search—the man to whom you must deliver the legacy of the green diamond!"

Her great eyes dilated; her face, if possible, grew paler than before.

"It is—it must be!" she murmured. "Alas! must I see him again? I am terrified—I am wretched, abbé!"

"Be calm," he answered, bent upon extricating her as soon as possible from her trouble. "I will obtain proofs this very day of his birth; I will also notify him of the count's bequest, and appoint some place of meeting where you can give the diamond into his hands."

"Great Heaven!" she cried, wildly, "do not—do not mention my name! Remember my husband—remember my position at court. Call me the friend of the dead count—no more. He has for years been absent from France—he can have heard nothing of his brother's unfortunate passion."

"Trust me," answered the abbé, "no names shall be spoken in the matter. Choose some disguise in which you will not be recognized, and be ready to accompany me to-night to the Barrier of St. Jacques. Near by is the old church of St. Jean. It has a lonely, secluded garden, where the meeting can take place at ten o'clock. Your heart will be lighter, I am sure, when this unfortunate matter is once safely settled."

The face of the duchesse kept its deep pallor.

"Yes, yes," she murmured, "you are right; the sooner it is over, the better. Very well, I leave it all to you. I will be ready."

The dress which she chose for this meeting with Tancrède was that which any tradesman's daughter of the Rue Temple might have worn. A short skirt of plain, dark stuff; a pair of buckled shoes; a little cap of fine muslin, under which her bronze-black tresses showered, unpowdered, over her dazzling bosom. Never in the glory of rouge and paniers and brocade, never when decked in all the pearls on which the republic of Venice loaned so much money to the D'Egmonts to carry on the war of the Low Countries, had the Duchesse Marguerite ever looked so beautiful. A crimson spot of intense excitement burned on either cheek; her languishing eyes shone with subdued light. She opened the secret drawer in her dressing-table, and took out the green diamond.

In the gleam of the lustres she held it upon her open palm for the last time—that emerald coal, burning and blazing with deathless fire. Myriad lances of light leaped out of its adamantine heart—were shed from it, as rain-drops from a cloud, in one perplexing, green dazzle. The duchesse thought of the old legend of the jewel, which Noah hung in the Ark to give light to him and his, as he sailed the universe of waters. She secured the diamond in its little sandal-wood casket, flung a long, dark mantle over her dress, and alone, on foot, with the Abbé Duhesme, set out for the Barrier St. Jacques.

It was a midsummer night. The moon, through masses of torn, white fleece, shone bright as day on the roofs and towers of the old city. It was just ten o'clock when the old abbé and his companion approached the Church of St. Jean. Through a masked door in the high wall, hidden by festoons of ivy, they entered the garden.

"If I do not greatly mistake," whispered the abbé, "the young man is here before us."

The duchesse began to tremble. They plunged through some rank green shrubbery and turned a vista-colored buttress of the old church. Silent as death lay the garden. Long, slanting, melancholy shadows of shrub and tree darkened it. Their feet sank deep in grass and wild violets. In the centre of the spot stood a clump of limes. Pacing impatiently back and forth beneath them, they saw the figure of a man—the soldier of the *Gardes-Français*—Tancrède.

How pale, how handsome he looked in that sad, sweet moonlight. The abbé thought involuntarily of the sons of God who came down of old to woo the daughters of men. He might truly have been called the Comte de Fay's other self, but his face wore an impassioned yet melancholy splendor, such as the more favored brother had never possessed. He was taller—fairer. He had hair of lighter tint—eyes darker and sadder in expression. Otherwise in form, in feature, in bearing, they were the same.

"Go forward," whispered the abbé to his companion; "I will remain here. Make the interview, I beseech you, as brief as possible."

Tancrède turned suddenly, and saw those two moving shapes among the trees. The duchesse advanced toward

him alone. The hood of her mantle fell back from her face —the moonlight shone full upon it. The young soldier stared at her like one dazed.

"Monsieur," she faltered, but turned giddy under his fixed look, and could not go on. He rushed toward her —supported her. His blonde face expressed the liveliest concern.

"Mademoiselle." O Heaven! It was the voice of the count himself! "You tremble—you are ill! Lean upon me."

The dead had come back! Her lost love stood before her, living, breathing once more.

"I am again a girl at Versailles," she thought, wildly, "and this is Gaspard, my one only love returned to me from the grave. Oh God! prolong this moment! Let me never leave this spot—let me die here at his feet!"

jewel which I now deliver to you, in fulfillment of a promise made to him then."

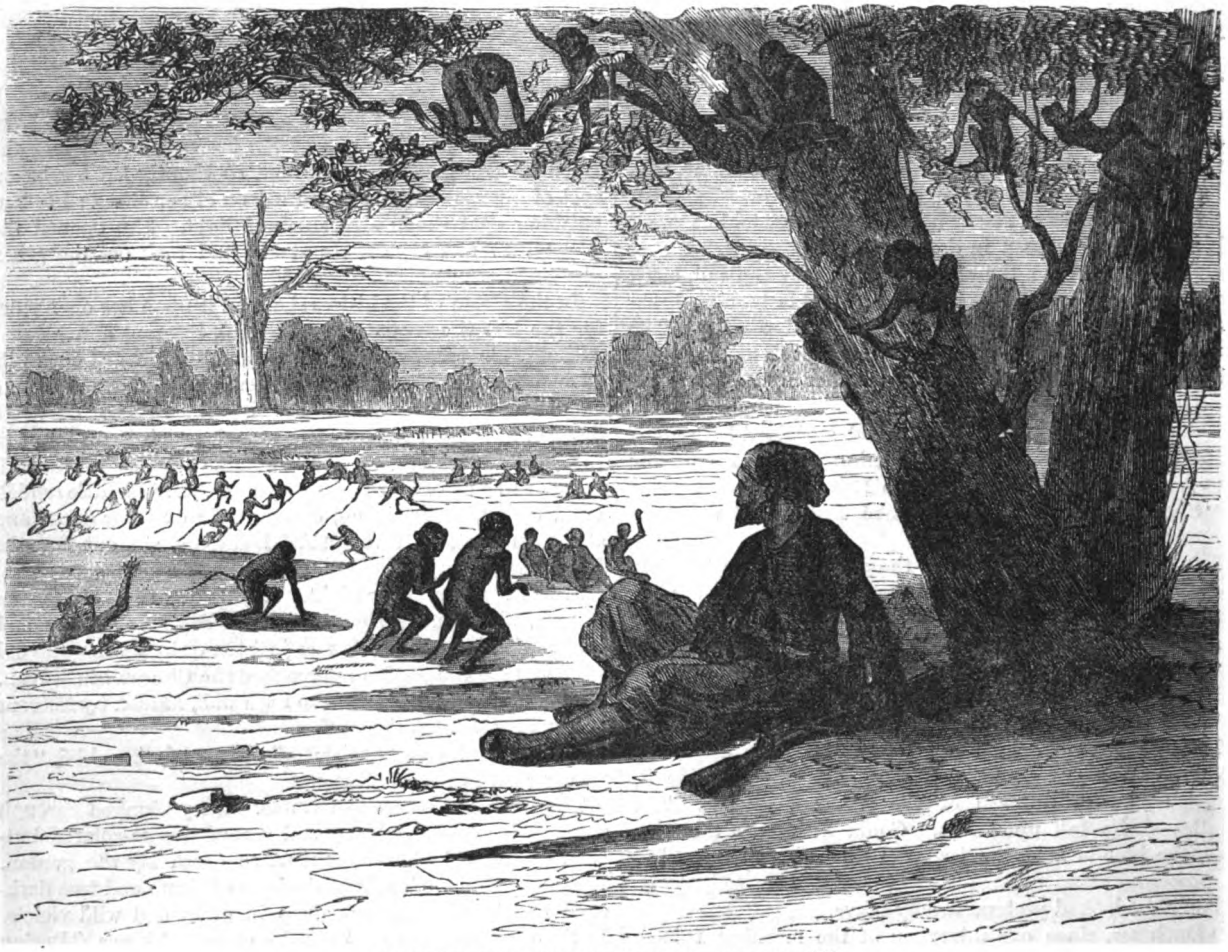
She put the casket which held the green diamond in his hand. He opened it—surveyed the splendid gem in silence. All its vivid glory seemed lost upon him. He looked from it back to the face of the duchesse.

"I see that you are an angel, but have an earthly name—what is it?" he said.

She hesitated, with the breath held on her parted lips.

"To Gaspard, your brother," she faltered, "I was Marguerite—only Marguerite."

"Marguerite!" he dwelt with lingering delight on the word. "It suits you well. You were his friend. Enough. Gaspard was the noblest, the best of men. To confess that he trusted and esteemed you, is also to say that you are all that is good—all that is estimable."



AN ADVENTURE WITH AFRICAN APES.—SEE PAGE 216.

As for Tancrède, dazzled by her beauty, stirred to the depths of his heart—he knew not why—by her agitation, he could only gaze upon her in silence.

"Is this mortal woman, or an angel of Paradise," he said to himself; "sent to console me for my wrongs and sorrows? It is worth life. it is worth death, to stand here and look in this face."

"Pardon, monsieur." The disguised duchesse drew back from Tancrède with inimitable grace: "you know why I am here. The letter which appointed this interview told you also of the Comte de Fay's legacy."

"True, mademoiselle—but *you*. who are you?"

She shuddered.

"A friend of your dead brother—one whom he trusted and esteemed—one to whom he confided, previous to his departure for the Rhine, your story, monsieur, and this

She could not speak. She was tingling from head to foot with rapturous pain. Every syllable, spoken in that voice which she knew so well, pierced her heart like a sword.

Overhead rode the cold, white moon. A bird twittered in the ivy on the buttress. The wind shook sweet odors from the violets in the grass at their feet. Tancrède regarded her fixedly.

"I understand!" he murmured. "Gaspard loved you—how could it have been otherwise?—but some difference in rank;" he looked at her humble dress—he evidently thought her some grisette. "Some considerations of birth forbade his union with you. He was a slave to the exigencies of his station—he could not stoop to lift you to his level. Tell, me, mademoiselle, is it not so?"

She was speechless.

"WHICH HAND IS IT IN?"

"The subject pains you," murmured Tancrède. "Pardon. I have read the riddle—I am content."

"Monsieur, where have you been since your flight from the house of your father—from the brother who adored you?"

"In every country of Europe, by turns, leading the life of a free-lance. A week since, I returned to France and entered the Gardes-Français. Here in Paris I first heard of the Comte de Fay's death."

A loud cough from the abbé interrupted them. This was a signal for the duchesse to cut short the interview.

"Monsieur, I must go now."

"So soon? One moment more! Surely you will let me see you again—you cannot, will not forbid me to think of you?"

"Alas! you know not what you ask."

"I shall come to this place to-morrow night—I shall await you here."

"Oh, hush! what madness!"

"Till we meet again I shall think of nothing but you."

Another cough from the impatient abbé.

"Let me go, monsieur. I have fulfilled my promise to the dead. May the diamond bring you fortune, ease, happiness."

He sank on one knee, snatched her hand, and carried it to his lips.

"Happiness! You mock me! Henceforth I can look for none save in your presence. Adieu, then, if it must be so! To-morrow night at the same hour."

"Do not follow me from this spot, monsieur; I forbid it."

"I will not. Fear nothing. I will not move till the clock of St. Jacques's strikes eleven."

He set his back against the lime-tree—crossed his arms on his breast. She cast one look upon him, then turned and fled through the shrubbery, and burst upon the waiting abbé, colorless, wild-eyed.

"Take me away!" she sobbed; "why did I come here. *Mon Dieu!* I am lost!"

The abbé was greatly disconcerted.

"You have revived too many sad memories in this interview," he said. "Let us return home, duchesse, and forget at once the whole unhappy business."

With that he conducted her through the masked door in the wall. They hastened back in silence and secrecy to the Rue de Grenelle. Alas!

The Duc d'Egmont left Paris the next morning for Versailles, but the duchesse did not accompany him; she was seriously indisposed. Languid and pale, she gave him, from her velvet sofa, one white hand to kiss at parting.

"*Mon ami*, you have a great deal of illness of late," said he, darkly. "Take care of yourself. I would that you were less unhappy."

"*Bon voyage*," murmured the duchesse. "I would that you were less stupid."

From that time the old church-garden by the Barrier St. Jacques became the trysting-place of two lovers.

Two lovers—one willfully shutting her eyes on present and future alike, terrified at her own madness, yet unable to retreat from the course on which she had entered. A woman, with the blood of princes in her veins, hastened night after night from rout and ball—from the magnificent galleries of Versailles—from the famous halls of Marly—from the presence of kings and councillors, to don by stealth the humble dress of a grisette, and, attended only by one faithful maid, hie to that lonely garden by the Barrier to pass one little hour of rapture with the man she loved.

Their passion was as strange and innocent as it was limitless. In the nameless soldier of the Gardes-Français, the Duchesse Marguerite worshiped a peer of the realm, dead months before. As for Tancrède, he knew not whence she came nor whither she went. She had forbidden him to watch her beyond the garden wall, and her word was his law. They spoke but little. Their eloquent eyes alone revealed the secret of their hearts. Only once, in parting at the gate of their enchanted paradise, as he saw her slipping from him into the mysterious life of which he knew nothing, the heart of the man burst all bounds. He snatched her breathlessly back—he seemed to devour her pale, shrinking face with his lordly eyes. Before she was aware, he had her in his arms—he pressed her madly to his heart.

"Marguerite," he murmured, "I love—I adore you! I have no longer any existence—any world outside this spot. Nay, do not tremble. Dare you share such uncertain fortunes as mine? I ask you to love me. I ask you to marry me, mademoiselle."

The Rubicon was passed! A groan escaped her lips. She would have fallen but for his sustaining arm.

"No, no!" she gasped; "monsieur, you rave! Am I not your sister—your friend? Be content, I entreat you!"

A smile dawned on his lips. His face glowed with conscious power, with passion unutterable.

"Mademoiselle, that is good, but it is cold. Was it your heart which spoke then?"

"Release me, monsieur; my punishment is more than I can bear."

"Consider, my love. Are you angry with me? Do you hate me, Marguerite?"

"Hate you? O Heaven! I am like one perishing with thirst who sees a draught of water raised to his lips, and yet may not drink."

He bent and pressed his mouth upon hers.

"Riddles—riddles! I understand nothing of what you say, mademoiselle, save this: You love me!"

She broke from him, and fled breathlessly out of the garden.

It was the eve of St. Denis. In the Rue de Grenelle the duchess supped with the tiresome old duke. She looked bored and distraught, but he did not seem to notice it.

Presently he dismissed the attendants, and turned to his wife. Never had his heavy red face, in the shadow of its white peruke, looked so hateful to her as at this moment.

"Madame, you are losing health and color," said he, spitefully.

"I think not, monsieur; your eyesight is failing, that is all."

"I give you my word, madame, that it is so. 'S'death! You walk too much in the direction of the Rue St. Jacques. It was but last night that a servant of my household saw you alighting from a hackney coach near the old church of St. Jean."

"Monsieur!" The duchesse leaped to her feet; the blood ran into her face and out again; her superb eyes flamed on the fat man in the gold-embroidered coat and lace ruffles. "You watch me, then!" she cried; "you set your spies upon my track. Do not, after this, suppose that I can sit at the same table with you; do not hope for my forgiveness, monsieur! We are foes from this hour!"

He ground his teeth.

"*Peste!* As you will, madame. You have thrown the gauntlet to me. Do not blame me if I pick it up."

With one look of scorn and hatred, the duchesse gathered her robes around her and swept from the room.

Upon St. Denis's Day the choice nobility flocked to pay their court at Versailles, and attend the grand dinner. The Duchesse d'Egmont wore a black velvet dress with a sweeping train, embroidered with gold and scarlet nasturtions. Her bodice, arms, bosom, the powdered masses of her dark hair, flashed with immense jacinths of the richest, the most dazzling flame-color. She wore no rouge; her face was like a pearl.

To these royal dinners, the public, admitted at one door, were allowed, in a rapid, continuous stream, to describe a quarter of a circle around the great table, and depart by an opposite entrance. The Duchesse Marguerite sat on the king's right-hand, near the first door—that is, in full view of the curious people. With her magnificent dress, with the matchless beauty of her twenty years, she was soon the centre of all eyes.

"I am sure," said the king, gallantly, "the Dames de la Halle will not look at me to-day."

Suddenly, at the first entrance, appeared a man, tall, blonde, handsome as Antinous, dressed in the uniform of a soldier of the Gardes-Français. He approached the royal table; his eyes fell upon the beautiful woman in the jacinths seated on the king's right. As if all power of volition had been stricken from him at the sight, he stopped short in his tracks—stood gazing upon her in wild amazement.

"Move on!" commanded in an undertone an officer of the *garde-du-corps*, posted at the end of the table.

He did not stir; he did not hear. Stopping the entrance to the hall, obstructing the passage of the public, there he stood, deaf, bewildered, dazed.

"Pass on!" repeated the officer, still speaking low from respect to royalty. "My faith! What ails you, dolt? Do you not see that you are stopping the door?"

The murmur of these words reached the duchesse. She looked up. Her eyes encountered those of Tancrède. A deadly whiteness overspread her face. In direct violation of the etiquette of Versailles, she raised her huge fan to conceal her agitation.

The king, who knew from the police of Paris everybody's adventures, was regarding both Tancrède and the duchesse steadfastly.

"Pass on!" reiterated the officer of the guard. "Madman, do you wish me to drag you from the hall?"

He did not hear; he stood like a statue. One word only broke from his lips—her name, pronounced in a voice of mingled delight and alarm:

"*Marguerite!*"

The *gardes-du-corps* seized him, and dragged him forcibly away.

A stifled scream burst from the duchesse.

Everybody at the royal table smiled, stared, tittered—everybody but the king; he turned quickly to the officer of the guard.

"Order the young man to be released!" he said, loudly. "Monsieur, he is dazzled by this display—perhaps by the sight of the queen"—bowing, with a smile, to his consort—"let him not be molested."

The duchesse drew a long sobbing breath. She cast one look of gratitude at Louis; then the banquet went on as if nothing had happened.

In descending the staircase of mesdames the king's daughters, when all was over and done, Madame d'Egmont saw the tall blonde figure, which she knew only too well, awaiting her in the vestibule below. Regardless of the eyes that were upon them, he stretched out his hand and touched her, as if he feared she might be some impalpable apparition.

"Is it you?" he cried—"is it really you?"

She gave him a despairing glance.

"It is I!"

"Why have you deceived me like this? What had I done that you should set yourself deliberately to the task of breaking my heart?"

His reproaches seemed to drive her frantic.

"Hush! oh, hush! To-morrow night——"

"In the garden of St. Jean?"

"Once more—but once more! Do not curse me!"

She passed on, and entered her carriage. Fortunately, her maid, waiting in one corner, had fallen asleep. Weeping bitterly all the way, the duchesse returned to Paris.

On the following day Tancrède, the soldier of the Gardes-Français, received an appointment as Lieutenant of the Maréchaux de France. It was, without doubt, the gift of the king, obtained through the agency of Madame d'Egmont, whom his majesty loved as a daughter. That same night the duchesse retired early to her chamber, and dismissing all her servants, save the faithful maid who shared her secret, made ready to hold her last appointment with Tancrède, in the old garden of St. Jean.

She put on the same dress which she had worn at all these interviews. Outside her dressing-room stretched a long, narrow gallery, hung with velvet tapestry, and lighted by girondoles. At one end was a private door, by which the duchesse was wont to effect her exit from the house. Disguised in her long mantle, like a Dominican's cloak, with her maid at her back, she stepped out into this gallery, and had crossed half its length, perhaps, when she saw, or thought she saw, the figure of a man start out from the solid wall, and advance toward her.

The light of the lustres shone full upon him; his head was uncovered; his face, rigid, ghastly as death, wore a sad, reproachful look. The powdered blonde hair fell down on either side about it. It was Tancrède.

Struck with astonishment, the duchesse paused. He approached nearer—nearer yet; he stood for a moment close before her. His mournful eyes surveyed her in dumb upbraiding; then he glided by, and vanished into viewless air.

She did not shrink or faint; only stood silent, motionless, with both hands pressed convulsively to her heart.

"*Mon Dieu!* madame," cried the frightened attendant, "what was that?"

The duchesse rushed toward the private door.

"Come—come quickly!" she gasped, and they fled down the stair and entered a hackney-coach, waiting at a corner of the street. The maid thrust a pistole into the hand of the driver.

"Drive for your life!" she cried, and away they whirled to the Rue St. Jacques.

As they descended from the coach in the shadow of the church, the duchesse grasped the arm of her maid.

"I am mad with terror!" she cried. "I dare not enter that garden alone; you must go with me."

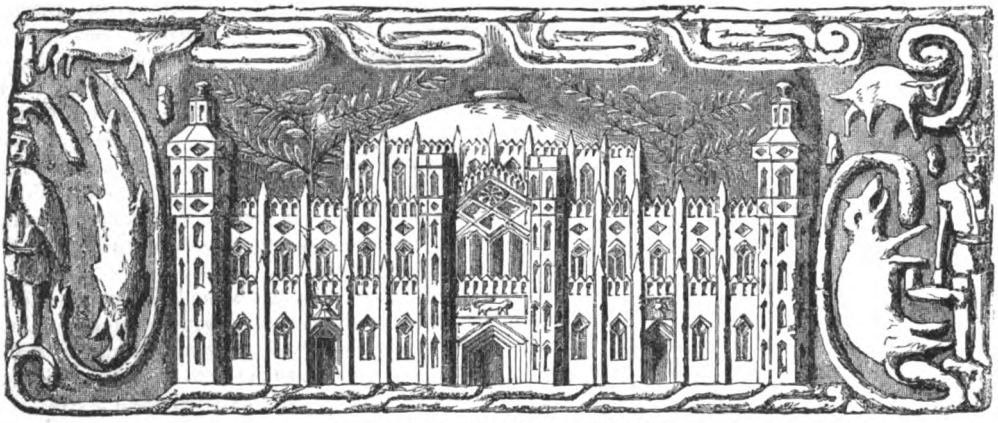
The masked door in the wall stood ajar. The duchesse passed through; her attendant followed.

The moon was out, the bright moon of October; it flooded with light the bistre buttresses, the fading shrubbery of the secluded spot. Through the long grass which rustled under her feet, the duchesse glided around the old church wall, and approached the lime-tree where Tancrède always awaited her.

He was there now. From afar her wild, anxious eyes caught the gleam of his military dress—saw his tall, blonde figure standing straight against the moonlight, the face turned expectantly toward the way which she would come. The duchesse ran toward him, with a cry of mingled joy and relief.

"Tancrède!" she cried—"Tancrède, oh, my love, forgive me!"

He did not answer. She pressed nearer; she looked in his face. A cold, blue pallor covered it. The eyes were fixed in a stony stare. Propped against the trunk of the lime-tree he stood, just as the hand of the assassin had placed him—the shadow of the church wall slanted across his breast and half concealed the long Italian dagger buried therein to the very hilt. Around his sword one hand was stiffened, as if in the act of drawing it from its sheath. There at the tryst, face to face with the woman who adored him, who ha



QUIPO CASKET, OF INDIAN WORKMANSHIP.

wronged him immeasurably, he stood, stark, and stiff, and dead!

The fat duke had satisfied his wounded honor. The beautiful duchesse had played her pretty play, her rôle of grisette to the last act, and this was the end.

By order of the king, the whole disastrous matter was quickly suppressed; no one in the court circle dared talk of it, save in private. On the body of Tancrède—buried a few hours after in the garden of St. Jean—was found a tiny casket, containing a singular green jewel—a diamond of great size and brilliancy. This was afterward sent to the Duchesse d'Egmont, but she, being at the time a maniac, confined at Bicêtre, it was given to the king, who restored it to the heirs of the Comte de Fay. It subsequently disappeared from mortal ken, in that great Revolution which also swallowed up the lives and the fortunes of its possessors.

## ADVENTURE WITH AFRICAN MONKEYS.

A Zouave in Algeria strolling out in the vicinity of one of the frontier towns, overcome by the heat, sat down under a tree near a small lake, and soon fell asleep. He was awakened at last by a noise as of a multitude, and supposed himself surrounded by some hostile band of Arabs. He instinctively, as he woke, grasped his rifle, but burst into a hearty laugh as he saw that his foes were an army of small monkeys, a few of whom had ventured near, and some had mounted the tree, but most of them were at a distance on the sloping bank of the lake. They were evidently a scientific society, debating who and what he was. They had not robbed him or molested him, fortunately, so that his case was not as bad as that of the peddler who was robbed while sleeping by a similar flock, and found on awaking that each monkey wore a nice red cap stolen from his pack. With the impetuous gesticulation of his race, he tore off his own cap and dashed it on the ground. Each monkey did the same. Seeing his opportunity, he gave a series of unearthly yells, and dashed toward them. They scampered off in haste, leaving him to recover his property. Our Zouave, after enjoying the company of his visitors, dismissed them by firing his rifle, and went his way.

The mere curiosity of his visitors did not lead him into a mere wanton slaughter of them, for which, especially in one of his profession, he certainly deserves credit.

## QUIPOS, OR PERUVIAN CORD RECORDS, WITH THE CASKET.

Our illustration shows the method in use among the Peruvians and Mexicans for preserving the memory of important events. It was of a more elaborate kind than the wampun belts in use among our Northern Indians. The word *quipo* means in Peruvian, a knot, or to knot. The cords were woollen, or rather, alpaca, and were dyed of various colors. Yellow signified gold; white, silver; red an army. What could not be expressed by colors was shown by the arrange-

QUIPOS, OR CORD RECORDS OF PERUVIAN INDIANS.

ment of the cords. The interpretation of these quipos was the task of the Quipo-Camayos, or Readers of Colored Knot Archives, a race now extinct, but a class who with the wandering minstrels, the more popular recorders of tradition, managed to keep the interpretation a living history.

The Casket or case in which the quipo illustrated was kept, is no less curious as the work of some Indian artist in Peru, evidently after the Spanish occupation, but while the quipo was still intelligible, and prized as a chronicle reflecting honor on its possessor.

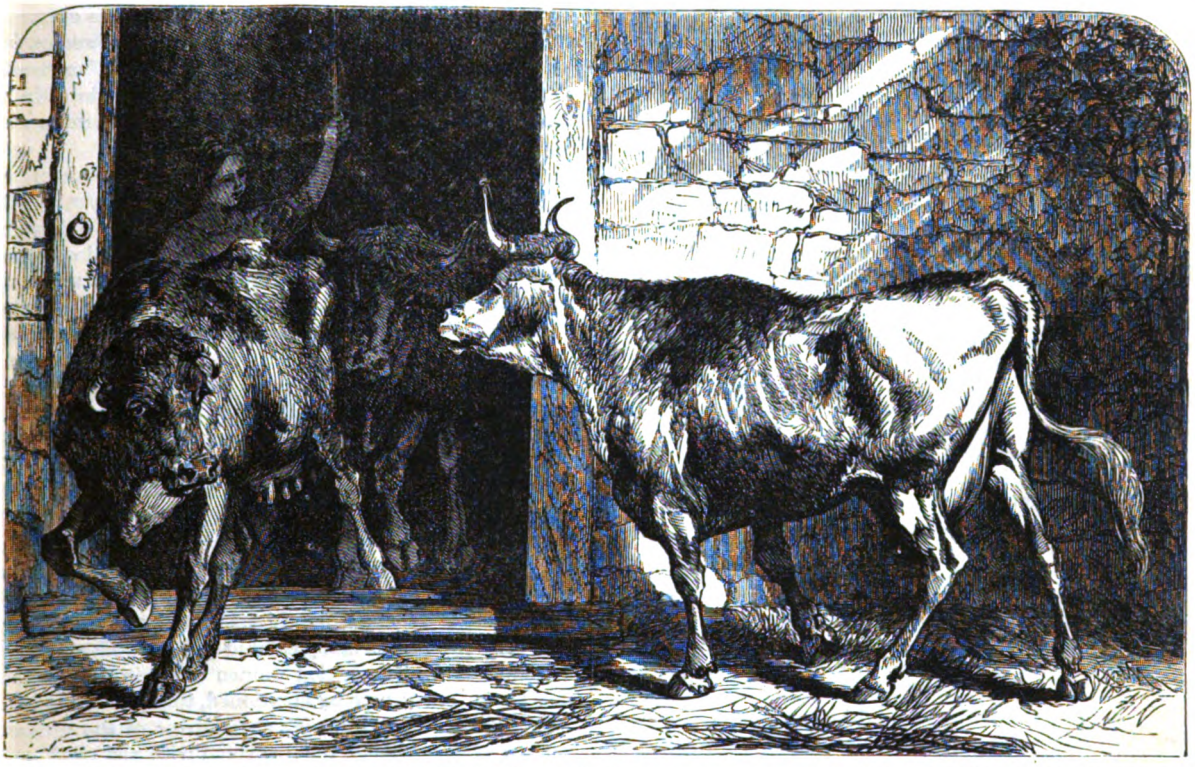
## THE PRIDE OF A COW.

MANY animals show vanity : indeed, few of the feathered creation are there that don't show the appreciation of their own good looks, and doubtless they compassionate correspondingly their less showy neighbors. Jealousy is a very prevailing passion in animals, particularly in such as have been accustomed to be petted and caressed ; for considering these tokens as their exclusive right, they show serious displeasure when their owners bestow any mark of attention toward other creatures. This is habitual to parrots, which scream with rage and attempt to fly at the individual whom the person they are attached to may happen to caress ; and should the attention be shown to one of their own species, their anger knows no bounds.

One, in the author's possession, deliberately left its perch on such an occasion, and ascending that of its smaller rival, destroyed it before assistance could arrive, and screamed and crowed with exultation. Monkeys are also extremely jealous of each other as well as of individuals ; an orang-outang in Paris, when ill and lying on the knees of its keeper, would allow no one, and particularly children, to approach him.

But pride is not so commonly displayed. A gentleman traveling in England had a letter of introduction to a person of some distinction whose whole estate was in excellent keeping. Among other fine animals shown him was a fine white cow, and this creature, he was told, was the very personification of pride. As though she considered herself of pure blue blood, she claimed precedence in all cases ; she always went ahead of the herd, the best bit of pasture was her exclusive domain, on which no other durst intrude. So far did she carry her pretensions, that if any of the other cows entered the stable before her, she would refuse to enter.

Anxious to see this with his own eyes, he desired to be taken to her stable at evening. The man, instructed how to act, drove in some of the other cows. The white cow drew up ; not only did she refuse to advance, in spite of all encouraging words, but her whole frame swelled with anger and offended dignity. She kept lowing continually. At last, the cows within, as though conscious that they had forgotten their place, began to come out, and as they were driven out, the proud white, with an evident air of gratified pride, strode in in state. It is almost impossible to convey the impression produced by this exhibition of downright pride. Hidalgo pride, in what many would call a dumb brute.



THE PRIDE OF A COW.—"AS THEY WERE DRIVEN OUT, THE PROUD WHITE, WITH AN EVIDENT AIR OF GRATIFIED PRIDE, STRODE IN IN STATE."

A LADY, now living in California, relates the following as an incident of her early life : "Traveling in a coach in a thinly settled part of Alabama with her parents, she gave utterance to the enthusiasm of a young girl at the romantic scenery. Her father apologized to a fellow-passenger for her exuberance. The stranger answered, 'Do not check her : enthusiasm is a gift of God ;' and then he began in eloquent language to tell of the scenes he had gazed upon, and the lands he had visited, dwelling alternately on the majesty of the wilds of the West and the splendors of the highest civilization. The girl's fancy was all aflame, and she led the stranger to speak of foreign lands, and at last of Spain ; until, forgetting himself, he spoke of scenes and narrated legends in words which disclosed to her his identity. Clapping her hands, she cried, 'You are Washington Irving !'"

## IN A CATHEDRAL.

[MIGUEL turns an honest penny by selling a scrap of information which comes in his way; settling a little private grudge of his own at the same time.]

Hush! it is he! be quiet, girl,
Push under your hood that one gold curl;
He will know us, be sure, if we stand and stare,
Kneel down, I say. (She is more than fair,
What with her cream-white skin, and her hair.)

Yes, it *is* warm; I am stifling, too.
The place is an oven, but what can we do?
If *they* stay, *we* stay. (How her great eyes flame!
These Spanish women deserve their name—
Beautiful leopards no hand can tame.)

You see, my lady, I did not lie,
Nor yet was mistaken—no, not I.
I stole behind them, and heard him say,
"You will meet me, Love, at the close of day
In the great dark church—'tis the only way."

Then—being an honest sort of a man—
I thought of you, lady, and straightway ran
Down to the palace, and would not go
Till you heard my story whether or no.
*(And so, Don Cæsar, I pay for your blow!)*

Ah! if those two fools only dreamed
*Whose* beautiful, baleful blue eyes gleamed,
Here in the shadow, a-watching them,
As a wild beast watches from out its den—
She will kill them both—but how, and when?

What! "go now?" I'm glad of the chance;
'Twas growing too warm; besides, there's a dance
Down at José's. Thanks for the gold.
May you live to be happy, and honored, and old,
And get you a lover whose heart's not so cold.

[*Pausing at the church door.*

Mother of God! to-night shall see
The twenty candles I promised thee
Alight in a row: perhaps I may give
A ring, or a—stop—a man must live.
One really would think my hand was a sieve.

—ADA VROOMAN LESLIE.

## PEASANT LIFE IN SWEDEN.

BOTH by law and by custom, the peasantry of Sweden, as of Norway, constitutes a distinct class. However wealthy any individual peasant may be, he still retains the dress and manners of his order, and, to a considerable extent, the customs of his ancestors.

In the times of the famous old Sea Kings, the Swedish *Bonde*, or peasant, held a position far superior to what he holds at the present day. With every degree of justice he called himself a freeborn man; for neither the feudal system nor vassalage, can be said to have ever existed in Sweden or Norway; although it would seem, from some chronicles, that the great landed proprietors, held something like the power of life and death over their retainers. The peasantry of the olden time constituted the nation itself; many of the class being the leading men of the country. Until within the last few years the "Bonde Stand," or peasant class, formed one of the four estates of the realm; and the peasant, as its representative, was entitled to sit at the King's banqueting table in the garb of his order—a long coat of home-made woolen cloth. At the present day there are, properly speaking, only two chambers or classes in the government. The members of the first are elected by the municipality of each province, and those of the second by almost universal suffrage. These latter are paid for their services; while the former must have a certain minimum property, and are consequently supposed to represent the wealth and the more conservative element of the nation.

But few of the peasantry of Sweden have surnames. The children merely take their father's Christian name in addition to their own. For example, if a man is named Sven Larsson, his son will be Jan, or Nils Svenson, and his daughter, Maria or Britta Svensdaughter. The confusion accruing from this would be great, were it not that in matters of business, the residence of the party is usually attached to his name. In the army to prevent the chaos that this custom would result in, fictitious names are given to the soldiers, such as those of various animals, birds, trees, &c.

It would be difficult to describe the costume of the Swedish peasantry, from the fact of its differing so widely not only in every province, but sometimes among parishes even. The only thing in this relation in universal use in Sweden, is the head-dress of the women—the "Hufond Duk" or kerchief, which, whether checked cotton, or rich brocade satin with its deep fringes, seems to set off a pretty face quite as well as a French bonnet.

Wingaker, near Lake Malaren, having obtained some degree of celebrity touching costume and manners, may bear a word or two in illustration. This place is said to have been formerly the abode of the Vikings. In outward appearance the inhabitants of Wingaker have long remained unchanged. They are in stature about the middle height; their face oval, their nose straight and their forehead so receding as to be, frequently on a line with it. The costume of the peasantry of this part of Sweden is very old. In 1749, they determined never to change it; and in 1755, their dress was defined, by royal mandate, both as regards form and color.

The every-day dress of the females consists of a yellow woollen petticoat, over which they wear a large close-fitting coat of white cloth, tucked up towards the back, with black cuffs and black collar; a red or yellow apron, and a handsome white ruff. Their holiday attire, is composed of an ordinary petticoat, green, close coat, with green jacket; or brown, close coat with blue jacket; white shirt sleeves; embroidered girdle of red morocco, and a many colored pocket. The costume of the unmarried and married women differ in the head-dress only; and it may here be mentioned, that it is the custom of both to conceal the hair. The head-dress of the unmarried consists of two rolls of linen covered with red cloth, underneath which the hair is hidden. On the forehead it is connected with two rows of ribbons. Over this head-dress the married wear a scarlet cap with flat crown and embroidered with orange-colored silk, and, over all, a white handkerchief. The bride's dress consists of a red petticoat, green apron, two or more silk ribbons hanging down from the back of the head; a few silk handkerchiefs stuck in at the girdle, an elaborately wrought brooch, or brass buckle, on the bosom, and embroidered gloves. The more wealthy girls, usually buy such a bride's dress long before they are betrothed, in order to be prepared when a suitor appears and triumphs; but those who are poor, get one from their future husbands.

The men in western Wingaker wear white, and in east, blue cloth coats with blue cuffs and narrow blue stripes on the collar, short, yellow leathern breeches, and white stockings, and, in rainy weather, blue cloth overcoats. These men, like those of other portions of Sweden, are inclined to be somewhat nomade. They leave their farms to the care of their wives and servants for a considerable portion of the year, and visit the neighboring districts with whatever they have to dispose of; although, it is thought, with small profit, to themselves.

The circumstances of the Swedish peasant, vary greatly. Such as own their farms or hold them from the Crown are very well off; and even the cotter, who rents his plot of ground from another, and who has his cow and sheep, as seen in our illustration, "The Hut on the Clearing," has but little to complain of. The mere day laborer, however, is not comfortably situated; as when work fails him, he has nothing to fall back upon.

The houses of the Swedish peasantry are generally pretty commodious, having two habitable rooms at the least, and one for culinary purposes, &c. They are constructed of squared pine logs, placed lengthwise on each other, and firmly morticed together at the ends, the interstices being filled with moss. The roof commonly consists of shingle, covered with turf or layers of birch bark. At times the outbuildings are detached; but frequently they constitute three sides of a quadrangle, and the dwelling house the fourth. Large glazed windows are universal. The rooms, or rather room, for in Winter, the inhabitants seldom occupy more than one, are warm and comfortable, owing to a slide in the upper part of the stove chimney, which lets the heat escape, or throws it into the apartment at pleasure. Turf is burnt in most parts of the country; for coal is not to be seen in the rural districts.

On entering a Swedish house, which you do without knocking, you find yourself in a large room that serves for a sitting, dining and sleeping apartment, when you mostly find all the family assembled. The furniture consists of a large deal table, one or more spinning wheels, and some deal sofas, which, on the removal of the seats, prove to be beds capable of holding one or two sleepers. The master and the mistress, however, are provided with a veritable bed, generally in a recess with curtains. A loud-ticking clock and a small bookshelf are also added; while overhead, one sees a goodly store of bread strung on a pole—large, thin cakes, with a hole in the middle, which reminds one strongly of a lot of small grindstones. The floor is strewn with sprigs of spruce-pine, or of juniper, hacked into small pieces.

The apartment generally has an open fireplace, and when at night the whole is lit up with laths of blazing pitch-pine, which with the peasantry almost universally supply the place of candles, it gives the impression of home comfort, most grateful to the weary and chilled traveler. Within, or rather beyond this apartment, is the family Sunday clothes room, which is sometimes used as a sleeping apartment; but as there is never any fire in it, the honor of lodging in it is seldom coveted in Winter. The kitchen, which is of small dimensions, is generally between these two rooms. And here it may be observed, that it is the houses of the better class of peasantry that are now spoken of; the poorer are much inferior, although not so wretched as the miserable mud hovels to be met in the wilds of both Ireland and Scotland.

There is generally a little plot of land attached to the house of the Swedish peasant, but it seldom contains other than a few common vegetables. Usually, however, there is some strong scented herb to be found in it, a sprig of which is placed between the leaves of the psalm book, which is always carried to church in a clean white pocket-handkerchief.

There are no trees about the peasant's homestead, particularly in the more northern parts of the country. This, it is supposed, arises from the idea entertained by some of the inhabitants, that an open view is the most beautiful in the world.

The better class of the peasants live well, possessing abundance of rye bread, milk, butter, cheese, pork and often beef and mutton. These latter, however, are always salted; as the lower classes entertain something approaching aversion to fresh meat. Common vegetables, especially potatoes, are in constant use among them; although porridge, whether of rye or oatmeal, is the common food of the poor. Their usual beverage is water, or the smallest of small beer, which they brew themselves. Coffee is generally found with them; but tea seldom or never.

Speaking generally, the houses and persons of the Swedish peasantry are not clean; and the practice of the whole family sleeping together huddled like pigs in one room, is most injurious to the health of the occupants. These latter seem to have a great aversion to fresh air, Winter or Summer, as the windows are almost invariably nailed down. They rarely take off more than their outer garments when they retire at night, and seldom wash themselves thoroughly more than once a week. They are generally early risers. Several hours before daylight one hears the whirr of the spinning wheel within doors, and the sound of the flail without. When well to do, they grow their own flax, and make their own linen. They also weave their own woollen clothes as well for the male as the female branches of the family.

The wealthier, when they kill cattle, generally slaughter a cow or an ox at least, together with two or three sheep and one or more pigs, in the Fall of the year. They mostly tan the skins, and at stated periods are visited by the itinerant shoemaker, who converts the leather into boots and shoes for the whole family.

In the rural districts now under consideration, the inhabitants are all versed in some handicraft or other. The peasant is, in fact, a tolerable mechanic, and there are few things he cannot turn his hand to.

In some parts of Sweden, particularly in the province of Bohus, a candidate for matrimony does not always court the maiden in person, but employs a "go-between," a "Boneman," literally a prayer-man, to prefer his suit. This important personage, who is supposed to be intimately acquainted with the circumstances of both parties, proceeds alone in the first instance to the house of the young girl to settle the affair. Should the maiden say "ja," or yes, the following Sunday is generally appointed for the young pair to meet, who, in many cases, may never have seen each other previously. The boneman then presents his client to the fair one, and asks her if he has not found her a promising youth for a husband. The young couple stand apart, it not being considered etiquette for them to speak to each other at this stage of the proceedings. In the meantime the girl is occupied knitting, while her suitor looks as if he had fallen from the clouds.

When, however, matters have been satisfactorily arranged, the day is fixed for betrothal, a ceremony which always precedes the wedding. This takes place in the presence of the friends and relations of both parties. Rings are exchanged in the first place, when they take each other by the hand in confirmation of everlasting fidelity, upon which the company lay their hands upon the contracting parties, as witnesses to the solemn engagement. Afterward, presents are exchanged between the betrothed, the maiden presenting some trifle worked by her own hands, and her swain giving her, among other things, a prayer-book, on the cover of which is impressed, in golden letters, some appropriate Bible words, with a heart. With the wealthy, such tokens of affection are often engraven on a small silver plate.

The wedding seldom occurs until some time after the betrothal. On its near approach, great preparations are made at the house where the happy event is to take place.

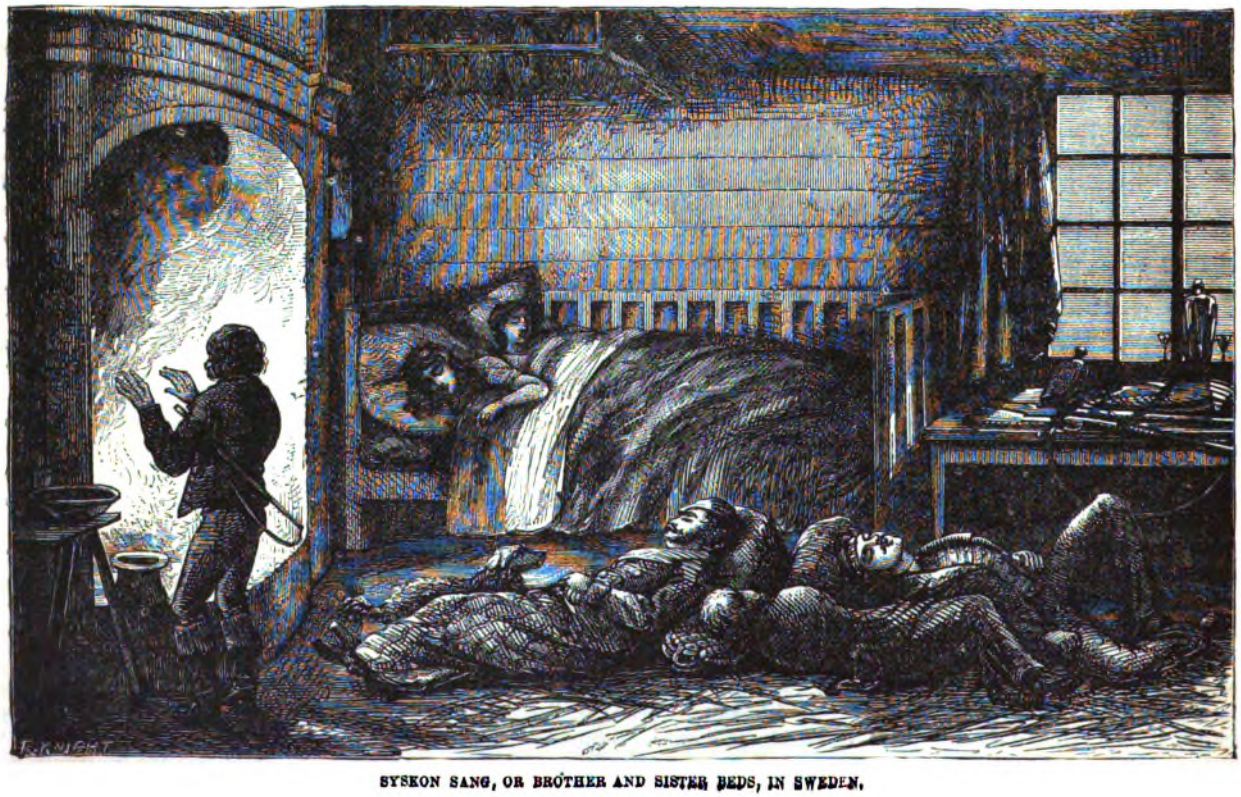
Without doors the bride's spruce pines—that is, young firs fifteen or twenty feet in height, divested of bark and branches to near the top, which forms a sort of crown—are raised on either side of the entrance gate to the homestead in her honor.

As might be supposed, the wedding, which sometimes lasts several days, would be most expensive to the young husband; but such is not the case, for while he is expected to find the liquors, the several families invited contribute to the general stock of eatables.

THE JUL BUSKE, OR CHRISTMAS TREE, IN SWEDEN.

In some places the marriage is solemnized in the church; but for the most part it takes place at the parsonage or at the house of the *brud*, or bride. But in any case, when she, on the morning of her nuptials, puts on her bridal shoes, to which there should be neither buckles nor ties of any kind, if she hopes to escape the difficulties of childbirth, a silver coin is placed in each of them, in the belief that money will then never be wanting to the young couple. When her shoes are on her feet, she must proceed to the cattle-house and milk one of the cows, so that milk may never fail in her new home.

Should the marriage take place in the church, the bride is attended by her tire-woman, generally the clergyman's wife, who places a coronet on her head, signalizing that she is



SYSKON SANG, OR BROTHER AND SISTER BEDS, IN SWEDEN.

queen of the day. She is also accompanied by bridesmaids and musicians, etc., while on her way to and from the sacred edifice.

Although the bride is gorgeously attired, the dress of the bridegroom differs but little from that worn by him ordinarily on Sundays. Toward the conclusion of the service, the bridal pair move up to the altar, and at a certain point kneel, when the clergyman performs the ceremony, which, though simple, resembles our own; the bridesmaids and men the while hold a canopy consisting of shawls over the happy couple. The services over, the bridal party leaves the church in much the same order as on its entrance; the musicians in front playing some gay tune.

On arriving at the home of the newly-married couple, all soon seat themselves at the banqueting-table, where the guests are ranged according to the degree of relationship they bear to the bride or bridegroom. In some instances the bride and bridegroom sit at separate tables. Each dish is brought into the apartment with a flourish of music; and the host himself, to show that he is lord of the occasion, moves about everywhere in his shirt-sleeves. One peculiarity of the wedding banquet is that a second plate is placed near to that of the bride, whereon she deposits a small portion of each of the viands of which she partakes, which plate is afterwards sent to some pensioner of the family.

The banquet over, the company amuse themselves as best they may—the old people with pipes and yarns, and the young with games of chance, riddles, and their most favorite dances.

MAY-DAY SPORTS IN SWEDEN.

The custom of dancing the coronet off the head of the bride is common in some places. With her eyes blindfolded, and while the maidens are dancing in a ring around her, she takes the coronet off her head and places it haphazard upon that of one of the young maidens, who, in consequence of having received it, is pronounced to be the first of the gay dancers who is to be married next. The bride then is lifted in a chair above the heads of her companions and, amid tremendous cheering, she drinks a toast, implying a hope that all maidens may soon alter their condition.

The bridegroom goes through a somewhat similar ceremony. The bachelors form a ring about him, and he in turn dances with them all. He is then hoisted on to the shoulders of one or other of them, and from this commanding position bids adieu to the unmarried. The Benedicts now advance to take forcible possession of him, when a skirmish ensues, at times not a little detrimental to both his clothes and person.

The festivities over, the happy couple retire to the bridal-chamber, soon after which the guests, singing in chorus and accompanied by the musicians, enter the room. Both the bride and bridegroom receive the company while sitting up in bed, and, treat everyone—the bride presenting the females with a glass of wine, and the bridegroom dealing out to the opposite sex a glass of brandy; whereupon all the guests retire.

When, however, the party of guests is too large to be accommodated comfortably, the general company have recourse to a so-called *Syskon sang*, literally a brother and sister bed, as seen in our engraving. This bed consists of clean long rye straw strewn over the floor of the apartment, and in Winter facing the fire-place, whereon both sexes, clad of course in their daily habiliments, repose indiscriminately, and without the remotest idea of indelicacy.

In some parts—and it is said to be a very ancient custom—the bride, on the day after her nuptials, purposely absents herself from the house. The bridegroom complains to the assembled guests that she has been stolen from him, and urges them to accompany him in pursuit. The pretended search takes place, and when the truant is found she is at once clad in her bridal-dress, of which she had previously divested herself, and escorted home again with great parade and ceremony.

The wedding festivities now usually last three days; but among the more wealthy peasants not unfrequently five or

A HORSE FAIR AT LUND, IN SWEDEN.

six. In some places the wedding-party, prior to its breaking up, ascend an eminence near to the house, and with shouts and hurrahs they enjoy themselves with *flipp*—a strong and inebriating liquor composed of brandy, ale, treacle, eggs, allspice, pepper, etc. At times a stone is erected on the spot in commemoration of the joyful event.

In various other portions of Sweden the wedding festivities differ somewhat in character from those just described. But our illustration of one of those gay processions in Warend, will convey a correct idea of this feature of the rejoicings generally.

Midsummer day in Sweden is called "St. Hans Day." Its eve is the most joyous night in the whole year. It is celebrated with bonfires, the thunder of cannon, and all manner of festivities. The bonfires, which are kindled upon eminences, were formerly called "Balder's Balar," being symbols of the obsequies of the god Balder, whose body, it is said, was consumed on an immense funeral pyre.

The great attraction of the evening, however, in the rural districts, is the Maj Strang or May Pole, shown in the engraving, and which is set up at Midsummer in every large hamlet, or near to the residence of some important landed proprietor. It consists of a straight and tall spruce pine tree divested of its branches, and often the thickness of a man's body at the base. At times, hoops, or pieces of wood placed crosswise are attached to it at intervals, while at other periods, it is provided with bows representing, so to say, a man with his arms akimbo. From top to bottom it is ornamented with flowers, gilt eggshells, leaves, and parti-colored strips of cloth. On its top is a vane or flag, commonly white or red, or which is inscribed the name of the Apostle John, or that of the hamlet, with date.

Some of these poles are thought to be symbolic of sun woorhip. The garlands being made to represent triangles and wheels with spokes; and it is known that these forms were used to represent the sun among the Phœnicians and the ancient Egyptians.

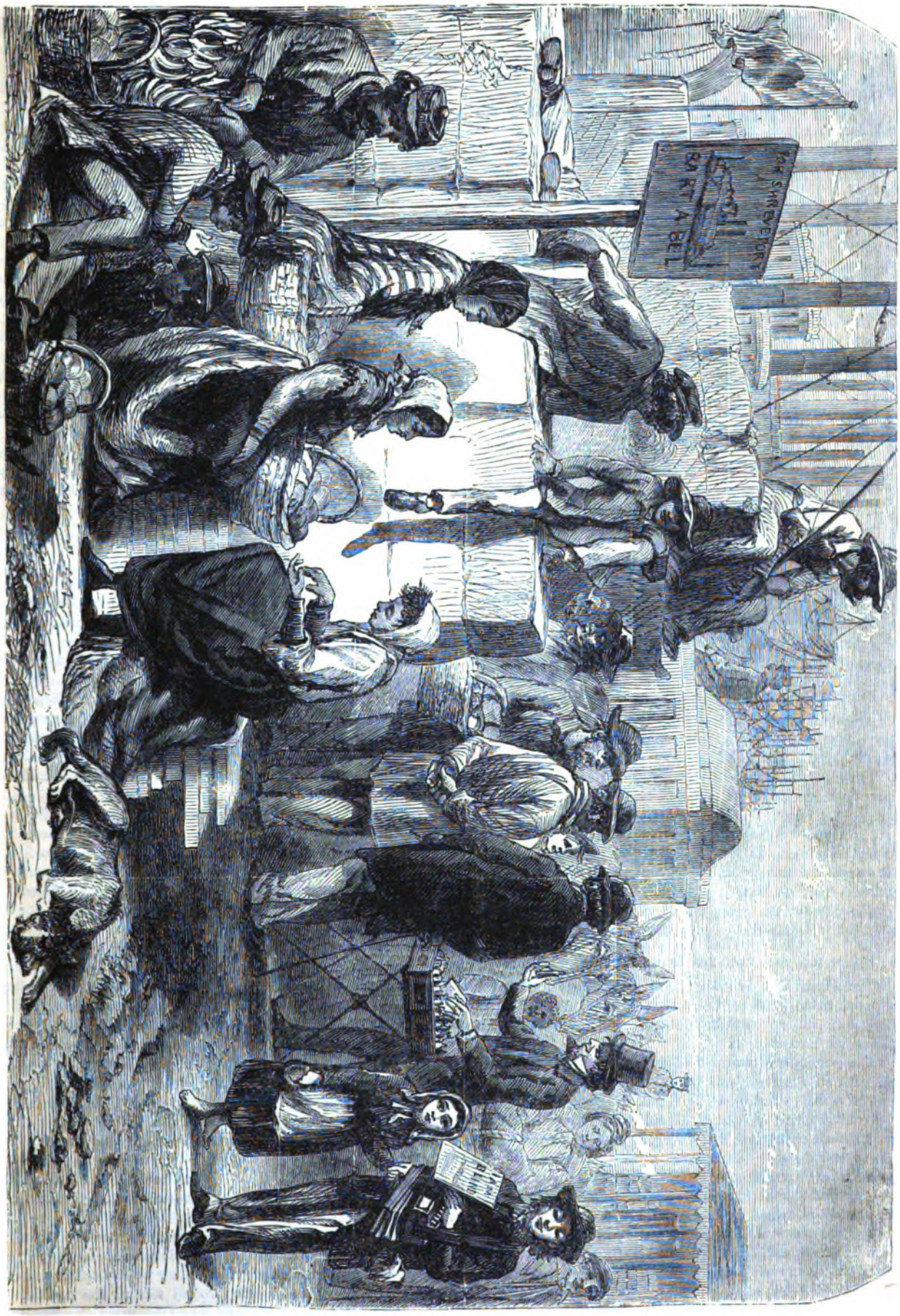
The raising the Maj Strang, which has been previously decorated by the village maidens, is attended with music, joyous exclamations, and the discharge of guns, and at times small pieces of cannon. People from all corners flock to it, and, forming a great ring, dance around it. When the dance is over, they sit down to enjoy themselves at an evening repast, where every care is forgotten, and pleasure rules the hour. A traveler observes, in relation to this festival of St. Hans' eve, at Stockholm: "If one takes a walk in the streets of the capital on Midsummer's eve, he will be greeted by a curious sight. The shops decked with evergreens, and over the doorways triumphal arches, from the centre of which hang crowns composed of wreaths of blue-bottle; the floors and passages are strewn with fragrant meadow sweet, and in the courtyards are seen small umbrageous bowers.

The girls who row the passengers from one island to the other—Stockholm is built on seven—decorate their little boats with wreaths and boughs flushed with flowers. The draymen deck their drays and horses in like manner, and even the hack horses have their heads ornamented with bunches of leaves. At every step one meets a child, with beaming face, bearing a doll, a penny trumpet or the like, and in almost every instance, a tiny Maj Stang also.

On Christmas day in Sweden, every one makes a point to attend matins, which begin very early in the morning, indeed before daybreak. In the rural districts people gather and carry a huge blazing flambeau. On reaching the church, which is brilliantly lighted, all these flambeaux are thrown into a heap outside, soon creating a magnificent bonfire.

The services on this day, though conducted in the ordinary manner, are noticeable from the fact that the officiating clergymen wear long and loose flowing white robes, with a

THE "TOMTE GUBBE."




SOUTHERN SCENES.—THE LEVEE AT NEW ORLEANS.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

The peasantry of Sweden are, as a general thing, honest and trustworthy. They are true and faithful to their king and fatherland. The women have many good qualities. They are frugal, thrifty and good managers, and make excellent wives and mothers. They are, besides, warm hearted and charitable.

A want of chastity among the peasant maidens is, however, said to be a common failing. In the imputation there seems to be some semblance of truth; as a *faux pas*, such as we would look on with horror in this America of ours, does not appear to be visited upon them with any such severity. Until such time as she is betrothed, it is hoped that the Swedish peasant spinster guards her virtue with every degree of care; but after her betrothal and the exchange of presents, it is said by M. Holmburg, that "the lover considers himself entitled to the like privileges as the benediction of the clergymen would bestow." Perhaps, however, in the rural districts of Sweden, accidents of this character are not more common than in other countries, and that upon the whole, the Swedish peasantry will compare favorably with that of any other land.

## SOUTHERN SCENES.

### THE LEVEE AT NEW ORLEANS.

THE population of New Orleans is perhaps more cosmopolitan in its character than that of any other American city. It is the second port in the country for immigration, and receives much the largest proportion of the French, Italians, Spaniards, and Greeks who settle within our borders. The levee, which serves the double purpose of a protection against inundation and a landing-place for the innumerable steamboats and other vessels engaged in the river and foreign trade, is broad and level, and being the place where all the immense river traffic is received and dispatched, is naturally crowded with all classes of people, and presents a scene of constant activity.

Our illustration represents some of the typical characters to be seen at any time upon it, engaged either in passing a lazy hour, watching the busy life about them, or driving small trades as peddlers, venders of fruits and small wares, and similar employments. A score of languages and dialects may be heard in these crowds, and the scene is a novel and interesting one to the Northern visitor.

The negro "roustabouts" or deck-hands of the great Mississippi steamers, a distinct class by themselves, are ubiquitous amid the throng, and their many ludicrous peculiarities afford a most amusing subject for observation.

The illustration gives an accurate idea of what may be seen daily at almost any point along the levee.

### CUTTING AND HAULING SUGAR-CANE IN LOUISIANA.

Our illustration, from a sketch made near New Orleans, represents the process of cutting the sugar-cane, preparatory to grinding it in the mill, and gives a thorough idea of how this work is carried on.

The cane is first stripped of its lower leaves, the top is cut off with a long knife, and then with a hoe the entire stalk is cut off close to the ground. The cane is always propagated by cuttings, and the details of cultivation vary considerably in different countries; but wherever it is grown it must have a very fertile soil. It is known to have attained its full growth by "arrowing," a term applied to the shooting up of a long joint (sometimes six or eight feet in length), which, if permitted, would bear the flower cluster. This shoot is called the arrow, and its appearance indicates that the cane should be topped, or cut up at once, to prevent the accumulated sugar in the juices of the plant from being expended in the production of flowers. In climates where the season is short, the cane does not "arrow," and the time for cutting is governed by the probable appearance of frost.

In Louisiana the cane begins to ripen at the bottom in August; as each joint ripens the leaf belonging to it withers, and when it is time to harvest it the upper part is cut back to a joint upon which the leaf is dry, and the crop is cut off at the ground.

As soon as the canes are cut they are gathered into bundles, which are hauled in carts to the mills and ground. There are many forms of mills, some of which are exceedingly rude, slow, and inefficient; but powerful mills, driven by steam, are employed upon the larger estates, the crushing apparatus usually consisting of three heavy cast-iron rollers. The canes are usually passed twice through the mill. About two-thirds of all the juice is extracted, and the crude liquor contains, besides sugar, woody fibre, soluble salts, albumen, caseine, wax, etc. The juice is immediately treated with lime or sulphurous acid, and heated to 140 deg. in large copper pans or clarifiers. The clear liquor, after cooling, is drawn off for concentration by boiling, again clarified, and transferred to large wooden vats, called coolers, for granulation. These operations have been variously modified, and many different processes employed under patented methods of manufacture.

During the gathering and crushing season the negro hands are allowed to gratify their appetites at pleasure, and they generally become fat and hearty from the quantity of the juicy cane they manage to consume.

## ADVENTURE WITH DYAK PIRATES.

BEFORE some of you were born, and before any of you can recollect, I first set foot in Singapore—a poor place then, which had to sing small on that tiny island between Batavia and Hong Kong. It had not more than two thousand inhabitants, and the town was nearly hidden in a mangrove swamp. Of the hundred and twenty thousands of Chinamen who now curse the place, there were scarce as many scores, and the white population hardly existed. But Singapore was always a pushing place—every man scheming and intriguing in this or that neighboring state where he had no right on earth to meddle.

And the firm in which I was a junior partner did not stand behind its rivals in folly. We lent money here, we encouraged rebellion there, we recruited, we sheltered—in fact, our house carried on the game royally. In furtherance of some such business, one day I found myself obliged to run across to Bruni. Seeing what my mission had for its object, I was obliged to charter a native boat. And to you men who have not visited the Straits, that craft would have seemed an object as droll as this world can show. She was about thirty to forty feet long, decked from bows to stern with "ataps," or palm-thatch, tied upon teak timbers that met each other in the middle of the dock. Through a square hole aft one could descend into the cabin, an apartment six by four, and three high. Another hole forward opened above the hold, which was filled with "notions," the speculation of the crew. No bulwarks, and when she sailed upon an even keel one was obliged to sit astride upon the middle ridge of the "ataps," as upon the roof of a dog-kennel. But her fashion of sailing was upon beam ends, and in that condition one slope of the deck became horizontal, of necessity. Scorpions and centipedes in numbers chased the cockroaches and other vermin in our very sight.

Malays believe that venomous reptiles become harmless on board ship, unless fresh importations, and certainly I saw no accident occur. On the fourth day we sighted the mountains of Borneo, and coasted round toward the capital. I was horribly tired of my uneasy couch upon the "ataps,"

for of course it was impossible to go below, and the view of those grand blue hills was most cheering. They hung high up in the clouds long before the low land grew visible, but at length the olive shadows of the wilderness filled that gap between cloudy mountain and blue sea, bordered along the coast-line by a pale-green sweep of mangroves, and, nearer still, by a long smooth belt of snowy sand, divided by a wall of weed, built up evenly by every tide. Pleasantly we coasted along, past Tanjong Datu, past Tanjong Upi, and at length, on the seventh day, came in sight of the dread Batang-Lupar River.

It was not the season usually chosen by the pirates for excursions, and we had hopes of passing unseen; even at the worst, we felt confident that these prudent marauders would think twice before risking a collision with white authorities; and though not unconscious of an excited thrill in turning my glass upon the reedy mouth of that terrible stream, I could not but feel contempt for a horde of savages. I knew they scourged these coasts with desperate and incredible ferocity; but I could not believe that the flag, which my "serang" displayed fore and aft and at each masthead, could possibly be treated with contempt by any pirates.

Such were my views on retiring to my berth, while slowly forging past the Batang-Lupar, on a night so soft and shining one might have thought the starry floor of heaven itself hung lower and more tenderly over that lovely land. Ah, you boys! It is not only the capacity for pleasure one loses in growing old; more than this we lose—the power of interpreting Nature's lesson.

After the moon rose, our wind blew slacker and slacker till it died away. Then the Malays grew nervous, and found themselves in a little silent group, crouched upon the atap-deck amidships. They gazed anxiously toward the wood of cocoanuts which glittered like water in the moon-rays. They whispered softly among themselves, and now and again the Reis lifted up his voice, and chanted some verses from the Koran.

Very solemn and weird it was to hear the sudden outbreak of that droning cry in the deep stillness, but such sounds were little in accordance with the character we desired to retain, and so I warned the crew. But the Reis answered, reverently, "We are in great danger, Tuan. You have trust in your flag." I could make no reply to that rebuke.

The night wore on. I dozed feverishly stretched upon the ataps. All at once, toward one o'clock, a murmur and a hurried movement of the crew awoke me. One and all had sprung to their feet. Some were staring with fixed eyes toward the river mouth; one or two hurried about the tiny deck, wringing their hands and muttering; but the Reis and the serang and the elder men were down upon their knees, with heads low bent, and faces turned to the Holy City. There was no tumult and little sound; only a low, inarticulate murmur, and a soft rustling of the "ataps" under restless feet.

I glanced toward the shore. Stealing out from the mangrove-belt, between two grassy tongues of land, swift as sea-birds and as noiseless, appeared the war-praus of the Serebas. A train of fire swept after them, and the glassy sea seemed to spring up in flame to meet their hundred paddles. Two praus there were, each containing full fifty men. To resist was evidently hopeless, and the Malays made no preparation. I still endeavored to retain my faith in our flag, and with a sickening heart watched the praus' course.

Our suspense was short; within five minutes we could hear the dull, faint clank, and see monstrous figures. Then, in an instant, the horrid yell of those fiends burst out terribly in the night. Then I knew our lives were over. I sat down on the "ataps," dazed and half-unconscious.

They paddled in silence after that sudden uproar, and the heavy boats fairly leapt along the waves under the eager beat of those strong arms. I watched their deadly approach without the power of making any effort to escape or to defend myself.

It was a ghastly time. I noted their glossy yellow skins as they drew nearer, the wild eyes almost protruding from the brows, the coarse mouths stained scarlet and black with "penang." I marked the sparkling of their long brazen gauntlets, covering their right arm from knuckle to elbow; of the score of rings adorning the outer edges of each ear from top to lobe in graduated size. I saw the weapons of every warrior beside him, parang or cris or sabre, mostly hung with long-dried scalps. All these things I noticed in one stupid gaze as they rushed toward us.

At fifty yards' distance, one of the richly-dressed Malays presented his rifle, and shot our Reis through the head.

The praus glided over to either side, and the warriors sprang down upon us.

It was a crush and press of fiends, hacking, hewing, and thrusting, with a murderous clamor and bloodthirsty mirth, with a clashing of arms, and a screaming of the wounded—a hellish delight of carnage.

I had hurried to the tiller, and there taken my stand. The crew was mostly cut down in the attitude of prayer, but two who jumped overboard were not pursued, save with laughter.

Standing in the stern, I was not meddled with, while any resistance remained; but when their murderous work was completed, a rush aft took place.

I presented my gun, and cried that the first approaching was a dead man. Then they perceived my color, for my face was white enough, I guess. The foremost, a handsome Malay, in gold-worked "sarong," kain bandara of gold-cloth, and ivory-hilted cris, paused suddenly and cried, in tones of astonishment and terror: "Orang putih—weh!"

The few Malays halted and looked at one another, but the wild Dyaks, drunk with blood and careless of any danger, moral or other, still pressed yelling toward me in spite of their frenzied protests.

One, whom I believed to be a Dyak, a stalwart warrior profusely adorned with golden ornaments, broke through the ring, and in self-defense I shot him.

Then such a rush ensued, I thought my last moment arrived. But while presenting my gun again, two naked arms closed round me, and held me fast. In an instant I was thrown over, and my weapons snatched away.

"The Tuan Pamantuah!" screamed the breathless Malays. "Hear him, friends! He is wise!"

Then my assailant, standing in front of me, spoke a few words to the horrid crew, and one and all sat instantly down upon the blood-stained ataps.

The chief bent toward me, and gave me his hand smilingly. I rose. The crowd made way for us silently, and we stepped across to the largest prau.

When we stood on the prau's deck, the Malays rose and followed us, with some twenty of the Dyaks more immediately attached to the Pamantuah, two of whom carried each a dripping head slung to his chowat or waistbelt. The paddlers went below, and in an instant we shot off from the fated craft, which the others were attaching to the smaller prau. The Pamantuah kept me beside him, looking occasionally into my face with that frank and pleasant smile which is habitual on the Dyak features when unmoved by violent emotion.

But we sped along up the river for two or three hours more, until reaching a small landing-place on the right bank. The Pamantuah gave me his hand, and we leapt ashore. I stood still and demanded to know my fate. "We will send you across to Pontianak," said one of the Malays, "or forward you by sea. You are safe. The Pamantuah has given

SOUTHERN SCENES.—CUTTING AND HAULING SUGAR-CANE IN LOUISIANA.—SEE PAGE 226.

his word for you." We resumed our march, and for an hour I balanced myself like a tight-rope dancer upon a Dyak high-road!

Their houses they elevate on posts twenty to thirty feet from mother earth. Their roads they raise on trestles three to ten feet high. Their bridges they hang from the tallest trees in the neighborhood. I have seen Dyak bridges so delicately yet firmly suspended a hundred feet above the water, that with twenty men upon them they sway in the lightest breeze. I have seen Dyak houses—one building, mind you—a thousand and odd feet long. But it is of their suspended roads, "batang" paths, as they are called, that I would speak. These consist simply of a single line of trees felled end to end, as the crow flies, through the forest. The crown and branches are lopped off, and the "batang," or trunk, is raised upon two huge stakes forming a St. Andrew's cross. To barefoot natives they are marvelously convenient, always dry, very lasting, and beyond the reach alike of prickly grasses and poisonous snakes. But to a booted white man it will be believed this tight-rope mode of travel is by no means comfortable. For an hour we journeyed, and scarce a word was spoken; for even these wild Dyaks, as I think, felt the deep solemnity of nature. But at length, toward dawn, a shouting was heard in front, and we came out beneath an enormous building which threw a shadow black as ink upon the surrounding forest. A dusky crowd pressed yelling round me as I followed the Pamantuah toward the notched log serving as a staircase. The chief led me up to his own hearthplace, and at a word from him I was left in peace. Though ignorant of the Dyak patois, I could understand that these ferocious savages were narrating their heroism with no slight exaggeration.

ADVENTURE WITH DYAK PIRATES.—"'JUSTICE, PAMANTUAH!' SCREAMED THIS TERRIBLE APPARITION. 'THE WHITE MAN KILLED MY BROTHER, AND I DEMAND HIS LIFE.'"

But very suddenly the babble of triumph, of laughter and rejoicing, was broken by a wild and thrilling cry: "Mati! Oh, my brother!"

And the crowd swayed to and fro as in furious struggling. I sprang to my feet, for the words were Malay, and foreboded danger.

The Pamantuah himself broke away and bounded to my side, just as a tall warrior broke the opposing circle, and stood panting before us. Blood streamed down his face from an old wound of which the bandages were torn away, and mingled with the foam about his mouth. Eyes so distended and blazing that they scarce seemed human glared upon me.

"Justice, Pamantuah!" screamed this terrible apparition. "The white man has killed my brother, and I demand his life."

The chief laughed low but scornfully.

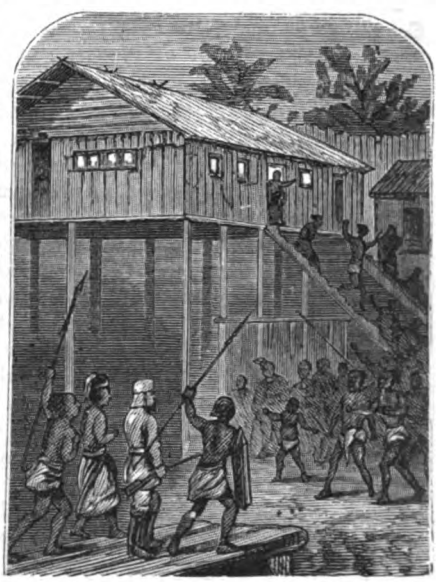
"It is a new thing, men of Serebas," he said, "that a beggar should threaten the meanest of us. You served me with your brother and your slaves, for a just share of the booty, and I say to you, S'Ali the Amok, that though you had all the rovers of Sulu here, you should not hurt one hair of this white man's head. Bind up your forehead, orang, or you will lose too much of that hot blood which threatens so readily. Go!"

The 'Lanun stood still for an instant. Never through eternity shall I forget his ghastly face, blood-dabbled, foam-streaked, working with all fell passions. All knew the signs upon his deathly face; but before one step was taken, one arm raised in defense, he seized a heavy parang, and with a yell dashed into the crowd.

There were many young girls there in all the bravery of golden waist-belts and silver gauntlets and armlets of costly shell. They went down in a heap before his blind fury. The air was full of blood and pitiful screams. Men fled in superstitious terror before the Amok. One sweep he made down the house, overthrowing every soul, without pity for age or sex, or fear for the most renowned.

The Pamantuah had been overwhelmed in a crowd of fugitives, he marked the Amok standing as in hesitation, upon the lintel, he bounded across the prostrate bodies, and, with one strong blow he severed the 'Lanun's muscles at the knee,

ADVENTURE WITH DYAK PIRATES.—"A STALWART WARRIOR BROKE THROUGH THE RING, AND IN SELF-DEFENSE I SHOT HIM."



ADVENTURE WITH DYAK PIRATES.—"A DUSKY CROWD PRESSED YELLING ROUND ME AS I FOLLOWED THE PAMANTUAH."

and as he fell backward cleft his skull to the neck, and the body fell with a dull thud on the earth below.

That was the most terrible case of Amok madness I ever saw. It passed in an instant — the outbreak, the horrid noise, the murders, and the vengeance; but killed outright, or hurt beyond hope, by slashes of the deadly Kayan sword, were four women and three men; wounded, ten women and four men.

Arms and hands had been lopped off at one blow, as with an ax, and I tell you that though I had heard many a time what fearful weapons those "parang latoks" were, I had not believed, nor could any man, one-half of the real terror of these long, pointless swords of iron, concave on one side, and convex on the other, the blade with a sort of twist in it, only to be seen in looking along the back, but declared by mechanicians to be of vast importance in giving to the stroke that incredible power which makes the marvel of the "parang latok."

Gentlemen, I have told my story, for they passed me safely round the Pontianak, and thence I took ship for Bruni. Has any one else any experience of the sort interesting to us?

## COACHES AND COACHING.

### PAST AND PRESENT.

THE recent remarkable revival of stage-coaching, which, springing up in England about ten years ago, has at length reached this side of the Atlantic, and infected our golden youth with a mania for assuming the duties of Jehu, renders opportune some account of the origin, progress, and decline of this mode of travel.

Although wheeled vehicles were known both to the Asiatic and the classic nations from the earliest historic periods, during the Middle Ages the only riding practiced was on horseback; and when near the close of the fifteenth century, carriages began again to appear, they were looked upon as fit only for women and invalids.

Frederic III. of Germany, it is said, came to attend the Council at Frankfort in 1474 in a close carriage. At the tournament at Ruppin, in 1509, the Electress of Brandenburg appeared in a coach completely covered with gilding, and the Duchess of Mecklenburg in one hung with red satin. Twelve other coaches brought to this tournament were gorgeously decorated with crimson and gold.

Despite edicts prohibiting their use to any but the highest orders in the State, the use of coaches soon became popular, and gradually extended to all the countries of Europe. The lack of carriage roads, and the narrow streets of the chief cities were, however, serious impediments to their employment, and as late as 1550 there were but three coaches in Paris. When Henry IV. was assassinated by Ravaillac, in 1610, he was riding through the city in his coach.

A sort of carriage called a whirlicote was known in England in the time of Richard II., but its use was probably very limited, owing to the want of passable roads. Sir Thomas Chamberlayne, who was ambassador to Charles V., Philip II. of Spain, and the King of Sweden, has been credited with the introduction of coaches into England, and it is also attributed by some writers to the Earl of Arundel, in 1555; but the accuracy of both assertions is more than doubtful. Stowe tells us that they were introduced in 1564 by a Dutchman, who afterwards became Queen Elizabeth's coachman.

It was not until a short time prior to the settlement of New England that carriages became familiar, and for a century later their use was mainly limited to the aristocracy and wealthy classes.

Coaches began to be kept for hire in London in 1625. In Edinburgh there were twenty hackney coaches in 1673, while in 1752 there were but fourteen, and in 1778 only nine. This reduction was due to the wretched condition of the roads and the narrowness of the streets, which rendered carriages almost useless, and caused sedan chairs to be substituted for them.

In the interior the only conveyance was the clumsy stage-wagon, used for carrying goods, at the back of which was reserved a covered space for six or eight passengers, who sat upon straw on the floor. In the reign of Charles II. stage-coach traveling was so poorly conducted that two days were spent in going from London to Oxford, fifty-eight miles; and in 1703, when Prince George of Denmark went from Windsor to Petworth, about forty miles, the journey occupied fourteen hours. In the middle of the eighteenth century the journey from London to Birmingham by stage-coach occupied three days, yet the distance is but 116 miles.

It is curious to note that even in the matter of stage-coaching, the long-sustained rivalry between Liverpool and Manchester characteristically displayed itself in the middle of the last century. Manchester advertised a coach to travel thence to London in four days! However incredible this might seem, the proprietors assured the public it would be done. Whereupon Liverpool started a coach to do the greater distance between that city and London in three days, and beat the Manchester coach, with its five miles an hour, off the road. Speed, however, was so little encouraged, that some owners of slow coaches in the last century had, as a motto on their panels, "*Sit cito si sat bene.*" One of the obstacles to speed was to be found in the miserable state of the roads. It is stated that a gentleman in Somersetshire, ordering a carriage of a London coachbuilder, was obliged to send him the measurement between the ruts of his roads, that he might have the wheels arranged to run in them. The other obstacle was to be found in the interest taken in travelers and their property by highwaymen.

These were the "gentlemen of the road," not vulgar footpads, and generally both well-armed and well-mounted, but often with more show of daring than real courage. They reckoned on travelers being terrified at their appearance and their demands, but a tough customer, who could support his resolution with a pistol, usually damped their valor. It is quite a mistake to believe in the bravery of these swaggering rascals; of bluster and bravado they had enough and to spare, but they were by nature sneaks, and when they got to Tyburn, whither most of them went at last, they, with few exceptions, "died," as the papers used to put it, "in a very proper state," which was one of abject and uncontrollable "funk." They were rare hands at robbing post-boys carrying letters, often with remittances; but their vocation passed away just as they had the strongest provocation to continue it. In 1784 the mail-coach came into use. Each coach carried a guard for the protection of passengers and freight. The latter partly consisted of thousands of pounds entrusted to the keeping of the guard by bankers; also plate-chests and jewelry. The guard had a blunderbus and pistols just in front of his seat, and he knew how to use them. Attempts were occasionally made to rob the mail, but the guard, generally speaking, blazed away from his dangerous elevation with such effect that highwaymen who escaped being killed grew disgusted, and, for the most part, the mails were let alone. Enclosures of land, moreover, began to create obstacles to escape. So, in time, robbery on the highway ceased to be profitable, and when the old highwaymen died out, at the gallows or elsewhere, they had no

successors in their calling; that is to say, there was a change in the methods of despoiling people of their property. Some of the old spirit, with much more than the old guile, has perhaps been shown on the occasions, not infrequent of late years, of the stoppage of railway trains and robbery of express cars, but to find the genuine, unfeeling, rascally highwayman, we must search the precincts of the stock exchange.

The first regular public conveyance between London and Edinburgh was established in 1785, when "a two-end glass coach machine, hung on steel springs, exceeding light and easy," was advertised to go through in ten days in Summer and twelve in Winter, lying over on the intervening Sunday at one of the towns on the route. The modern English mail coaches, running over splendid turnpike roads, making ten miles an hour, and changing horses at every stage, were the finest in the world; but were long since superseded by the railways that cover the country with a vast network of iron. The "palmy" days of English coaching were probably from 1830 to 1838.

In this country, Benjamin Franklin, then Deputy-Post-Master General, astonished the people of the colonies in 1760, by proposing to run a stage wagon, to carry the mail, between Philadelphia and Boston, starting from each city on Monday morning, and reaching its destination by Saturday night.

The American stage coaches, by repeated improvements, have become models of perfect construction, combining strength with lightness and gracefulness of form, together with comfort to the passengers, in a manner unequalled in any part of the world. They are unlike the English coaches in shape, and are made for carrying nine passengers upon three seats inside, two with the driver upon the "box" in front, and three upon a seat behind this on the front edge of the top. Concord, N. H., is the chief seat of the stage-coach manufacture, and "Concord" coaches are famous throughout the continent.

The present revival of stage-coaching began in England in 1866, when the "Old Times" coach was put on the Brighton road. The Four-in-Hand Driving Club, of London, was organized ten years earlier, in April 1856, but, being a private and very exclusive association, was of no utility to the general public, except as a spectacle.

About a dozen coaches now leave London daily, during the Summer season, or rather from May to October. All the drivers of these splendid coaches (*butterflies*, as such coaches are called in stable slang) which are now on the road and run only short journeys, are amateurs; in other words, they are gentlemen-coachmen. Both sets of drivers may be credited with equal knowledge or ignorance regarding "the angle of inclination of the line of traction," but the old professional driver had in his "knowledge-boot" the practical experience which served the same useful purpose. He would take a coach laden with heavy baggage, piled high above the heads of himself and passengers, full gallop round sharp corners or perilous curves. He knew to a hair's-breadth what was to be done, and his horses knew what was required of them. They seemed to take a pride in surmounting all road perils, making light of them, yet flinging up their heads with a sort of proud consciousness that there was something in them, and in him who had them in hand, which was not common to every team on the road. Very rarely indeed were accidents to be heard of, which could be traced to the professional coachman. It was when he entrusted the reins to an amateur, that the passengers were likely to come to grief; but even this was often averted by the quick eye and ready action of the professional driver. No doubt some gentlemen-drivers were, and a few are, as perfect in the art as those who were brought up to it, but there is a tendency in many of the amateurs to leave a good deal to the team. Things look well enough, and go easily on a straight bit of road; but when unexpected difficulty supervenes, the horses, failing to feel the necessary telegram along the reins, seem divided in opinion, and inclined to take opposite directions.

"To be a coachman," remarks an English writer, "you must take your degree; for driving four horses is an art, and a 'very pretty hart,' as was said by that excellent coachman, 'Chester Billy.'" It used to be said that lords and gentlemen who took to the box showed their intelligence by practically avowing that nature made them for more humble purposes, but they so often spilt their coachload that it was obvious they were not fit even for coachmen.

Among the English gentlemen who have proved that, should a bad time come, they might earn what is called "an honest bit of bread" for themselves and families by taking coachmen's wages, are the Duke of Beaufort, the Marquis of Blandford, the Earl of Bective, Lord Carrington, Lord Norreys, Lord Guildford, Lord Macduff, Lord Aveland, Lord Londesborough, Sir Henry de Bathe, with various colonels, majors, captains, and plain "misters."

Some of the more wealthy of these are proprietors only, but the greater number are amateur coachmen. These might be worse: one who has nothing to do is wise if, rather than do that, he drives a team of four.

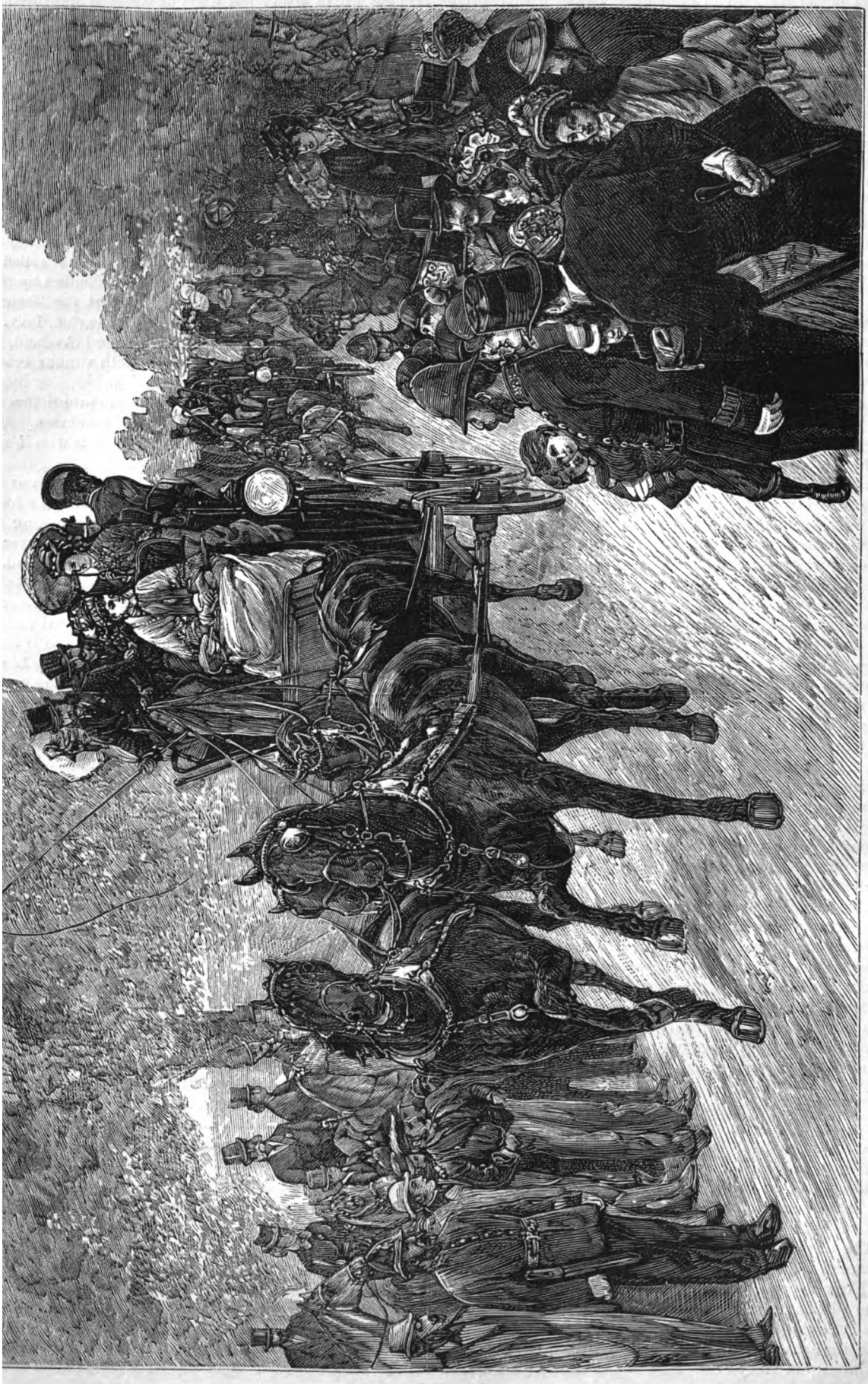
Till within the last three or four years, a man was to be seen every afternoon, and in all weathers, driving a four-in-hand out of London, generally going at a spanking pace, westward. He was always alone, and no one was ever seen to speak to him. He came rattling back at nightfall, and, as he swept rapidly over the road, people used to shake their heads, as if there was something uncanny in driver and equipage. The popular idea was that he enjoyed an allowance left him by his father, on condition of his daily driving four horses a certain distance out of, and back to, London. He and the weird turnout have disappeared, but perhaps they are still wildly careering over some asphalte road in Hades.

In the old days, when the lords of creation took to driving, they were followed in the fashion by the ladies. Dr. Young has illustrated this fact in the fifth of his "Satires (which are less read than they deserve to be) On Women":

> "More than one steed must Delia's empire feel,
> Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel;
> And, as she guides it through th' admiring throng,
> With what an air she smacks the silken thong!
> Graceful as John she moderates the reins,
> And whistles sweet her diuretic strains.
> Sesostris-like, such charioteers as these
> May drive six harnessed monarchs, if they please.
> They drive, row, run, with love of glory smit;
> Leap, swim, shoot flying, and pronounce on wit."

Satire did not reach the gentlemen-coachmen till long after—namely, in Holcroft's comedy, "The Road to Ruin," which was first acted at Covent Garden, in February, 1792. In that popular piece mercurial Lewis, as *Goldfinch*, with his top-boots, capes, whip, slang, and his cant cry of "That's your sort!" exposed the follies and other characteristics of the amateur coachmen to the hilarious delight of crowded audiences.

The passion for driving, and that for having a first-rate turn-out, may be said to have prevailed at an early period in Britain. It is worthy of note that Cicero, writing to a friend in Britain, remarked that there was nothing worth bringing out of the island but chariots, of which he wished to have one for a pattern. Perhaps this warrants the modern Britons in flattering themselves that they take precedence in coaching of all the world. Later, to possess a chariot was, like Thurtell's gig, to possess a visible testimony of respectability. "The world," says Stowe, "runs on wheels with



THE LONDON FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB PARADING IN HYDE PARK.

many, whose parents were glad to go on foot." Rivalry in the splendor of the turn-out was not rare. When the Duke of Buckingham, in 1619, set the example of being drawn by six horses, the Earl of Northumberland would not let his dignity be drawn by less than eight. It is more worthy of remark that in the last-named century coaches were in such general use with the wealthy squires and noble landlords that moralists took alarm at the fact. Coaches, it was said, gave facilities for coming to town, where squires, lords, and their families (says Crossel of the Charter House) "must go to the mode, get fine clothes, go to plays and treats, and by these means get such a habit of idleness and love of pleasure that they are uneasy for ever after." The drama had its shaft of satire to fling at most extravagant follies; and Cibber, in "The Provoked Husband; or, a Journey to London," has put into the mouth of honest *John Moody* one of the raciest descriptions extant of a journey to the metropolis in the family coach, drawn by the family horses. The wagon-journeying, and the frolics in the straw of lively ensigns and coquetting damsels have been even more happily satirized by Fielding. The wayfaring of a young couple on horseback, the nymph on a pillion, with her hand on the belt of the swain who was in the saddle, had something so pretty, pastoral, and poetic in it, that satire could not reach it. There was something like dignity in it, even when the riders were aged. It was a mirthful method of locomotion, and there was seldom an instance when it could be said of such method, "Post equitem sedet atra cura."

ENGLISH COACHES—TIME OF CHARLES II.

Coach-carried travelers, riders on horseback, single or with a lass or a lady on the pillion, carriers of goods, and bearers of letters, found no lack of inns in London in the seventeenth century, when wayfarers wended thitherward for pleasure or business. We doubt if any of those stirring and crowded hostelries now exist, save one. Of the Bell Inn, in Warwick Lane, where Archbishop Leighton had his wish granted of dying in an inn, away from home, there exists nothing but the name; a shed, or little better, calls itself "The Old Bell Inn Booking-office." But, down a short side street on the opposite side of the way, you may still find the Oxford Arms, in its ancient form. It was a place of great resort in Charles the Second's days, and there is much carrying business transacted there still. The balustraded galleries round the yard are intact, though dirty and decayed. The chambers opening on the galleries are no longer occupied by travelers who come and go, but by "lodgers," to whom the rooms are let for fixed terms. Despite the confusion, the dirt, and the decay, he who stands in the yard of this ancient inn, may get an excellent idea of what it was like in the days of its prosperity, when not only travelers in coach or saddle rode into, or out of, the yard, but poor players and mountebanks set up their stage for the entertainment of spectators, who hung over the galleries, or looked on from their rooms—a name by which the boxes of a theatre were first known. They who would look back, as it were, on an old bit of life should lose little time, for old London is disappearing with marvelous swiftness from amidst the bricks, mortar, cement, stucco, and costly untastefulness of the newer city. We are inclined to believe that there are more pack-horse roads, and even pilgrim roads in England, yet serving the purposes of pedestrian travelers, than there are inns, where such old travelers used to be received.

The following amusing story of a successful swindle in the old coaching days is told by a veteran mail-guard:

"In the pretty village of Ivybridge, Devonshire, on the main road from Devonport to London, stood R——'s small, snug hotel, one of the regular stopping places of the 'Quicksilver' mail. One day a gentlemanly man, dressed in one of those long coats which buttoned down well towards the feet, and which at that time were fashionable, called at this hotel and engaged a room for the night. After a capital dinner and mine host's best wine, he sent the waiter to ask if the landlord would join him in a cigar and a glass of grog, and so a pleasant evening was passed; the two parted at bedtime, mutually pleased with each other, and the traveler, giving orders to be called early in the morning, retired to rest. Punctual to his orders a servant called him in due course, but great was the former's consternation when he was re-summoned and informed by the gentleman that his breeches had been stolen during the night. Here was an embarrassing position for the inmate of a respectable hotel to be placed in

ENGLISH COACHES—TIME OF QUEEN ANNE.

A SWISS DILIGENCE.

But Mr. R. speedily came to the rescue. In fact the credit of his house demanded it, and a pair of his best breeches were placed at the stranger's service. So far all was satisfactorily arranged, but Mr. R's troubles were not yet over, and when the traveling gentleman informed him that in one of the pockets of the stolen breeches a £5 note had been placed, he had no other course, to save the honor of his house, than to find another instead of the one lost. And so the gentlemanly traveler departed in peace, or rather in Mr. R's breeches, with the £5 note safely in his possession, after having taken a friendly farewell of Mr. R., who again and again expressed his regret at the unfortunate occurrence which had taken place. Of course Mr. R. determined to discover and punish the daring thief, and instituted the most searching inquiries. He never found the thief, however, but he learned that the strange gentleman had sold his breeches at Ashburton the day before he honored his hotel with a visit, and that the reason he could not find his own breeches in the morning was because he had none on when he entered the hotel, his long coat so completely hiding his legs, that no one suspected his "Bryan O'Linn"-like attire. So R. gave away his best breeches, and paid the obliging stranger £5 for taking them. Somehow he never took kindly to travelers in those long-buttoned coats afterwards."

Stage-coaching can hardly be said to have ever had an existence in France, or elsewhere on the continent, for the old-time *diligence*, like its modern namesake, was a heavy, cumbersome, unwieldy vehicle, unworthy of comparison with the dashing English mail coach.

At the commencement of the seventeenth century there were not fifty carriages to be seen in Paris; in the reign of Louis XIV. all the world possessed them, as otherwise they would have been unable to present themselves at court. No longer could they go to the palace on horseback, although the privilege was still allowed to certain members of Parliament. This, however, ceased entirely about the middle of the reign of Louis XIV.

The adoption of this general use of wheel carriages produced a great change in the habits of social life, and had much influence on the political state of the country. The state of public roads, which the necessity of traveling on horseback imposes, must immediately influence all military movements and all communication of intelligence, must triple the expense of all commercial transfers, and prevent, or render difficult, all merely social meetings, except between the nearest neighbors.

When Laporte, the *valet-de-chambre* to Anne of Austria, tells us that in the Winter of the year 1635, between Piteaux and Paris, on the route of Orleans, the road was so bad that the queen was obliged to sleep in her carriage, because neither the mules nor the carts that carried her baggage could possibly arrive, we may conceive how little Winter traveling there could have been in France.

Although coaches were already known and used in Paris,

THE OVERLAND MAIL.

they were so unlike the modern vehicles of the same name, that the pleasures, engagements, and assignations of the young men were still pursued on horseback; but at the end of the reign of Louis XIV. the luxury of carriages was so universal that riding among the young men was confined entirely to the *ménage*, to hunting, and to their military life. A change of dress had, indeed, necessitated a change in their mode of conveyance. The military costume was no longer that of the court; their boots and cloaks had disappeared, except when with their regiments; and the knots of ribbons, the short sleeves, the long ruffles, the lace, fringe, and embroidery, and the flowing periwigs now general, were perfectly incompatible with an evening ride from the Louvre to the Marais.

Fatal rencontres frequently took place from disturbances in the streets. The Comte de Soissons and the Prince de Conti's coaches meeting in a narrow place near the Louvre, by the bad driving of their coachmen jostled against each other; their followers soon came to blows, and so much ill-feeling was engendered, that the next morning both gentlemen assembled their friends and followers, the Duke de Guise joining his brother-in-law, the Prince de Conti, and the Prince de Condé with the Comte de Soissons, his uncle, and they came out into the streets with at least three or four hundred mounted men, and engaged in a desperate and bloody affray.

The *diligences* now in use are, from their great weight and clumsy construction, only adapted for use on smooth roads. They are formed in three compartments, the front one, called the *côupé*, having a seat for three persons, facing forward; the middle compartment, the *interieur*, has seats for six, like a hackney-coach; and behind this is the *rotonde*, with seats for six or eight passengers, who sit with their backs to the sides of the carriage. On the front part of the top is the *banquette*, sometimes covered with a hood, with seats for four passengers. The driver rides one of the horses, of which five or six are commonly employed.

Of American stage-coaching, prior to the introduction of railways, little can be said in praise. With the possible exception of a few short routes in the Eastern and Middle States, stage travel was rendered extremely tedious by the bad roads, while the general equipage was much inferior to that of the English lines.

The opening of the Overland Mail Route to California, in 1858, marked the introduction of a new system; speed, comfort, and safety came to be the distinctive features of the lines managed by the Overland Mail Company; and although that corporation ceased to exist with the completion of the Pacific Railroad, its methods were followed by other lines, and now of all modern stage-coaching the best the world can show is to be found on the local mail routes in the States and Territories of the Pacific coast.

Using the "Concord" coach, drawn by six wiry, half-bred and wholly wild mustangs, the practiced driver will keep up a steady gait of ten or twelve miles an hour, whirling around sharp corners, and skirting frightful precipices at the same tremendous pace. A ride on the box seat beside one of the "crack" drivers is apt to be too much for weak nerves, yet accidents rarely happen, and the chief inconvenience experienced arises from the unwelcome attentions of the "road agents," the successors of the old-time highwaymen.

Before the opening of the Pacific Railroad the coaches made the distance from Virginia City, Nev., to Placerville, Cal., 154 miles, in fifteen hours and twenty minutes, including a delay of half an hour for supper, and sixteen shorter stops to change horses. Every one has read of the late Mr. Greeley's famous coach ride, and of Hank Monk, the driver, who was bound to get him through "on time." As nearly every tourist who visits the Pacific slope writes a narrative of his experiences, and invariably includes the anecdote referred to, it is unnecessary to repeat it here; the curious may find it in the veracious chronicles of Mark Twain.

The London Four-in-hand Driving Club, the pioneer of all similar organizations, was formed, as previously mentioned, in 1856. Its formation was due to the late Mr. William Morritt, whose four dashing roans and handsome yellow coach were long well-known on the road. The club rules require coaches to keep their places in line when parading, and turning out to pass a coach ahead is prohibited, unless the latter is standing still. The pace is not to exceed ten miles an hour. The order for starting is arranged by lot. Hyde Park is the starting point. The club is limited to thirty members, and should a member be absent for a whole year he ceases to be a member. The first "meet" of the club the present season occurred on May 24th, when seventeen coaches were in line.

The growing taste for the road, and the exclusiveness of the Four-in-Hand Club, led to the formation, in 1870, of a new driving club, called the "Coaching Club," which started under the best auspices. It was a success from the start, for at its first public appearance twenty-two coaches paraded, and it has since continued to flourish. At the first meeting of this season, on May 20th, no less than thirty-two coaches turned out, and the display is said to have been the finest of the kind ever witnessed in London.

Coaching, as an elegant amusement, is in this country confined wholly to the vicinity of New York, and is of such recent introduction that its history may be summed up in a few words.

The first attempt to form a four-in-hand club here resulted in failure; the club fell into financial difficulties, and its property was recently sold at auction to satisfy creditors. The present organization, known as the New York Coaching Club, has been more successful.

The first parade this season took place on April 22d, when six handsome drags appeared in line. Starting at Madison Square, they drove through Fifth Avenue and the Central Park to Stetson's; then returning passed down the avenue to Washington Square, circling the fountain, and thence back to Twenty-sixth Street and Broadway, where the parade was dismissed.

The glittering spectacle attracted an immense crowd of people. The "gentlemen-coachmen," who on this occasion "tooled" their teams with great skill along the crowded avenue and through the thronged drives of the park, were Colonel William Jay, president of the club; James Gordon Bennett, vice-president; Frederic Bronson, Colonel Delancy Kane, Leonard Jerome, and William P. Douglass.

The club is said to be rapidly increasing in numbers, and several members are having coaches built by city makers, most of those thus far seen here being of English manufacture. The sport is, however, too expensive ever to become popular, and will be monopolized by the few on whom fortune has showered her favors with a liberal hand.

Colonel Delancy Kane, who is one of the most enthusiastic members of the club, and who last year ran a coach from London to Virginia Water, twenty-eight miles out, put his handsome canary-colored coach on the road May 1st, and has since run it regularly, at first to Pelham Bridge, and more recently to New Rochelle, making the round trip once daily.

ENGLISH HACKNEY COACHMAN OF THE TIME OF CHARLES II.

The experiment has been highly successful, the coach carrying full loads every trip, with seats engaged four or five weeks ahead. The rate of speed maintained is ten miles an hour, including stoppages, and twenty horses are kept to run the coach.

No pleasanter manner of spending a holiday can be imagined than to take the box-seat, and be driven rapidly over the capital roads of Westchester County, the merry notes of the guard's horn waking the echoes of hill and dale, and the fresh morning air having all the exhilarating effect of champagne.

In closing this somewhat desultory sketch we cannot do better than quote the following inimitable description of a stage-coach journey in England in "the old coaching days," a pen-picture familiar to all readers of "Pickwick."

"They have rumbled through the streets, and jolted over the stones, and at length reach the wide and open country. The wheels skim over the hard and frosty ground; and the horses, bursting into a canter at a smart crack of the whip, step along the road as if the load behind them were but a feather at their heels. They have descended a gentle slope, and enter upon a level, as compact and dry as a solid block of marble, two miles long. Another crack of the whip, and on they speed, at a smart gallop: the horses tossing their heads and rattling the harness, as if in exhilaration at the rapidity of the motion; while the coachman, holding whip and reins in one hand, takes off his hat with the other, and resting it on his knees, pulls out his handkerchief, and wipes his forehead: partly because he has a habit of doing it, and partly because it's as well to show the passengers how cool he is, and what an easy thing it is to drive a four-in-hand, when you have had as much practice as he has. Having done this very leisurely (otherwise the effect would be materially impaired), he replaces his handkerchief, pulls on his hat, adjusts his gloves, squares his elbows, cracks the whip again, and on they speed, more merrily than before.

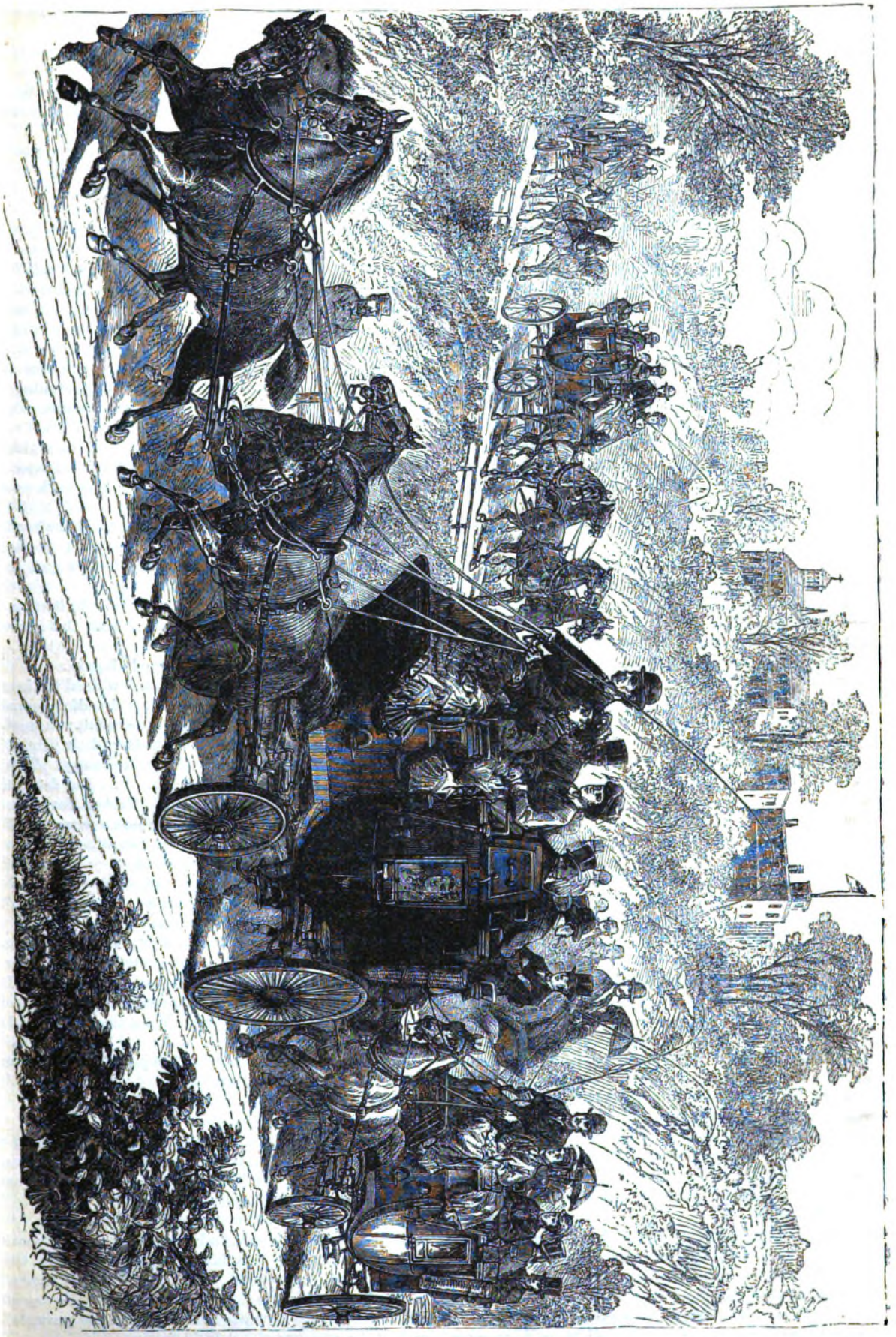
* * * * * * *

"And now the bugle plays a lively air as the coach rattles through the ill-paved streets of a country town; and the coachman, undoing the buckle which keeps his ribands together, prepares to throw them off the moment he stops. . . . They pull up at the inn-yard, where the fresh horses, with cloths on, are already waiting. The coachman throws down the reins and gets down himself, and the other outside passengers drop down also, except those who have no great confidence in their ability to get up again; and they remain where they are, and stamp their feet against the coach to warm them—looking, with longing eyes and red noses, at the bright fire in the inn bar, and the sprigs of holly with red berries which ornament the window.

"But the guard has delivered at the corn-dealer's the brown paper packet he took out of the little pouch which hangs over his shoulder by a leathern strap, and has seen the horses carefully put to, and has thrown on the pavement the saddle which was brought from London on the coach-roof, and has assisted in the conference between the coachman and the hostler about the gray mare that hurt her off-fore-leg last Tuesday. . . . . The coachman shouts an admonitory 'Now, then, gen'l'm'n!' the guard re-echoes it, 'All right,' and off they start. Shawls are pulled up, coat-collars re-adjusted, the pavement ceases, the houses disappear, and they are once again dashing along the open road, with the fresh, clear air blowing in their faces, and gladdening their very hearts within them."

A MEXICAN MAIL COACH.

It is not easy to improve upon such perfect word-painting; and, although since coaching became a fashionable pastime old-fogydom has rushed into print and regaled us with astonishing "yarns" *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, which, being interpreted, means, "of coaches, coachmen,



THE NEW YORK FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB IN CENTRAL PARK.

guards, and horses;" or, if literally translated, may be rendered, "of the omnibus, the return 'bus, and the 'bus that was cursed for stopping at the ale-houses," we must still turn to the pages of "the master" to catch the salient points of coaching in the olden time.

## CURRANT JELLY.

MAGGIE SMITEN'S mother was an invalid, and Maggie Smiten was in a muss. This was not to be wondered at, for the day was hot and sultry, and everything had gone criss-cross.

In the first place, Mrs. Smiten, who had a mania for fruit preserving, had progressed as far as the partial straining of a bushel or less of dead-ripe currants for jelly, had been compelled to leave all and go to bed.

Maggie had made elaborate preparations for a picnic this same day, but of course the currants must not be allowed to go to waste, and the disappointed girl had just dispatched a note to the master of ceremonies, informing him of her mother's illness, and her inability to join the festivities. This was very provoking, and when we add to it the fact that Maggie had begged her mother the day before to defer the preserving until after the picnic, it becomes doubly so.

Maggie felt injured—defrauded of her right, and this was but natural.

"It is the third time this Summer I have been disappointed," she muttered, between her pearly teeth; "and then——"

These two last words contained a secret, and the principal secret of her disappointment as well. The fact was, Maggie had quarreled the preceding evening with somebody whom way down in the depths of her heart she was very fond of. This somebody was the young minister, who had been filling the pulpit for the aged pastor, who had ministered in this country town for more than half a century, and who now sought necessary recuperation with his children in the West.

"What do you say—quarreled with the minister?" inquired a shocked elder. "Surely the minister did not quarrel."

Oh, no! He only looked hurt and dignified, but had answered the saucy minx never a word—and this was the proper way to treat her, which fact, by-the-way, the young D.D. seemed to thoroughly realize.

What motive or set of motives can form the foundation of the behavior which young women so frequently affect toward those of the opposite sex they really care the most for?

The amount of snubbing that Maggie had practised upon Harvey Hibben was quite beyond the usual amount in such cases.

The night before, Mr. Hibben had accompanied Maggie home from a musical party, given by a friend, and this was what happened on their way to the Smiten homestead:

"I think it very stupid," she said, "to have a picnic, and then come home like a lot of whipped children at sunset. A moonlight sail would be a proper ending of a pleasure excursion like this."

No answer. Maggie had overheard her companion helping old Mrs. Harris veto such an arrangement, and as this was the only tangible point for disagreement at that time, she proposed to make the most of it.

"I think those who want to go sailing after the picnic should be allowed the privilege. I shall move to-morrow that all the old fogies land when they get ready, and the rest of us, who know what a good time is, go on our way. I don't think that fussy Mrs. Harris should be allowed to control the movements of the whole party. Do you?"

This with a little spice of malice, which her companion was not slow to notice.

"As you heard every word of my conversation with Mrs. Harris, and know precisely how I stand in the matter, it strikes me your question is slightly unnecessary."

"Why don't you add impertinent also?" interrupted the minx, with flashing eyes.

"Because that is hardly the proper name for it."

"I suppose you have a word that will just fit?"

"I don't think of any just now. I can give you my reasons, Miss Maggie, if you like, for agreeing with Mrs. Harris about the impropriety of the moonlight sail."

"Your reasons are quite obvious. The diplomatic evidently predominates in your nature. It won't do, of course, to offend so influential a church member as this old marplot. It is plain enough."

Not a word more was spoken, until, five minutes after, Maggie said, in a very dignified tone, "Good-evening, Mr. Hibben," and, without awaiting for a response, tripped lightly up the garden walk and entered the house."

Maggie's conscience had tormented her all the night, and the only comfort she could extract from her behavior was, that Harvey Hibben wouldn't think she was in love with him.

"I suppose he thinks every girl in the town is after him; and they do act like a set of fools, anyway. I guess he'll leave me out after this," muttered the foolish girl, as she tossed and turned and tried to sleep.

"Is Mr. Hibben going?" inquired Mrs. Smiten, as she prepared to go to bed again at ten o'clock the following morning.

"Yes, Mr. Hibben is going," snapped Maggie.

"I don't see how you can be so cross," whined the invalid. "If you knew how I suffered with this dreadful neuralgia, liable to be taken down with it at any moment, you wouldn't show so much temper about a little matter like a picnic."

Maggie made no answer. What could she say? The picnic was not a "little matter" to her. She had determined the night before to apologize to Mr. Hibben for her rudeness, even at the risk of having him think the worst, viz., in love with him; but now she must remain at home, nurse her mother, and make currant jelly instead.

Maggie surveyed the luscious fruit with unqualified disgust. Just then merry voices were heard outside the door, and "Maggie Smiten" was vociferously called for.

There they were, a gay party of thirty or forty, bent upon dragging Maggie along with them whether she would or no.

Mr. Hibben looked very bright and happy beside Belle Seymour, and Belle Seymour's expression said, more plainly than words, "I've got him, girls. What are you going to do about it?"

"*Why* can't you go, Maggie?" inquired Belle, evidently trying hard to look sympathetic.

"Is it *really* impossible?" inquired the minister.

Maggie's eyes filled with tears.

"If he hadn't spoken so kindly," she told herself in confidence afterward, "I could have managed it well enough; but I wasn't crying for him, anyway, though I suppose he will think so—men *are* so conceited."

"*Why* can't you go?" persisted Miss Seymour.

"Because mother is sick, and I have currant jelly to make—that's why. Don't say anything more to me, please. Go on, and don't bother about me. I hope you will all have a real nice time;" and Maggie closed the door upon her tormentors, and then cried till her eyes were as red as the currants that awaited the pressure of her little fingers.

Maggie went to work after the manner of a true heroine; but it was very plain to be seen that a subject of deeper interest than the manufacture of currant jelly engrossed her.

The fruit was strained in a jiffy, the sugar weighed and added in another jiffy, and when Mrs. Smiten appeared on the scene of action, three hours after, the crimson liquid was already in process of cooling.

"Why, how quick you have finished, child!" were the lady's first words as she critically examined the work of her daughter's hands. "I am so sorry you hurried so! My head is so much better, I could have helped you this afternoon."

The only answer Mrs. Smiten received was, in reality, no answer at all, for Maggie simply said:

"Mother, I am going to the picnic."

"What! at this late hour? What will folks think?"

"That the jelly is done, and you have gotten over your neuralgia, I suppose. What else is there to think?"

"That you are very anxious to be there, *I* suppose; and I shouldn't be at all surprised if some of 'em should say that the minister was at the bottom of your anxiety!"

What wet blankets mothers do throw over their children sometimes!

"Let them," replied Maggie, wrathfully. "They will probably see before night how much truth there is in their surmises, and——"

"Maggie Smiten, now don't go to showing off. It'll be just like you to do something ridiculous," interrupted her mother.

Poor Maggie! those hasty, most inappropriate, and entirely uncalled-for words had the effect upon the young girl that a sharp cut of the whip might have upon a restive, high-spirited horse, goading him on to fresh mischief.

Mrs. Smiten continued:

"Mrs. Bennett told me last evening that the minister walked home with Frank the other night, from prayer-meeting, and told him that he never in all his life came across such a set of girls as there are in this town. He says they call upon him in his study, tag after him when he comes out of evening meetings, and really are the pests of his existence."

"*Are* they?" inquired Maggie, with peculiar emphasis.

"He says, too, that he shall be more thankful than words can express when the old gentleman gets back."

"He seemed contented enough with Belle Seymour this morning," growled Maggie.

"Oh, yes; Belle—I believe he did make an exception in her favor. He thinks her very lady-like and kind-hearted. Her father has money, you know."

Fifteen minutes after, our young lady was being propelled over the river in a row-boat by a sunburnt urchin, whose eyes danced with delight at the prospect of rowing the "pretty Maggie Smiten" to the picnic grounds.

"There they be," he said, as white dresses and gay-colored ribbons appeared in sight. "You can land right here, and just there at the left you will see a path that'll lead you straight to the grove."

The little beach was hard and pebbly, and Maggie, in no hurry to join the party, walked slowly along by the water's edge, quite regardless of the instructions of her guide. Her mother's words rang through her excited brain.

"What do *I* care?" she asked herself. "I never went to his study, never tagged after him—indeed, I believe I have done nothing but systematically snub him ever since our first interview; and yet he has always been polite to me, and very careful of my feelings. It is outrageous, though, to condemn all the girls as fools."

Just then a voice broke the stillness.

"Why, Mr. Hibben!" it said, and then repeated in laughingly shocked tones, as if once were not enough, "Why, Mr. Hibben!"

Maggie looked about her in alarm. The voice seemed to come from above, but there was no one visible.

"But you wanted to go to the beach?" replied her companion.

"Yes; but I didn't know it was so poky. I never can climb way down there in the world."

"Then you can't do the beach this afternoon, unless you want to walk a couple of miles."

"Through the woods, Mr. Hibben?"

"Through the woods."

"Oh, that will be delightful!"

"This path here to the left leads straight through the woods to the other side of the beach, and around to our camping-ground. You couldn't get lost if you tried."

"Then, you are not going?"

"No; I have walked enough for one day."

Maggie held her breath, so as not so lose one word that Miss Seymour might answer. For a moment there was utter stillness. Then Belle said:

"If I could climb like Maggie Smiten, I would venture down there; but it's no use, I can't."

"Miss Smiten is a very accomplished young lady," said the minister.

"Do you call climbing an accomplishment?"

This in a contemptuous tone.

"Miss Smiten is vital. I like all the qualities that spring from such healthfully vital natures as hers."

"This vitality is the cause of her dislike to you, I suppose."

This more contemptuously still.

"Perhaps. I think, though," this very slowly, "the cause of Miss Maggie's dislike lies in the fact of her not understanding me, and the foolish and unwarrantable gossip of the neighbors. I like her, notwithstanding; and it was a real disappointment to me that she could not be be with us to-day."

Maggie was now in a flutter. Of course she was quite hidden from view; but these rare words of commendation had a strange effect. What did she do? She listened no longer, and, silly child that she was, stretched herself out on the soft turf, buried her face in her hands, and cried. Had she known what was going on above, she would have left her hiding-place without loss of time.

"Perhaps you would like to go down to the beach?" said Belle, after a long pause.

"I should if you will allow me—will you excuse me for a few minutes?"

"Oh, certainly!" answered Belle, with considerable *hauteur*. "I think, though, I had better return. Ma may be worried about me."

Very quietly and swiftly the young minister picked his way down the rocky ledge, and, in less time than it takes me to write it, stood by the side of the unconscious Maggie.

"Miss Smiten!" he cried.

Maggie bounded to her feet.

"Then, you are not hurt?" he continued. "Do please tell me what this all means?"

"It means that I have unintentionally heard every word of yours and Belle Seymour's," she replied, trying in vain to dispose of the big bunch in her throat. "And that I am ashamed of myself—and—and—" this was a bitter pill for the proud Maggie—"and hope that you will forgive me."

Then she cried again.

A pair of little hands were encircled by a pair of large ones, and quite hid from view.

"I shall begin to think by-and-by, if you don't stop crying, Maggie, that you think as much of me as I do of you," as they walked slowly to the grounds.

"And why not?" was the frank reply.

CURRANT JELLY.—"VERY QUIETLY AND SWIFTLY THE YOUNG MINISTER PICKED HIS WAY DOWN THE ROCKY LEDGE, AND IN LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES ME TO WRITE IT STOOD BY THE SIDE OF THE UNCONSCIOUS MAGGIE."—SEE PAGE 238.

But what use to prolong the love-making. They went up to the picknickers arm-in-arm, and, of course, started everybody to talking.

Where had they been? and was it planned beforehand? and what did it mean? Belle Seymour's face was all of a blaze, and Mrs. Seymour thought that Mrs. Smiten ought to be told that she must keep an eye on her daughter.

But they are married now, and Mrs. Harvey Hidden is the pet of the parish over which her husband presides.

## THE MAGIC HAND---AN ICELANDIC LEGEND.

### A FAIRY STORY.

THERE is an island on the coast of Iceland, called Skrúdur, which was formerly held by trolls or fairy giants. One day a beautiful maiden disappeared; and this was not the man's only loss; for, after he had lost his daughter, it happened that every Winter, for several years, his best wethers always disappeared.

As a matter of course, people shunned the island as much as possible; but once, in the Winter, some fishermen were caught in a storm at sea, and were compelled to take shelter under this rocky island. When they had fastened their boats, they sat down near the beach, drenched as they were, and to while away the time, sang songs about the Virgin Mary—when suddenly the rock opened, and a gigantic hand came out, with a ring on each finger, and the arm clad in a scarlet velvet sleeve, which thrust down toward them a large bowl full of stirabout, with as many spoons in it as there were fishermen.

At the same time they heard a voice saying, "My wife is pleased now, but not I."

The men were at first terribly alarmed, but at last, as the stirabout looked so good, they said grace devoutly, and being hungry, soon dispatched it.

When the men had eaten the stirabout, the bowl disappeared into the rock in the same way as it had appeared. The next day the storm had abated, and they rowed safely to the mainland.

At the same season in the year following, the fishermen were again driven to seek shelter on this island by violent winds; and while they sat near the beach, being less timid and more reckless this time, they amused themselves by singing songs about Andri the Hero; when the same hand appeared from the rock, holding out to them a great dish full of fat-smoked mutton, and they heard these words, "Now I am pleased, but not my wife."

So the fishermen ate the meat, and the dish was taken back into the rock. Soon afterward the wind fell, and they were enabled to row safely to shore.

Some years passed away, until Bishop Gudmundur visited that part of his diocese, in order to bind the malignant monsters in rocks and waters and mountains, by his prayers. When he came to Hólmar, he was asked by the priest to consecrate the island Skrúdur; but the same night the bishop had a dream, in which a tall and splendidly-dressed man came to him and said, "Do not obey the priest's injunction, nor consecrate Skrúdur, for it will be very difficult for me to move away with all my chattels before your arrival. Besides this, I may as well tell you, that if you come out to visit that island, it will be your last journey in this life."

So the bishop refused, on the morrow, to consecrate the island at all, and the troll was left in peace.

## PICKEREL FISHING.

PICKEREL fishing may justly be called the piscatorial sport of America. There are but few localities in which that delightful and gamey fish is not found, and but few followers of the rod and reel who are not posted in its ways and habits and somewhat adepts in the modes of entrapping the graceful and savory swimmer of our fresh water seas.

Fishermen frequently fall to loggerheads about the pike or the pickerel, but it is simply on the designation. The

English pike is identified with our pickerel, but the fishers upon our Northern lakes have a fish which they call pike, but which is not even first cousin to the green and golden-backed pickerel of the ponds.

The pickerel is one of the most ravenous of fish, and for that he gets the name of the fresh-water shark, but this hungriness making him bold, also makes him an easy prey to the angler, who has several ways of entrapping him, the favorite of which is trolling, or spoon fishing, though sometimes this method is followed with line bait, or minnows. A celebrated English fisherman gives this as a well-tried mode by which he declares that he loses less fish than by any other:

"To have a float made of cork, six inches in diameter, cut thin. Through the centre of this a white peg is driven, with a wire loop at each end. Having sounded the depth of water, and baited the hook so as to hang just clear of the bottom, which can easily be regulated by the wire loops through which your line has been passed, fix the line by giving it a turn or two round the end of the peg above water; and fix the end on the shore either by pegging it or tying it to a bough. In this manner you can attend to six or eight lines at once, so increasing your chances of fish."

This may seem a tame way of fishing, but it is much like our American mode of raft fishing, wherein a dozen lines are kept going at once by one man.

The favorite places for pickerel in the neighborhood of New York are Lake Hopatcong and Greenwood Lake in New Jersey, or any of the ponds or lakes of this State, in almost any of which, at this season, a skillful fisherman will catch 100 pounds in a day.

## THE SNAKES' BROTHER.

I COULD no longer doubt it—I was nervous.

I was alone. I had been alone during two days and nights, indeed, and the scene of my solitude was an old-fashioned country house, *very* far down South in Dixie. Is it necessary to say that it was a haunted house—haunted by a procession of gentlemanly spectres, and thin visions in brocade and high-heeled boots; by my great-uncle Alfred, who had died there in the parlor—by his own hand, alas!—and by my great-uncle's great-grandfather, who fell in a duel; and by others of the stock who had made more peaceful exits, and who were reported by successive generations of wide-eyed darkies to be visible when the darkness hid more agreeable spectacles? Not that I believe in ghosts. Oh, no! The truth was, I was nervous.

In the sitting-room, I tried to read Impossible! Half seen, their figures kept guard at my side, though they fled at the lifting of my eye-lashes. Walking in the Gray Saloon proved much too stimulating to the imagination; the piano could not tempt me; my work-box had no charms. At last I betook myself to the back gallery.

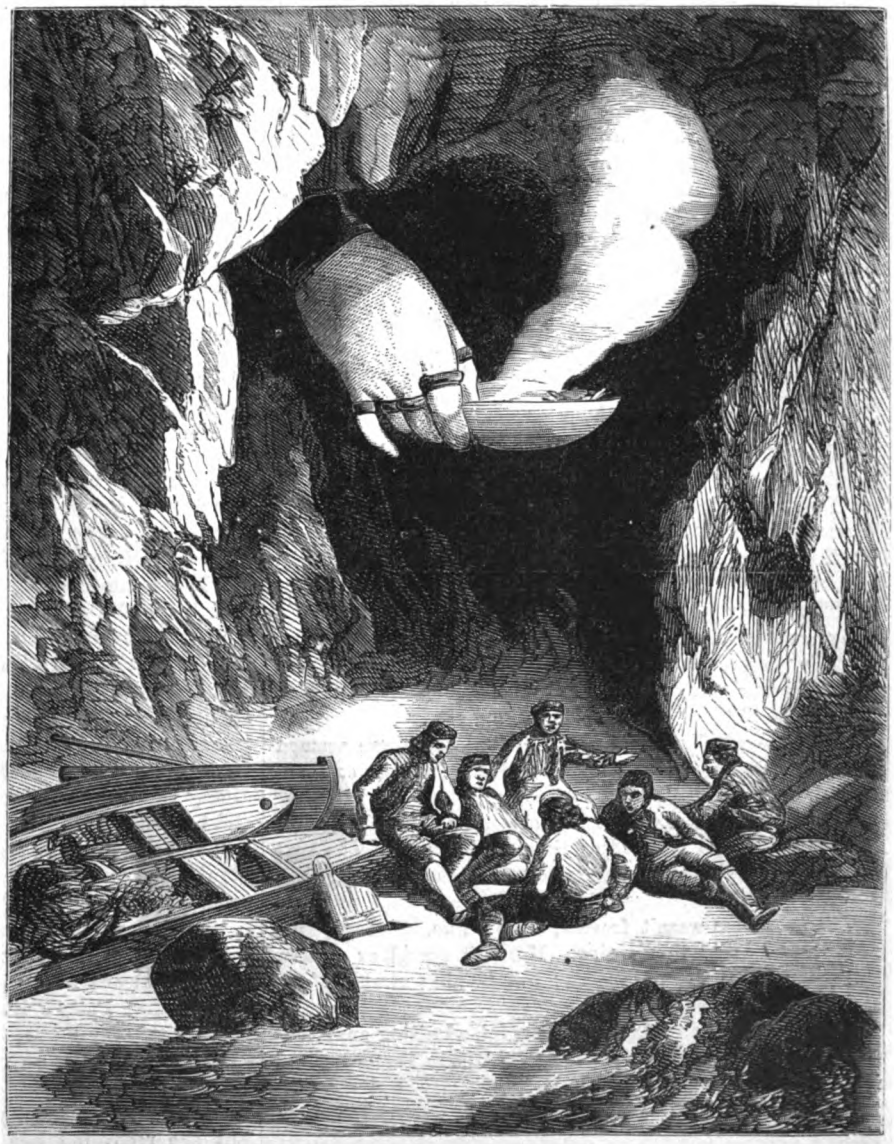
This gallery was broad and long, and facing the moon tonight; also it looked upon the garden. And the garden tempted me—drew, taunted, and defied me. There was not one ragged hollow amongst all its scented vaults of shade, there was hardly a leaf or a grass-blade that I did not know, and in the daytime haunt full lovingly. But now, with this soft, white radiance flooding it in parts, and passing over the sweet secrets of dark places, it looked too mysterious, too *full of possibilities*. So I paced the gallery with longing eyes, turned over my shoulder toward the garden.

Suddenly a low, sullen, rasping sound; "Oh, heaven!" from me, and my hand on my heart.

But it was only the gray mother-cat, who had leaped delicately down from the low-branched cedar at the end of the piazza; and she staid no questioning. She disappeared over the balustrade, and melted into the shadows.

And now I formed a resolution.

If a gray cat, with no determinable ancestry, was not afraid of night or moonshine, did such craven terrors become



THE MAGIC HAND.—"SUDDENLY THE ROCK OPENED, AND A GIGANTIC HAND CAME OUT, WITH A RING ON EACH FINGER, WHICH THRUST DOWN A LARGE BOWL OF STIRABOUT."

the daughter of the long line whose blood I boasted? Perish the unworthy thought!

I would call Patty—yes, I thought, on the whole, that I would prefer to call Patty—and would walk in the garden forthwith.

So I called Patty. And it appears to me that this is a suitable point at which to inform the reader who Patty was. She was a plump, pretty little black-eyed mulatto girl, who lingered in the corridors and sitting-rooms, to pick up scraps and handkerchiefs, and newspapers and fans, and occasionally to be transformed into a consolidated flying squadron of light artillery, to terrify the dear, fluffy little new ducks and ugly new chickens, when they transgressed that dead line known as "the duck's walk."

I have indicated her duties on "week days," when she had her hair wound carefully with narrow pink braid into fifty short, stiff pigtails, when she was clothed in a brown cotton dress and high white apron, and was barefoot. On Sunday, however, the braid being taken off of her impatient locks, these were combed by her mamma into two vast puffs, suggesting an alarming case of retarded hydrocephalus; a bright, pink muslin endued her form, which was further adorned by a ruffled waist-apron, and she wore, in addition, white stockings and laced shoes. She was then entirely given up to the contemplation of her own magnificence.

Unlike the "wild Irish boy," Patty came when she was called; and I set out on my promenade, her bare feet pattering contentedly behind me.

Satisfied with human companionship, I forgot my fears, and paced along happily enough. Stooping now underneath the jasmin vines that waved above the path, pausing to breathe the fragrance fresh with dew that welled from their tiny cups, caressing the great, tarnished red roses, and frightening odd, pretty-winged insects from their hiding-places in them, and in the moonshiny lilies. Very lingeringly, very meditatively I walked, in a sweet half-trance of fragrance and moonlight and reverie.

Presently a sigh, a deep sigh from Patty, startled my inattentive ear. I interpreted it in a moment. Even *she*, the untaught child of nature, thrilled as I did to this sweet aspect of Universal Pan. She, too, felt the delicious sadness of the place and hour.

"Patty," said I, very gently, "this is beautiful here. Is it not?"

"Yes'm; it's toler'ble pretty," said Patty, with rather a disparaging accent, I thought.

"Do you think you ever saw a spot more charming than this, child?"

"The upper plantation is a good deal the prettiest!" Patty answered, animatedly. She added, immediately: "That's where the red-apple orchard is. Them 'ere red ones is better'n them 'ere white ones! But they's *figs* in this garden!"

I felt grieved, disappointed in Patty. But there seemed no use in reproving her want of æsthetic feeling; so I answered, simply, with some emphasis:

"I am afraid, Patty, that you are not telling the truth! How can there be figs at this time of the year? The first figs were frosted, and the second crop is scarcely larger than a hickory nut."

"Some of 'em wasn't frosted, Miss Annie, an' they's ripe now. Henry said they's ripe.. He ain't afraid er snakes. Snakes stays in the fig-bushes; but he ain't afraid of 'em, and he gits the figs."

This last clause in a tone of mournful, admiring envy.

We had reached the arbor now, and within it and beyond it was darkness—delicious darkness, perfumed, dewy, profound. But the suggestion of snakes deterred me. I turned round.

"Who is Henry, Patty?" I asked, encouragingly.

"He's the snakes' brother," she answered, simply.

"He's *what?*" I said.

"He's the snakes' brother."

I sat down on a garden-seat, placed on a clear, graveled space in front of the arbor, and regarded Patty attentively. In all her charms confessed, she stood complacently, her black eyes twinkling in the moonshine from beneath the radiating black and pink pigtails. She occupied herself in picking up little bits of gravel with her bare toes, her versatile mind apparently satisfied for the present with that amusement. I looked at her for some time with a serious air, which I thought calculated to impress her. Then I said, gravely:

"Patty, do you not go to Sunday school?"

"I goes to day school and to Sunday school, too. I goes to Mom Dafferney. Mom Dafferney teaches 'em bof."

I am sorry to say that Patty did not seem impressed by my manner.

"Does not Maum Daphne teach you that it is wicked to tell lies? And don't you know that it is wicked to tell lies? And don't you know that Henry cannot be a—a snakes' brother? Why do you tell me such a naughty story?"

"It ain't no story, Miss Annie. He *is* the snakes' brother—he says he is. He ain't afraid of 'em, if they runs across his toes; and that's 'cause they's his brothers. He jess picks 'em up, an he takes and pulls they teeth outer they mouths, an' then he puts 'em in his pocket. An' he can find one every time he wants one. An' it's 'cause they's his brothers, 'cause he says they is."

In the interest of this relation, Patty dropped the last gray gravel from her prehensile toes, and her belief and earnestness were unquestionable.

With a severe and monitory accent, I asked her if she had ever seen Henry pick up snakes, and pull their teeth out?

She said she had seen him twice.

"How does he find the snakes?"

"He jess smells 'em, an' then they comes, an' he picks 'em up."

This, delivered with the same air of good faith, was, as far as I knew, an equally incredible and unusual method of procedure amongst those who profess the power of snake-charming.

I sat still, considering Patty judicially, and pondering. Presently that unterrified young woman resumed her recital unquestioned.

"He don't care where he is—ef he's in the kitchen, or the stables, or Mom Car'line's house."

"Did Maum Caroline ever see him?" I cried, a little too eagerly for absolute and instructive incredulity.

"Mom Dafferney did, an' she jess hit him till he hollered. He was goin' to say his 'rithmetic, and she seed something wriggle under his jacket, an' she says, 'What's that, Henry?' an' he says, 'I jess now smelt a snake, Mom Dafferney;' an' jess as soon as he said that, the snake came outer his pocket, an' it dropped in Mom Dafferney's lap, an' she hollered, and Henry laughed, and Mom Dafferney got up and hit Henry, and he hollered, and the snake it run away."

"And what did the rest of Maum Daphne's pupils do?" I inquired, with much severity of manner. "Did they laugh, or 'holler,' or run away?"

"We jess sot still. She'd a-hit us if we'd a-hollered."

Really, I felt myself at a loss. And while I sat pondering the best means for lifting the bushel from my light, and illuminating Patty's literally Egyptian darkness, she resumed:

"One day he was up to the upper plantation—that's where them 'ere red apples is—an' he was in the orchard. He was eatin' apples," said Patty, in a tone of tender melancholy; but she recovered her wonted vivacity immediately, and continued, "an' while he was eatin' 'em, a snake come there,

an' it got up onto the fence behind him, an' it stood up there and whistled."

"It did *what?*" I cried, indignantly. "The snake *whistled?* You mean it hissed!"

"Henry said it stood up onto the fence an' whistled," Patty answered, quietly, superior to correction. "An' then it jumped down, an' run at him, an' took a hold of his heels——"

"And bit him, I hope," said I, viciously. "No. I understand that he stooped down and pulled out its teeth, and put it in his pocket, of course."

I rose with an irritated consciousness of unavailing superiority. I said—a little crossly, I'm afraid—that it was growing chilly, and we would go in; that I was sorry to find Patty disposed to forget Maum Daphne's good lessons.

Then Patty's bare feet pattered behind me, just as contentedly as at first, past box-trees and roses and jasmins, past the trees and the sward, and the deep, deep shade of the courtyard, back to the gallery again.

The clock in the lower landing struck nine as I entered the silent hall. The yellow light, in two long lines, streaked and flickered on the polished floors. The lights still burned in dining-room and sitting-room, and the wide-open double doorway of the Gray Saloon led the eye and the imagination amongst weird shadows. The old house was very still. And only nine o'clock!

"I'll stay out here a while, I think," I remarked, indifferently. "You may sit there on the steps, child."

So Patty perched on the top step, half hidden under the lowest boughs of a gray old fig tree that, cumbering the ground for many a sunny year, had still remained barren. It had germinated and grown and flourished in the too deep shadow of the house. There, at ease and cheerful, sat Patty, playing with the broad furry leaves, and patting on the step, very delicately, with her foot, in rhythm to a sort of measure she made with her breath. It was not whistling, nor singing, but something between the two.

I, meantime, with the great solitary house behind me, with the solemnly silent night to pass, that must be waked, and slept, and dreamed, and listened, and trembled through, felt upon me the weight of a more immediate responsibility; for, without professing philosophy, I had an intention of delivering a lecture from the portico. After some thought, I attacked Patty once more.

"Patty, where does Henry live now?"

"Down to the machine-shop, with a lady what washes," said Patty.

"Does he ever come up here?"

"He's up here now," Patty answered, giving up her tune; "he's out to Mom Car'line's house."

Triumph quivered through all my veins. Argument would be wasted on Patty, but demonstration was another thing. And if, after all, he *should* prove—that is to say—I would certainly be wrong to let the opportunity slip. But whatever was to be the result, that shadowy gallery, with vines and trees and fig trees pushing in, was no place for the experiment. I rose, rather languidly.

"Patty," said I, "go out to Maum Caroline's house, and tell Henry that I would like to see him. You can come back with him, and bring him up to my room. Don't say anything to him about snakes."

Patty vanished.

As I walked up the long stairway, I recalled "What I knew about Snake-charming."

Since the war, I had fulfilled the curse of Cain. I had been a wanderer (and a very willing one) upon the face of the earth. I had been even in Egypt, and at Cairo I had seen a snake-charmer. You understand that we felt it our duty to see everything. So we had climbed all the steps in the castle, and tired ourselves dreadfully; and had looked down Joseph's Well, and said, "Dear me!" and tried to believe in it; and had shrugged our shoulders at the mosques and worshipers; and had gone to one Coptish church, and had been, of course, highly edified; and had admired the Eastern Gate very much; and we had been impressed by the three hundred and seventy—or seventeen, I have forgotten which—arches in the aqueduct; and then we saw a snake-charmer. It was impossible to separate his art from the remembrance of the cunning-eyed, swarthy professor who had exhibited his mystery for the consideration of bucksheesh.

But I reminded myself it would be folly to expect that Henry should come hither habited in flowing caftan, in voluminous libâs, or even in a (particularly) wide-sleeved kamis. I contented myself with fancying the same lean, lithe body, the narrow temples, the piercing eyes, and wild, quick movements of my talented Egyptian. I remembered that, on the occasion, all possible precaution had been taken to discover the presence of snake or serpent before the Dervish—a Riface Dervish, if my memory serves me—was admitted. I recalled his intense glance when he came in—he was barefoot, and his long, loose outer garment had been taken from him—and his immediate absorption in his work.

In this instance it was the *man*, and not the snake, who had "whistled," making an odd chuckling noise with his teeth in addition, and at intervals striking the floor with a palm stick, turning swiftly from side to side of the apartment, and using a sort of wild adjuration.

Of course we all expected a snake; and equally, of course, a hideous, creeping thing—dim in color like a copper-snake, but having two or three scarlet lines near the flattened head—crawled presently, or seemed to, from behind Colonel H——'s portmanteau, which had been moved at least half a dozen times in the course of the preliminary search.

It was natural that we should all scream—there were three ladies present—and we *did* scream, and shuddered, and laughed, and were disgusted and a little frightened, and clustered around Colonel H——, who regarded the snake and the charmer and us with a countenance that would well have become a good-natured, slightly sarcastic pinch of snuff. This, the oleaginous, brown-skinned familiar seemed to perceive: he gave voice to one or two short, indescribable howls—I don't know what else to call the sounds that came from his bronzed throat—and actually he seized the miserable snake, and with a horrible misplaced defiance, squeezed its neck, to make it display its fangs, and then tore it into several pieces *with his teeth!*

I represented to myself that it would be, happily, idle to expect all the details of this exhibition. But I thought it as well to examine the two closets, the bureau-drawers, and the wardrobe—having chosen my own room, as affording fewer receptacles for a sleight-of-hand conveyed snake than any of the lower apartments.

These precautions having been duly taken, I sat down to wait.

I waited so long that it began to seem probable the charmer had declined to come; but at last a modest tap disturbed the silence, and they were bidden to enter.

Patty came in alone.

"Why, where is Henry?" I began.

"He's outside de door. He won't come in, 'cause he's 'fraid."

"Really, he need not be. It is I who should be timid, if anybody."

And I lifted up my voice, and appealed to the snakes' brother to enter at once, and undismayed. An awkward, scuffling sound being the only reply evoked, I went to the door myself.

The contrast with my reminiscences, which was there presented, struck so sharply upon me, that I think I could not have forborne laughing outright, but for fear of putting the

PICKEREL FISHING.—SEE PAGE 240.

magician to sudden flight. And I remembered, too, how "the gods sometimes go in rage."

This dealer in mysteries was a very black, round-bodied little negro boy, of eleven or twelve years, I should suppose, whose countenance exhibited, just now, a comical mixture of self-confidence and bashfulness.

His form was endued in a pair of wide white trowsers, a good deal torn, which hung sideways, upheld by a single suspender, and exhibited a plentiful lack of buttons. His feet were bare. Pins scantily supplied the place of other fastening upon his shirt. And his society toilet was completed by a military cap, which I suppose to have been the glory and crown of his wardrobe, without which his appearance, even at midnight, would have been felt impossible.

He leaned against the wall, half hiding his face, and scraped the floor with the brown foot.

"Your name is Henry?" I asked, still calling upon my muscles for a serenely composed and gentle countenance. "Patty has been telling me of some wonderful things you can do—with snakes, you know. That you can find them anywhere, and are not afraid of them. Is that true? Can you do so?"

"Yes, I kin," the magician answered, succinctly and shamefacedly, and to his cap, which he twisted in his hand, still reclining against the wall, in a most uncomfortable manner.

"Well, do you think if you should come into this room you could find one? If you will find one there, that you did not bring with you, I shall give you some money, for showing me a thing so curious. Will you come?"

The child of obscure affinities signified his willingness to follow me, and I led the way into the room.

It was for Patty's behoof and edification that Henry had been summoned; but I really began to feel some interest, separable from missionary instincts. The absolute want of mysterious preparation, and of elaborate profession, suggested a doubt as to my own infallibility, and along with his perfect willingness to undertake the task, the boy's awkwardness and simplicity were arguments in his favor.

Then—I suppose it will appear absurd!—I had been born and brought up amongst the superstitions of negroes, and I shall surely not live long enough for reason to annul their influence. I began to reflect that "there are many things in heaven and earth, Horatio"; and my wanderings had taught me how much that is strange and good is to be found —*si modica cœnare times olus omne patella.*

THE SNAKE'S BROTHER.—"HE WAS IN THE ORCHARD, AN' A SNAKE COME, AN' HE STOOPED AN' PULLED OUT ITS TEETH, AN' PUT IT IN HIS POCKET."—SEE PAGE 241.

So, taking my seat, I looked at the boy, with full as much curiosity as Patty displayed, only I think there was a little more confidence in her heightened expectation.

Henry stood awkwardly silent in the centre of the room, and regarded his cap.

"Had you not better put your cap down—it is a *very* handsome cap!—on the chair by the door? What do you do first? How do you find the snakes?"

"I jess listens till they comes."

"Oh, you do! Don't you smell them, too, sometimes?"

"*Ef it's cloudy I does.*"

Will somebody please to remark the depth of the instinctive knowledge of ratiocination displayed in such an answer? It was so absolutely senseless, that I was convinced of his good faith on the instant.

"He believes in himself, at any rate," thought I, with high satisfaction, and watched every movement eagerly.

Patty, meantime, made the prettiest little breathless picture of ecstatic horror imaginable. She swayed herself as the snakes' brother moved, and devoured every action with her shining black, black eyes.

On his part, the snakes' brother imparted a monitory hitch to his single suspender, bent his body into a curve, and looking intently about him, crept noiselessly about the room. He stopped now and then, to put one hand up to his ear, apparently listening.

You may be sure there was no noise to distract him. "Demonstration" had quite slipped out of sight; Patty's conversation became momentarily more problematical. I leaned forward in my chair, watching with unfeigned anxiety.

Presently the charmer looked up at me, with a slight lighting of his rather stolid, good-natured face.

"What sorter snake would you ruther have?" he said, in a hoarse, half-whisper.

I shuddered a little, and Patty gasped and stifled a giggle.

"I—don't know that I care. A little one, I think, though."

"Well, I hears one; but it's a right smart big 'un. Do you want to see it?"

"Oh, yes!" Very nervously. "I hope it is not a copperhead or a rattlesnake?"

"It's right up there by you," said the boy, as if he expected me to move. But I did not, because I would not, and he came toward me, creeping, as though he thought it might evade him at last.

He paused directly beside me.

A sudden flat, heavy, horrible sound at my feet, and "Oh! oh! oh!" in gasping accents of inextinguishable horror from my speechless lips. I shivered and shook, and tried to move, and could do no more than choke back a scream.

Patty danced on tiptoe in a glee of delight and terror. The snakes' brother fixed his eyes on my face, and quivered.

There it lay. A snake—the common dull-white house-snake—black-marked, velvety, hideously graceful, loathsomely handsome, and I stared at it and quivered, and shut my eyes and quivered still.

A lively satisfaction diffused itself over Henry's countenance.

He lifted the long, writhing horror; he said something about a "quarter"; it is impossible for me to state precisely what.

"Take it away! I will send you the money—only take the thing away!" I cried, finding speech at last.

But Henry demurred. "The vast invincible Now" was evidently more to him than the most golden future.

"Pray go—go at once!" I implored, curiosity as to means being deferred, like the more laudable inquiry of Agrippa. All that I now desired of the snakes' brother was his immediate absence.

Just here the door was opened, and Maum Caroline's majestic figure and rather cross countenance were discovered. I suppose she had knocked unheard.

"Ef you think dese childun done made noise enough in de house—mistiss bein' away—I'll take 'em down with me, Miss Annie," said Maum Caroline, as, conscious of my derogation, and ashamed for, as well as vexed with, me.

"Oh, Maum Caroline, I'm so glad you have come! Just see! Henry found that—that snake"—another shudder—"just beside me. It almost dropped into my lap!"

Maum Caroline made a tragic swoop, and seized the unfortunate magician. She held him fast by what was left of his shirt-collar.

"You terrageous little lyin' rascal!" cried Maum Caroline, with energetic disregard of polite euphemisms. She held him at arm's length, and shook him; not as hard as she wished to—I saw that—lest she should shake the snake from his grasp. "Won't you never git cured er playin' your scourgeous tricks on childun, an'—an' young ladies that's got no more sense er your meanness than to believe you? Won't you—eh? Tell me that!"

At every apostrophe a new shake; the snakes' brother, meantime, presenting a most forlorn and apprehensive aspect.

"He's had that 'ere snake in a box this year an' more," continued Maum Caroline, "an' the Lord He knows how many fools he's scared with it—not to say as they was all fools, either," Maum Caroline interpolated, with, perhaps, a strained sense of courtesy, "for I'm afraid the Evil One hisself helps you in your 'ceptions."

And here another shake, addressed more to Henry's moral than his physical sense, for it was plain that even Maum Caroline was somewhat affected by the vicinity of the snake that the boy held fearlessly, tightly clasping it around the neck.

"Now go!" continued his mentor, assisting his exit by means of her grasp on his collar; "go, and fall down on your sinful knees, and ask the Lord to pardon your meanness."

"Maum Caroline," I interrupted, timidly, "it was not Henry's fault. I sent for him. I wanted to see if he really could find snakes"—my head *would* droop a little, it seemed so childish—"and I told him I would give him something if he would; and he did."

Maum Caroline, holding Henry outside the door with one hand, turned over her shoulder a look of silent pity. I felt *very* much ashamed of myself.

"I'se got nothin' to say, Miss Annie. Of course I ain't. It ain't my place," said Maum Caroline, with severe humility. But she added, more kindly, "I know you been away from your own people a long time, and change is to be 'spected."

"Yes, Maum; and have I not longed to see them—to see you, too—until I thought my heart was breaking? And won't you please—you know I promised, Maum Caroline—give him, and tell him not to scare any more children or—or anybody else?"

"Henry!" said Maum Caroline, raising her softened voice to a high judicial key, "does you promise never to do so no mo'?"

No answer, but the same awkward shuffle of the feet.

"Promise, Henry," said I, persuasively, from my side of the door. I had brought this on him. "It is more than a quarter, Henry."

"Does you promise?" repeated Maum Caroline, impressively.

"Yes, I does," shamefacedly, from Henry's side of the door.

Then they went away. But Patty lingered. I felt that I had not accomplished what I intended. I was disappointed

in myself—the most irremediable of all disappointments. But I made one last effort to regain my own good opinion. I assumed a brisk air.

"Well, Patty," I said, with such confidence as I could command, "how do you think that Henry found *that* snake?"

"Oh!" said bright-eyed Patty, wonderingly, "didn't you see him jess a-listenin' till he heared it?"

"Ah, yes, I did see him," I answered, with quiet indifference. "Here is a bright ribbon to wear with your pink dress on Sunday, Patty. Now, run downstairs. Good-night."

Patty went off very radiant. As for me, I wondered, as I laid down, if Confucius, and Socrates, and Luther, and the other great moralists and reformers, ever felt the hollowness of things as I did.

But next day the Chatelaine and the dear cousins came back, and being no more idle, I kept out of mischief.

## WASHINGTON PARTING FROM HIS MOTHER AT THE BEGINNING OF THE REVOLUTION.

The mother of Washington! There needs no eulogy to awaken the associations which cling around that sacred name. Our hearts do willing homage to the venerated parent of the chief,

> "Who 'mid his elements of being wrought
> With no uncertain aim—nursing the germs
> Of godlike virtue in his infant mind."

The contemplation of Washington's character naturally directs attention to her whose maternal care guided and guarded his early years. What she did, and the blessing of a world that follows her, teach impressively—while showing the power—the duty of those who mold the character of the age to come. The principles and conduct of this illustrious matron were closely interwoven with the destinies of her son. Washington ever acknowledged that he owed everything to his mother—in the education and habits of his early life. His high moral principles, his perfect self-possession, his clear and sound judgment, his inflexible resolution and untiring application, were developed by her training and example. A believer in the truths of religion, she inculcated a strict obedience to its injunctions. She planted the seed and cherished the growth, which bore such rich and glorious fruit. Lafayette observed that she belonged rather to the age of Sparta or Rome than to modern times; she was a mother formed on the ancient model, and by her elevation of character and matchless discipline, fitted to lay the foundation of the greatness of him who towered "beyond all Greek—beyond all Roman fame."

The course of Mrs. Washington's life, exhibiting her qualities of mind and heart, proved her fitness for the high trust committed to her hands. She was remarkable for vigor of intellect, strength of resolution, and inflexible firmness wherever principle was concerned.

Devoted to the education of her children, her parental government and guidance have been described by those who knew her as admirably adapted to train the youthful mind to wisdom and virtue. With her, affection was regulated by a calm and just judgment. She was distinguished, moreover, by that well marked quality of genius, a power of acquiring and maintaining influence over those with whom she associated. Without inquiring into the philosophy of this mysterious ascendency, she was content to employ it for the noblest ends. It contributed, no doubt, to deepen the effect of her instructions.

The life of Mrs. Washington, so useful in the domestic sphere, did not abound in incident. She passed through the trials common to those who lived amid the scenes of the Revolutionary era. She saw the son whom she had taught to be *good*, whom she had reared in the principles of true honor, walking the perilous path of duty with firm step leading his country to independence, and crowned with his reward—a nation's gratitude; yet in all these changes her simple, earnest nature remained the same. She loved to speak, in her latter days, of her boy's merits in his early life, and of his filial affection and duty; but never dwelt on the glory he had won as the deliverer of his country, the chief magistrate of a great republic. This was because her ambition was too high for the pride that inspires and rewards common souls. The greatness she discerned and acknowledged in the object of her solicitous tenderness was beyond that which this world most esteems.

Mrs. Washington was descended from the respectable family of Ball, who came to this country and settled on the banks of the Potomac. In the old days of Virginia women were taught habits of industry and self-reliance, and in these Mrs. Washington was nurtured. The early death of her husband involved her in the cares of a young family and limited resources, which rendered prudence and economy necessary to provide for and educate her children. Thus circumstanced, it was left to her unassisted efforts to form her son's mind, those essential qualities which gave tone and character to his subsequent life. George was only twelve years old at his father's death, and retained merely the remembrance of his person and his parental fondness. Two years after this event, he obtained a midshipman's warrant; but his mother opposed the plan, and the idea of entering the naval service was relinquished.

The home in which Mrs. Washington presided was a sanctuary of domestic virtues. The levity of youth was there tempered by a well regulated restraint, and the enjoyments rational and proper for the age were indulged in with moderation. The future chief was taught the duty of obedience, and was thus prepared to command. The mother's authority never departed from her, even when her son had attained the height of his renown; for she ruled by the affection which had controlled his spirit when he needed a guardian; and she claimed a reverence next to that due to his Creator. This claim he admitted, mingling the deepest respect with enthusiastic attachment, and yielding to her will the most implicit obedience, even to the latest hours of her life.

Educated under such influences, it is not to be wondered at that Washington's deportment toward his mother at all times testified his appreciation of her elevated character and the excellence of her lessons.

"On his appointment to the command-in-chief of the American armies," says Mr. Custis, "previously to his joining the forces at Cambridge, he removed his mother from her country residence to the village of Fredericksburg, a situation remote from danger and contiguous to her friends and relatives. Then, listening deferentially to the counsels and exhortations of that venerable guide, he went forth, the good son of a good mother, to battle for the right."

## THE PREDICAMENT OF MAJOR MURRAY.

The Highlanders possessed naturally a great aptitude for war. It has been said that hunting is the nearest approach to war in times of peace, and the Highlander, when not engaged in war, devoted himself to hunting, fishing, and the practice of athletic sports and manly exercises. He was a deer-stalker before deer-parks were invented, when deer-stalking was something different from the easy slaughter now known by that name; he was accustomed to bear hunger, thirst, and fatigue without complaint; to sleep in the

WASHINGTON PARTING FROM HIS MOTHER AT THE BEGINNING OF THE REVOLUTION.—SEE PAGE 247.

snow with no other covering than his plaid; to encounter the members of a hostile clan with no other weapon than his broadsword. He possessed the virtues and physical qualities that fit men for war. He was impetuous in attack and cool under fire. In the hour of danger he exhibited such courage and presence of mind as nothing could daunt.

At Fontenoy and elsewhere he has thrown himself on the ground as the enemy began their fire; when their bullets had whistled harmlessly over his head, he would rush forward till his musket almost touched their breasts, and pour in the deadly discharge; he would then retreat, receive their fire as before, and advance in the same manner. If he had not been possessed of the greatest coolness and self-possession, such a mode of fighting could only have led to inextricable confusion.

From an old pamphlet published in 1745 we learn that a Highlander of the Forty-second regiment killed nine Frenchmen with his broadsword at Fontenoy, and would, probably, have added to the number of the slain if he had not lost his arm.

In a skirmish with the Americans in 1776, Major Murray, of the same regiment, being separated from his men, was attacked by three of the enemy. His dirk had slipped behind his back, and, being very corpulent, he could not reach it. He defended himself as well as he could with his fusil, and, watching his opportunity, seized the sword of one of his assailants, and put the three to flight. It was natural that he should ever retain that sword as a trophy of victory.

This was not the only case where the major's obesity stood in his way. It gave rise to an amusing incident during the attack on Fort Washington in 1777. The hill on which the fort stood was almost perpendicular, but the Highlanders rushed up the steep ascent like mountain-cats. When half way up the heights they heard a melancholy voice exclaim, "Oh, soldiers, will you leave me?" On looking down they saw Major Murray, their commanding officer, at the foot of the precipice; his extreme obesity prevented him from following them.

They were not deaf to this appeal; it would never do to leave their corpulent commander behind. A party leaped down at once, seized him in their arms, and bore him from ledge to ledge of the rock till they reached the summit, where they drove the enemy before them and made two hundred prisoners.

Major Murray was not the only corpulent warrior among those Highland soldiers. Sir Robert Munroe, of Fowlis, who commanded them at Fontenoy, was so fat that his own men had to haul him from the trenches by the legs and arms; he advised them to fall flat to the ground when the enemy fired, but remained erect himself, remarking that it was easy for a man of his weight to lie down, but not so easy to rise.

Major Murray interested himself greatly to save young Asgill, who was sentenced to death by our military authorities in retaliation for the brutal murder of one of our officers by the Tories, and the young officer undoubtedly owed his life to the major's exertions as much as to French interposition. The brave but unwieldy major died soon after of apoplexy, esteemed by friend and foe for his many amiable characteristics.

THE PREDICAMENT OF MAJOR MURRAY.—"IT WOULD NEVER DO TO LEAVE THEIR CORPULENT COMMANDER BEHIND."—SEE PAGE 247.

## THE PATIENT GRISELDA.

THE most popular of all Boccaccio's novels—the narrative which our Chaucer reproduced in the "Canterbury Tales," as the Oxford Clerk's Story, and which was retold in many forms in every land of Western Christendom as a precious illustration of wifely excellence—shows the execrable nature

of the submissiveness required from the wives of feudal Europe.

Here are the chief facts of the story. The young Marquis of Saluzzo fixes his affections on a lovely girl of humble and needy parentage. King Cophetua's obsequious lords did not proclaim his beggar-maid "more beautiful than day" until they had seen him, in robe and crown, step down to greet her. The Marquis of Saluzzo's courtiers were of Polonius's kind; and on learning that the plebeian Griselda Janicola had won their master's heart, they were quick to declare her worthy of it. The marriage of the marquis and the maid is celebrated with acclamations, and instead of being disappointed with his choice, the young lord finds her a miracle of goodness—gracious, intelligent, witty, zealous in pleasing, charitable, religious, and in every particular ready to obey him with unqualified cheerfulness. Nothing occurs to lessen their happiness, save that Griselda's first-born child is a daughter, when, of course, her husband wished it to be a boy.

Solely in order that he may prove his wife's submissiveness, and see whether it is possible to goad her into rebellion, the marquis tears this infant from her breast, and, sending it to Bologna for education, causes Griselda to believe that he has murdered the babe. Without a murmur Griselda gives the baby to the agent of her husband's cruel purpose. "Take it," she says, meekly and tearfully to the robber appointed to carry off her darling, "and do what thy lord and mine has commanded; but prithee leave it not to be devoured by the fowls or wild beasts, unless it be his will."

She hopes that the murdered babe may be decently interred; but she will not murmur openly, though it be thrown to the wolves at her lord's orders.

On the return of her lord, the bereaved mother receives him as gladly as ever, whilst believing him to be the murderer of his and her offspring. Ere long Griselda has a son, on whom she lavishes the love of a heart rich in maternal affection. This male child is treated like the sister—sent off to Bologna for education—whilst his mother is made to believe that her husband has murdered him. On learning from the marquis that he intends to "dispose of this child as he did the other," the model wife replies, "My lord, study only your own ease and happiness, without the least care for me; for nothing is agreeable to me but what is pleasing to you." The barbarous removal of her two babes in no degree lessens Griselda's love of their apparent murderer. For years she lives to all appearance sufficiently happy in the faultless discharge of her wifely duties, when the marquis—not because he has conceived an aversion for her, but merely that he may yet further try her goodness—tells her that he means to divorce her, on the strength of a Papal license permitting him to put her away and marry a woman of suitably noble birth. She must go at once back to her father's hut. Taunting her with the poverty from which he took her, he says ironically that she may have for her maintenance all the money that she brought to him. "My lord," the inimitable wife answers, "I was always sensible that my servile condition would no way accord with your high rank and descent. For what I have been, I own myself indebted to Providence and you; I considered it as a favor lent me; you are now pleased to demand it back; I therefore willingly restore it." She humbly returns to him the ring with which he wed her, and the very clothes that she is wearing. She does not even venture to retain a single garment for the concealment of her nakedness, until she has besought him to let her "carry away one shift over and above her dowry"—of nothing. The marquis allows her to keep this one article of dress. Then he turns her out of doors, penniless and forlorn, to creep back to the hovel from which he took her. Thus repudiated, Griselda continues to admire and love the man who has driven her from his door. Yet more—she is still ready to obey him, though he has relinquished all marital authority over her. The preparations for the celebration of the marquis's second marriage—with a damsel of fit beauty and lineage—are being pushed forward, when he sends for Griselda, and bids her, in the character of his menial housekeeper, superintend the domestic arrangements for the reception of her successor. "I am going," says the marquis, "to bring home this lady whom I have just married, and intend to show her all possible respect at her first coming. Thou knowest I have no woman with me able to set out the rooms, and do many other things which are requisite on so solemn an occasion. As, therefore, thou art best acquainted with the state of the house, I would have thee make such provision as thou shalt judge proper, and invite what ladies thou wilt, even as though thou wert mistress of the house; and when the marriage is ended, get thee home to thy father's again." Griselda answers, "My lord, I am ready to fulfil all your commands." Having thus accepted a servant's office, she does the work of the place thoroughly, and, in her servant's dress, in due course welcomes her new mistress with cordiality and dutifulness. On being asked insolently by the Marquis what she thinks of his lovely bride, the divorced wife—for the first time showing how acutely she has felt his cruelty—answers, "My lord, I like her extremely well; and if she be as prudent as she is fair, you may be the happiest man in the world with her; but I most humbly beg that you would not take those heart-breaking measures with this lady which you did with your last wife, because she is young and has been tenderly educated, whereas the other was inured to hardship from a child." It is inconsistent with his insolent character that the Marquis of Saluzzo took this reproof patiently. Perhaps he felt that his divorced wife had more right to speak freely than she possessed in the days of her coverture. Perhaps he thought that he owed some leniency to the woman whom he had treated so barbarously. Anyhow he replied to her approvingly; forgave her in respect of everything he had done against her peace of mind; informed her that the bride was her own daughter, and that the bride's brother was her own son; explained that, whilst she supposed them dead, her children had been suitably educated at Bologna; and told her that she was as much his dear wife as ever she was. Instead of apologizing for his cruelty to her, he hints that she ought to be grateful to him for governing her so judiciously. Having freed himself from the imputation of murdering his own children, he does not seem to imagine it possible for men to charge him with outrageous inhumanity to his wife. Of course, the Marquis and Griselda live happily ever afterwards.

Though it is asserted that the story of Griselda was founded on fact, no one can suppose that the Marquis of Saluzzo was a realistic type of the mediæval husband, or that the wives of any land of feudal Europe were generally capable of the submissiveness which distinguished the fictitious heroine. The delineators of Griselda's character point to it as exceptionally virtuous, and contrast it humorously with the unruly disposition of ordinary womankind. Instead of being extolled or deemed altogether excusable, the marquis's marital conduct is allowed by his historians to have been culpably deficient in considerateness and humanity. But the persons of both sexes in old time, who reprobated his cruelty, concur in applauding Griselda as an exemplar of wifely excellence. Her submissiveness to a tyrant, whom she believed to be a murderer, did not exceed the patience and docility which were appropriate to the feudal ideal of perfect wifely excellence. Even by those who ridiculed it as extravagantly untrue to real life, it was held to be a pattern of the complete obedience due from wives to their lords.

This is the fact which gives the heroine what may be termed her historic significance and value. To those of our ancestors who made her acquaintance in pre-Elizabethan times, it never occurred that she was a wicked woman for allowing, without struggle or protest, her babes to be taken away from her to be murdered; that she was a heartless wretch in continuing to live peaceably with the man whom she believed to have murdered them; that she was a mean-spirited slave for walking quietly out of her lord's house, at his bidding, with only a shift on her back, and again, at his order, returning to his palace to be his domestic servant without wifely rank; that she rendered herself even yet more despicable by resuming her lawful position without a single exclamation of disgust at his barbarity. And yet, according to modern notions of womanly goodness and courage, the peerless Griselda was a mean slave, heartless wretch, and wicked woman. That such a character was applauded in feudal England and deemed a model for wives, tells us more than any laws and sermons of woman's abasement in past days.

That patient Grissel's character, apart from the humor and satire of her story, was seriously thought an example of womanly goodness, there is evidence in the praise bestowed by grave writers on feminine submissiveness that strongly resembles the enduring temper of the meek marchioness. I will not horrify my gentler readers, and provoke their disapprobation, by giving them even an outline of the revolting circumstances under which Clara Waldauve, of Bruges, obeyed and *served* her conjugal master. But sterner inquiries into social history, who wish for further enlightenment on the subject, may seek it in the treatise which the courtly ecclesiastic and "right famous clerk," Lewes Vives, produced for the edification of the most fastidious and delicate gentlewoman of the sixteenth century. It is enough to say that the "model wife" of the confessor's narrative receives his unqualified commendation for the alacrity with which she discharged duties that in these days no man would venture to impose on a lady, and for the cheerfulness with which she endured a servitude of an utterly abominable kind. It illustrates the change which three centuries have wrought in taste and manners, that we only thus allude to a story which the ladies of Henry VIII.'s court were invited to study for their spiritual benefit.

## AN ENGLISHMAN'S DRIVE.

FATE picks out and sets the unhappy up in a carriage for the poor, but content, to see them. But this truth is not so apparent in Italy or France as in England.

In the matchless and magnificent turnouts, gay with color and gorgeous trappings, pouring down the avenues of wood that echo with music, rounding the corners of watered ways that wind in terraces set with walls of roses, hung above the sea, you have much to look upon besides the tired masks of flesh and blood that but half hide the soul with its sea of troubles.

In England, in the great drive of Hyde Park, you have little to behold but the faces there. Such sad faces! The most mournful sight to me is that of an Englishman driving in Hyde Park for pleasure.

He sits as if he was bolstered up in bed, and his physician was feeling his pulse. He is so stiff that you might imagine him chiselled from some sort of very ugly stone, hat and all. You had almost as well expect to see a Grenadier guardsman lift his bearskin cap as to see an Englishman's hat move from his head, unless a royal personage appears, while he takes this mournful round in the great ride of the kingdom. The marble head of Julius Cæsar is about as likely to fall from the shoulders of the bust in the British Museum, as is the head of an Englishman to turn to the right or left as he sits there, holding his hands so stiffly, looking so stern, so pitiful, as if he was expecting every moment to hear that melancholy physician say that he must die to-morrow.

The poor stand on the outside, fifty deep, and look on in silence at this pageant of black solemnity. All London is there in the season. The carriages are at least four deep. They are packed in like sardines; there is not room enough left for a baby-cart. They move at one and the same mournful pace the whole string round. They look in the same direction; they wear the same clothes, the same sad, woe-begone, and melancholy look, the same doleful, doomed expression the whole drive through—the indescribable expression of melancholy.

Once upon a time a careless little country girl, full of sunshine and good health, came to town in an open wagon with her parents. It was her first sight of London; and she stood up by the side of her red-faced, good-natured mother, clapping her little red hands and shouting out her delight at whatever took her fancy.

The little party struck Hyde Park near the great Marble Arch about three in the afternoon in the full blossom of a London May.

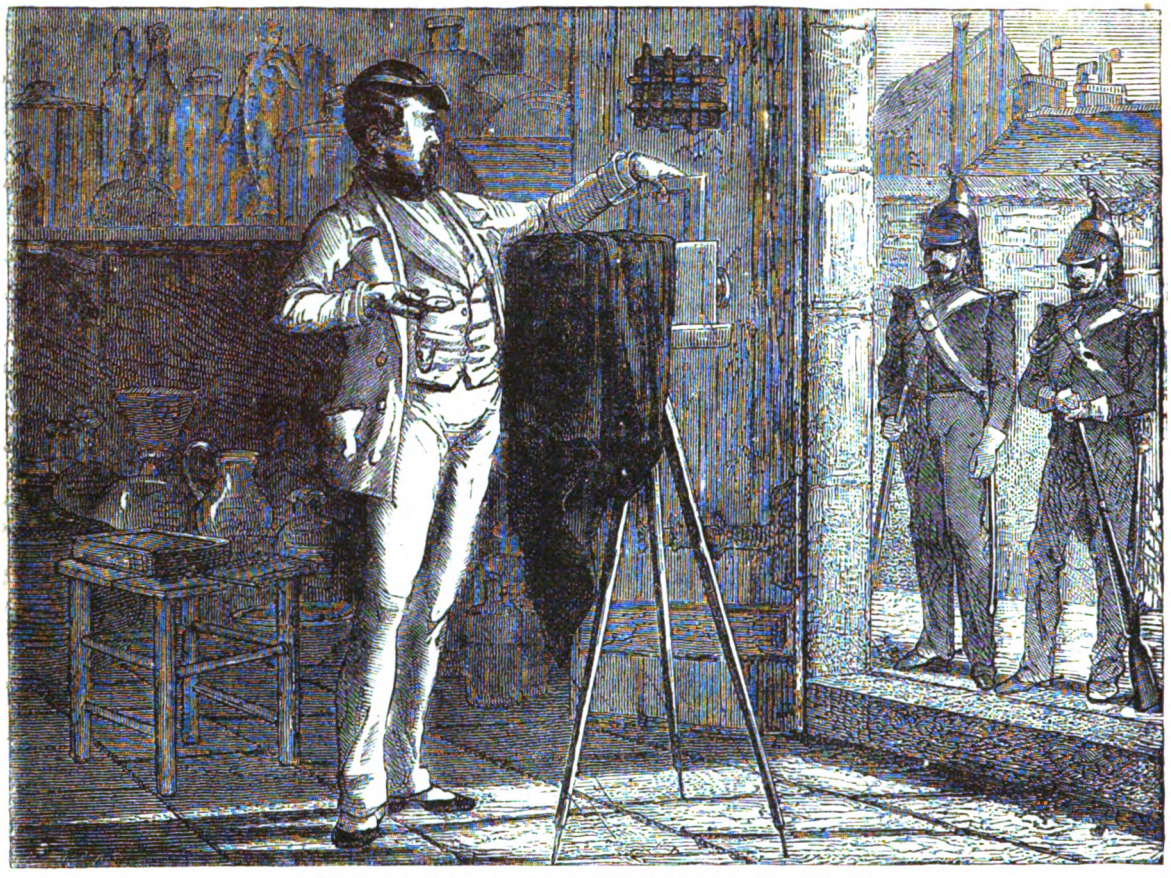
The child looked in, tiptoed up, looked again—and then she made it out in a moment. She knew perfectly well what it was now. She tiptoed up again, clapped her hands in a sweet shy tattoo, shook back her curls and called out:

"Oh, mamma, mamma! see, mamma, what a pretty, pretty funeral!"

## AN EVENTFUL INTERVIEW.

PRINCESS SALM-SALM, in her newly published "Ten Years of my Life," records the eventful interview with Benedetti in the garden at Ems, in the Summer of 1870. The regiment of the Prince being then quartered at Coblentz, the Salm-Salms chanced to witness this historical incident. On the evening of July 8th, the Princess was seated at table next the King, when he expressed his anxieties to her about Prince Hohenzollern's acceptance of the Spanish Crown. Next day they dined with the Queen in Coblentz, and after dinner they left for Ems, in the middle of a garden party given to the Coblentz people. They were caught in a heavy shower on their way from the Ems station to the Promenade at the Kursaal, when the King good-naturedly consoled with them on the damage their gay plumage had sustained. "Just when the King left us, and went away with Count Lehndorff, the French Minister, Count Benedetti, stopped his Majesty, and said something to him, on which our noble sovereign became two inches taller, and his kind face acquired an expression which I had never before seen on it. Making an impatient motion with his hand towards Count Lehndorff, he went away alone, leaving the oily Frenchman quite petrified." It will be seen that many of the Princess's recollections are really valuable as contributions to history, while her experiences and adventures are told so as to make them very agreeable reading.

CHANTREY, the sculptor, dining one day with Rogers, the versifying banker, "took particular notice," writes Macaulay, "of the vase and the table upon which it stands, and asked Rogers who made the table. 'A common carpenter,' said Rogers. 'Do you remember the making of it?' said Chantrey. 'Certainly,' said Rogers, in some surprise. 'I was in the room while it was finished with the chisel, and gave the workman directions about placing it.' 'Yes,' said Chantrey, 'I was the carpenter. I remember the room well, and all the circumstances.' A curious story, I think,—honorable both to the talent which raised Chantrey and the magnanimity which kept him from being ashamed of what he had been."

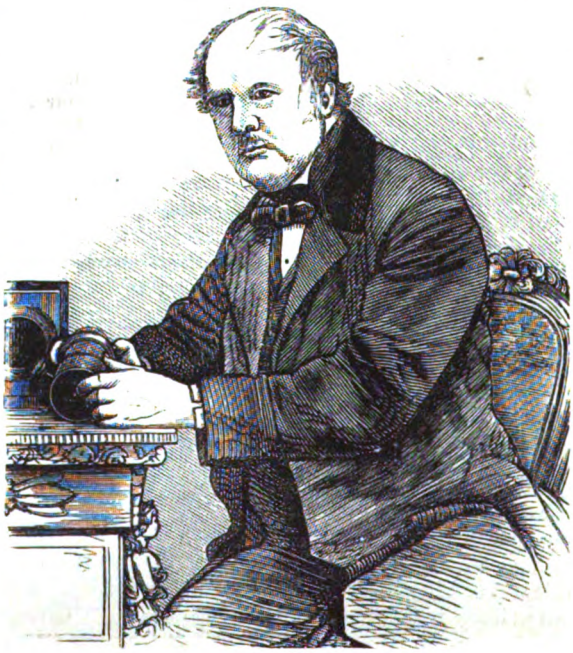


NIÉPCE DE ST. VICTOR TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS OF FRENCH SOLDIERS.

# HISTORY OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

By Professor Charles A. Joy.

As early as 1802, Sir Humphrey Davy, made numerous attempts to obtain images on paper, and the illustrious Wedgwood entered with zeal upon similar researches. The two succeeded in procuring by means of paper sensitized with nitrate or chloride of silver, silhouettes or inverted pictures; but the time required for the exposure, rendered the process very tedious, and they had no way to prevent the image from finally disappearing on the blackened surface. More than thirty years later, in 1834, Mr. Fox Talbot, antecedent to the discovery of the Daguerreotype, also commenced a series of experiments in the same direction, making use of paper and of the camera obscura. To him we are indebted for the discovery of one of the most important agents to be employed in photography, namely: gallic acid as a developer. The action of the light on the paper sensitized by iodide of silver, is not appreciable after the paper is removed from the camera. The image is latent, and it is necessary to have some agent to develop it into view. Such an agent was found in gallic acid by Fox Talbot, and this proved to be one of the most important steps in the new art. Daguerre had found in the vapor of mercury a proper agent for bringing out the image on the silver plate, and Fox Talbot discovered in gallic acid an equally potent agent for images on paper. This will place the name of the distinguished English amateur next to that of Daguerre, in the order of precedence in contributing to the final success of photography. Fox Talbot was prosecuting his researches with great zeal when he was surprised to read the announcement of Daguerre's famous discoveries in France. He immediately sent to the Royal Society of London an account of his experiments, and in the March number of the *Philosophical Magazine* for 1839 an article was published containing a full description of the work he had done. He gave the name of calotype to the new process. On the 7th of June, 1841, in a letter addressed to M. Biot, and read by that distinguished savant to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, Talbot gave another account of his method for obtaining photographic prints on paper. Coming as this announcement did so soon after the publication of Daguerre's discovery, it



FOX TALBOT.

did not attract the attention that it deserved, and it was in a fair way of being forgotten, if a Frenchman named Blanquart Evrard had not repeated the experiments, and sent a communication, with very satisfactory results, to the Academy sometime in 1847. About the same time another Frenchman, M. Bayard, succeeded in preparing pictures by the direct action of the sun on sensitized paper, having been led to make the trial in a singular way. His father, who was a judge in an interior town, was much devoted to gardening, and was particularly proud of the peaches he was able to raise. He was in the habit of sending some of the finest peaches as presents to friends, and in order to prove incontestably that they came from his own garden, he cut his initials in paper and wrapped the envelope around the peach, and left the fruit exposed to the sun. The action of the light was to transfer the initials to the fruit, exactly as an image is copied on sensitized paper. The son of the judge was led, by observing the success of this experiment, to try other methods of copying models, and was so successful as to make some remarkably good prints, which were exhibited by Professor Despretz in his lectures in Paris. The process he followed, was the one that had been discovered and announced by Talbot. Daguerre and Fox Talbot, were each so fortunate as to become a developer for their respective processes, but a fixing agent was the next desideratum in the march of events. The honor of having discovered a fixing agent is claimed for several investigators, but is usually conceded to Sir John Herschel.

Fox Talbot's paper process, thus perfected by the discovery of a fixing agent, may be briefly described as follows: A sheet of paper is sensitized by immersion in iodide or bromide of silver, and is placed at the focus of a camera—the image formed by the objective impresses itself upon the paper according to the intensities of lights and shadows—but it remains invisible until treated with gallic acid. The gallic acid combines with the oxide of silver set free by the action of the light, and produces an intense coloration. In those parts where the light has not acted no change is produced. An image is thus developed which is the reverse of the model from which it is obtained.

Now comes in the fixing agent. This is the hyposulphite of soda, which dissolves out all of the salts of silver that have not been acted upon by light, and leaves the image intact. A picture is thus obtained in which the lights of the original are reproduced in black and the shades in white; it is an inverted image, or *negative*, as it is called. If, now, this negative is placed on a sensitized sheet of paper in a printing frame, and the sun is allowed to shine through it, a proof is obtained in which the lights and shadows correspond to the original, and which is called a *positive*. The positive picture is worked and fixed in the same manner as the negative. It is hardly necessary to add that the same negative will serve for the printing of an indefinite number of pictures.

SPECIMEN OF THE FIRST GALVANO PLASTIC PHOTO-ENGRAVING, OBTAINED BY POITEVIN IN 1855.

The difficulty of obtaining paper free from coarse grains and be perfectly transparent, was always felt in the early stages of Fox Talbot's invention, and the calotype had a short-lived existence. It is now rarely employed in photography.

M. AUGUSTE POITEVIN.

The next problem was to substitute glass for the paper, and this was solved by Niépce de Saint Victor, cousin of Nicéphose Niépce, the associate of Daguerre in the original discovery.

Saint Victor was sent with his regiment to Paris in 1845, with the rank of lieutenant, and was stationed in the barracks of the Faubourg Saint Martin. In one of the cells of the large building he contrived to construct a rude laboratory in which to carry on his important experiments. He endeavored to find a suitable substitute for the coarse-grained paper, and was so fortunate as to think of glass and albumen. On the glass plate which was intended to receive the negative image, he poured a thin coating of albumen in which he had dissolved a small quantity of iodide of potassium. When this was dried it presented a smooth, uniform, polished surface, much better than the finest paper could afford. The prepared plate was sensitized by being plunged in a bath of nitrate of silver, and after exposure in the camera yielded what is now universally known as a glass negative.

The enthusiastic experimenter impressed the soldiers under his command into serving as models for the pictures he desired to take, and was very soon successful in taking portraits which attracted the attention of his superior officers, as well as of the members of the Academy of Science. The revolution of 1848 put an end to further progress, and the mob, which does not stop to consider the distinction between warlike weapons and apparatus of research, soon made havoc of the laboratory and all its valuable contents of lenses, chemicals, plates, and pictures, leaving no trace of what had been accomplished; but they could not suppress the information that had been published, and the glass negative remained as a fixed fact for the benefit of the world.

In 1855 Saint Victor was appointed by the Emperor Napoleon to the post of commandant of the Louvre, but in accepting this confidential position he was obliged to forego all claims to further promotion in the army, and to have his pay as an officer considerably reduced. As the new position afforded him suitable quarters and ample leisure for the prosecution of scientific researches, he readily acquiesced in the conditions imposed by the acceptance of the post. After taking up his quarters in the Louvre, he devoted the greater part of his time to attempts to photograph colors, but his

most important contribution to photography must be pronounced to have been the introduction of albumenized plates, or glass negatives. The next great step in our history was the substitution of collodion for the thin film of albumen. We must recall the fact that in 1846 Schoenbein succeeded in converting ordinary cotton into tri-nitro-cellulose or gun cotton by the action of mixed sulphuric and nitric acids. The explosive character of this substance was what chiefly occupied the attention of the Emperor Napoleon, and it was left to an American to attach other and much more important uses to it. Dr. John P. Maynard, of Dedham, Mass., published in the Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal* for 1848 an account of soluble gun cotton, to which, in consequence of its gluey character, he proposed to give the name of collodion. He prepared this by dissolving the tri-nitro-cellulose in a mixture of alcohol and ether, and proposed to use it for medical purposes. After Saint Victor had introduced the albumenized plate, a substitute for the albumen was deemed desirable. In an article which appeared in January, 1851, M. Gustave Le Gray announced that he had employed collodion for photographing on glass, but gave no details of the process. The same year Mr. Archer, a photographer of London, published a very complete description of the means and processes necessary to be observed in the use of collodion in taking negatives. His method was at once universally adopted, and the name of Archer must be inscribed on the list of important contributors to the art of photography. The collodion film on a glass plate continues to afford the best method for the production of negatives that has been invented down to the present time. The direct use of this film as a positive soon followed, but is of secondary importance.

We come now to record another grand discovery, which in its results has proved of equal importance with the original invention of photography. It was in 1855 that M. Auguste Poitevin discovered the action of bichromate of potash to render gelatin and other analogous bodies insoluble after exposure to light. Upon this simple observation are based all of the modern processes of Photo-engraving. Photo-lithography, heliography, woodburytype, albertype, all are founded upon the discovery of Poitevin. Photo-lithography, according to Poitevin, consists in covering the surface of a lithographic stone with gelatin previously mixed with bichromate of potash.

It is allowed to dry in the dark, and a negative *cliché* is placed over it and exposed to the action of the light; the bichromate becomes insoluble in the light, and by means of a sponge the parts unchanged by light are removed, leaving the altered portions in relief. The surface can now be inked, and an impression taken in the lithographic press in the usual manner. A great improvement was to obtain a gelatin film and transfer it to metal, and then by galvanoplasty obtain a metallic *cliché* for printing. The illustration on page 253 shows the earliest specimen obtained by Poitevin in 1855. It is much inferior to what can now be made, but serves an interesting purpose to illustrate the historical progress of the art. In the art department of Mr. Frank Leslie's printing house in New York City, the discovery of Poitevin has been brought to great perfection. The superb cuts which adorn the numerous publications of this enterprising firm, and which afford so much instruction and entertainment to hundreds of thousands of readers, are chiefly obtained by a modification of the gelatin process, which admits of the deposition of copper upon the *cliché* without the necessity of further transference. It is the art of photography carried to perfection, and is at once of incalculable advantage to mankind, as it brings the best productions of our artists within the reach of all.

In the sketch thus given of the history of photography mention has only been made of a few of the leading contributors to the general result, but there are many persons who have made important contributions whose names we have been obliged to omit for want of space. The chief credit in our story has been ascribed to chemists, but the physicists, who have given us our lenses, are equally entitled to recognition, as without the apparatus they have afforded us the finest chemicals would be of little avail. The history of the construction of the lenses and the account of the practical manipulations of the art of photography may very properly be postponed to a future article.

## RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Potash Industry.—As an offset to the soda lakes of the United States, there have been found in Germany seemingly inexhaustible mines of potash, the production from which has occasioned a complete revolution in the potash industry. At Stassfurt and Leopold Hall, although the whole business has sprung up within ten years, the decomposition and utilization of the potash salts has superseded all other methods of production. There are employed at these places in this branch of industry, besides 1,100 miners in two mines, on the average, 3,000 workmen. The rise and progress of the Stassfurt industries is justly regarded as one of the most remarkable illustrations of the value of truly scientific knowledge in furtherance of any art. The whole business is based upon a profound geological calculation of the relative position of the strata in that locality, and in the highest chemical knowledge in the proper method for working up what were at first regarded as waste products. There is nothing empirical connected with the operations, but, on the contrary, everything is based upon pure science. Twenty years ago the entire amount of potash coming into commerce was made from the ashes of plants. Whole forests were laid waste to supply the demand, and the permanent injury to whole regions of country was immense. All this is now changed, and a much purer article is made out of the crude salts of Stassfurt, and our forests can be retained to enrich the soil.

The Manufacture of Soda.—It could hardly be fairly expected of an article that has been known and used since the earliest times, that many improvements could be made in its manufacture, and yet, even with soda, there has been quite a revolution of late years. One of the improvements consists in the employment of a revolving oven by means of which a thorough mixture of the ingredients is accomplished, and a larger yield obtained at less expense. But the most important modification consists in the introduction of the ammonia soda process, by means of which an excellent 98 per cent article is at the present moment actually produced, which can fairly compete in cost and quality with the Leblanc soda. As if, however, to cast in the shade all human agencies of this kind, we have in the United States lakes of native soda, manufactured in nature's laboratory, in such quantity that it is reported that the Western market can soon be supplied from this source.

Honors to Dr Draper.—At a recent meeting of the American Academy of Science, at Boston, the president, Hon. Charles Francis Adams, presented the Rumford medals of gold and silver to Dr. John W. Draper, for his important discoveries of the intensity of the chemical action of light, afterwards adopted by Bunsen and Roscoe in their researches; but more particularly for his elaborate investigation, in 1847, in which Dr. Draper anticipated several important facts in spectrum analysis, now deemed of the greatest value. This recognition of the great merit of Dr. Draper's researches, although somewhat tardy, is nevertheless very gratifying to one who is now considerably advanced in years, and in whose case further delay would have imperiled his chances of surviving to see full justice done him.

Artificial Vanilla.—We were formerly compelled to have recourse to tropical countries for a supply of vanilla for flavoring, and the expense was very considerable. All this is now changed, as a method has been discovered, by means of which it can be produced in any quantity from the sap of pine forests. By a strange freak of science we can also now make, artificially, oil of wintergreen, bitter almond oil, and mustard oil, and a large number of organic acids. It is scarcely too much to expect that before many years, at the same rate of progress, we shall have artificial cane sugar, and many valuable alkaloids.

An Interesting Relic.—There is exhibited in Philadelphia a relic said to be of the first engine ever erected on this continent. It was imported from England in 1753 by Colonel John Schuyler, to be used for pumping water from his copper mine, near Newark, N. J. It was brought out by Josiah Hornblower, as engineer, who remained in this country, and from whom the Hornblower family of New Jersey are descended. The engine is of the Newcomen pattern, before Watt had invented the separate condenser, and the use of high-pressure steam was possible.

Technical Education.—A joint meeting of civil and mining engineers was recently held in the city of Philadelphia, continuing for two days. The number of addresses or written papers on the subject of technical education, from members of one or both of the societies, and from distinguished foreign engineers, was about twenty-five. They are to be collected and published for wide circulation. There was one point which was agreed upon with striking unanimity, and that was the impropriety of conferring the degree

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# WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR INDIANS?

A GROUP OF PROMINENT SIOUX CHIEFS.

## WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR INDIANS?

THAT vast empire in the East, of which the Queen of England has just been made the empress, and which is known as British India, consists of a population of 190,000,000 persons, divided into many distinct kingdoms, which are governed by native princes who inherit their thrones from ancestors who were powerful rulers long before the race from which Queen Victoria is descended had set foot upon British territory. These Indian rulers are mostly men of large possessions; they have great armies at their command; they manufacture their own arms; and have immense resources within their own territories; yet these powerful nations are kept in perfect subjugation by a mere handful of English soldiers. The whole British population of India, according to the census taken last year, amounted to but 90,000 persons. But England rules the 190,000,000 of native Indians by this mere driblet of British population. When a rebellion has broken out in any of the Indian provinces we have seen with what masterly ability it has been suppressed, and how promptly and completely such an atrocity as the Cawnpore massacre was avenged, and the rebellion, of which it was the commencement, brought to a close.

When the blunders and failures which have attended the administration of our Indian policy is contrasted with that of England in her eastern empire, it is not in the least comforting to our national pride, but, on the contrary, it might well cause us to hang our heads in shame. We have a population of full 45,000,000, exclusive of Indians maintaining tribal conditions, who are, according to the calculations of the Indian Commissioners, but 279,337 in number. This is, no doubt, a liberal estimate, for they were, according to the census of 1870, 357,981; the decrease in their numbers is very great, being more than twenty per cent. in five years.

Our Indians are brave, bold, and shrewd in their methods of warfare; but they are utterly destitute of all the means of modern warfare, except such as our Government furnishes them. They have no armories, no permanent homes, no organized government, no manufactories of any kind; they can neither read nor write; they are ignorant of engineering; they have neither carriages, nor roads, nor telegraphs, nor boats for the navigation of rivers; nor do they possess any of the advantages which render civilized men so potent in overcoming all the obstacles of nature and in exterminating their enemies. Our Indians are the same untutored savages that they were when our European ancestors landed on these shores and began to appropriate the land for their own uses, except that they have learned to use the rifle with deadly effect, and have gained a sufficient knowledge of some of our arts to suffer from their demoralizing influences, without deriving any benefits from the good objects they were inintended to accomplish. While we have multiplied and prospered, they have steadily diminished in numbers; but their savage instincts and habits have remained unchanged, and as we have grown mightily in power, adding constantly to our means of aggressive warfare, we have found ourselves confronted with a savage foe, whose ability to inflict injury upon us seems to have increased as he has diminished in numbers and been restricted in territory. To cope with the savages now appears to be more difficult than it was in the time of that sturdy fighter King Philip, of Mount Hope, and our Indian wars are now vastly more costly than they ever were before, and more disastrous in the sacrifice of our men. Certainly no such disaster ever before befel our army as the slaughter of the gallant Custer and his entire command by the Sioux under the redoubtable warrior Sitting Bull, or Crazy Horse, for it seems to be uncertain which of the two chiefs were in command in that terrific encounter. The destruction of the entire command of Major Dade, in Florida, during the last Indian war in the Everglades was not less tragical, but the force of Dade was not one-third that of Custer's, and, in the meanwhile, we have been constantly engaged in reducing the Indians, in appropriating their hunting grounds, in compelling them to retire within the reservations assigned them, and in making treaties with them. But, though so much nearer to extermination than ever before, they are not in the least degree less warlike or less troublesome. The difficulty with them is inherent, and as it has existed from the beginning it is likely to continue to the end, although there must come a time when the small remnants of the once powerful tribes will become as quiet and inoffensive as the Marshpee Indians in Massachusetts, the Chinecooks on Long Island, or the other remnants of aboriginal tribes that still exist in the central part of New York. The Sioux are in a fair way of being completely exterminated, and some future romance will make a pathetic story of the last members of their tribes; but they are now the fiercest and most formidable Indian foe we have to contend with. However just may have been the revenge they took upon the invaders of their territory, their treachery and cruelty will not be forgotten, and they will pay dearly for the precious lives they sacrificed.

We have learned something from experience, though the lesson has been a most trying one to us. Events have taught us the uselessness of making treaties which neither side had the power to enforce, whether they had the will or not. For our Government to make a treaty with a wild tribe of savages whom we had to treat as wards, and whose property we first took possession of by force, and then consented to pay for on terms which they dared not refuse, and had no power to resist, was a very absurd proceeding; but it was by following this course that led to all of our Indian troubles, and at last Congress opened its eyes to the supreme folly of the past policy of Indian management.

If Congress had been a little more active in passing the resolution that no more treaties should be made with the Indian tribes, the trouble with the Sioux might, and probably would, have been avoided. But we had, unfortunately, entered into a treaty stipulation with the Sioux eight years ago, when it was necessary to prevent the Indians from making predatory attacks on the parties engaged in the construction of the railroads across the Continent to the Pacific.

Nearly the whole territory from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains was in undisturbed possession of the Indians, who had the buffalo for their companion and support. They were not disposed to yield their right to the territory which had always belonged to them, and they looked with evil eyes upon the advancing army of engineers and laborers who foreshadowed the coming of the iron horse, which would frighten away the game upon which they depended for subsistence. There was nothing to be done on our part but to fall back upon the old expedient of a treaty, and a treaty with the Sioux was accordingly entered into, the representatives of our Government being General Sherman, General Terry, General Augur, General Harney, and other eminent military men, who had opportunities for knowing something about Indian warfare.

Associated with them were certain civilians, and the terms of the treaty then formed were, that a tract of territory since become famous as the Sioux Reservation, should be "set apart for the absolute and undisturbed use of the Indians, who were represented by their chiefs, among whom was one with whose name of Sitting Bull we have since become so familiar.

If Jove laughs at lovers' oaths, what a loud guffaw there

would be if Olympus were now among the entities of creation when a new Indian treaty were negotiated!

The treaty which was entered upon with the Sioux only eight years ago, stipulated, among other clauses, that "The United States now solemnly agrees that no persons except those herein designated and authorized to do so, and except such officers, agents, and employés of the Government as may be authorized to enter upon Indian Reservations in discharge of duties authorized by law, shall ever be permitted to pass over, settle upon, or reside in, the territory described in this article, or in such territory as may be added to their Reservation for the use of said Indians."

There was not the least necessity for making such a treaty as this. It was making a compact which could not be kept, and which the high contracting parties, on one side at least, knew perfectly well never would be kept. By another article in the treaty it was further stipulated that certain military posts in the neighborhood should be abandoned, and that the roads leading to them and to Montana should be closed. Certain tracts were to be retained by the Sioux for hunting-grounds "so long as the buffalo may range thereon in such numbers as to justify the chase." There were many other specifications of privileges which the Sioux should enjoy, and which were all agreed to with equal solemnity with the others.

But it is only eight years ago since this solemn treaty was signed, and already we are lamenting over the consequences of its gross violation on our part.

"In consideration of the advantages and benefits conferred by this treaty, and the many pledges of friendship by the United States, the tribes who are parties to this agreement stipulate that they will relinquish all right to territory outside the specified limits, and that they will refrain from acts of hostility against the whites, and that they will withdraw all pretense of opposition to the construction of the railroad now being built to the Pacific Ocean."

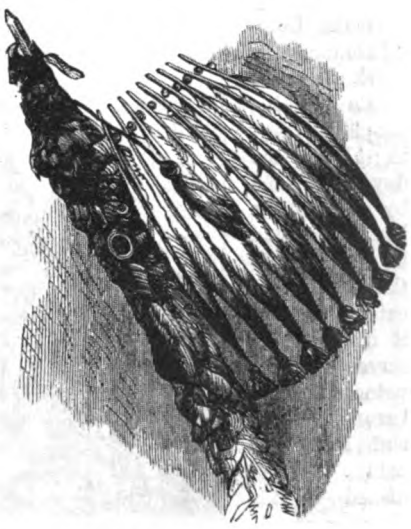
So far as we have been able to discover, the Indians kept their part of the agreement; if there were any acts of violence toward the whites they were not of a serious character, and were the acts of individuals, unsanctioned by the chiefs. Indeed, there were strenuous efforts made, at the risk of his own life, to prevent an attack upon the Red Cloud Agency, which would probably have led to the slaughter of all the whites stationed there.

The Government must be acquitted of any intentional violation of the stipulations in the treaty, although that part of them concerning the establishment of schools, and enabling the Indians to make provision for their own subsistence were by no means fulfilled. Wherein the Government was most to blame, however, was in neglecting to take the necessary measures to prevent the violation of the treaty by irresponsible adventurers. The Black Hills constitute a part, and it is believed by many the most valuable part, of the Sioux Reservation. But the whole region, which abounds in valuable timber, is well watered, and presents many attractions for the agriculturist, apart from the mineral treasures which the hills are supposed to contain, has been forcibly taken from the tribes for whose use and enjoyment it was so solemnly set apart. Nearly two years ago a reconnoisance was directed to be made through the Black Hills region by a military force under the command of the now deeply-lamented General Custer. The unfortunate consequence of this altogether unnecessary expedition was the report of gold mines having been discovered among the hills. After this discovery there was no use in attempting to prevent a rush of gold-diggers into the territory. Proclamations were issued forbidding the entrance of any adventurers within the territory, and General Crook was sent to see that the proclamation was complied with. A commission was appointed to negotiate for the purchase of the Black Hills, but it was unsuccessful, in consequence of the opposition of Sitting Bull, and then the stream of adventurers set in again, and the number of gold-miners and traders that invaded the territory is estimated at more than ten thousand—since, estimates made the number as high as twenty thousand. The Government, finding it altogether useless to attempt the removal of such a multitude, concluded not to make the attempt; but it took the very course best calculated to aggravate the trouble by sending an expedition under Prof. Janney to examine the hills and report whether they contained gold or not. The reports that followed, though not of an official character, were well calculated to inflame the minds of the Western people, who continued their invasions of the territory which had been so solemnly set apart for the exclusive use of Sitting Bull's people. The imigration of miners and prospectors was so rapid that no less than two cities were laid out, one of them named in honor of the unfortunate Custer. General Crook made an agreement with the adventurers, as an inducement for them to abandon the territory, that they should have the privilege of returning and taking possession of their claims as soon as the bargain for the sale of the hills to the Government should be consummated. But, unfortunately, the proposed bargain could not be completed. The Indians had learned not to put any trust in treaties, and they resolved to hold on to what they had got. The fights that since occurred have been the natural results of the treaty of 1868, which has already been grossly violated, and, sooner or later, must be wholly abrogated.

It is a curious circumstance that in the report of the Special Commission appointed to investigate the affairs of the Red Cloud Indian Agency, last year, the Commissioners say that "the temper and feelings of the Indians have undergone a very favorable change toward our people and Government. . . . That the fact is so, is attested by the uniform opinion of every officer of the army, and every trader and other person who has been examined upon the subject. The iron bond of their tribal organization is rapidly weakening, and the most eminent and distinguished chiefs now hold their positions by a precarious tenure." And then the Commissioners gravely add, "We believe the day has gone by when a formidable Indian war can ever again occur in this country."

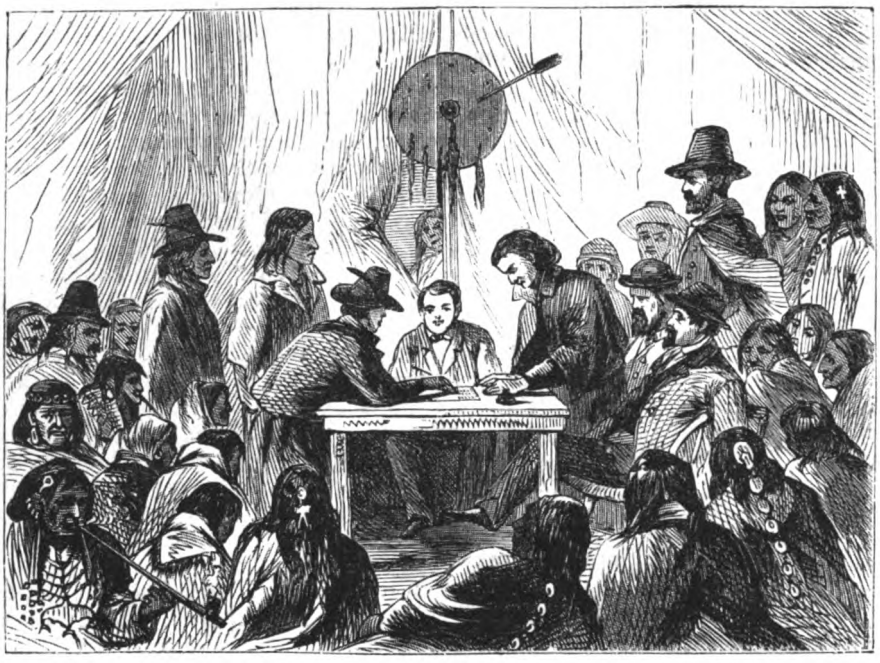
But the report had scarcely been published when the whole country is startled by the announcement of the most formidable Indian war that the country has known in fifty years; when defeat after defeat has been suffered by our forces, and the generals in command are beseeching instant relief from the Government to save them from utter destruction.

The Special Commissioners who investigated the affairs of the Red Cloud Agency, seem to have become fully convinced of the bad policy not only of making treaties with the Indians, but of putting them upon reservations of valuable lands which the advance of population and the general progress of the country require for the uses of the people. The



AN INDIAN CALUMET, OR PEACEPIPE.

recent Act of Congress which declares that no new treaties shall be made with the Indians, is the most important measure that has been adopted looking to an improvement in our Indian policy. But the treaties already in existence must be faithfully observed until they can be legally set aside, let the consequences be what they may. It is said, and very justly, that the criminal laws of the United States should be extended over all the reservations, and that when an Indian subject shall commit an offence, he shall be made subject to the police and criminal law of the State in which the offence was committed. The individual responsibility of the Indian as a member of the community must be recognized, and the absurd fiction of tribal sovereignty abolished.



KIOWAS AND COMANCHES SIGNING A TREATY IN 1867.

The Commissioners do not appear to have been at all affected by the sentimentality which has so long blurred the perceptions of every one who had to deal officially with the Red Man. The Indians are, strangely enough, becoming more expensive as they diminish in numbers, and they require almost as great an outlay for their support and management as the whole of the Government, Army, Navy, Civil and Diplomatic service did fifty years ago. The Commissioners believe they speak the sentiments of the people, when they say that "it is time that we should now adopt a fixed policy in regard to that (our Indian) population." There is not the slightest doubt of it; nor is there any that the Commissioners also speak the sentiments of the people in saying that "the day has gone by when the blanket should be furnished to the Indian as extensively as it now is. It serves to perpetuate his barbarous costume and his idle habits. If furnished with clothing at all, it should be such as is suited to his comfort and in which it will be possible for him to perform labor."

SATANTA MAKING A SPEECH DURING THE NEGOTIATION OF PEACE.

Admirably well said. Whoever may have seen the Indian on his native plains sitting at the entrance of his wigwam, or upon the back of his wild steed, and clothed in the blankets which are annually distributed to him, must have felt how unreasonable it would be to expect that such a picturesque savage should ever perform any useful labor, or do anything so degrading to his nature as cradling wheat or digging potatoes. Put the noble savage into a pair of trowsers, and compel him to cover his broad back with a serviceable jacket devoid of ornaments of any kind, and he would feel less repugnance to honest labor. But war paint and feathers are altogether incompatible with industrious habits. The negro is imitative in his disposition, and is happy to dress like a white man, but the Indian is not at all imitative as to our social habits, and we have been guilty of the supreme folly of encouraging him in his savage ways, by giving him blankets to wear instead of supplying him with shirts, coats and trowsers.

An experiment was made in the reservation in Southern Kansas, by which some white contractors must have made a good deal of money, to do something toward civilizing the Kaw Indians, by building nice little stone cottages for them to live in, and appropriating to each one a piece of land to raise corn and vegetables upon. They were much better houses than the majority of our Eastern farm laborers live in, and vastly superior to the log cabins which most of the Western settlers built for their families. But the Kaws preferred their wigwams to the nice stone cottages which the Government provided for them. While

SIOUX INDIANS PERFORMING THE SCALP-DANCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY ELLSBURY.

SIOUX ATTACKING AN EMIGRANT TRAIN.

they could wrap themselves up in the warm blankets that were given, they cared nothing for the comforts or conveniences of a house designed for civilized families, so they turned their horses into the houses, took off the doors and took out the windows, and sold them for whisky, and lodged in their wigwams.

The attempt to house the noble red man was premature; he had not gone through the preliminary stages of civilization which rendered the comforts of a solid dwelling necessary.

It was specially unfortunate that there should have been no survivor of the battle in which the gallant Custer fell, surrounded by his brave companions, for we are not likely ever to learn the nature of the attack that was made upon them, nor why it was that so thoroughly an experienced Indian fighter could have been lured into the trap that was set for him. There have been reports that the fatal mistake was made by Custer of listening to the story of a treacherous half-breed scout who had been sent forward the night before, and who led the doomed men to their destruction. The preparations made by the Indians showed their cunning, their strategy, and their skill. The work was perfect, and the result was the most disastrous known in the records of Indian combats.

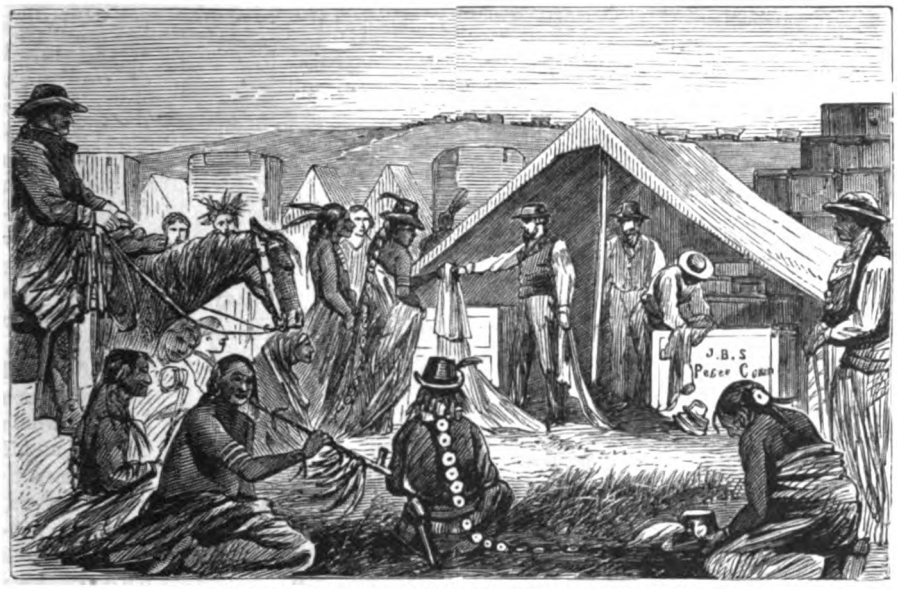
In relation to the supposed leader of the Indians, Sitting Bull, who was at one time reported to have been killed, it appears that he was not personally engaged in the fight, and that the chiefs who took the lead bore the picturesque titles of Crazy Horse, Kill Eagle, and Black Moon. This Kill Eagle is a new name, and he is said to be a chief of the Blackfeet tribe. He had no business to be among the tribes who were under the command of Sitting Bull, but he was doubtless ready to join in any undertaking where there was an opportunity for using his tomahawk and scalping-knife. The Indian is nothing if not a fighter, and he gains confidence in his own prowess from finding himself so often in the presence of whites who are utterly unable to protect themselves against his ferocious attacks or his subtle ways in approaching and surprising the homes of the pioneers, who have converted the dreary forests and wild prairies of the continent into fertile farms and populous towns, filled with thrifty and prosperous inhabitants.

The sufferings of the nameless pioneers who have perished by the tomahawk of the stealthy savage are among the traditions of the border settlements, but very little of them has found a record in our history. We know enough, however, of Indian fighting to shudder at the thought of the terrors which must fill the hearts of the unhappy settlers in the far West when they are attacked by these merciless foes.

The Commissioners, from whose report we have quoted already, express the opinion, which will be shared by the majority of our people, that "too much deference has been shown to the whims and caprices of the Indians, in some of our important transactions with them." And this has undoubtedly been the cause of much of the trouble which we have had with them.

It is the testimony of men who have had abundant opportunities for forming correct opinions on the subject, that the Indian must be made to fear before he can be made to obey. This, indeed, is true of all men, to a certain extent, but it is particularly true of uncivilized men in all climes. It is by

SCENES OF THE SIOUX WAR OF 1865.—SETTLER PIERCED WITH ARROWS.



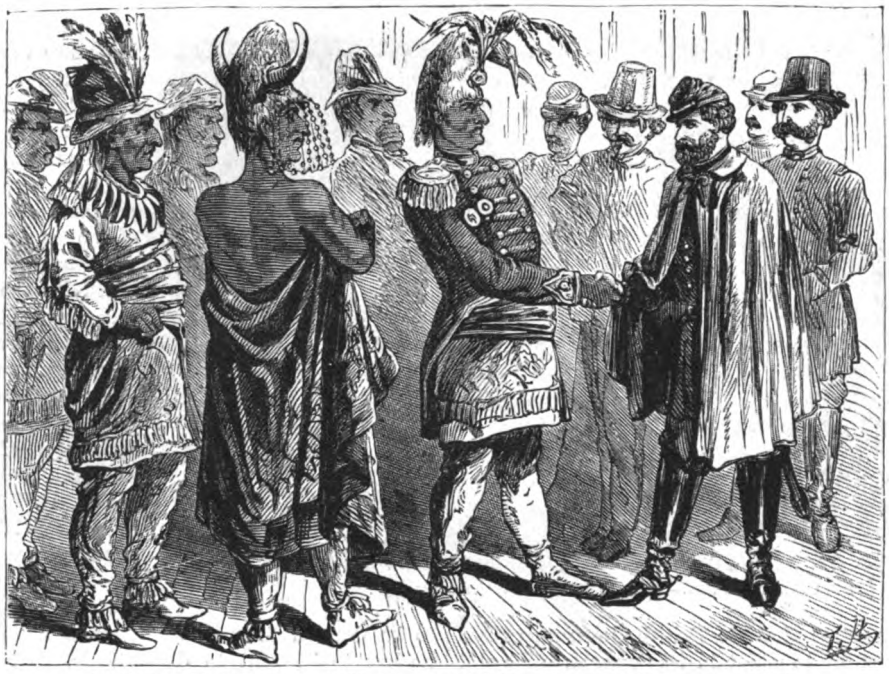

THE AGENCY SYSTEM.—ISSUING CLOTHES TO THE INDIANS.

acting on this assumption that the British Government has been able so successfully to maintain its power in India and in other parts of the East. The horrid punishment of blowing the rebel Sepoys from the mouths of cannon was well calculated to inspire them with a dread of the power that could indulge in such cruelties. Our own course with the Indians has been of a directly opposite character. As the Red Cloud Commissioners say, the Indian eats our bread and wraps himself in our blankets with no other emotion than that they are gifts extorted from our fears. Much of our policy has convinced him that our liberal supplies of provisions to him are dictated by cowardice and cupidity, and the declaration of men in authority, whose words are repeated to him, that it is cheaper to feed him than to fight; he will be sure to fight us unless we do feed him, and clothe him too.

General Crook, who has had such good opportunities for becoming well acquainted with the nature of the Indian, told one of the Commissioners that it would be simple humanity to him to send such a display of military force as to excite in him a fear of the Government, and compel him into a prompt obedience to its commands. This was the advice of a soldier, who, from his professional experiences, could have no other idea on the question of how to civilize the Indian than doing it at the point of the bayonet. It was in quite a different spirit, however, that General Sherman, as soon as he arrived in Savannah, after his famous march from Atlanta to the sea, took up his pen and wrote a letter to the Secretary of War proposing a new method of civilizing and improving the emancipated slaves in the Atlantic States. General Sherman wanted permission to seize upon all the blacks he could find, force them upon the Sea Islands, off the coast of Georgia, and there keep them, prohibiting all intercourse with them, by way of testing their capacity for self-improvement.

Preposterous as such a scheme would have been, it was nothing more than a repetition of the policy of our Government from its foundation to the present time in the treatment of the Indians. It seems never to have occurred to General Sherman that if the same kind of an experiment had been tried upon him that he proposed for the emancipated negroes, instead of being at the head of an army he would have been in a condition not much above that of a freedman, though he would have had the advantage of being the descendant of a well educated ancestry. When we see what unceasing labor and careful attention are required to educate one of our ordinary children, who has all the benefits to be derived from the highest social refinements; how he has to be sent to day-schools, to Sunday-schools, to high schools, to academies, to church, and to the lyceum, before he can be admitted to a college or a university; how, after he has received all the improvement possible by means of daily tuition at the hands of learned professors and doctors, he is at last pronounced in a fit condition to enter upon a course of special studies preparatory to the adoption of some profession by which he may be qualified to keep himself out of a prison or a poor-house, and to earn a decent living; and how, after all this troublesome and expensive training, it is still, in most cases, thought necessary to send him on a year or two's travel through Europe to complete his education, and make him competent to enter upon the real battle of life and become a self-supporting citizen, could anything more sublimely preposterous be imagined than the practice of our Government in shutting up our Indians on reservations, preventing from all intercourse with the rest of mankind, and expecting that under such a system they would attain to a sufficiently high condition of civilized society to be admitted into the great sisterhood of States that compose our glorious Union?

ISSUING SUPPLIES TO THE INDIANS.

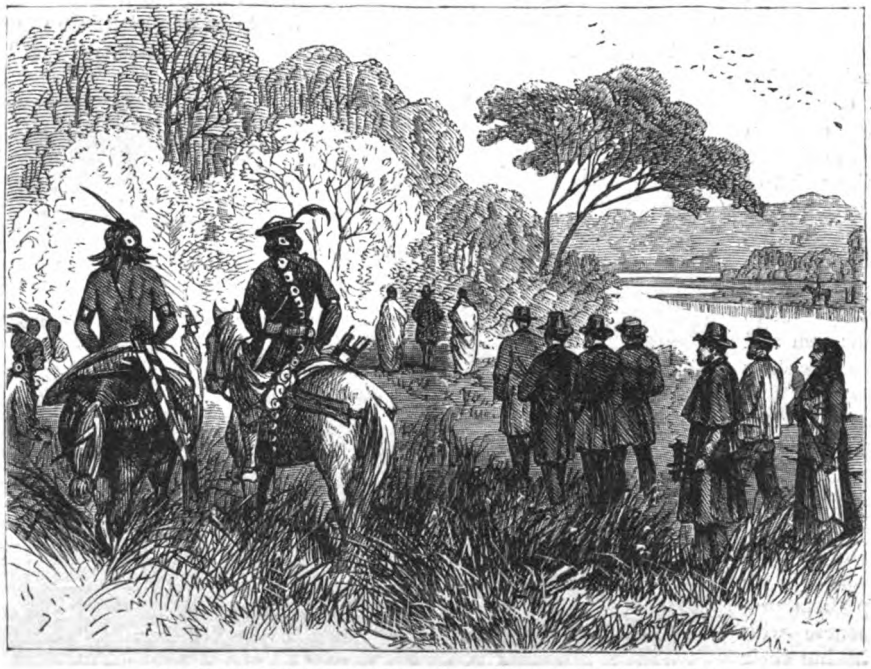


INDIANS AND THE ARMY.—GENERAL SHERMAN MEETING THE SIOUX CHIEFS IN 1867.

The inevitable effect of this system of reservations has just now been most forcibly and tragically exhibited in the Sioux war, the cost of which to the country will be beyond computation, and the increased taxation growing out of it will be an added burden to the nearly unbearable load which our honest laborers and their posterity must contrive to carry. But the Sioux trouble is an exceptionable affair, which was precipitated by the unfortunate discovery of gold in the gorges of the Black Hills. But for that circumstance it might have been a decade or two before the full mischiefs which naturally grow out of the system, and which are seen in their perfection in the reservations lying South of Missouri and Kansas, would have been developed.

The last Congress did a most commendable service to the country in resolving that there should be no more treaties entered into with the Indian tribes, and it will be the duty of the next Congress to resolve that there shall be no more reservations of the public lands for the exclusive use of Indian tribes. This duty will be the more likely to be undertaken by the next Congress because it will, most fortunately, be freed from the business of President-making.

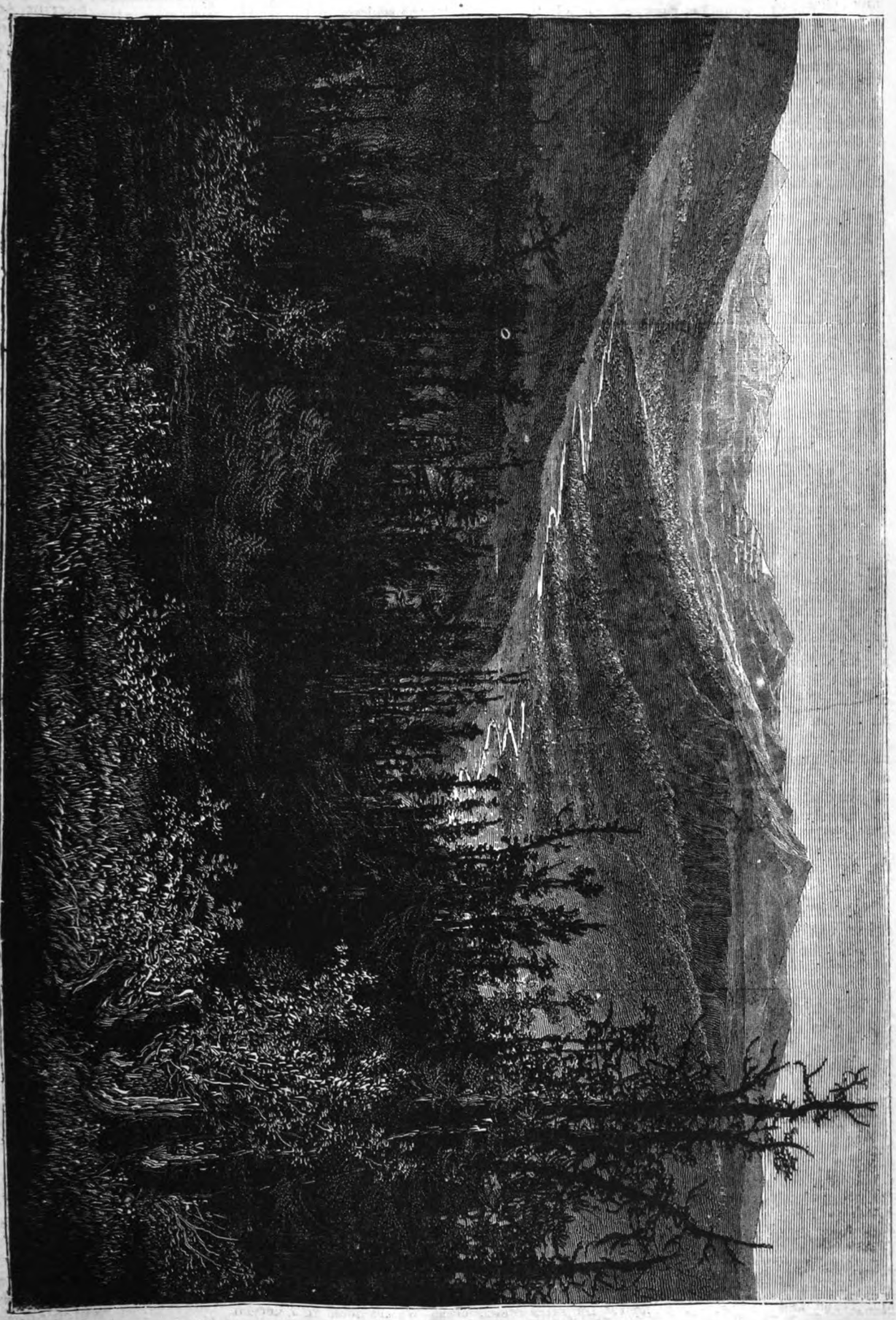
And when Congress takes the important step of determining that there shall be no more Indian reservations, the next and natural measure to be adopted will be to abolish those that are already in existence, and to provide territorial governments for them. It is of vast importance to the whole Southwestern region of the country that the Indian territory lying between Kansas and Texas, and serving as a barrier to the advancement of emigration and commerce in that direction, should be thrown open to the settlement of our enterprising pioneers. It is one of the most fertile, beautiful, and healthy regions in the whole country, and if it were open to white settlers, it would rapidly become one of the wealthiest and most populous States of the Southwest, and be of immense benefit to new emigrants and the adjacent States.



INDIANS AND PEACE COMMISSIONERS—INDIANS GOING TO A COUNCIL.

One of the most desirable effects which would be produced by the establishment of a territorial government over the Indian reservations, would be the extinction of those sources of rank corruption and political degradation, the Indian Agencies—like the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail Agencies, whose rascalities have been so disgraceful to the Administration under which they were appointed. The affairs of the Red Cloud Agency, for example, which have not made much noise before the country, for the reason that there were other corruptions which attracted a greater degree of attention, were sufficient to cause the Special Commission employed in their investigation to publish a large volume of near a thousand pages, giving the evidence of rascalities which came under their observation. But this was only one agency, and there are eighty-two others. There is no reason to believe that the Red Cloud Agency was any worse than the rest; and, judging from the disclosures connected with it, we may easily computate the amount of corruption which the system of Indian administration is productive of.

The Red Cloud Commissioners, in their report, have offered some discreet advice, which ought not



THE UINTAH MOUNTAINS, BLACK FORK RIVER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. JACKSON.

to be wasted upon Congress, although, as yet, we have had no evidence that it has done any particular good. They say that the treaty provision by which the Indian is kept separate and apart from the white man in his reservation, may in some respects be a sound and wise policy, but it cannot be the policy of civilization. That can only be imparted to the Indian by bringing him in contact with its influences. The existing law excludes from the reservation all persons of the white race except those who are ready to abandon civilization itself for a disreputable association with Indian women. Contact with such examples of civilized life must tend rather to degrade and villify it in the estimation of the Indian himself. It would be far better so to amend our trade and intercourse laws as to make some provision for the admission among them of that class of white men whose respect for the laws of their country now keeps them at a distance from the reservations.

After this it is not to be wondered at that the Commissioners recommend the abolition of the reservations altogether, and the erection of a territorial government in their place; and that all future legislation for the Indians, and all dealings with them, be based upon the policy of bringing them as rapidly as possible under the same law which governs all other inhabitants of the United States.

But these wise recommendations we can scarcely hope to see adopted while members of Congress can themselves find profitable offices for their friends and supporters in Indian agencies, and bonanzas of perquisites in Indian contracts.

The Indian question, however, is rapidly working out its own solution, and it will not be long before the Indians themselves will have altogether disappeared. Before the end of another half century of our national existence there will not be such a thing as an aboriginal tribe within the boundaries of the Republic, unless we should, in the meanwhile, in the fulfillment of our manifest destiny, have annexed all the adjoining territory down to the Isthmus of Panama, as Senator Douglas once predicted would be the case. In that event, which is not unlikely to happen, we should have an addition of Indian tribes upon our hands, and the processes of extermination by means of agencies, contracts, and reservations might require a century longer. But it would only be "a question of time"; the result would be inevitable, as it has been in the territory which we have already possessed and improved.

The utter, complete, and thorough extermination of all the Indian tribes, and the eradication of all traces of their existence, which has taken place during the first century of our existence as a nation, in the Atlantic States, is merely a promise of what will be done in the Pacific States, and in the regions in the central parts of our territory, which are now mostly inhabited by aboriginal tribes.

In some parts of the country the Indians have left traces of their ownership and occupancy of the land, in the names which still stick to a few prominent places, proofs of the truth of the new theory of development known as the survival of the fittest in nomenclature, if in nothing more. But it is very remarkable that in the island on which the Empire City has spread itself, there is not a trace remaining of the people who inhabited it when the Dutch adventurers landed upon its shores, except in the names assumed by two local institutions which certainly had no Indian affinities. Tammany Hall and the Manhattan Club are the only Indian names that have survived to indicate that the Indian was once the sole proprietor of the soil. In other parts of the State, however, Indian names are abundant, and it would be a fortunate circumstance for our maps and geographies if they were more so, if, for instance, we had more Ontarios, Niagaras, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Saratogas, and fewer McGrawvilles, Pompeys, Tompkinsvilles, and Ovids.

CAPTAIN JACK, LEADER OF THE MODOCS IN THEIR WAR.

There has never been a finer opportunity offered any people for studying practically, on a large scale, the problem of race amelioration or improvement, than we have enjoyed in having under our entire control and subjugation the Indian races which we found here in their tribal organizations, and the African race, which we brought here and employed as slaves. But we have missed our opportunities; and, though the Indian is rapidly disappearing under our treatment, we have five or six millions of Africans left to experiment upon, and a hundred thousand or more of Chinamen. In a recent debate in Congress, Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi, rather hastily said that "This race problem was not incapable of solution, and that two statesmen, such as Lord Derby and Earl Russell, might, or would, settle it in three days."

This was a very uncomplimentary fling at our own statesmen, who have had the race problem under consideration for a full century, and have not yet been able to find a solution of it.

The mention of Lord Derby and Earl Russell happened to be a rather malapropos one, as they occupy directly opposite positions on the question of races. Earl Derby, or at least his father and grandfather, to whose party he still belongs, was an opponent of all the measures for race improvement advocated by Earl Russell. The Stanleys, represented by Lord Derby, were large owners of property in Jamaica, and in favor of slavery, while the Russells were advocates of emancipation. But both of these eminent statesmen have

had abundant opportunities of displaying their abilities in solving the problems of race improvement in legislating for the benefit of Ireland. They and their ancestors have for many years been discussing the question of race in Ireland, but it still remains unsolved.

If our statesmen have been less successful in disposing of the problem of races so far as Indians and negroes are involved, it is not because they have less wisdom or patriotism, or honesty, but because the difficulty of reconstructing a government of equal laws, whose foundation is the assumption that all men are made with equal rights and are entitled to equal privileges, with the necessity of protecting an importent part of the population who cannot be entrusted with the privileges which the law confers upon them.

But, as we have already said, the Indian problem is rapidly working out its own solution, and our posterity will know nothing more about the noble savage, who was ever a torment and a terror to their ancestors, than what they can learn from School histories, and Dime novels. The pathetic words which Jefferson puts in the mouth of Logan, will before long be repeated by some Sitting Bull, sitting in his loneliness upon an eminence that overlooks the vast plains where his projenitors hunted the buffalo, and scalped the unarmed pioneer who came to dispossess him of his inheritance. There is but one escape for the Indian who finds it incompatible with his nature and his aspirations, to become a citizen of this Republic and assume the duties of an independent voter. He cannot forever be fed by public bounties, for our own laws do not contemplate a permanent condition of pauperism, and if he can no longer clothe himself in buffalo robes, nor provide dried buffalo meat for his squaw and his children, he must be content to starve or emigrate. He cannot go West, for population and civilization are advancing rapidly from the Pacific coast, and they present an impregnable obstacle to his progress. The South will also present a belt of civilization which he will be powerless to overcome. But he can go North, and the migration in that direction must very soon commence. He can escape into the Dominion, where a Land of Canaan awaits him. There the Government takes proper measures for preserving whatever seems to be necessary to the well-being of the Indian. The Dominion Government at present feeds and maintains some twenty thousand Indians living in Canadian territory, and it is nearly certain that a large number of Sioux and Cheyennes will find it convenient to emigrate from their present uncomfortable quarters into that territory, and become hunters on the plains around Lake Winnipeg. A very extensive business is reported this season from that quarter in buffalo robes, some fifty thousand of them having been sent to Montana. This number of robes, it is estimated required the slaughter of at least one hundred and twenty thousand buffaloes. Our military commanders who bear the brunt of the hardships and dangers encountered in Indian warfare, have the peculiar infelicity of being employed upon the most hazardous expeditions, from which little hope of reputation or honor can be anticipated. In fighting with a civilized enemy, whether a conqueror or a prisoner, whether in victory or defeat, he does as much towards perpetuating the fame of a commander as his own compatriots. But the Indian is a dumb witness of the heroism by which he is conquered, or which he overcomes. It was said by the eloquent Fisher Ames, in Congress, that "it is not in Indian wars that heroes are celebrated; but in them they are formed." And there is much in this, but Indian wars have in reality given fame to some of our military commanders, and three of our Presidents and one Vice-President have owed their elevation chiefly to their heroic exploits in fighting the Indians. General Jackson's principal fighting, by which he displayed his remarkable characteristics, was in his successful campaigns against the Creeks, Cherokees and Chocktaws; although the great event of his military career was in the defence of New Orleans, where there was very little fighting done. It was in the war against Tecumsah that General Harrison gained the laurels that made him; and it was for the reported killing of that desperate savage chief, that Richard M. Johnson was made Vice-President, General Taylor's exploits on the Rio Grande, in Mexico, led to his nomination for the Presidency, but he had gained his reputation as a soldier, previous to the Mexican war, by his encounters with Osceola and Billy Bowlegs in the Everglades of Florida. It was by his Indian fighting that Washington gained the reputation that caused him to be selected for the command of the Continental Army. Our Indian wars, therefore, have not altogether, we think, resulted in producing a reasonable number of heroes, and before we see the last of the Sioux war we may have another mass of military heroes who may furnish future candidates for the Presidency. But we believe that the Sioux trouble will prove the last of anything which may be dignified by the name of an Indian war. The Indians will be too much weakened and scattered by this encounter; they will have exhausted their means of fighting, and will be compelled, whether they desire it or not, to abandon their antagonism to the beneficent Government that has so long fed them and sustained them. But if this were not so, a change in the administration of our Indian affairs, which must soon occur, will bring a long needed reform that will put an end to the corruptions and incompetency which have been so fruitful of Indian disturbances.

ATTACK ON A TRAIN OF BLACK HILL MINERS.

The Indian question concerns us all as a people, whose treatment of the original occupants of the soil will be judged by the civilized world by the standards of equity and justice.

ACTION BETWEEN SIOUX AND A FORCE OF VOLUNTEERS AND MILITIA.

It concerns us as men desirous to do all that can be done for classes whom unavoidable circumstances have brought in contact with a civilization for which they have little or no aptitude. It concerns even under the lower aspect of men whose means are lavishly expended in the Indian Department on the one hand, and on the army on the other.

It may not, therefore, be out of place to add to the preceding remarks a general view of the actual position of our Indian population.

The total number of Indians was estimated in 1875 at 278,963, determined in many cases by actual count; and for their management, including payments stipulated by treaty, $4,670,117 was appropriated by Congress in the long session of 1876.

Of these various tribes, the most advanced in civilization are the Cherokees, Creeks, and Choctaws, of Union Agency, Indian Territory. The Cherokees have a reservation of 18,762 square miles, under a series of treaties from 1833 to 1866. They number 17,217, with about 2,500 still scattered through the Carolinas, Georgia, and Tennessee. The tribe has to a great extent embraced the life and usages of the whites, and has a form of government. Their reservation contains more than five millions of acres, but only 89,250 are cultivated, on which they raise 629,000 bushels of Indian corn, with some wheat, oats, etc. The tribe has long been divided into two hostile parties, whose animosity was embittered during the late war. Assassinations are frequent. Next to them are the Muscogees, or Creeks, numbering 13,000, with a reservation of more than three million of acres, cultivating 34,960, raising 600,000 bushels of Indian corn, but less of other cereals than the Cherokees. The Choctaws, 16,000 in number, cultivate 50,000 acres on a reservation of nearly seven millions, but are far behind the Cherokees and Creeks in their produce, though their lumber trade is extensive. With these three tribes, which stand at the head, live 6,000 Chickasaws and 2,438 Seminoles, much behind the others in development. The Cherokees have a school fund in the hands of the Government producing $25,000 a year, and their schools contain 1,884 pupils; those of the Creeks, 800; those of the Choctaws, 1,129. But the Chickasaw schools number only 17 boys and 213 girls; while those of the Seminoles, 294 boys and 63 girls. These tribes all removed from the East, and, long under Government control and missionary influence, are the highest in civilization. It was long proposed to make them, after a time, citizens, and blend them with the masses of the people, but this has never been feasible. More recently a scheme was originating for organizing them into a Territory, to be called Oklahoma, and governed like the other Territories; but the scheme had many objections, and failed.

The whole system of the United States Government in regard to these Indians has been so barren of result, that we are officially informed that the small band of Cherokees who persisted in remaining in North Carolina, "are now, though receiving scarcely any Government aid, in a more hopeful condition, both as to morals and industry, as well as in personal property, than the Cherokees who removed West."

GENERAL GEORGE A. CROOK, U. S. A., COMMANDING TROOPS IN LATE OPERATIONS AGAINST THE SIOUX.

These tribes were all formerly inhabitants of the Gulf States, the Carolinas and Tennessee; sparsely settled States, which, however, compelled their removal. The sums expended on them have been very great, and the result comparatively small.

New York State, more densely settled, retained her Indian population. She set apart lands for them, and the Onondagas, Tuscaroras, and Senecas there, who have been no charge to the general government, and not under the influence of its system, are "ready for membership into the body politic."

"They have been fortunate," says the Federal Commissioner, "in that they have been obliged to labor for a living, and that the State of New York has allowed them to remain on fertile portions of their original land, and has protected them in their property rights, and, better than all, has maintained public schools for them according to their *pro rata* share of the State educational fund." "The State may point, if not with pride, at least with gratification and a feeling of honor, to the reservations where these Indians (to the number of 5,000) have surrounded themselves with all the necessaries, and many of the comforts, of civilized life."

Of the New York Indians, a band of Senecas, in the last

century, joined the roving Shawnees, and have since shared their fortunes; and some years since the chief part of the Oneidas removed to Wisconsin, without, however, bettering their condition. They number now 1,332.

Maine, Massachusetts, and Long Island still retain fragments of the once powerful tribes that took so active a part in the early history, but they are fast dying out. They consist of the Penobscots, in Maine; Gayhead, Marshpee, and other bands, in Massachusetts; Shinnecocks, in New York, all belonging to the Algonquin stock, which has never shown any aptitude for civilization.

The Algonquins of the Western States, who, under Pontiac, in 1763, swept the whole English frontier, and after the establishment of our Government, led by Little Turtle, defeated Generals Harmar and St. Clair, and were at last reduced by Wayne, were all gradually removed beyond the Mississippi.

The remnants of the Delawares, once under Moravian rule, prospering and progressive—Miamis, Illinois, Sacs, Foxes, Kickapoos, Pottawatamies, Shawnees, and some Ottawas in Indian Territory, and in Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska, on reservations, number 3,297. The evil influence of the worst classes of lawless frontiersmen, their only white neighbors, have corrupted these bands to the core. Some few, abandoning tribal relations, have mingled with the better class of whites and fallen into the ordinary ways of life, but they are comparatively few.

The Wyandots removed from Sandusky, though they decreased in numbers, were thrifty and prospered, till finally they abandoned tribal relations.

Through Northern Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, on a number of scattered reservations, are 19,606 Chippewas and Ottawas, among whom are a few Pottawatamies, and a band of 1,522 Menomonees in Wisconsin, and 118 Stockbridges and Munsees, emigrants from New England and New York. They are all quiet and peaceable; many adopt the dress of whites, and attempt to conform to civilized life; but their progress has been slow, and schools have not produced the anticipated effect.

In nearly all the tribes the agency system, as keeping the individual in a kind of tutelage, prevents individual effort, and seems an obstacle rather than a benefit.

In Dakota, Montana, and Northern Nebraska, are the various bands of the Sioux, who as white settlement advanced, fell slowly westward, dislodging other tribes. Their total number is estimated at 60,044, including twelve agencies, nine in Dakota, two in Montana, and one in Nebraska; but a band of 7,000, liable to be swelled by recruits from the agencies, has obstinately refused to come upon a reservation, and has for years maintained a hostile attitude to the whites as well as to the peaceable tribes under Government control, who were never safe from attack by these lawless Sioux.

As the decrease of game makes the support of this large body of Indians, by hunting, every year more precarious, the reservation system has attempted to develop their agriculture, but, except among the Sisseton and Wahpeton Sioux at Devil's Lake, and Yankton Sioux, the progress has been slight; the latter, in 1875, raised 10,000 bushels of corn, and the former 13,000 bushels of wheat and corn, besides sending a considerable quantity of sawed lumber to market. In these two bands, numbering 2,607, the schools show only 150 pupils. The small band of Santees in Nebraska is also progressing, as well as the Flandreau Sioux; but many of the bands still depend on the chase, which leads to war and depredation, and when they cannot acquire subsistence on the plains come into the reservations to be fed.

GENERAL CROOK'S ARMY ADVANCING INTO THE HOSTILE COUNTRY.

The total amount appropriated in 1875 for the various bands of Sioux was $1,793,800, equal to $29.69 a head for every man, woman, and child—an amount sufficient, under any really sensible system, in which self-supporting industries were introduced, to make them no longer a source of trouble; but this amount is almost always squandered in advance for comparatively useless noxious articles, bought at ruinous rates of traders whose claims absorb the whole. Where provisions are issued by Government, they are too frequently bought without judgment as to quality or price.

The consequence is, that with the Sioux as with many other tribes, the appropriations encourage idleness, and provoke discontent as long as they are kept up; and the spirit of disaffection leads the discontented to rally to the standard of any hostile chief, even after years spent on a reservation.

The Osages (3,000), and Kansas (516), were for many years on their original site in Kansas, but have been recently

removed to Indian territory. The 1667 Winnebagoes, removed from Minnesota to Nebraska after the last Sioux war, have, like the two preceding, suffered by these removals and by precipitate attempts to make them into citizens, the result being that many, after receiving and spending their share of tribal funds and selling the land set apart to them, returned as paupers to those who retained the tribal organization, raising a new question for Government solution.

The Pawnees, once a powerful nation on the plains, were removed to a reservation in Nebraska, within the territory claimed by the Sioux, who at once began to exterminate them. As the Government was powerless to protect them, many fled to the Wichitas, in Indian territory, but a separate reservation was finally arranged for this friendly tribe, and to the number of 2,200 they are now in process of removal, compelled to abandon all the improvements they had made.

Near the Winnebagoes, in Nebraska, are 1,005 Omahas, on a reservation in their ancient hunting-grounds; 457 Ottoes are on the southern border of the State; 219 Iowas, removed from their reservation, are in Nebraska.

The great wild tribes of the plains, once so troublesome, are nearly all in Indian territory, and under control, though their improvement is slight. The Arrapahoes and Cheyennes number 3,838; the Wichitas, 1,577; the Kiowas and Comanches, near Fort Sill, 2,965.

The Arickarees, Mandans, and Minnetarees, near Fort Berthold, number 1,920; they have been uniformly friendly, but nothing has been done for their improvement, or even to protect them against their merciless enemies, the Sioux.

The mountain tribes, beginning at the north, comprise the Blackfeet, Bloods, and Piegan, in northern Montana, numbering 7,200, are mere hunters, degraded by liquor and vice, and will take part in any general war; the Flatheads, Pend d'Oreilles, and Kootenays—the best Indians of the mountains—have never received any remuneration for their lands, and have been removed to a barren reservation. They number 1,566, are Christians, and have always been friendly. They need only encouragement to become, in time, a useful body.

The Cœur d'Alenes number 1,000 in Idaho, and have no treaty, and are not on a reservation, though a peaceable clan, and under Christian influence. The Nez Percés, who have been less friendly, are partly on a reservation and partly wanderers. Their whole force is 2,800.

The Mountain Crows, in southern Montana (1,800); Shoshones (1,800), in Wyoming; Shoshones and Bannocks (1,500), in southeastern Idaho; the Utah Valley Indians, in Utah (650); the Utes, in Colorado and New Mexico, numbering in all more than 5,000. All these live by hunting or by the precarious resource of fruits and insects. The steps taken for their improvement excite hopes, but the constant failures of the past are not encouraging.

South of these are the tribes which, under Spanish rule, felt the influence of attempts to civilize and Christianize. These comprize the semi-civilized and Christian Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, 10,000, living in curious adobe towns, advanced in agriculture and many mechanical arts, but not as well educated as formerly; the Navajoes (9,068), cultivators and weavers; the Moquis (1,600), who resemble the Pueblos; 6,000 Christian Papagos in Arizona, with 4,300 Pimas and Maricopas, nearly self-supporting. The Apaches, who, from Spanish times, have been a perpetual scourge to the better Indians and the whites, are now chiefly on four reservations in New Mexico and two in Arizona, and are held under control. They are not far from 10,000 in number, and are still useless and unprogressive.

Arizona contains also 930 Yumas, and on the Colorado 2,820 Mojaves, Chemehueves, Hualapais, Coahuillas, and Cocopas.

The Pacific Slope has tribes, some of whom have, from time to time, assumed a hostile attitude and caused several wars, the last, against the Modocs, being within the recollection of all. Washington Territory has 13,522 in the Colville, Neahbay, Nisqually, Quinaelt, Skokomish, Tulalip, and Yakama Agencies. Oregon contains 5,163 on the Alsea, Grand Ronde, Klamath, Malheur, Siletz, Umatilla, and Warm Springs Agencies, and 2,000 who refuse to go on reservations. California has 3,060 under the Hoopa Valley, Round Valley, and Tula River Agencies, and 1,125 Klamaths without an agency. Besides these there are 4,375 Mission Indians, descendants of those collected in the last century, and this on the famous California Missions, where they were self-supporting, industrious, and thriving, but who have had the lands they cultivated and the buildings they erected sold from them while in their occupancy, and are left homeless, without compensation or hope of redress, deprived even of the religious advantages which they desire.

Nevada has the Western Shoshones, numbering 1,945, and 5,231 Utes and Pi Utes, chiefly in the Pi Ute and Walker River Agencies.

In the management of the Indians a strange step was made a few years since, by which the Indian agencies were assigned to various religious bodies, who were empowered to appoint the agents. The distribution was arbitrary, not based on the numbers of the denomination in the country or on the religious views which, under former mission influences, the Indians had acquired. This led to much bad feeling, as agents can and do prevent Indians from intercourse with clergymen of the denomination to which they belong. In this distribution, six agencies are assigned to the Friends, six to the Orthodox Friends, fourteen to the Methodists, eight to the Catholics, three to the Baptists, nine to the Presbyterians, six to the Congregational, three to the Reformed, nine to the Episcopalian, two to the Unitarians, one to the Free Will Baptists, and one to the Presbyterians.

The measure has stimulated missionary exertion in several of the bodies.

The Indian Department, controlling all the Indian funds, agencies, and expenditures, is part of the Department of the Interior. The chief officer is a Commissioner of Indian Affairs. This position has once been held by an Indian, Colonel Parker, of New York, a man of education and ability.

As complaints were often made of frauds upon the Indians in the matter of supplies and their general treatment, a Board of Indian Commissioners was appointed in 1868, but the gentlemen originally selected after a few years retired, giving the impression in clear terms that they were powerless to check the evils of the system. Later investigations, especially those which originated from the statement of Professor Marsh, tended to show great corruption and wrong; but no adequate remedy has yet been applied, although the need for it has been clearly indicated by the events of the present year. A recent effort to transfer the Indian Affairs to the War Department met favor with the House of Representatives, but failed in the Senate, and the old system continues with all its evils and complications, an almost unsolvable enigma.

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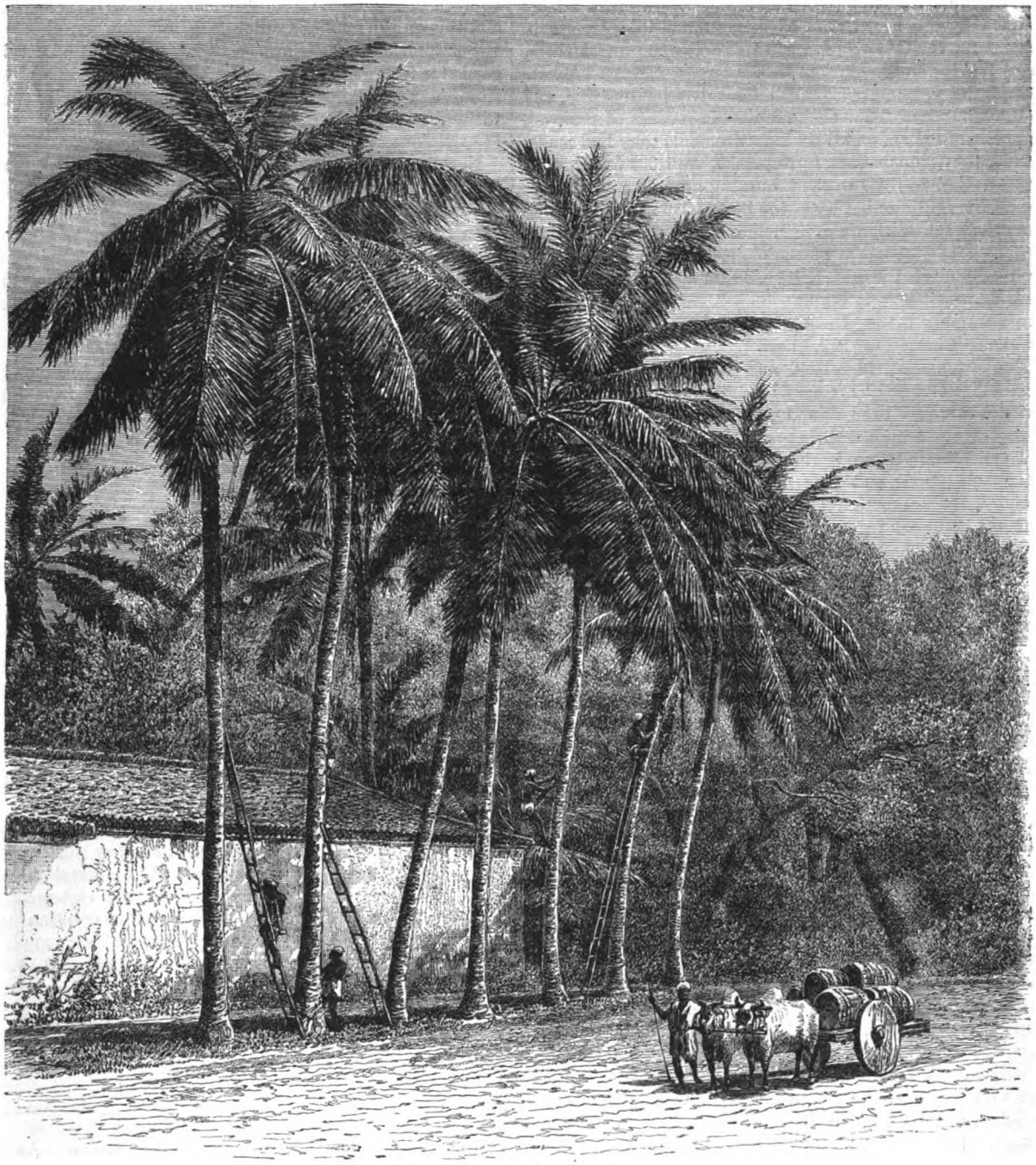
No MAN can judge of the happiness of another. As the new moon plays upon the waves, and seems to our eyes to favor with a peculiar beam one long track amidst the waters, leaving the rest in comparative obscurity, yet all the while she is no niggard in her lustre; for though the rays that meet not our eyes seem to us as though they were not, yet, with an equal and unfavoring loveliness, she mirrors herself on every wave. Even so, perhaps, happiness falls with the same brightness and power over the whole expanse of life, though, to our limited eyes, she seems only to rest on those billows from which the ray is reflected back upon our sight.

## GROVE OF COCOANUT TREES IN CEYLON.

It is only on the coast of Ceylon, or near large villages and towns, that fruit trees are found. This is so sure an index, that, if lost in a jungle, the sight of a single cocoanut-palm towering above the other foliage is in Ceylon a never-failing landmark to tell you that a village is at hand. It stands, indeed, at the head of all trees in its usefulness to man, and the Cingalese love to repeat to strangers the hundred uses to which they apply it.

The following are only a few of the countless uses of this invaluable tree: The *leaves*, for roofing, for mats, for baskets, torches or chules, fuel, brooms, fodder for cattle, manure. The *stem of the leaf*, for fences, for pingoes (or yokes) for carrying burthens on the shoulders, for fishing-rods, and innumerable domestic utensils. The *cabbage*, or cluster of unexpanded leaves, for pickles and preserves. The *sap*, for *toddy*, for distilling arrack, and for making vinegar and sugar. The *unformed nut*, for medicine and sweetmeats. The *young nut* and its milk, for drinking, for dessert; the green husk, for preserves. The *nut*, for eating, for curry, for milk, for cooking. The *oil*, for rheumatism, for anointing the hair, for soap, for candles, for light; and the *poonak*, or refuse of the nut after expressing the oil, for cattle and poultry. The *shell of the nut*, for drinking-cups, charcoal, tooth-powder, spoons, medicine, hookahs, beads, bottles, and knife-handles. The *coir*, or fibre which envelops the shell within the outer husk, for mattresses, cushions, ropes, cables, cordage, canvas, fishing-nets, fuel, brushes, oakum, and floor-mats. The *trunk*, for rafters, laths, railing, boats, troughs, furniture, firewood; and when very young, the first shoots, or cabbage, as a vegetable for the table.



GROVE OF COCOANUT TREES.

# THE POINT LACE BARBE.

By Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford.

I know very well that Laurence is only a bookkeeper with a moderate salary; but then he knew very well before he married me that I had an inordinate love of diamonds, and dresses, and feathers, and finery; and a person's tastes are not so elastic that they can always be accommodated to that person's means, and the fact that we are poor does not hinder me from going into ecstacies over a piece of lace that looks like a tangible hoar-frost, as if it were spun by the winds, and that might just as well be spun from the starbeams themselves for all of any purse of mine.

It is true I had, of course, rather please Laurence in my appearance than anybody else on earth, and it is also true that Laurence would never know whether I wore an Antwerp silk or a Lowell print, provided my hair was still glossy as black satin and my cheek did not lose its color like the heart of a tea-rose. For, you see, I am really quite a fine-looking brunette, rather large-molded and rich-tinted, and absolutely designed by Fate to display the sweep of splendid tissues as I walk; any one would say who did not first observe that Fate had planted me inside a brown merino and bade me stay there irretrievably.

If I had any finger-knack I might make myself useful—turn an honest penny by means of trifles of dainty workmanship that need feminine touch—decalcomanie, tatting—and eke out Laurence's salary with sufficient to give me two new silks a year. But I haven't; I'm an ignoramous, and don't know enough to teach, can't spell well enough to write, don't play or paint to speak of, and though I could possibly do worsted-work and make it worth my while to use a tricot-needle, it never would do in our set, any way, and I had better go without in the beginning. When I spoke of it once to Laurence, he negatived the idea in a single breath.

"No, my dear," said he, "I shall give my consent to nothing of the kind. I hope I can clothe you suitably to our position—better, perhaps, than a clerk's wife really ought to dress. Anything beyond that must throw suspicion both upon me and on yourself. Put such idle wishes, and all they lead to, out of your head, Charlotte; and be content, my darling, with the lot of a poor man's wife, which you chose long ago."

For all that, I wish Laurence was a rich man! Because, you see, in reality, though Laurence is poor, we visit among the rich.

I was an orphan, and entirely penniless myself; but I have a flock of cousins, all of them rich as need be, and all of them stingy, as, I'm sorry to say, rich people are apt to be—or perhaps they think, with Laurence, that satins and velvets would not become my position; I'm sure they do, now I think of it, and at any rate I'm glad that it is so, for I don't want any of *their* giving.

THE POINT LACE BARBE.—"IT IS A PLEASURE TO ME TO SHOW MADAME MY WARES."

I suppose it's spiteful; but, sometimes, when I see Lavinia's long, white hand reach forward for anything, and the light suddenly dip into it, so that you lose sight of the hand itself altogether for the flash of the jewel there; or when I, plodding along in brogans, Catharine lifts her skirt and I see that French *brodequin*, making her foot look as if an artist had sculptured it; or when Amelia comes into the room at some one of their countless parties, and the wilderness of her white net flows round her like a cloud, and as she sits down to talk with me, I sink as if completely submerged in the foam of it—well, I am free to confess that there are times when I could fairly steal.

"You ought to keep away from such places, then," says Laurence.

But how can I? They're my cousins; it would be odd and envious and churlish enough if I did so; and they never let on but what I am dressed like a princess, and are always introducing me to everybody and making much of me altogether, and wishing they had my hair, or my teeth, or my eyes, as if I could do without everything.

But there! they're dear good girls, and I love them every one, and I take back what I said about stinginess—they are

thoughtless, I suppose, and feel a sort of delicacy about giving me things that would imply Laurence's inability to give them, knowing how high-strung he is.

And then, the fact is, I do contrive to make a very respectable appearance on mighty little; and, since my dear little Laura has come and filled the time so, I don't go into their old gayeties nearly as much; but, for all that, when I do go, I like to go fittingly, and my manias, as Laurence calls them, are as strong as ever.

"You'd give anything for my eyes?" I said, in reply to Amelia, the other day. "And I'd give my eyes for your point lace."

"Then we're quits," said Amelia.

Now, if I'd been in Amelia's place, I should have said, "Take the point lace, dear." But she didn't. And just that little thing is the root of a dilemma that was exactly as grievous to me as ever the dilemma of the diamond aigrette was to Anne of Austria—if that was the right lady. I'm not very well up in those little fictions, you see.

Laurence had made me a present of a new black silk, thick and heavy, and looking as if it had a treasure of lustre inside its web if the shadows would only let it out.

Of course the making up of the dress was no trifle. I do believe that mantuamakers think money grows spontaneously in the pockets of people's husband's, like fire in the end of a match. It should have been trimmed with lace, but that being utterly out of the question, the last cent of money in my private purse was gone when it came home set off with a fringe; but the fringe was rich and long, so I didn't care.

I tried on the gown. I was perfectly delighted. What a sweep it had! I had never worn such a superb fabric; how it became me! how round and handsome it made my figure! Ah, what would Amelia say now when she saw it! If only I had the proper decorations for my throat and wrists! My old Honiton set was darned too much to look like anything but rag-fair, or a satire on the dress itself. My one little collar of point did look so skimpy; however, it would do—if only I could get a barbe to match it. A bow of point lace and long hanging ends of the webbish beauty—that would just make the whole toilet ravishing! But I couldn't. I hadn't a cent in the world. I must just do without it. There was only the month's housekeeping money in the drawer—and if I were willing to starve, Laurence wasn't—and there wasn't a dime too much of that. And then it grew upon me, like an ague, that the dress wouldn't be fit to be seen without that barbe, would be perfectly ridiculous, tell the whole story of how everything had been spent upon the silk and nothing left for accompaniments. One might just as well wear a printed placard of poverty upon one's back. I tore off the dress and hid myself in my wrapper, and I was so vexed with myself and my circumstances that I could have sat down and cried with a good relish.

When Laurence came home to dinner that day, he told me, gently as possible, that he was obliged to go on a journey for his employer, and should be absent more than a week. I usually made a great fuss when he went away. I couldn't bear to have him gone; I missed him; and was afraid to be alone, and afraid something would happen to him; and he always went under protest from me, and in the midst of tears and embraces that were a perfect nuisance. He must have been surprised at the patient way in which, on that one day, I received his announcement. Visions of housekeeping economy, of abstaining from dinners, of dollars enough saved from the bills of grocer, butcher, and poulterer to buy me my point lace barbe flashed over me now and obscured his departure; and I bade him adieu with equanimity and an absent mind, to say nothing of the absence of my heart, which had absolutely been stifled in the visionary folds of that point lace barbe.

For, you see, possession of a point lace barbe had become a sort of insanity with me; and the thing was to get it before the dress to wear it with was worn out, and while Laurence was gone. I could not at any rate betray myself by talking about it in my sleep, as I was sure I did.

So all that week, to begin with, I had no fire in the drawing-room. But I had not dreamed of the embarrassments a saving of coal might occasion—quite equal to the annoyance of being seen without a point lace barbe. For, of course, the natural consequence of having no fire in the drawing-room was, that every soul on my visiting-list took that week to call upon me. Of course I had to resort to all manner of subterfuges that kept the blood flowing rapidly enough in my veins, so that I, at least, was not cold; finally, though, I sent word to the door that I was not at home. The housemaid refused, on moral grounds, to take any such message, and insisted upon saying that I was extremely engaged; by which means I offended the very people I would not have offended on any account whatever, and who were of the sort never willing to admit that you can be too much engaged to see themselves.

Meanwhile I dispensed with chops or steaks or omelets at breakfast, reduced that meal to little else but bread and tea, and abolished dinner altogether. After three days of no joints or roasts, the rebellious housemaid left me in high dudgeon, and since then no doubt has scattered broadcast her views of my parsimony—and having all my neighbors imagine me a miser is certainly as unpleasant as going without a point lace barbe.

When you are in any trouble, somehow or other everything helps to heap it up. I don't see why it was that I couldn't have the barbe and keep the housemaid too. It was all the harder to have her go just then, for little Laura had caught cold in the drawing-room and was down with the croup. I forgot everything else with that, and hung over her in a fever myself.

Nobody knows how a day tells in a child's life; perhaps in reducing our diet I had robbed her of the very strength she needed to resist the attack; if it had not been for my going without fires she would not have had the attack at all I had great fires roaring up every chimney in the house, now that they were of no use, and the doctor hardly quitted her bedside.

I never dreamed of what Laurence would say, when he found how it had all come about; I didn't care what he would say to me, while she was in danger; he might kill me, and welcome, if he wished. If she had died I don't know but I should have killed myself.

And just as she rallied, the very day that Laurence was expected, the very train in which I expected him was thrown from the track, and whether he was dead or alive I could not know for four mortal hours. And I had so indifferently let him leave me. When he walked in at last, all safe and sound, I just betook myself to bed, and never left it for three weeks, and the doctor's bill was something terrible.

So, my economy proving almost ruinous, I did have, for a little while, the strength to put all thoughts of a point lace barbe out of my mind. Perhaps half of what gave me that strength was the fact the thoughts were of no manner of use. What I couldn't have, I couldn't. But I didn't cease envying the women who went stepping by with their beautiful laces floating out like the gossamer dew that, of a June morning, you have seen rising up into a sunny sky, and that, in France, the peasants call the "Virgin's thread." If the pin of any one of them all had only loosened, and the lace had gently fluttered to the ground, I don't really know, as I should have picked it up till after she was out of sight, and when I couldn't have returned it to her.

Dear me! they talk about money's being the root of all

evil. For my part, I think it is the want of it that is the root of all evil. At all events, it has completely demoralized me.

I was just going across the hall one day, when I heard the door-bell tinkling for the second time, and as nobody seemed to be attending to it, I went to the door myself.

It was a peddler, with a basket on his arm, who was standing there. Now I know that all the peddlers and agents have a little speech all ready prepared, which, if they can force their way into a house while uttering, it is all up with you, and buy you must. So I never let them so much as begin their little speech. But this one was a cunning dog. He looked at me, and then he lifted the lid of his basket, held it open, and looked at me again; while, taken unawares, I surveyed the contents. Laces—Valenciennes, Mechlin, Limerick, point—folded away there over their colored silks like so many clouds curdled over a bed of flowers.

In spite of myself, and though I should have remembered the absurdity of letting him waste his time with me, before I knew what I did I had thrown the door open, and he was in the back parlor, spreading his wares upon the table, and expatiating over their beauties volubly enough to drive one mad.

There was a bridal vail; of course I had, fortunately, no need for that; but then it could be worn as a mantle. The price of it was a thousand dollars. I touched it with a kind of awe, all the more that I was sure the price ought to have been three thousand. Then it came over me that it had been smuggled. I recalled Laurence's description of the old packman who had sold him my silk. This was the identical individual. And I knew that the part of honesty would have been to turn him out of doors without another word, and, instead of even waiting to buy his baubles, to save my pennies with a different view, and some day send to the Treasury, in conscience-money, such a sum as would have been the government duty at the custom-house upon that piece of silk.

But I am weak-minded. I just let that piece of airy loveliness hang over my hands, and wondered if I ought not to send the man to my uncle's house, where Amelia would have bought the vail out of hand. And while I wondered, he went on unfolding, one by one, flounces and shawls, and peplums and berthas, and at last—a barbe. A barbe, and what a beauty! It was more than a yard long, of exquisite shape, curving in and out like a strip of sea-foam blown by the wind, and with its dainty and perfect pattern might have been a bannerol for the armies of Oberon and Titania.

If my mouth didn't water for it my eyes did. The price of it? Seventy-five dollars. Real point, he assured me, and worth twice the money, as I must already know. I threw it down in despair. Seventy-five dollars! I had ten in my purse, which Laurence had handed me the day before, to go and come upon, as he phrased it.

"It is of no use," I said, dismally. "I must not make you waste any more time, and ought not to have let you come in, for I cannot afford to purchase any such things."

"Do not mention it," said the merchant, graciously. "That is of no consequence. It is a pleasure to me to show madame my wares."

"Yes," I answered, instead of allowing him to depart with no more words, "I can certainly admire, although I have no money to buy."

"That is of small odds," said the merchant again, graciously. "What is money? A mere measure of the value of other things. What is there in this little silver piece," filliping between thumb and finger a coin which he took from his pocket, "to give it value? Nothing whatever. It is merely a written order from the world at large to give me such and so much at sight. I had as lief receive other commodities in exchange for my goods as gold and silver, which in the end only procure me the same commodities. If madame feels inclined to trade, I have no doubt she has half-worn dresses, linen, napery, books, silver spoons a little battered, for all of which I shall be glad to barter with her. How is that? To be arranged?"

He had seen my hungry gaze devouring the barbe; he cunningly took it up again and displayed its broidery against the light, gathered it into the various shapes into which it might be worn gracefully, as only lace can be, and displaying perfectly the transparent linnea-bells of its design everywhere caught upon the awns of the blanched and bearded grass that seemed to thread it.

"It is a lovely trifle, indeed," he said. "And what pure art in the execution of the fancy! One need not tell me there is less art in the design of a rare bit of lace than in a great painter's fresco, for I deny it! Nor is it as if the purchase of it were an extravagance, a whim of the passing fashion, costly to-day, to-morrow a worthless rag. This little strip of lace will be as valuable a hundred years from now, if you can take care of it"—already assuming that it would be mine to take care of—"as it is to-day. You wear it at your throat at the next dinner-party, at the opera. By-and-by there are calls to be made, and only a commonplace bonnet to wear, or one even that madame's fingers have shaped themselves; let, then, this piece of lace be twisted here and there, as may be, in the folds or over them, and the bonnet has come from Paris, and is worth a couple of hundred dollars for all that the wisest can tell. Or when there is nothing but mull muslin for the great ball where satins and velvets and diamonds reign, this lappet of point, basted down the centre of the front breadth, leaves the dress rich enough in its simplicity for a princess. Ah, there is no end to the uses to which a bit of valuable lace can be turned! And then it is a heritage for one's children, besides."

I stood stupefied by his eloquence, which pierced me to the heart; not noticing that this was indeed his little speech which he had been too skillful to utter at the door, nor heeding that a man talking this way, but doing such questionable things, was more than likely to be a villain fallen from high estate. I forgot all my prudence in the truth of what he said, and sat and stared at the lovely streamer of lace as if my salvation depended on its acquisition.

"Let me see," recommenced the oily tongue, "if madame has not a silk dress a little past its best; a poplin; a shawl too much soiled for a lady to wrap about her; an atom of old china; or, indeed, any underclothing, such as ladies have a habit of making up and putting away against some fancied need of it. It will not take an armful to reach the pitiful amount of seventy-five dollars," said this son of Jewry.

Suddenly my face must have brightened; he took the cue, and grew more fervid in his plausibility; but I did not hear a word he said, for I was reckoning over my possible treasures. There was my bright ruby silk—to be sure it was hardly wrinkled; but Laurence detested it, and I had not worn it for a year and a half. Perhaps that would balance the barbe. I ran and brought it down, leaving little Laura in the room with him.

I must have known, be it ever so faintly, that I was doing something wrong; for a fright took hold of me, lest in my absence he should run away with my child, and I flew down the staircase like lightning. But he had a more profitable game than that on hand. I eagerly unfolded the dress.

"It is but a poor color," said he. It was the richest of rubies. "One of those pronounced things," he added, "that are seldom available. And the fashion is old—ah, yes, very old. Has madame no silk of neutral tint, no pearl-color, no black?"

Balance the barbe, indeed! He was not going to take the dress at any price, apparently. I saw that my plausible gentleman must be bargained with.

"First let me know," I said, "what price you would set on this."

"Madame must set her own price."

"Well, it cost me—material, making, and trimming—a hundred,' I ventured.

"Alas!" said the worthy. "Madame is proceeding on an entirely false assumption. And to put her right at once, I will tell her that I will give her ten dollars for this dress, and no more. Six is the usual allowance; but the guipure on this shall make the difference."

What a simpleton I had been! Why hadn't I remembered this old guipure when trimming my new gown? The thought only flashed upon me and was gone; for I was in a stupefied condition at the idea of the beggarly sum he offered for my splendid ruby silk.

"No," said I, valiant with indignation. "You may keep your laces. I had rather give the dress away."

"Madame must not be vexed at such a matter. It is an affair of bargain and sale. Let her consider the case. I receive a dress cut to a certain form; I shall not perhaps find so good a form again in all my transactions, and therefore none whom it will suit, and who will take it off my hands. It is a fashion of three years ago, and in purchasing it I take the responsibility of meeting, by the barest chance, with three conditions—a person who does not care for the fashion of it, who is a brunette and able to wear it, who is of as fine figure as madame is herself. It is to be allowed that with so many risks ten dollars is all the amount with which I should be right in burdening myself. Let madame reflect if she has nothing else of value; ladies will keep worthless things in their wardrobes for years, that in truth are mere lumber and food for moths."

And he folded the dress up leisurely and placed it on one side, and set down in a little note-book, which he had held open, the sum of ten dollars. I was evidently destined by him to consummate the whole arrangement. I knew he had defrauded my country, and now he was stealing my dress. Why didn't I order him out of the house? On the contrary, I went meekly and brought down my foulard; once it had been the pride of my silly heart, but I had spilled a cup of cream on it, and now I was just as dishonest as he was, for I wasn't going to say a word word about that unless he himself discovered it. Unless he discovered it! His lynx-eyes lighted upon it as if by instinct.

"That is done," he said, disdainfully. "Shall I exchange point lace for grease spots? Say two dollars."

And he laid it in a little parcel on the other, and wrote down in his note-book two dollars.

I humbly went upstairs again, and this time brought down my French cashmere. Aunt Jane had paid fifty dollars for it once, but I had always disliked it, and had hardly ever worn it.

"Ah, that is entirely out of date," said my cozener. "Those palm-leaves, that border, are of the style of half a generation since. It is worth very little to me, absolutely almost nothing. Hem! a bit of fringe gone, too; a bad

THE RETREAT.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 282.

crease; it has not been carefully folded. A shawl should always be put away in the same folds as it wore when bought; no, it has been very badly treated."

I am thankful to say that the Adam in me turned under that treading, though it was only for a moment.

"You can take your basket and go," I said. "I do not care for any further dealings with you to-day, sir."

He became servile in a moment.

"A thousand, ten thousand pardons! Madame must not look at my poor remarks in a personal light. I intend no reflections upon herself. She must understand that I but give her the reasons for my price. For the shawl we will say five dollars," relapsing from the gentleman to the Jew again, in his astonishing way, and without budging an inch he folded it carefully and laid it on the pile at his left, made another entry in his note-book, and I crept away like a spaniel, doing his bidding.

Two gowns and a shawl gone. I paused to consider what I could add to the holocaust. There was an organdy that I could spare—that went over my arm—but then I recollected that it was the dress I wore on the day when Laurence first kissed my hand, and I hung it up again. In its place I gathered together a parcel of odds and ends, that I knew he would flout, as he did—a sacque, an apron, a cape, a hood, a waterproof.

"Poor duds," said he.

And he held them up to the light, that I might be satisfied, without words, as to how threadbare they were, felt of the edges to assure me they were ragged, found the stains by natural intuition, and then shoved them to me with an eloquent and reproachful glance, intimating that he did not care for them, did not know as he would take them away even if I gave them to him for nothing, but finally rolled them all together and said he would allow a dollar for the lot! That was eighteen dollars. What else had I to make up the fifty-seven still wanting? he would beg to ask.

"Nothing!" I said. "Nothing at all. It is impossible!"

"Not so," cried my companion. "Nothing is impossible. And it would indeed be a poor business to retreat from the purchase, when with so little trouble a quarter of it is already procured. Has madame no small sum of money she can add to the amount?"

I thought of my ten dollars. To be sure, if I gave it up I should have to go afoot, and neither car nor carriage for me the rest of the season. I should have to turn every beggar from the door, which I had never been obliged to do yet. I should be positively unable to buy so much as a spool of cotton all Winter; for as to telling Laurence what I had done with the money, it was not to be thought of. But what mere trifles all these things in the future seemed! I liked best to walk; I didn't approve of street beggars and promiscuous charity; perhaps I should need no cotton or nicknacks till Laurence handed me another bill. The lace merchant put away the pieces of paper in his pocket, and changed the figures on his note-book.

A MOROCCO CAVALIER.—SEE PAGE 280.

"Twenty-eight," said he. "Courage! We are more than a third on our way already." He threw his hawk's eyes round about him. "Ah," he cried, "I see here a bit of old china," for little Laura had succeeded in opening the closet-door where I kept my best dinner-service and one or two old family keepsakes, and the contents were all displayed. "Ah," said he again, bending forward, "there is something, not so very old, but still it may be better than delf. Shall I see it? The little bowl with a cover. I pay my best prices for old china."

"Do you mean this?" I asked, taking down a little

sugar-bowl that had been my great-grandfather's. "Oh, no, I could not sell that at any price."

"But shall I take it in my hands one moment?" he asked, humbly and admiringly.

It was a small oblong bowl, in the shape of a half melon, the cover completing the other half; over all the ribs ran a tiny vine of sweet-briar, tinted as exquisitely as if a painter had spent his lifetime upon the work; it rung to the touch with a tone like silver, and it was as translucent as though it had only been thickened out of ice. The peddler bent above it in a sort of rapture. I believe he thought that I was so silly it was no object for him to conceal his feelings. "And one heavenly little crack," I heard him mutter to himself.

"You shall have ten dollars for it," then he said, glancing up at me.

"No, indeed," I answered. "It is an heirloom; I couldn't think of parting with it."

"I will say fifteen," he urged. "Nay, not to haggle, twenty."

I took it from him and set it on the shelf again.

"I should feel as though I were selling my great-grandmother's bones," I said. "But here is a tablecloth and napkins I could do without," as they caught my eye.

I queried, afterward, if taking such articles as that, and disposing of them in such a manner, was not as much theft, on my part, as if I had been a light-fingered housemaid doing the same.

But I did not think of that then, feeling so virtuous, as I did, at not selling my grandmother's sugar-bowl; and my companion had no more conscience than at the moment had I, and he added the napery to his pile, and some small figure to his note-book.

After that I scraped my memory and my closets for an old grenadine, a little scarf, and a coat of Laurence's, a cloak that I had hung out to give to Betty, the poor washer-woman; a dozen small articles were added to his selection; these he threw aside, and would have none of them, so contemptuously that my ears burned, and I grew momently more abject; those he depreciated to the last thread; now he paid a half-dollar, now a few cents, while I trembling awaited his fiat. And the sum total grew so slowly that in a despair I could have torn my—chignon—to think I had ever begun such a bad business at all.

I had, at last, nothing left that I could spare or could remember. I had sold a quantity that indeed I couldn't spare, and the sum total was yet but thirty-five dollars. I began to be woefully ashamed of my poverty, and to think that I had taken up a whole hour of this man's time for nothing. I was afraid, too, that if we really concluded no bargain, he would be impudent and ugly, perhaps snatch Laura and run off with her before my very eyes; and there never is a policeman in sight when you want one, though at any other time they are marching down the sidewalk six abreast. I sat down and tried to recall any other possible possession that I had.

"I suppose you don't care for old linen?" I asked, recalling the trunk in the attic, full of articles made up in the usual useless profusion at the time of my marriage, and not yet encroached upon.

"On the contrary, it was one of the things I mentioned to madame," said he.

And I ran up the stairs to overhaul the trunk, without loss of time. I recollected with what pleasure I had set every stitch in that pile of whiteness; the things there seemed, in a way, sacred to me now, and their sale to the packman a sort of sacrilege.

I took them up tenderly, one by one; the chemises with their dainty ruffles, the pretty little underwaists, the skirts, the night-dresses, full of puffs and insertings. Once I dropped them back again, but a second thought of the barbe, a second fear of the man, and I gathered them all up in one heap and sprang down to the back-parlor again.

"They have never been worn," said I, abandoning them triumphantly.

"They have been made a long time," said he. "They are very yellow. Perhaps starched when put away; if so, then very rotten. And then there may be moths, and, possibly, crickets."

He displayed them to the light, peered among the gathers, pulled them in one direction and another, and grew sharper-featured than a buzzard while he hunted them over.

"When I bought that cloth," murmured I, "I paid eighty cents a yard for it."

"Dear, dear!" he answered. "They took advantage of you. And that was when gold was running up among the two-forties. Now I can buy it anywhere for a shilling."

"It is very fine, I urged.

"And all the worse for wearing, then. Home-made, I venture to believe?"

"Certainly. I made them myself," I replied, with a proud fatuity.

"And, in no disparagement to madame's finger-work, there are those whose business this work is, and who do it so much the better that their livelihood depends upon it."

How much my contrabandista knew! How well he talked! I was so overawed that I said no more, and suffered him to lay on his growing hillock all my precious garments that had been put away for the rainy day, and to set down for them, without a remonstrance, the pitiful sum of fifteen dollars.

"We want but twenty-five more," said he.

"And shall have to want," I cried. I had sold him a trunkful of new clothing, my gowns, my shawls, my hoods, a part of my table-linen—presently I should be beggared. "I haven't another atom of anything. I have stripped my house. I have been very wrong to undertake the thing. I cannot conclude it. You positively must take your laces away.

"Madame must reflect," said the robber, now severely. "that I cannot afford to waste valuable time in this way. It would be unjustifiable on her part, if, at this stage, the affair were not continued to the end. There is the trifle of old china. I offered madame twenty—I will say twenty-five dollars; and that will close the bargain, and madame will be the richer by a rare bit of point lace that a princess might wear."

"Take it!" I cried, glad now to get him out of the house on any terms.

And I ran and put it in his hands, and helped him tie up his bundle, and shut the door upon him at last, and flew upstairs to hide my barbe, and to bathe my head, which ached as though the veins were full of fire.

It was very strange that that very day Laurence, searching in the back parlor closet, should have turned to me and said:

"I suppose that ancestral sugar-bowl of yours, Charlotte, was broken while you and Laura were sick? Too bad! I would rather have given a good deal than that she shouldn't have had that delicate bit to show her own children? How did it happen?"

But by the most fortunate accident in the world, showing that sometimes accidents are fortunate, just then little Laura tripped and fell, and raised such an uproar that I had to run and carry her from the room for vinegar and brown paper, and trust, with a heart beating in my throat, that her father would have forgotten his question by the time I returned.

It was plain that I never should dare to tell Laurence of the quantities of things I had that day sacrificed on the shrine of my vanity. I felt as if I had stolen his purse; and it was days and days before I left off starting, as if I were stung, at every trifle, and fearing that Laura would articulate

plainly enough to be understood something about my transactions; for they had entertained her so highly that she had fastened them into a sort of lyrical recital.

"What is that which Laura keeps singing," asked her father one day, "about a man with clouds, and a man with spiders' webs, and a man with a big nose carrying off your clothes?"

"Nancy has been teaching her 'Mother Goose,'" said I, tremblingly, though really that part of my reply was no fib. "Is it that? The man in the moon, or the maid that was in the garden hanging out the clothes, when along came a blackbird and snipped off her nose?"

I had never deceived him about anything before in my life; and I cried so much, in consequence of all this, that if tears made anybody immaculate, I should have been washed clean of all the sin of it very soon.

It was not very long after this that aunt Martha said to me:

"What are you going to wear to our great dinner-party next week, Charlotte? I rely upon you and Laurence to take a great deal off my hands. Your aunt Jane's girls, Lavinia and Catharine, that is, are always so much taken up with themselves that they are of no service to anybody. The general and his chief of staff are to be there, and that new poet, Sluiceaway, and the very *grandissimi* of the city; and Mrs. Vandervan, too, who always dresses so tremendously that it is no matter what anybody else puts on at all, she has quite enough to go round."

"I can wear my new silk that Laurence gave me the other day. It is a beauty," I said.

"Ah! That is nice. All complete? Do you want anything more?"

Why was aunt Maria so solicitous concerning my toilet? It was a new freak on her part. Was she going to make me a present? All at once it occurred to me that perhaps if I suggested a point lace barbe she would, in the plentitude of her sudden generosity of the moment, give me a check with which—I could buy my own! or, at any rate, could make good the things I had thrown away for it.

"Yes," I said; and it was such an artful fit that I felt as if it were an innocent one. I never knew I had such a capacity for wickedness before. "Yes, I do want to wear with it a point lace barbe. It is such a handsome silk that anything else would be——"

"A point lace barbe!" cried my aunt. "What is the child thinking of? It would cost a hundred and fifty dollars."

"No, indeed," said I; "only seventy-five."

"You could not get it for twice that in any store in town," said my aunt. And very truly, for I remembered then what the packman had told me. "What would people say of you?" continued my aunt. "Every one knows Laurence couldn't afford it. I wouldn't have you wear one if you had it! It is the very reason that I never give you anything inconsistent with your position; for I would not for the world have people think"—aunt Maria does care so much for what people think!—"that you were an extravagant spendthrift of a wife, leading Laurence to his ruin, when you are such a nice, careful housekeeper for him, my dear." I twinged, I know I did. "And they would certainly have to think that you ran him in debt for it, or else came by your toggery in some way not so pleasant even as that."

"Why, aunt Maria!"

"Yes, child," shaking her head, dolorously; "there is little Mrs. Venning, whose husband is Mr. Marvaughn's clerk—the rich Marvaughn. They live in Marvaughn's house, and, as her husband is that gentleman's secretary, to be sure that is all well enough. But you have only to look that woman over to see that her husband's yearly salary would not pay for half her evening dresses. And when I met her, the other day, in an Indian cashmere that cost five thousand dollars if it cost a cent, why, I cut her dead!"

"Why, aunt Maria, I never thought of such a thing!"

"I dare say not. You're not a woman of the world, thank goodness! and you're very innocent, for all you're such a great handsome thing. Now, my dear," concluded aunt Maria, tumbling over her bureau-drawer, "what led to all this is that I have a little Valenciennes set with rose-colored ribbons, that is too gay for me, and just the thing for you. It only cost a trifle, and I want you to wear it. Now, good-by. I must see my dressmaker. I had rather it were my dentist. Don't you fail me on Thursday."

You may be sure I walked home with my cheeks tingling; and, meeting Laurence on the steps, I paid the whole conversation forth with one gush the moment we were in the parlor.

"She was very right, dear. Your aunt Maria is a woman of sense," said he. "Every one knows that your relations do nothing for you since your marriage, except the small kindnesses which are all I would endure your accepting. And you would stand in a very questionable light in every one's eyes."

"What do you care for every one's eyes?" I asked, pettishly.

"We all care," said Laurence.

"I'm sure I don't."

"If you didn't, you wouldn't wish to wear this finery. Eh? And either disagreeable things must be thought of you, or else it would be supposed that I was embezzling my employer's funds."

"Embezzling!"

"And nothing else—if you are seen with a bit of lace at your throat worth a couple of hundred dollars."

"Why, Laurence!" I cried. "I only paid seventy-five for it."

"Only paid?" said he.

And then the mischief was out, and out came all the rest of the story.

"And that was where the china bowl went to!" I said, despairingly, as I finished.

Laurence didn't say a word; but he walked up and down the room with such a grave face, and then went out. He was so disappointed in his wife. By-and-by he came back; and as I was crying fit to break my heart, he came and took me in his arms and kissed me, and forgave me.

"We will think no more about it now," said he.

"Oh, I'll never wear it, Laurence!" I cried, through my sobs. "I'll keep it for little Laura, when she's married."

"It will be no more fit for Laura than for Laura's mother," said he. "No; we will look at it now and then, to grow wiser by. Perhaps some time we shall be rich enough to wear it. It is not the barbe, Charlotte, that was a mere indiscretion; it is the first want of confidence, the first deception between you and me."

"Oh, Laurence!" I cried, "how good you are! What ever made you marry such a selfish, unprincipled wretch as I am?"

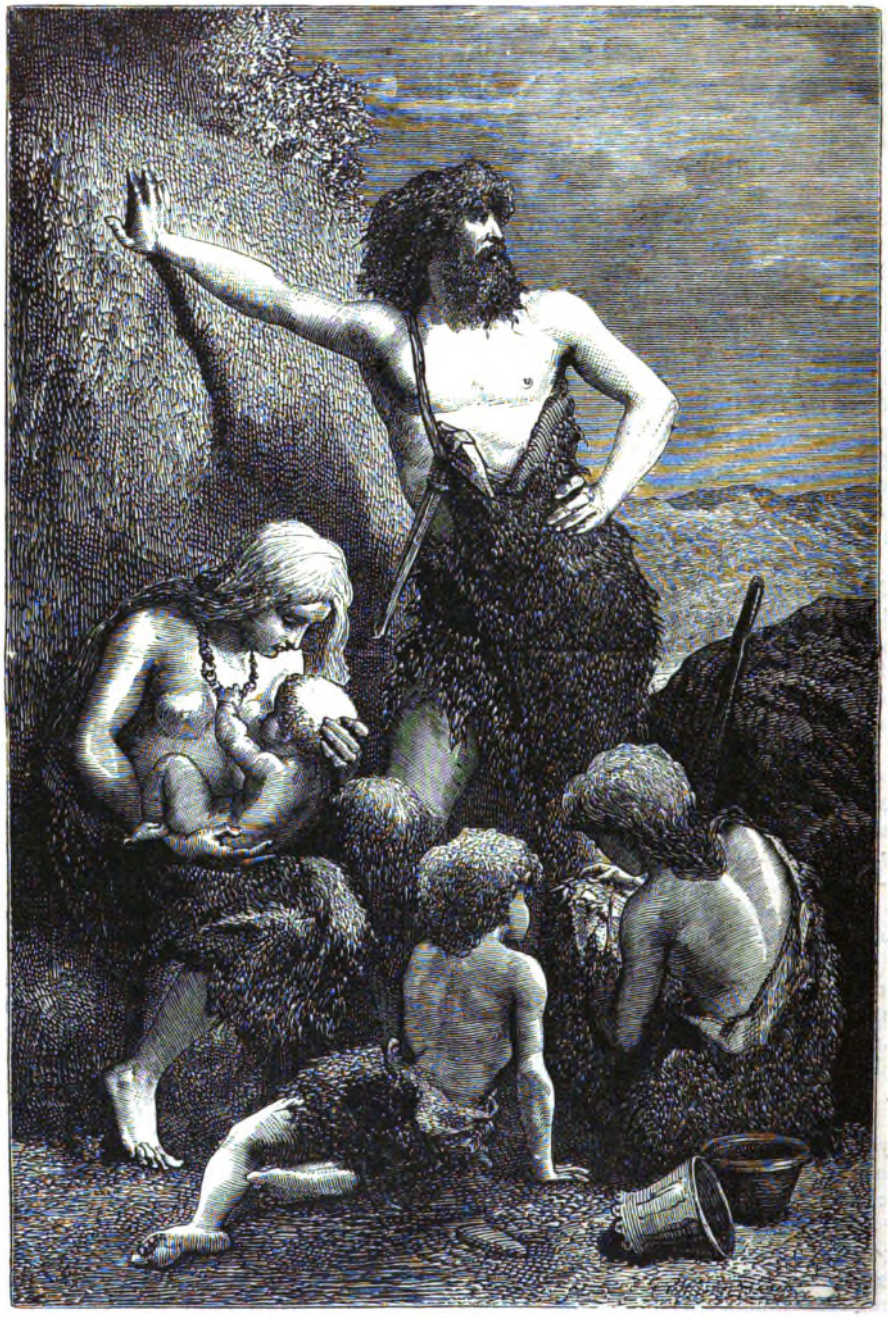
"Perhaps because one loves a person all the better for not being quite perfect," said he, mischievously.

But his kindness, do you know, was harder to bear than if he had been angry. I made so many good resolves on the spot. I have been trying ever since so hard to keep them. And the very first thing I did was to take Nancy for an escort, that very evening, and run up to aunt Maria's, and tell her the whole story. And, do you believe, the good old soul bought the hateful little rag on the spot, and gave me just what I paid for it, only gave it in money, and wore it at her dinner-party, and has been congratulating herself ever since on the bargain she made in that point lace barbe. But the very sight of it makes me shiver.

## MAN IN EUROPE IN THE STONE AGE.

RESEARCHES in the caves of European mountains have enabled us to trace the life of the early inhabitants who succeeded that deluge which geology and Scripture attest.

These ancient tribes, in their gloomy subterranean homes, skillfully and patiently manufacturing their implements of flint, and with these fashioning others of bone and reindeer horn, amid the misasma of the decaying viands strewn around the damp floor, for which no tidy housewife cared; the poor wife's toil being, doubtless, the fire and cooking, and the dressing of skins. But this very filth, in which they lived, enables us to see how they lived. The bones, trodden into the floor or covered up by the land slide, shows us on what they fed. Rats seem to have been their only recourse against famine: more rarely a horse, a bear, or a reindeer gave them a luscious banquet. The skins were probably a medium of trade, for in their homes are substances brought from a distance—shells, jet ornaments, superior to their own rude work. Their only advance is a rude pottery; the urn that served for cooking and for burial. The obsequies, with their feasts, games, dances and chants, were celebrated under the blue vaults of heaven, and seemed to be an exultation that man had passed from exile to his real country.



MAN IN EUROPE IN THE STONE AGE.

## A MOROCCO CAVALIER.

THE northern coast of Africa should have played a greater part in human history than it has done. Egypt was, indeed, the cradle of arts; but in historic times its degeneracy makes us almost doubt its monuments. Carthage, for a time, was the great commercial centre of the world, and her vessels brought to her lap the wealth of all nations.

Under the Moslem rule, however, all is inert, lifeless, retrograde. Yet, there is fine material in the enduring, lithe, manly forms and gallant hearts of the people.

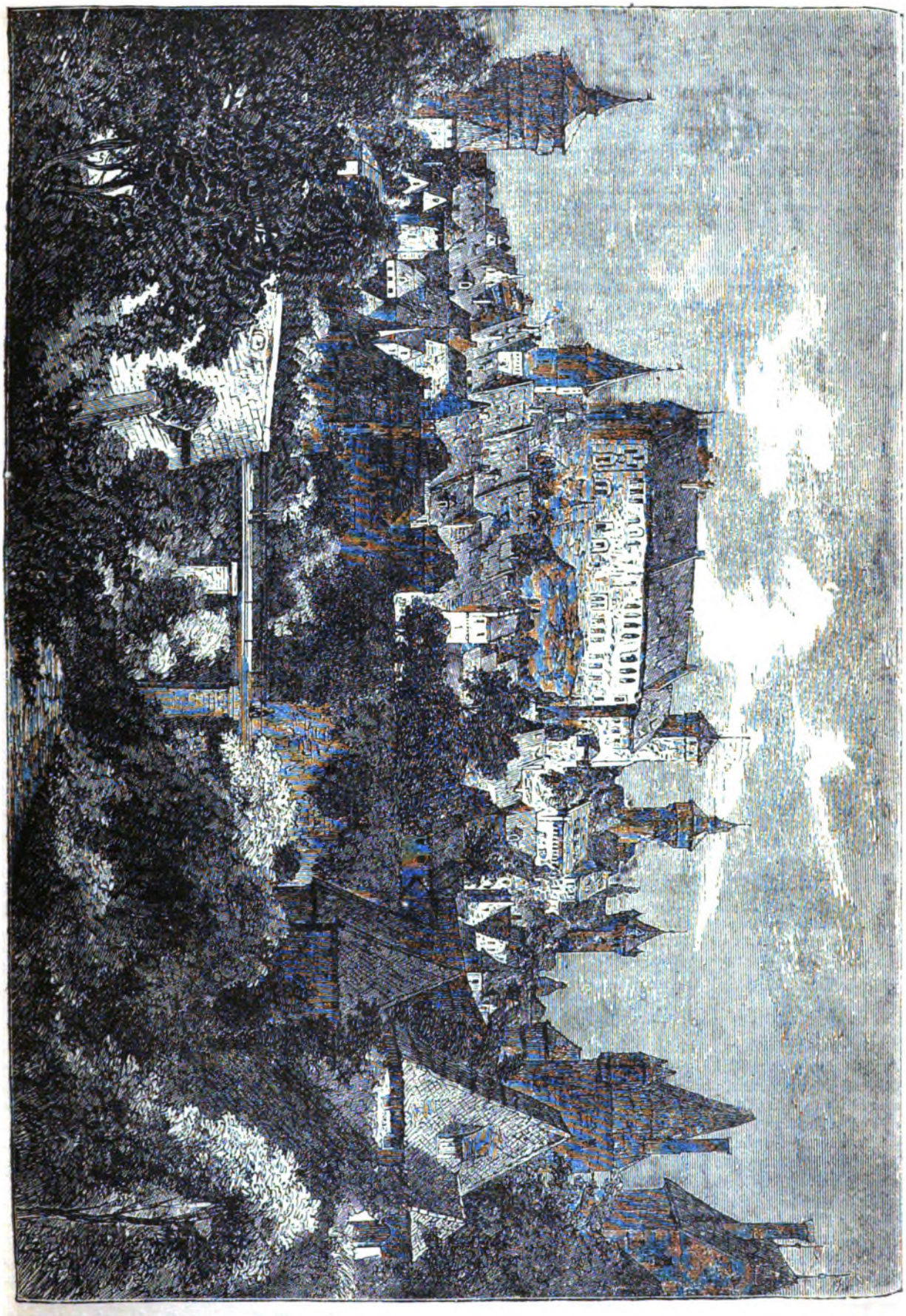
If modern civilization could reach these hearts, her voice would lead them into a way of progress that would give them a noble future.

Our sketch, from a design by Couverchel, an artist who spent a long time in Morocco, shows the standard-bearer, with loose *kaiks*, dashing down the hillside, and calling on the *goum*, or tribe, to follow him. The enemy are evidently in sight, as the single outpost has his musket ready for instant use.

The word Morocco comes from the Arabic word *Maghreb*, West—it being the western limit of Mahometan conquest. The land has been ruled by Roman, Vandal, Greek and Arab. The present dynasty, that of the Sheeriffs, came in 1516, and has, consequently, maintained its rule for three centuries and a half. The sovereign of Morocco is styled Sultan, or Emperor.

Morocco, as regards Africa, is a cosmopolitan city. Its inhabitants include Moors, Algerians, Tunisians, Egyptians, natives of the Sahara, negroes from Soudan, and occasionally negroes from Senegal are met with.

Three languages are commonly spoken: Arabic, which is most general; Shluh, the language of the inhabitants of the Atlas and the south; and Guennaoui, the speech of the negroes.



THE ROYAL PALACE AT NEMEKPORO.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

## THE RETREAT.

Here let us couch in fern,
And gaze adown the forest'd dim arcade,
Where little patches of bright sunlight burn,
Companioned of deep shade.

Hark! in the oak o'erhead
The cry of the young ravens, hunger-vex'd;
See, too, faint-scented lilies, richly fed,
Hint at the sweet old text.

How hush'd the spot and still,
Save for a rustling squirrel frolicsome,
Or from a bird's heart leaps a silver trill,
Too happy to be dumb!

How the green lizards glide
Where, on that broken bank, the sunbeams sleep!
What beetles, by gemm'd corselets glorified,
Among the grasses creep!

Note in yon patch of blue,
Far overhead the lacing bows among—
His wings a bell, tinged where the light comes through—
A hawk at hover hung!

Hush! not a stir—no word!
Here come the rabbits flitting through the bent;
And, quick! a rail—see there! Ah, timid bird;
The grass nods where it went!

And lo, the forest king
Down yonder avenue, with wide-branched brow,
Treads proudly! No alarms the breezes bring
To scare his big heart now!

Dragon-flies dart and poise
Above the pool that sleeps beneath the reeds;
All Nature's creatures drink that fount of joys,
Which from mere life proceeds.

How it all teems with life!
See here, this earth I scoop up in my hand,
With little busy workers how 'tis rife,
Whose lives by day are spann'd!

Drops from the mighty sea—
The Far Existence—whence is drawn the store
That swells the full-pulsed veins of you and me—
The same, nor less nor more.

Sharing His breath, you mark,
With us at the creaton's dawning dim:
What is man's right to quench the tiniest spark
That took its light from Him?

Come, friend, thank God with me
That we can lie within this woodland still,
And watch His works—how manifold they be—
With no desire to kill!

## A VISIT TO NUREMBERG.

Of the many cities and towns which, during the Middle Ages rose to commercial importance and became the seats of trade, manufactures, and art, none has so perfectly preserved its medieval characteristics as the ancient Bavarian city of Nuremberg.

It was once the greatest and most wealthy of all the free Imperial cities, the residence of emperors, the seat of diets, the focus of the trade of Asia and Europe, the most important manufacturing town in Germany, the home of German freedom and art; the cradle of the fine arts, of poetry, and of almost numberless useful inventions — alternately the courted ally and the dreaded rival of sovereign princes; yet it had degenerated, between the latter part of the seventeenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, into a dull provincial town.

Its manufactures were once so universally known and prized in all parts of the world as to give rise to a proverb:

"Nuremberg's hand
Goes through every land,"

and during the present century the old town has regained much of its former importance as a manufacturing centre.

In spite of the changes it has undergone, the wearing tooth of time and the shock of political convulsions, it remains almost unaltered, retaining, probably, more than any city in Europe, the aspect it presented in medieval times. It is surrounded by feudal walls and turrets—faced and strengthened in more recent times, when improvements in artillery began to be recognized—by ramparts and incipient bastions resembling the early Italian mode of modern fortification.

The walls are surrounded by a ditch 100 ft. wide and 50 ft. deep, the sides of which are faced with masonry. The four principal arched gates are flanked by massive cylindrical watch-towers, no longer of use as fortifications, but picturesque in a high degree, and serving to complete the coronet of antique towers which encircle the city, as seen from a distance.

It was formerly the boast of the citizens that Nuremberg possessed one tower for every day of the year, or 365 in all, but towers, wall, and moat are now all being demolished and removed, making room for a number of new streets and squares.

Once arrived within the walls the visitor, as he traverses the irregular streets and examines the quaint gable-faced houses, might easily fancy himself carried back to a distant century.

The churches and other public edifices, monuments of the piety and charity of its citizens, are singularly perfect; having escaped unharmed the storm of war, sieges, and even of the Reformation, which last Nuremberg accepted at an early period, but without any outbreak of fanatic iconoclasm. The private buildings, including the palace-like mansions of wealthy citizens and merchant princes, having been built of stone, are equally well preserved. Many of them are still inhabited by the families whose forefathers originally constructed them. Though built in the style prevailing at the period of their erection, with narrow but highly ornamented fronts, and acutely pointed gables, they are often of large size, enclosing two or three courts and extending from one street to another.

In former times the citizens of Nuremberg were noted for the splendor of their residences. The ground story, low and vaulted, was usually occupied as a warehouse; the habitable part, though not laid out in a manner consistent with modern ideas of comfort, was richly decorated with carving; indeed, an ancient author (Æneas Sylvius), speaking of the splendor of Nuremberg, declares that a simple citizen was better lodged than the King of Scotland.

The chief interest attaching to this venerable city is derived from the fame and works of Dürer, Vischer, Krafft, Stoss, and other world-famous artists, and though stripped, to a great extent, of those treasures, in consequence of public and private poverty, she still owes her finest ornaments to their skill. A brief description of the more remarkable art treasures of Nuremberg will show that, although dull in a commercial sense, the old town offers unusual attractions to the tourist.

The city is divided into two nearly equal parts by the Pegnitz, a small stream which intersects it from East to West, and these two sections, named after the two great churches situated within them, are called respectively, the northern, St. Sebald's side; the southern, St. Lawrence's side.

The church of St. Lawrence, the largest and finest in

Nuremberg, was built at the instance of the Emperor Adolphus of Nassau, between 1274 and 1280. It is a noble Gothic pile, its towers terminating in an elegant octagonal story and spire. The highest stories of the square portion contain wide openings divided by many mullions, to represent the gridiron on which the saint was broiled. The portal at the west end is unsurpassed in the richness of its decoration. The Bride's Door, on the north side, is also very elegant. It is richly ornamented with carvings in high relief, by the sculptor Adam Krafft, representing the several events of the Passion of our Lord.

One of the chief ornaments of the interior is the *Sacramenthäuslein*, or repository for the sacramental wafer, a tapering stone spire of florid Gothic open work, over sixty feet high. The elegance of the design, and the beautiful sharpness of the carved ornaments, are wonderful; and so slender and graceful is the structure, reaching nearly to the roof of the church, that the top, which bends over, has the air of a plant checked in its further growth. It is a poem in stone.

The Frauenkirche, or Church of the Virgin, is not only the glory and the boast of the poet-cobbler, Hans Sachs, but also a glory of Europe, being justly regarded as one of the finest of the noble religious edifices which the Middle Ages have bequeathed to our unbelieving, but certainly not unappreciative, age.

The gothic pile of the Frauenkirche, which flings its shadow over the *Gänsemäenchen*, the quaint old fountain in the market-place, has greater originality than Nuremberg's other boast, St. Sebald's. It was erected and adorned with sculptures at the same time, and by the same artists, as the Beautiful Fountain (*der Schöne Brunnen*).

Charles V. made it his imperial chapel, and styled it "Our Lady's Hall." The porch shown in our illustration is covered with fine sculptures, by Schonover, and merits detailed study. Above is a little chapel, the spire of which was adorned by Adam Krafft, whose wonderful artistic taste and execution framed the clock that meets your eye.

In olden times the country folk, while they were attending to their business in town, seated their young children opposite this clock to watch the Seven Electors appear around the Emperor Charles IV.—the *Maennlein-Laufen*, as the little people called it. But the machinery of the clock, like that of the old German Empire, grew rusty, and for years has ceased to work.

The Reformation took this church from the old faith, but it was restored to that worship in 1816. It is rich in stained glass, fine altars, and carvings by Krafft, but the recent additions have not been improvements, as good taste did not preside over the work.

The most precious art treasure of the church is an antependium of the latter part of the fourteenth century. This altar-front, with paintings on a gilt ground, is ascribed to Conrad Wolgemuth.

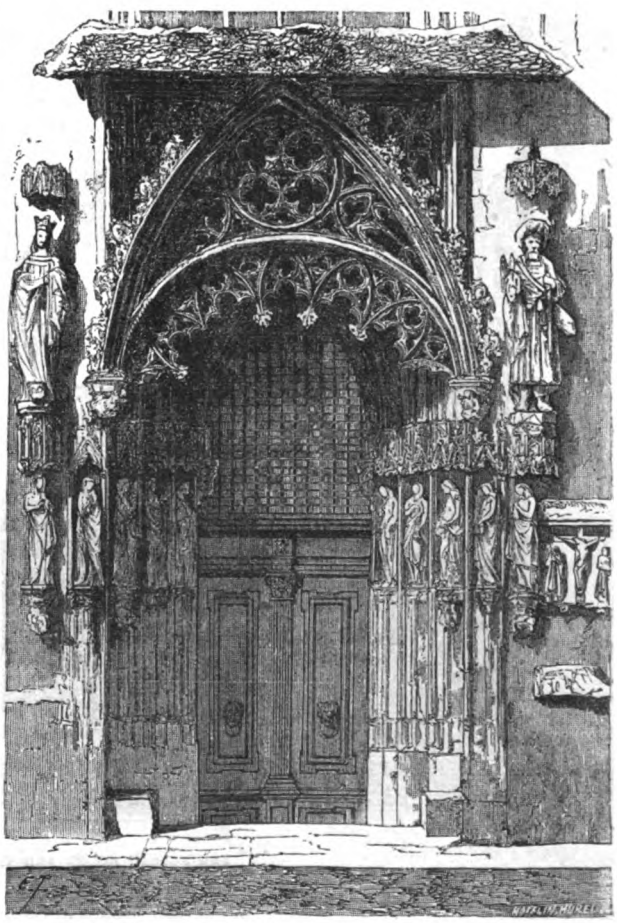
Hans Sachs sat at his shoemaker's bench, hammering soles and weaving poems, almost under the shadow of the Frauenkirche, and a neighboring street still bears his name. His dwelling, No. 969 of the street in question, is still standing, but has been almost entirely rebuilt since his time. A fine statue of the cobbler-poet, by the celebrated sculptor, John K. Krausser, was erected in Nuremberg in 1874.

The imperial castle of Nuremberg occupies the most northerly and elevated position within the town. It is a very picturesque and commanding edifice, conspicuous for its three massive towers, built on the summit of a rock and towering above all other buildings around. The oldest portions date from the reign of Conrad II., between 1024 and 1039. Another portion is believed to have been erected by Frederick Barbarossa in 1187, and the entire structure was restored and enlarged in 1520. It contains a remarkable double chapel in two stories; the lower, or St. Margaret's, dating from 1039, and the upper, St. Ottman, or the Kaiserkapelle, from 1056. A gateway beyond these chapels leads into the castle-yard, which contains a lime-tree seven hundred years old. It measures fifteen feet in circumference at the height of four feet from the ground.

Like most medieval fortresses, the Castle of Nuremberg was provided with an extensive array of implements of torture, some of them of most elaborate mechanism. Many of these disappeared when the contents of the arsenal were sold some years ago, but a number can still be seen at the Castle, and others are preserved in the "Rathhaus" or Town Hall. The Iron Mask, of which we give an illustration, is a hideous covering formed of bands of iron which fold over the head and are fastened behind by a padlock. A pair of spectacles and asses' ears are attached. A double plate fastens over the mouth, and a whistle is passed over the nose, producing a loud noise if the wearer attempted to speak. The mask was painted a flesh color, with a mouth delineated on the lower plate, and the eyes and ears were shaded of an assinine gray color. This apparatus, when fixed on the head of an unfortunate culprit, must have produced an effect at once frightful and ludicrous. Among other machines of torture shown at the castle are several specimens of the dreadful rack.

Beneath the castle, at a great depth, are loathsome dungeons, where no ray of sunlight ever penetrates. More merciful would be the embrace of the terrible "Virgin," or the operation of the other engines to which we have referred, than the lingering death from hunger in these dismal vaults.

From the "Frog's Tower" of the castle a subterranean passage leads to the torture-chamber beneath the Town Hall. In this tower the famous Iron Virgin (*Eiserne*



THE BRIDE'S DOOR IN THE CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE, NUREMBERG.

THE NASSAU HOUSE AND VIRGIN'S FOUNTAIN AT NUREMBERG.

THE SHRINE OF ST. SEBALD IN ST. SEBALD'S CHURCH.

*Jungfrau*) was formerly kept, and culprits condemned to its dreadful embrace were brought, after sentence, to the place of doom by means of this secret way. The "Virgin" is no longer in the castle, but may be seen in one of the towers of the north town wall, near the Burg, called the *Froschthurm.* The "Virgin" is a female figure in the costume of the sixteenth century, and is seven feet high. It is formed with a framework of iron hoops, to which iron plates are firmly bolted. The outside was handsomely painted, the countenance pleasing, and from the style of the head-dress and the ruff about the neck, it is probable that it dates from a period corresponding with the reign of Queen Elizabeth, of England. The front is made to open on hinges at each side, and the interior surface is thickly studded with sharp spikes four or five inches long. These are so placed that when a victim was put inside, and the doors forcibly closed, the spikes would pierce the body in the most vital parts, entering the eyes, breast, etc.

HOUSE OF ALBERT DURER, AT NUREMBERG.

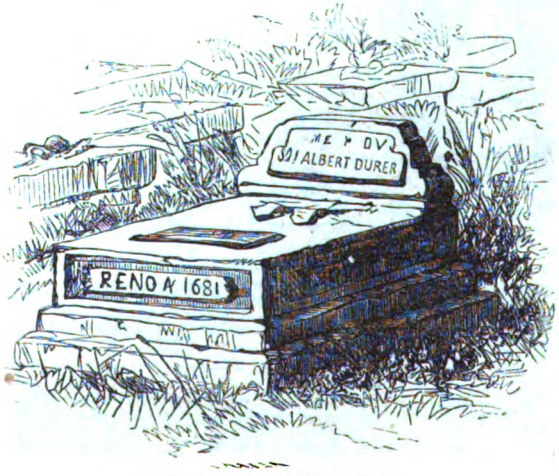
At the bottom of the terrible machine, in front, a channel was provided for the blood of the sufferer to flow away. Under the figure a trap-door opened, and let the body down upon a revolving cylinder studded with short knives, which cut the already mutilated remains into atoms.

That this frightful machine was formerly used cannot be doubted, as there are blood-stains still visible on its interior. Its operation was formerly called "The Kiss of the Virgin," or *Jungfern kuss.*

The Rathhaus, or Town Hall of Nuremburg, is a large building, with a façade in the Italian style, built in 1619, but including within it an older town hall of 1332. It is remarkable for the paintings in oil by Albert Dürer with which its walls are decorated, and contains a picture-gallery, with a collection of more than three hundred pictures, many of great value.

Beneath the Rathhaus are a number of gloomy dungeons, and the "torture chamber," which contains a pair of stocks, called "the fiddle," and several varieties of the "rack," beside the "iron boot," "spiked collar," etc.

Besides the subterranean passage already mentioned, which communicates with the castle, there are a number of others, extending to the town ditch outside the walls. These outlets were probably constructed to afford the magistrates a means of escape in case of popular insurrections, which were not infrequent in medieval times.




THE TOMB OF ALBERT DURER.

But we have seen quite enough of the relics of Middle Age cruelty and oppression, and may profitably turn to the consideration of those works of art which are, in our time, the chief attraction of the old city.

Before the Church of St. Laurence, at the corner of the square leading to it and the street facing him, the visitor cannot fail to notice a building of striking appearance, known as the "Nassau House." It is a massive,

AN ESCAPE.—"HER SHY, SWEET, TROUBLED EYES MET HIS FOR A MOMENT, AND, AS THE TENDER PINK ROSE UP ALL OVER THE EXQUISITE FACE, SHE LIFTED THE PITCHER OF WATER AND WOULD HAVE FLED AWAY."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

specimens of his art, requesting a sample of Dürer's skill in return. One of these drawings by Raphael is still preserved in Vienna, with this inscription on the back of it, in Albert Dürer's handwriting:

"1515. Raffaelle di Urbino, who has been so highly esteemed by the Pope, drew these figures, and sent them to Albrecht Dürer, in Nurnberg, to show his hand."

There is something very large-hearted and cosmopolitan in this mutual acknowledgment of each other's powers—the true solidarity of genius. Dürer—like Grotius, like Mozart, like all thoughtful men—at the end of his career, felt how much more might have been done with his art, and how little the reality had come up to the ideal. He confessed to his friend Melancthon that he had often groaned as he looked upon his own pictures and thought of his want of power.

In the churchyard of St. John we find the tomb of this father of German art. Alas! some sacrilegious hand has removed his honored dust. He lies not there, the sketch is but that of a cenotaph. A simple bronze plate affixed to the tomb, bears Dürer's well-known monogram, and the inscription "*Quidquid Alberti Düreri mortale fuit, sub hoc conditur tumulo. Emigravit* 8 *idus Aprilis*, 1528;" thus rendered by Longfellow:

"*Emigravit* is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies.
Dead he is not, but departed—for the artist never dies!"

With Albert Dürer, the worthiest of the sons of Nuremberg, we take our leave of that quaint old city, which Melancthon called in his day, "*Lumen, oculus, decus et ornamentum præcipuum Germaniæ!*"

## AN ESCAPE.

"There's a lad that I know, and I know that he
Speaks softly to me,
The *cushla ma chree!*
He's the pride of my heart, and he loves me well,
But who the lad is, I'm not going to tell."

IT was an Irish voice that sung, and Irish voices, we know, are as sweet as any in the world. Irish beauty, too, in its best estate, is enchanting, and as Earl Talbot looked and listened, the charms of the high-bred English ladies of his set paled and faded, and no blonde or brunette of them all was comparable to this exquisite wild-flower, which, to his delight and surprise, he had found blossoming by the wayside.

His horse grew impatient at the strong hand upon the rein, and plunged suddenly, with considerable noise.

The startled girl looked up with a cry.

"Never mind, Kitty," called out the young man. "The horse will not hurt you."

Her shy, sweet, troubled eyes met his for a moment, and then, as the tender pink rose up all over the exquisite head and face, she lifted the pitcher of water, with one movement of the round, white arm, to her head, and would have hied away.

"Stay, Kitty, stay!" cried Talbot. "Are you so cruel as to begrudge me a few words from your sweet lips, and a look into your lovely eyes?"

As he said this, he pressed his horse in among the underbush of the wood, and only checked him on the edge of the brook, greatly to Kitty's alarm.

"Don't be afraid, my dear," he said, seeing her sudden pallor. "Would I hurt you, do you think?"

"Indeed, sir," said the girl, blushing, "it is not for the likes of me to be talking with you."

The shy, half-encouragement in her eyes, the limpid sweetness of her voice, the nearness of the lovely, delicate creature, intoxicated him. He bent to the saddle-bow.

"My darling, all my friends are as nothing compared with you; and my gold shall be yours at your will. Kitty, my beauty, my rose, love me!"

She was almost affrighted at the passion she had kindled. She had liked to play with the flame, but its mighty power terrified her.

"Oh, sir, I pray you won't speak to me of those things," she said, shrinking. "It's not alone that I'm a poor girl, but your honor knows that I'm pledged to Dennis Regan."

The handsome young Englishman knit his brows angrily, which Kitty perceiving, began to cry.

"Nay, pretty one, don't cloud your sweet eyes for me. But, indeed, Kitty, you're not going to throw me over for that outlaw, that vagabond?"

She raised her head proudly, and her dark eyes kindled.

"If it's an outlaw he is, it's all for the love of his country. It's not that I am ashamed of Dennis."

She looked like a princess.

"By Jove, she'd not disgrace a drawing-room," thought Talbot. "I'll have her if I have to move heaven and earth!"

He was a subtle courtier. It cost him nothing to subdue his chagrin and bridle his anger.

"Forgive me, Kitty," he said, in a tone of wonderful gentleness. "I didn't mean to wound you by saying anything against poor Dennis. But think what sort of a life yours must be if you link it to one so stormy and danger-threatened as his. You know warrants are out against him now for the murder of Harry Douns."

She grew white, and staggered.

"My Dennis is no murderer," she faltered. "Oh, Mr. Talbot, it's not true! Say it's not true, for the love of all the holy saints!"

"I'm afraid it is true," he said, seriously. "He was known to have quarreled with Harry Douns—perhaps you know why"—looking at her drooping, crimson face—"and now Harry is missing."

The girl began to sob.

"Hush, hush, my dear. It's not worth your while to cry for him. After all, he would ill-treat you if you were his wife, and make you miserable."

"You don't know Dennis, sir," pleaded Kitty. "He's a trifle hot-headed may be, but as thrue and good a heart as beats in all Ireland."

"Well, well!" said the young man, uneasily, glancing up the road down which, with rude songs and loud bursts of laughter, came a troop of the village youth, just from the fair.

"Never mind now. Do you dry your tears, pretty Kitty, and run away home before those roystering fellows come along."

Kitty needed no second bidding, but hurried away by a lane that led across the fields to a tiny cabin, small but neat, and overgrown with a luxuriance of flowering honeysuckle.

Kitty pushed open the door of the cabin, and peeped in. Nobody was there but an old woman, who sat on a low stool in the corner, swaying her body back and forth, and lamenting in the pathetic manner of the Irish peasantry.

"Mother Regan!" said Kitty, softly.

The old woman looked up, and immediately broke out in a loud wail:

"Och, och! Is it you, Kitty, me darlant? Sure and your heart would a been broken had ye come only a minute ago. Och! the saints help us!"

"What happened a minute ago?" asked Kitty, quaking.

"Sure an' 'twas our Dennis as the soldiers dragged by, more like a beast than a man, and, alack, by this time he's in

jail, and never to come out any more! The law's cruel, my darlant, and they'll have his life."

"Oh, no, no!" sobbed Kitty, in a transport of grief. "I'll go to Father Phillip—that I will. The good father will know how to help him!"

The village was quite deserted when Kitty went through the street to Father Phillip's domicile, most of the people having followed the squad of soldiers toward Lanark, the seat of the county jail.

The priest, a white-haired, kindly old man, with a twinkle in his eye at once shrewd and humorous, heard her to the end, not infrequently dropping in an exclamation or two from his impulsive Irish heart.

"Dennis Regan a murderer! The blackguards! To bring a charge like that against a fair name!"

"But Harry Douns is gone!" faltered the girl.

"Gone is he! I'll warrant it. To Ameriky. That's it, and time, too. There was no good in him—the saints amend him. No, Kitty *asthore*, Dennis is no murderer."

Kitty went back almost comforted. The father had promised to do all he could for poor Dennis, and her belief in the power of her priest was profound.

But this time all the influence Father Phillip possessed did not avail.

Dennis Regan had defied the government too often; once or twice he had headed a rebellion against it, which was easily put down, indeed, but had left an uneasiness behind it. Now the officers of the crown had determined to push the prosecution to the utmost, and, guilty or not guilty, rid the country of so dangerous a person.

The trial came on in a fortnight, and when the day came, the court-room was a sea of human beings, excited, turbulent, and importunate. The sheriff sent out and doubled his police force, but he still failed to overawe the multitude.

When, just before the case was called, two women were seen making their way in—one old and feeble, leaning heavily upon the other; and when, having reached their places, the last lifted her vail, and revealed the sweet, lovely, pale face of Kitty, there were loud exclamations of:

"Shame! shame! Is it Dennis Regan ye'll see hanged; and all for nothing?"

"Alack! but it's a bloody business!"

The sheriff clanked his sword angrily; and at last the trial began.

It was the merest farce, as trial by jury was, in those days, in the queen's Irish dominions.

When the verdict of guilty was brought in, one loud, tumultuous wail broke out.

"Silence!" thundered the judge. "Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say?"

Dennis lifted his handsome, leonine head, glanced around, and then faltered a faint:

"No."

At this minute a shriek rang through the court-room.

"Will ye be hanged like a dog, my boy, and niver tell 'em ye didn't do it?"

"Oh, Dinnis," sobbed Kitty, "say it was not you struck Harry Douns to his death!"

Dennis drew himself up proudly. His eagle eye kindled magnificently, and his broad, white forehead, and noble bearing, gave him a kingliness of aspect, before which even his judge quailed.

"Oh, mother, darling!—Kitty! my own precious Kitty, it's you knows your Dennis has not the cruel heart and the bloody hand of a murderer. I've niver seen Harry Douns since the night when he called me a traitor, and I called him a liar; and he said we were quits, and went away. And I know no more than the dead where he is, so help me all the saints in heaven!"

"Does your honor hear that?" screamed the mother, exultantly. "My boy's no murderer. He says he isn't. Dennis, come to your mother!"

"Woman," interposed the judge, "this is folly. Your son has been pronounced guilty, and nothing remains but to give sentence!"

It is impossible to describe the tumult in the court-room while the sentence was being read. Groans, hisses, shouts, sobs, threats came fast and furious as a Winter storm. But through it all, Kitty made out that Dennis Regan was to be taken that day week to the market-place of Lanark, and there to be hanged by the neck until he was dead.

With a great cry, Kitty fell fainting; and as he saw her carried out, limp and lifeless, Dennis, too, broke down, and cried like a child.

The terrible days sped away. When only two nights remained, Kitty, sitting alone with her sorrow, heard her cabin-door open, and in a minute Earl Talbot stood before her.

The young man was amazed.

Hardly a trace remained of the dainty physical beauty which had charmed him so. Lovely she still was, but it was the ethereal sweetness of an angel, disciplined by mortal sorrow.

"Why, Kitty! my poor little girl! Don't look so, I beg of you. You make me wretched. Your eyes, that were like two purple pansies, are put out by the tears."

"They will soon leave off tears, sir," said Kitty, with woeful calmness. "My heart is clean broken, and if they hang Dennis, I'll not be long following him."

The young man sat a little while in silence. Presently he said:

"On your soul, Kitty, do you believe Dennis to be ignorant of this crime?"

"As there is a hope for mercy, sir, I do!"

Another silence, and then Earl Talbot rose.

"Kitty, I'm going to show you how generous a lover and a gentleman can be. When you are happy, you must think of me sometimes."

A tender kiss was left on her cheek, and Kitty was alone, her heart full of she knew not what tremulous joy and hope.

The fateful, awful day came. The hour set for the execution was ten in the morning; but long before that time, the market-place of Lanark was so crowded with people that it was impossible for one to bear the ever-increasing pressure, and people climbed into window-seats, and swarmed upon the house-tops, and clung like bees around the church-spire, and hung from the branches of the trees—a new and strange fruit. Not a few persons observed a small and very tattered boy hanging upon the outskirts of the crowd. This boy was attached to a splendid thorough-bred horse of famous breed, who made himself not a little fearful, by occasionally rearing and snorting in a most spirited manner, at none of which manifestations was his puny guide disturbed. This personage was liberally chaffed by the crowd.

"Alarmer, where's your master?" said one.

"I'm waiting for him," said the boy, meekly.

Precisely as the great bell on St. Stephen's sonorously sounded forth ten, the jail-doors opened, and the *cortége* appeared—a handful of soldiers, with drawn bayonets, the sheriff, and the prisoner, followed by Father Phillip.

The file of soldiers parted right and left as they passed to the platform where the gallows was erected, and then the people saw Dennis Regan standing underneath the terrible instrument of death.

Wild cries broke out, and the guard which surrounded the platform grasped their muskets closer, and were keenly watchful.

Dennis was pale as marble, but there was a splendid light in his eye, and unconquerable resolution lurked about his mouth.

THE CHEVALIER D'EON.

Father Phillip proceeded to shrive him; and while this was going on, the sobbing in the crowd grew yet more vehement.

The ceremony over, the father was seen to embrace the prisoner most tenderly, and then, when all was over that he could do, he turned to descend the rude steps.

Half way down, he stumbled. Was it this attracted the attention of the soldiers?

The next instant—before a musket could be leveled—Dennis Regan was seen to leap sheer over the heads of the guard; and, with a thundering shout, the crowd opened to receive him.

In a breath he was hustled along till he reached a clear space, and then he sprang upon the splendid horse that Earl Talbot had provided, and steed and rider were away like the wind.

Pursuit was in vain. Dennis hid among the hills till he could make his way to a seaport, where his mother and Kitty joined him. There the happy lovers were wedded, and together they crossed to America.

Two years afterward, Lanark was astonished by the sight of Harry Douns, just home from Wales, where he went in a fit of pique because Kitty frowned upon him.

## THE CHEVALIER D'EON.

For years, a mystery hung over the sex of the Chevalier D'Eon, who figured both as a man and woman, and who at last assumed the female garb, retaining it till death, by orders of the King of France.

This strange character was born on October 5th, 1728, at Tonnerre, in Burgundy, and received the names of Charlotte Geneviève-Louise-Auguste-Andrée-Timothée D'Eon de Beaumont. His father, who belonged to the magistracy, had him brought up as a boy, and intended him to study jurisprudence. He was sent to Paris, where he studied at the College Mazarin, and was eventually admitted to the degrees of Doctor in civic and canon law.

After being called to the bar of the parliament of Paris, he wrote several political pamphlets, which gained him the acquaintance of the Prince de Conti, then head of Louis XV.'s secret diplomatic cabinet.

The prince proposed that D'Eon should accompany Chevalier Douglas, who was sent to St. Petersburg, in 1757, to effect a reconciliation between the French and Russian courts. The secret envoys contrived to form an understanding with the vice-chancellor, Count Woronzoff, and an intimate correspondence was set on foot between Louis XV. and the empress, the letters passing through the hands of Woronzoff and D'Eon.

On November 5th, 1757, the Empress of Russia acceded to the convention concluded on March 21st of the same year between France, Austria, and Sweden, with reference to the exercise of the guarantees of the peace of Westphalia.

D'Eon, selected to convey these tidings to Versailles, received from Louis XV. his portrait on a valuable snuff-box, which contained, in addition, an order on the royal treasury, and a commission as Lieutenant of Dragoons.

He started again immediately for St. Petersburg, where, in the interim, the Marquis D'Hôpital had succeeded Chevalier Douglas. Both gentlemen concerted with the ambassador of the Empress of Austria means to disgrace Count Bestucheff, and were perfectly successful.

D'Eon, one of the most active agents in this revolution, returned to France in 1758, and in 1761 took part in the campaign of Germany as captain of dragoons, and aide-de-camp to Maréchal de Broglie.

At Ultrop he was severely wounded in the head and hip, while at Osterwyk he charged with such impetuosity a Prussian battalion, consisting of 800 men, that he compelled it to lay down its arms.

On the re-establishment of peace, D'Eon accompanied the Duc de Nivernois to London, as secretary to the embassy. He continued from that capital his secret correspondence with the king's privy council, and was the soul of the embassy.

M. de Nivernois, having taken the first opportunity to return to France, D'Eon continued to direct affairs at London under the title of resident, and as the arrival of the new envoy was delayed, he was eventually nominated minister plenipotentiary. He had already rendered himself so agreeable to the Court of St. James, that George III. had selected him, though contrary to usage, to bear to France the ratification of the treaty, and on this occasion Louis XV. presented him with the cross of St. Louis. So much good fortune appears, however, to have turned the head of the young secretary.

Guerchy, the next minister, was not at all disposed to grant D'Eon that influence he had enjoyed under his predecessor, and from the first moment of his arrival made the secretary feel his dependent position. This led D'Eon into troubles, which ended in his arrest.

The French court recalled D'Eon, who refused to return to Paris, and published a volume of letters and memoirs, lifting the vail from many secret negotiations.

The success of this book relieved him only for a time, and then D'Eon, driven to desperation by the loss of his place and salary, threatened to publish the whole of his secret correspondence with Louis XV., which the monarch prevented by granting him a pension of 12,000 livres, the patent for which, entirely in the royal handwriting, was thus drawn up:

"In consequence of the services which the Sieur D'Eon has rendered me, both in Russia and with my armies, I deign to grant him an annual pension of 12,000 livres, which I will order to be paid to him punctually every six months, in whatsoever country he may be (except during a time of war among my enemies), and will continue to do so until I think proper to give him some post whose appointments are larger than his pension. LOUIS."

"At Versailles, April 1, 1760."

Soon after, by order of his government, he began to dress as a woman, and the mystery began. At the commencement of the year 1770 the rumor spread from one to the other that D'Eon was a woman. Several years elapsed before anybody was willing to believe it, but after a while few could be found to contradict it.

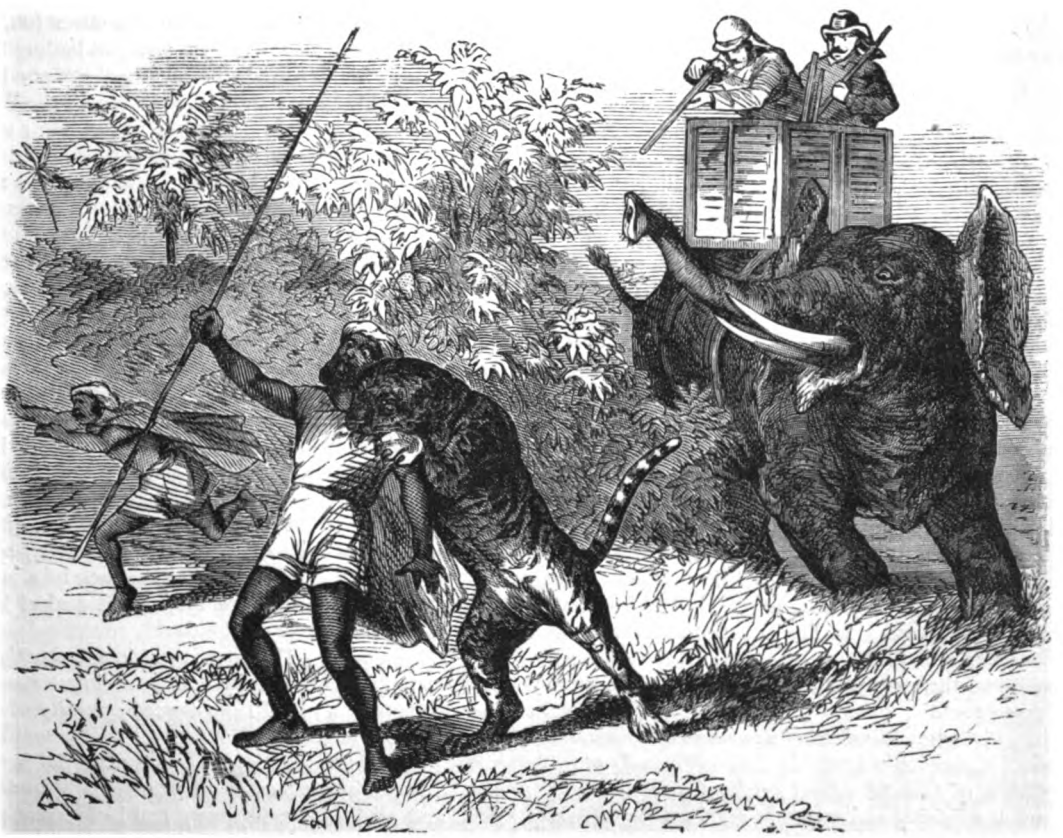
He returned some years after to France, and Louis XVI., apparently satisfied that he was a woman, ordered him to reassume his female attire. This he did, but some indiscretion led to his imprisonment in Lyons. He was released in 1783, and returned to England.

The French revolution deprived him of his pension, and he fell into great poverty, supporting himself by giving fencing lessons in his female dress. In his extreme age, he was maintained by the charity of his friends.

On his death, May 21st, 1810, all doubts vanished, and the man whose feminine names, countenance, and traits of character had made his sex so doubtful that bets to immense amounts had been made, from time to time, was assigned, beyond doubt, to his proper class.

## A PANTHER HUNT.

WE determined on hunting the Maun River very carefully as far as Munawur (says Gordon Cumming in his last account), as we thought we should probably find something in the large patches of cypress which covered its bed. We, therefore, sent off the camp to Munawur, and next morning, mounting our elephants, we moved down the broad bed of the stream; while our men, keeping along the banks on both sides, carefully examined the ground for footprints. We started one panther, which, on being wounded by me, crossed over to Evans, who shot him dead. After this we saw nothing save jackals and the footprints of hyenas, till we had nearly arrived at the end of our beat, and were within half a mile of the village. A few detached bushes stood out in the waste of shingle, and as they passed these some of the men heaved in stones, and a fine panther bounded out. As he was too far for accurate shooting, we reserved our fire, and the panther, leaving the river, went slowly up the sloping bank. When we reached the sky-line we saw him halt for a moment, and then, with his long tail whirling in the air, he charged to the front and disappeared. The growls of the panther were followed by loud human shrieks. We at once trotted our elephant over the ridge, and saw a Bunjarra, with the panther fastened to him, his wife flying in terror. They had been going alone with their child when the furious creature made its spring. At once a couple of rifles covered it. The risk of hitting the man was great; my comrade hesitated, but I determined to risk it. A sharp crack—both lay writhing on the ground. We got down in



A PANTHER HUNT.—"WE SAW A BUNGARRA WITH THE PANTHER FASTENED TO HIM, HIS WIFE FLYING IN TERROR."

all haste. We drew a long breath when we found that the man was not dangerously hurt. The panther had his death-wound, though he managed to get off. Having directed the Bunjarra to get his wound attended by my native doctor, we went after the panther, and after going some distance, took his track back to the river, where he had lain up in a close thicket of young mimosa, where, after some trouble, he was dislodged and slain.

## CROMWELL'S COOKERY-BOOK.

When I want a thoroughly cozy and companionable book for a quiet Winter night at the fireside, what do I take down from the shelves—philosophy, metaphysics, "The Seven Beatitudes," "Tupper's Fallacies of Folly," Augustine of Tarragona (not St. Augustine), his Epitome, "Juris Pontificis"? Not a bit of it. I want no pope or pundit to share the warmth and the quiet; I seek a more jovial, hearty, and humble companion—I take down an old cookery-book; and in this way have often sat among the friends of Horace or Athenæus; slipped in among a bench of abbots or cardinals; or even feasted, with Vitellius on one side and Valens and Cecina on the other, in the hall of the Cæsars off that immortal dish, "The Shield of Minerva," which was formed of peacocks' and pheasants' tongues and the roes of the rarest fish, and which, as a British slave who waited whispered to me, cost one thousand sesterces.

It is cheap feeding, for these imaginative meals are merely mental, and cost nothing. Who can stop me feasting with the old epicures who wore the purple, or those purple-faced abbots and pontiffs who insist on ransacking their vast stone cellars for the Mangiaguerra or the Lachrymæ Christi? If it is my lordly pleasure now to leave this my arm-chair, and to throw myself on the soft desert sand at the foot of the Pyramids, and there to smoke an imaginary chibouk, and munch imaginary dates, with the three one-eyed calendars, is there any Act of Parliament against it?

To-night I might be going over in a quick dreamship to New Zealand, to eat stewed rats and fern-roots with a Maori chieftain, only I am not; for I am going to Whitehall to dine with Cromwell, the Lord Protector, and her ladyship his amiable wife. Pride and Ireton will be there, and Mr. and Mrs. Claypole, from their hall down in Northamptonshire; a quiet divine or two, and Mr. John Milton, his highness's late secretary, will make up the party.

Joking apart, I mean really what I say, for I have now on my desk before me an old cookery-book, which contains all the receipts used by Lady Elizabeth, the thrifty wife of Cromwell, and has all the Protector's favorite dishes carefully marked by an old servant of the general's. The book was published for Randal Taylor, St. Martin's-le-Grand, 1664, four years after the Restoration. It contains a long and, I believe, strictly truthful account of Cromwell's household and kitchen, sullied here and there by cavalier slander; but the defamation relates to small matters, and there is quite enough to betray a turncoat follower of Cromwell; and I should not be surprised if it was written by an old head cook who had lived at Whitehall during the Protectorate.

But this is not the only charm of this probably unique book (now at the British museum). I hold it interesting as a page of social history, and as showing us exactly what the ordinary diet of English gentlemen was during the reign of Cromwell and the early part of Charles II., before French cooking came more and more into fashion, and before the Dutch king, who brought us many new ways of cooking fish and cheese. Cromwell's book is full of sound, sensible English dishes of the old school; rich, yet simple, are the sauces; and as relishing and savory as good sense and hearty appetite could invent; but not disgracefully extravagant in the Soubise or Richelieu manner—no fowls are killed for their combs, or joints thrown away for their gravy. The general style of diet seems to us the very model of honest, hearty English cookery, mingled with dutch dishes; and much such a cuisine as prevailed in Shakespeare's time, though without ambergris and such nasty introductions of mediæval times.

The very names of the dishes seem to send up a savory steam. Only listen to them—how full of gravy they seem: "A rare Dutch pudding; a leg of mutton, basted the French way; Scotch collops of veal (this was her ladyship's constant dish); how to souse a pig; a sweet pie, with sweetbreads and sugar; a rare white pot; a citron pudding; liver pudding (hog's liver and rosewater are among the ingredients—whew!); marrow pasties; green sauces; gooseberry creams; how to make a sack posset (good! that sounds Elizabethan); to roast eels; to boil woodcocks (avaunt ye profane!); a Turkish dish of meat (a receipt obtained from some hungry runaway galley-slave, from Tripoli, mayhap); to stew a fillet of beef in the Italian fashion; to make an excellent pottage called skinke; to stew a rump or the fat end of a brisket of beef, in the French fashion; to stew beef in gobbets in the French fashion; stewed collops of beef; to boil a capon with colyflowers; to boil bustard; to boil capon with sugar peas; to make a neat's-tongue pie (how good that sounds—in faith it's music to my ear!) to boil pigeons after the Dutch way; to make a hash of pullet; to carbonade mutton." I must give that last:

"Boil a shoulder of mutton; then scotch it with your knife, and stew on minced thyme and salt, and a little nutmeg. When boiled dish it up. The sauce is claret wine boiled up with two onions, a little samphire, and capers, and a little gravy garnished with lemons."

"Thank you, Captain Cromwell. I think I will." Here the list goes on:

"A way to fry rabbits with sweet sauce; a cordial strengthening broth; a pudding of hog's liver (this was Madame Francis, her delicacy); an eel pie with oysters (very good, Mistress Cromwell); how to pickle up cucumbers; to roast a lamb or kid; how to boil a haunch of venison (oh, that I had the deviser of that dish in a chauldron just boiling!); how to"—mark this, for it sounds Elizabethan—"how to make a venison pasty." Here's a grand dish, too, in the West Indian manner, buccaneer style—"how to bake a pig; to boil scallops; to make a warden, or pear pie; to make a double tart; to make an almond tart; white quince cakes; red quince cakes;" and after the roast pig there were cakes and ale to come.

Three of the more singular of the receipts, including the West Indian way of cooking a pig, will not be uninteresting to our readers. But first for the drink of Shakespeare!

"To make a Sack Posset: Set a gallon of milk on the fire, put therein whole cinnamon and large mace. When it boils, stir in half or whole pound of Naples biscuit, grated very small; keeping of it stirring while it boils; then beat eight eggs together, casting of the whites away; beat them well with a ladle-full of milk, then take the milk off the fire and stir in the eggs, then put it on again, but keep it stirring for fear of curdling; then make ready a pint of sack, warming it upon coals with a little rose-water; season your milk with sugar, and pour it into the sack in a large basin; and stir it apace; then strew on a good deal of beaten cinnamon, and so serve it up."

"To bake a Pig: This is an experiment practised by Her at Huntingdon Brew-house, and is a singular and the only way of dressing a pig. Take a good quantity of clay, such as they stop barrels' bungs with, and having molded it, stick your pig, and blood him well, and when he is warm, arm him like a cuirassier, or one of Cromwell's Ironsides, hair, skin, and all (his entrails drawn and belly sewed up again), with this prepared clay thick everywhere; then throw him below the stokehole under the furnace, and there let him

soak; turn him now and then. When the clay is hardened for twelve hours, he is then sufficiently baked; then take him and break off the clay, which easily parts, and you will have a fine crispy coat, and all the juice of the pig in your dish. Remember but to put a few leaves of sage and a little salt in the belly of it, and you need no other sauce. The like you may do with any fowl whatever, for the clay will fetch off and consume the feathers."

One odd feature of this seventeenth-century cookery is, we think, the mixture of incongruous garnishings. For instance, Scotch collops of veal—probably a dish the French brought to Scotland—were stuffed with sausage-meat and oysters; and were to be served with sliced lemons and barberries. Rosemary is used a good deal with the herbs. There are what seem odd ingredients in "A sweet pye, made of sweetbreads and sugar." There were to be little puddings in layers in this pie, and these puddings were formed of pippins, candied lemon and orange-peel, sliced dates, currants, white sugar, a few caraway seeds, a quarter of a pint of verjuice, the same of rosewater, and a couple of eggs. The mixture of meat and sweets does not, somehow, interest us.

After the same theory, pig's-liver pudding seems to have been made: the grated liver was to be seasoned with salt, cloves, mace, and nutmeg, a penny loaf (grated), a pound of white sugar, a pint of cream, a quarter of a pint of rosewater, and three eggs.

Marrow puddings, again, were half sweetmeat, and consisted of powdered almonds, a little rosewater, a pound of powdered sugar, a grated penny loaf, grated nutmeg, a pint of cream, the contents of two marrow-bones, two grains of ambergris, and a little salt. The skins were then filled, and gently boiled. A green sauce seems to have been made out of sorrel and apples, with vinegar and sugar. Cod's head, too, had rather a curious time of it: in the closed mouth of the fish they placed a quart of oysters, and a bunch of sweet herbs and onions. The sauce was oyster liquor, four anchovies, and a sliced onion, melted together in a pint of white wine. This was poured over the cod's head; a little nutmeg was then grated over the fish, and it was served up, the brims of the dish being garnished with lemon and sliced bay-leaves. Woodcocks and snipes appear to have been often boiled.

Beef, stewed in goblets in the French way, after being prepared, had herbs and claret stirred in for sauce; and was served up, garnished with grapes, barberries, or gooseberries. Cromwell always squeezed an orange over his veal. A rabbit, stuffed with herbs and oysters, sounds good. Broom-buds were, it seems, used for pickles; and fried rabbit, with sweet sauce, was usually served up garnished with flowers.

We conclude our notice of Cromwell's Cookery-Book by an extraordinary receipt for a salad:

"A Grand Sallet: Take a quarter of a pound of raisins of the sun, a quarter of a pound of blanched almonts, a quarter of a pound of capers, a quarter of a pound of olives, the like quantity of samphire, a quarter of a pound of pickle cucumbers, a lemon shred, some pickled French beans, a wax-tree set in the middle of the dish, pasted to the dish, lay all their quarters round the dish (you may also mince the flesh of a roasted hen, with sturgeon and shrimps), and garnish the dish with cut beans and turnips in several figures."

## THE BUFFADERO.

One of the most remarkable natural fountains in the world is to be seen on the Pacific coast near the little Mexican village of Huatulco, a mere hamlet of fishery, although the government, in its spasmodic way, some few years back, attempted to create a city—the Villa Crespon.

Coasting the shores of this bay, you hear a noise like that of a whale puffing out its stream of water, or at times like the roaring of a bull. You ask, What is it? The reply is, "The Buffadero."

Pushing out in a boat, your curiosity is soon gratified. A rock, rent in several places, rises from a base of two hundred feet to a height of more than a hundred. From an opening in this rock rises majestically, as from the crater of a volcano, a gigantic *jet d'eau* at least one hundred and fifty feet high, which scatters a shower of tiny drops and falls amid the foaming waves.

Above the whole a rainbow ever circles, crowning the spattering mass of water with its heavenly crown.

This scene is witnessed whenever the tide rises, and in stormy weather or under high winds becomes one of the grandest natural spectacles. At low tide you see the cavity, with its tunnel-like aperture above, through which the water is forced, when wave on wave presses in quick succession through the narrowing channel.

## TALMA.

On the 1st of Fructidor, the third year of the Republic—or, in more intelligible language, on the 18th of August, 1795, Ducis, the then popular French translator of Shakespeare, wrote to the great tragedian, Talma, as follows, only of course in his own tongue:

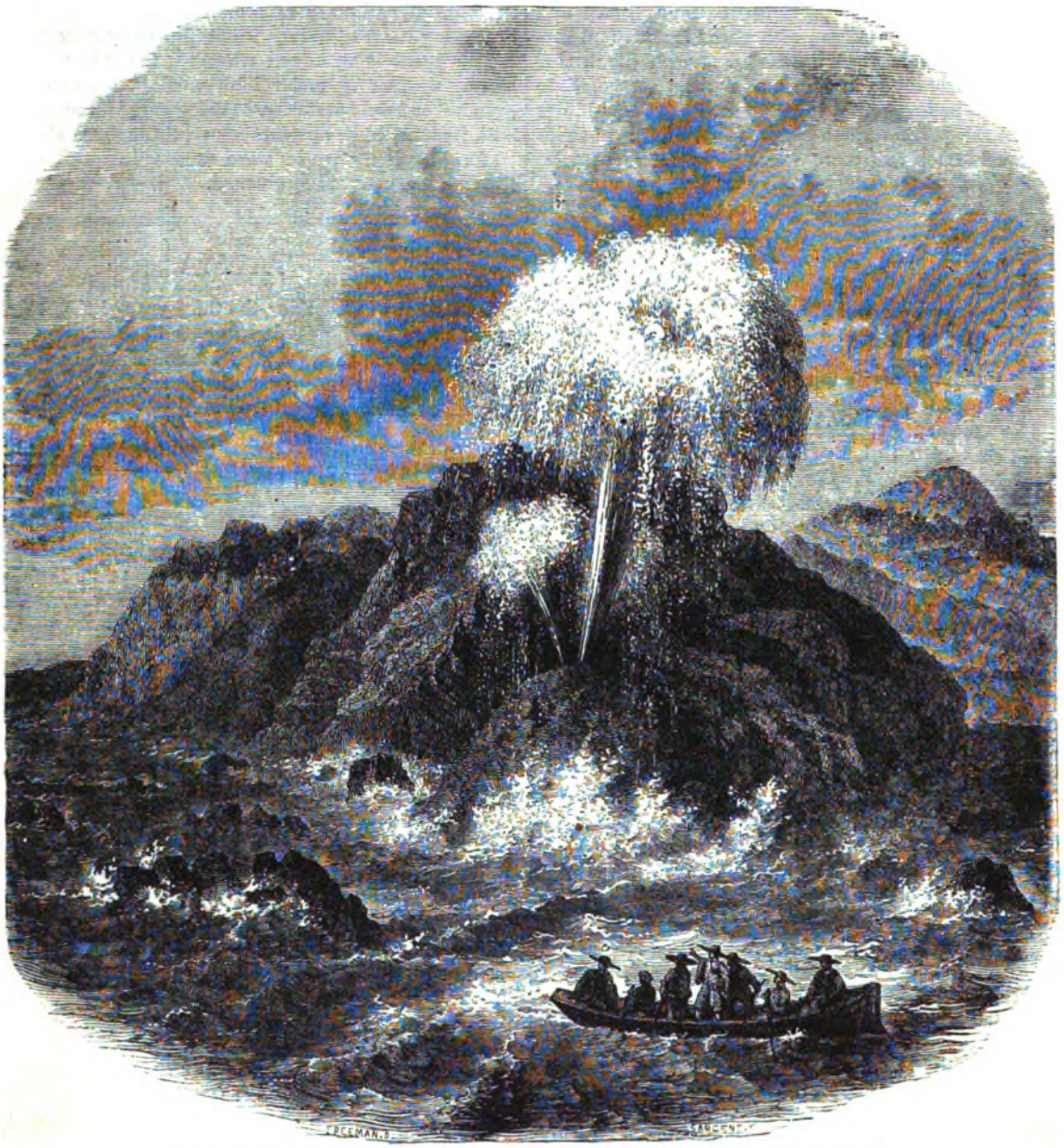
"The character of *Macbeth* suits you admirably; you have the true note of passion; you exhibit with equal power remorse and love, virtue and crime. Here is the making of a tragic actor; you may go very far; the spirit of tragedy breathed upon your cradle."

Talma was at this time thirty-two years of age, and he had already obtained considerable distinction; in 1789 he had astonished Paris by his performance of *Charles IX.*, in Chénier's drama of that name; it excited the passions of the audience to the highest pitch, and its representation was attended by political agitation, which extended from the spectators to the players, who beforehand merely troubled with ordinary spites and jealousies, now began to squabble about kings and republics, and the rights and wrongs of men, till the company split into two sections, the one Republican, the other Royalist; and the democratical party, headed by Talma, leaving the Conservatives to carry on their performances as best they might, in the Théâtre de la Nation, established itself in the Salle des Variétés, Rue de la Roi, at the present day restored to its original name of Rue de Richelieu. In this house, well-known to us as the actual Théâtre Français, Talma achieved that long series of triumphs by which his name has become famous among the nations of Europe. Triumph is a word advisedly chosen to describe his successes; for he was a conqueror, not an easy winner.

When he made his first appearance on a public stage in the year 1783, at the Théâtre de Doyan, in the tragedy of "Mahomet," a committee of friends, convened to decide upon his future chances, pronounced that he had absolutely none for a theatrical career; for, said they, what can you hope when the highest inspiration (*feu sacré*) has been denied to you? but it is evident that you are a man of ability, and you may no doubt exercise it with advantage if you take up your father's profession.

The young actor was the son of a French dentist, then established in London; he was born in France, and educated at a French school, but his holidays had been chiefly spent with his father in England. He accepted the decree of the tribunal which sat upon him, and, abandoning the hope of wringing hearts, he turned his attention to extracting teeth. He studied anatomy, worked in hospitals, and set up as a

dentist in Paris. Yet he could not forget that at M. Lamarguière's school at Chaillot he was distinguished for his dramatic power when only nine years old, and was then continually called upon to act and recite. At that early age, when playing a second part in the tragedy of "Le Fils de Tamerlane," he had wept for the woes of the leading character, and the same singular sensibility which was the source of those tears now deeply troubled him when he witnessed a painful operation or was called upon to probe a wound. His emotion on these occasions made it impossible for him to taste food during the whole of the successive day, and his imagination projected before him continual images of suffering and death. Yet he had sufficient self-command to labor with diligence at the work which he abhorred, and he became a successful operator. This is a point which the reader should dwell upon as an indication of that power of physical control which is essential to forcible dramatic representation. Talma, mentally sickened by his surgical tasks, could yet maintain such a command over his hand that its skill was gratefully recognized. The effort prostrated him when it was over, but his mastery over his nerves was complete so long as it was necessary. He had then that passionate imagination, with the strength to regulate its sway, which is of the utmost importance to a tragic actor. To these qualities the young Talma now began to add the resources of extended knowledge, which it is desirable for every great tragedian to cultivate. He stole hours of leisure for studying history, and he took delight in illustrating the scenes which took his fancy; processions, Roman and Greek, European and barbaric, came to light under his pencil always correctly costumed, and before long he was more learned in ancient lore than in anatomy. His intellect carried him far in every pursuit; but for the stage he had that distinct calling which will not be gainsaid. This was known to several young Parisians of fashion, who frequently invited him to their *salons* to act in amateur plays, where he never failed to make a strong impression. All his acquirements in other directions served only as fuel for the burning flame within him. The impetus could not be arrested, and the emotional poetry of life wholly possessed him. It became as evident



THE BUFFADERO, OR BULL FOUNTAIN, ON THE WESTERN COAST OF MEXICO.—SEE PAGE 293.

TALMA, THE GREAT TRAGIC ACTOR OF FRANCE.—SEE PAGE 295.

that his imaginative passion must find its expression as that the groaning Vesuvius must have its eruptions, and so in the year 1787, at the age of twenty-four, he came out in tragedy as one of the Société of the Comédie Française. He was much, and perhaps justly, criticised. His voice delighted too much in its own thunder, and his passion was too liberal of its force. The judges said of him, as they had before said of Le Kain, *Il crie*, and the success of the young tragedian was doubtful. Whether from jealousy or disbelief in his powers, the company only assigned third parts to him; this, however, gave him leisure for study; he worked assiduously at the lessons of the Conservatoire under those distinguished teachers Molé and Dugazon, and in all his parts he strove continually to correct his faults; at the same time he went on acquiring daily knowledge in the history of costume, for he knew that he should one day enforce upon the whole company the advantages of adopting it chronologically with exactness and splendor. Hitherto the efforts of Le Kain and Clairon had only produced an occasional hat and feather, turban, long robe, or costly skirt; their kings were of shreds and patches, and their tragedy seemed to be always "giving a rout."

Talma labored hard, also, to regulate his emotion, and he well knew how to concentrate his force when, in the play of "Charles IX.," he bore down upon friends and foes alike with irresistible might, as before mentioned, in 1789. His strong self-assertion was now acknowledged to be something better than arrogance, and from this time, though his genius met with continual and irritating opposition, he never ceased to be great, and he never ceased to improve. He learned the dominion of reserve, and no longer suffered the power of his voice to betray him; his fine organ, his intellect, and his passion were not his only distinguishing qualities; he had, besides, a noble countenance, capable of exhibiting every variety of tragic emotion. He was in the habit of practising these before a glass, and of exercising his action in the same way. He noted the modulations of his voice so carefully that he was able to excite sympathetic tears by the recital of nonsense verses—this is not very surprising when we remember what singers can do with weak words; it is only a slightly different application of the same power.

Talma had one personal disadvantage—it was that of short stature; but his grand deportment, well-chosen costume, and fine action persuaded his spectators that he was tall—a delusion not unfrequently obtained upon the stage. The same was the case with Clairon and Rachel.

To an English artist it may appear surprising that Talma, having made a decided success in the year 1789, and having subsequently played most of the leading characters of French tragedy, should be addressed in the year 1795 by the poet Ducis with an encouraging presage of future progress: "*Vous pouvez aller bien loin.*"

But in France, art is expectant. If the artist sustains his reputation in a long series of varied performances, he becomes upon each occasion more worthy of attention; more judges assemble to watch him, and consideration grows more wary and circumspect before sentence is pronounced. The personal element enters less into the matter in Paris than in London; that is to say, with the French the art is paramount, and the artist is subservient to it. Therefore, a performer is not liked because he has been liked; on the contrary, his falling off being a greater disappointment, it is the more severely noticed.

The sympathy shown to a favorite performer upon his first entrance on the scene in England by general hand-clappings is not understood at the Théâtre Français. On one occasion one of its most distinguished members said to an English friend: "Do you know that at our inferior playhouses in Paris the audiences actually applaud the performers before they have spoken, and can you conceive such an absurdity?"

"I can," replied his friend, "because in London it is the universal custom to greet the principal players in this manner."

"Indeed!" rejoined the artist, with a slight lift of the shoulders and eyebrows; too courteous to make any further comment.

Under these conditions of art in France, the probability of future progress indicated by Ducis was welcome to Talma, even after six years of distinction. He had played in Racine's, and more particularly in Corneille's, tragedies, so as to invest them with extraordinary interest; his passion grasped all the best qualities of the natural school; his great predecessors had abandoned recitative in verse; he went further, and frequently leaped over his rhymes. Poets proud of their difficult terminations, selected with pain of heart and sweat of brow, were very angry, but Talma followed his own feeling, and he was right. The old classical school kept up a grumbling censure on this point during the greatest part of his career, but he added to his vigorous innovations so much dignity of bearing, and so high a sense of poetical beauty, that, on the whole, conservatism and reform were both satisfied. It was a pity that this two-sided power was not to be found in the government of the nation, as it was in the leader of the Théâtre Français.

Momentous political changes had taken place between the year 1789, the date of the young tragedian's first success, and the year 1795, when Ducis, the translator of Shakespeare, was urging him to new exertions in the part of *Macbeth*. In a singular way Talma's private history was affected by these events. When he broke away from the Théâtre de la Nation, he left there a young Royalist who was very dear to him; this was Madame Petit (*née* Vanhove), an actress of considerable reputation and personal charm. Her loyalty and that of her comrades was shocked by the forced substitution of the words citoyen and citoyenne for their favorite, long-accustomed monsieur and madame, and they marked the change with a scornful emphasis.

They also occasionally spoke dialogue, of which the sense was not distinctly Republican, and it therefore seemed to that vigilant body, the Committee of Public Safety, a work of urgent necessity to close the theatre and to imprison the players. Accordingly at night, on the 3d of September, 1793, the actors were carried off from their homes by force to the Madelonettes, and the actresses to St. Pélagie, where the famous Madame Roland was then awaiting her fate. She saw Madame Petit mount those prison stairs which she was herself soon to descend on her way to the scaffold, and exclaimed, "Oh, how barbarous Frenchmen must have become, if they can think a dungeon the fittest place for so much grace and so much talent!"

The Committee now took the case of the players into grave consideration. Should they be condemned to perpetual exile, or should the guillotine do its short sharp work, and give its prompt answer to a difficulty? Collot d'Herbois an influential member of the Committee, had been an unsuccessful player at Lyons; he was on this account ill disposed towards the distinguished comedians of Paris, and voted that a decree should be passed sentencing the principal players of the company to immediate decapitation, and the rest to that process called deportation, which generally means death in poisonous places.

This suggestion struck the rest of the Committee, who were not in the position of envious rivals, as rather severe; and it was thought necessary to pause before action—the players were popular, and some of the ladies among them were objects of an admiration to which even the idea of patriotism and public safety gave way; so a delay was granted, the result of which was the liberation of the prisoners upon condition that they would abandon the Théâtre de la Nation and join the Republican section which had quarreled with

them: under these circumstances the greater part of them went over to the Théâtre de la République, carrying their properties with them.

Here Robespierre, who had in one of his tirades denounced the Théâtre Français as "the disgusting resort of aristocracy and the insulter of the Revolution," frequently appeared; he was attracted by the irresistible fascination of Madame Petit. Poor Madame Petit was in a position of peril; Robespierre had conceived a passion for her, and Talma loved her; it was difficult to be loved by Talma and to remain indifferent. She was not indifferent; he was the ideal of her imagination and her most dear comrade. M. Petit, a fatherly husband, whom she had married when she was only fifteen, was dead; so far, then, she was free, but Madame Talma was living—she was twenty years older than her husband, and their marriage had never been a happy one; indeed they lived actually apart, although there was no judicial separation. The Revolution had made marriage laws more than easy. Talma entreated Madame Petit to become his wife, and urged his cause with all his fire and eloquence; but she clung to the ideas of the old régime and denied his suit. Talma waited upon her will; Robespierre's eyes were upon them both; he saw where the young widow's preference lay, and his vanity at once concluded this to be the sole cause of her coldness towards himself. To him there was a way always open for conquest: that way was by the Place de Grève, and Talma's name was at once put down upon the list of the condemned. The man whose name was on that list had his head very near the block, and Talma's would have been cut off in the blossom of his youth and fame but for the timely intervention of his tailor, one who made all the fashionable coats of the Reign of Terror, and who was also tailor to Robespierre. This man, one day as he was receiving orders from that dangerous person, made an unfortunate suggestion, "Would not the citizen like to have a short coat à la Talma?" Upon the sound of this name Robespierre was seized with a nervous spasm, which made him look so terrible that the trembling tailor thought he saw before him a tiger about to spring. "Talma, Talma!" growled Robespierre. "I didn't say that; I didn't say that, citizen," cried the wretched tailor, swiftly retreating, and, without staying to take his measure, he fled from the house and ran at full sped to the Rue de la Victoire to tell the doomed tragedian what had occurred. Talma immediately consulted Madame Petit, and she impressed upon him the urgent necessity of absenting himself for the present from her society; after which sensible piece of advice she resolved to seek protection from the party formed in opposition to Robespierre; with this view she paid a visit to an old friend—Madame Cheftel of the Théâtre Français, better known as Mademoiselle Fleury, whose husband's most familiar guests were Danton and Tallien. She was at her own request invited to meet them at dinner, and she spared no effort to make herself agreeable. Effort in this direction was by no means necessary for her, and it is something to say that the exertion she used on this occasion did not interfere with her usual attractions. Tallien was enchanted, and at dessert, addressing her in the tone of gallantry which was the style of that time, he said in tones audible to all present, "Do you know, pretty citizen, that you are denounced by the Committee of Public Safety?" "Oh, citizen, what is this you tell me?" "It is a certain fact; but surely you must be aware of it—that villain Robespierre is in love with you." "How could I guess such a thing, citizen?—but if it is true I implore your assistance to deliver me from this great affliction." "Indeed! do you mean what you say?" "Of course she does," said Danton, in his voice of thunder; "is it possible that so pretty a woman should look favorably upon that reptile—upon that abortion of nature? Poor little thing! Why the bare idea of it has flushed her face. Don't be so frightened," he added, turning toward her; "you have nothing more to fear, most charming citizen; look upon us as your friends; if you are persecuted I will take you under my protection. If you are threatened, call for Danton."

During the course of the dinner a circumstance, which at any other time would have been insignificant, painfully struck the imagination of the young actress. A fish of uncommon size was one of the dishes, and as it was set down before Danton, its head fell into his plate. "Danton!" exclaimed Tallien, "That is a bad augury." "Not at all," replied Danton; "don't you see that this head falls before me?"

At the end of this dinner Madame Petit judged it prudent to plead indisposition and leave Paris. In those days life was like the last act of a tragedy, crowded with dire events; and before long she returned to her home, upon the news that Robespierre was beheaded; but Danton's head had fallen first.

Not alone Robespierre's menacing passion had determined the temporary retirement of the young actress; her feeling for Talma was another motive. She saw him tortured by his affection for her, and she hoped that a few months of separation might calm his mind, the idea of the formal divorce of his wife being still repugnant to her. Upon her return, however, an incident took place which altered her resolution, which made further resistance impossible, and which satisfied her that their marriage was decreed in heaven.

In a piece written by Collot d'Herbois, where the heroine has to be carried off the stage, the actor to whom this business was intrusted missed his footing, and fell, with Madame Petit in his arms. His whole weight was upon her, and not only was she bruised severely and almost suffocated, but it happened also that a long pin ran right into her breast. The accident was a serious one, and the sufferer was carried to her dressing-room, while doctors and surgeons were immediately summoned to the spot, and the whole theatre was in commotion, for the actress was a general favorite. The doctors, consulting, said the wound did not bleed freely as it ought; and one among them, raising his voice to silence the general agitation, said:

"The wound must be sucked; it is the only way to avert a fatal end, and there must be no delay. Talma, I think you will not refuse this office; her life must be saved."

Talma, pale before, turned crimson as he rushed forward to obey the doctor's bidding. He was the saviour of the life he loved.

After this event the feeling became general that the marriage must take place, and, accordingly, the first wife was duly divorced, and these two were married on the 16th of June, 1802. Some happy years followed their union; but Talma was a man to whom enduring domestic peace was an impossibility. Excitement seemed a necessity for him; he plunged into it to get outside of his own mind, which teemed with painful images. There were days on which he surveyed his wife with evident distress. On one occasion he told her that, though he knew she was beautiful, he looked for her beauty in vain—he could see only her skeleton. This idea frequently possessed him; he saw death, skulls, dust, bones, and worms while he sat among his living friends.

Some ascribed these hauntings of his imagination to his early residence in the climate of London; others, to the anatomical studies of his youth. He sometimes rushed from them to the gaming-table, but it was only in the pursuit of his art that he ever really found rest. Here, always vigilant, always sober, he exercised his great faculties with unceasing delight. His whole spirit was subdued to the will of his muse, and so long as he was actually studying a part he was completely under the dominion of his judgment. He and

his wife worked and acted for a long period harmoniously together—in the tragedies of "Œdipe," "Othello," "Agamemnon," and "Andromaque," they were especially successful.

Talma had in him that combination of the highest qualities of art with far-reaching and exalted passion, which justifies the use of the word sublime—a great word made so ridiculous by frequent misapplication as to be a terror to a conscientious writer. It is nevertheless true that this word best concentrates the force and majesty of Talma, to which the grace and pathos of his wife made a delightful accompaniment. They were the objects of many ovations, they were overwhelmed with engagements, poets addressed enthusiastic strophes to them, crowded houses rejoiced at their union, and managers in the principal towns of Holland and Belgium put down large sums to engage their services; but the Théâtre Français remonstrated, and said, "We cannot do without you."

There is a phrase in the French language, become too common now, which was invented for Madame Talma. A critic, trying to convey an idea of the emotion she excited, found this expression: "*Elle a des larmes dans la voix.*" It has become popular as a fashion of describing tenderness, and not unfrequently British novelists bestow such a grace upon their heroines and talk of tears in the voice, but it would be well to leave the distinction to its first owner; and even with regard to her, or to any actress equally sympathetic, it requires explanation. It must not be supposed to mean a weeping voice, but a voice whose tones alone, without further effort on the part of the artist, could produce weeping in others. Actual weeping should be rare on the stage, and when an actress thinks that her audience will cry because she herself cries, she is greatly mistaken. Only in exceptional cases are tearful tones sympathetic. A crying voice is generally nasal—the nose is pinched, the passage of the voice from the chest is obstructed, and the whole effect is eminently disagreeable.

Some readers may perhaps be disposed to ascribe Madame Talma's singular influence to the divine gift of such a voice, and it is true that so capable an instrument is a precious endowment for a player; but it is also true that the power she acquired over this instrument was the result of great vigilance and labor. She has left to posterity a volume containing an exact account of her work, and of the effects produced by it, some portions of which may be extracted in these pages; but any one interested in dramatic art should determine to possess the book itself, for it is full of valuable information and penetration, conveyed with ease and simplicity.

One of Madame Talma's favorite exercises was the ejaculation of the monosyllable "Ah!" with an infinite variety of notes to affect the mind of the hearer in different ways. She used to shut herself up in her room and imagine situations of horror or affliction, in which she was herself the principal. She was sometimes about to be dragged to the guillotine, or her children were being torn from her, or she was deserted by her husband, a prey to jealous anguish; her emotion never failed to follow these fancies, and her exclamations were sometimes so agonizing, that the reflection of them back upon herself almost exhausted her consciousness. Her expression was purposely confined to the simple ejaculation "Ah!" for she thought it desirable to acquire a complete command of tones before practising more complex forms of meaning shaped into words. Another of her exercises consisted in the various utterances of the short, seemingly insignificant sentence of "*Bonjour, monsieur.*" She used to imagine a quarrel with a friend, and then a constrained meeting, all which her "*Bonjour, monsieur*" should indicate; or a concealed disgust, or a hidden passion, or a cold disdain; and these phrases she repeated till she was certain that they must convey the intended feeling to any hearer of average sensibility.

Here is an example of that patience of genius which Carlyle has spoken of as its very essence. There are probably many young people entered or entering upon the stage, and believing themselves clever, who will laugh at the idea of these solitary, arduous efforts of Madame Talma's; they will say, "How ridiculous to imagine yourself being dragged to the guillotine; how absurd to spend hours in giving expression to such a phrase as '*Bonjour, monsieur*';" and no doubt if the great artist were living still, as her reputation is, these persons would proceed to "quiz her" according to their own notions. They might do that, and she, certain of her art, might advance with her modest dignity to the centre of the stage, face her audience, speak a few appealing words in her tender, faultless articulation, and meet the answer of fast-falling tears from every man and every woman present; for she never failed to reach the hearts of her hearers.

The feeling with which she went through the self-imposed tasks here mentioned has been described by Macready as "induced feeling," and Madame Talma gives a careful analysis of this kind of emotion and of the qualities required to support it. "In what," says she, "does dramatic impulse (*verve théâtrale*) consist? Can it be acquired by assiduous endeavor? I am forced to admit that study, a determined will, and even the utmost perseverance, will do nothing if nature does not second you. It is possible to be an intelligent, a meritorious, and a justly-applauded artist, and yet never to command that dramatic impulse which can intoxicate, which can transport, which can dominate an audience. The divine spark (*feu sacré*), the dramatic impulse" (words which I look on as synonymous), "are nothing less than a fever, a vibration of the nerves, a kind of malady favorable to the person who is possessed by it." She goes on to say that great labor on the part of the artist is required to regulate this state of exaltation, and to master completely the gradations of passion, till by restraint in some passages he can in others command that prodigious force which deserves to be called sublime.

No tragedian ever acquired a more supreme command over the fire that raged within him than Talma. Yet Talma himself—the great Talma—his widow tells us, had an extraordinary difficulty in exerting this empire over himself on first nights, especially when he played a part belonging to the classical *répertoire;* he could then scarcely control his alarm, his trepidation, his extreme agitation. But the first representation once over, his presence of mind returned to him, and he then arranged his effects with precision and certainty, so that he could unfailingly reproduce them, and whatever part he played, he seemed always to overtop it.

Madame Talma warns young players against too much faith in tradition—a warning not at all needed in this country, where we have no dramatic tradition; and perhaps not much required at the present day in France, where there exists, even at the Théâtre Français, a more general disposition to rush into the affected negligence of a new school, than to contemplate with admiration the great models of the past. Admiration, however, is well fitted to raise the mind of the artist, and when Madame Talma deprecates tradition, her intention is merely to put down direct imitation, which she justly holds to be fatal to the progress of art. Talma used to feel almost paralysed in certain passages which the genius of Le Kain seemed to have appropriated. The character of *Orasmane* in "Zaïre" was antipathetic to him for this reason: at the famous line, "*Zaïre, vous pleurez,*" he used to sweat drops of agony, and yet missed his effect, impeded by the knowledge of what Le Kain before him had done with these words. In the part of *Othello*, where a similar passion works, but in which he had no traditions to interfere with him, he had his audience completely under his sway.

MADAME TALLIEN.

He was a subtle thinker, and introduced many new ways into old characters, not in order to have it said "Talma is original," but because the changes were evidently right. A good instance of this is afforded by his delivery of the well-known speech in "Œdipe":

> "J'étais jeune et superbe et nourri dans un rang
> Où l'on puisa toujours l'orgueil avec le sang,"

which his predecessors used to say in a grand manner, with swelling pride, but which he, looking further, gave with a totally opposite expression; meditating on the preceding and succeeding lines, he felt that *Œdipe* at this moment is very far from boasting of his advantages; that, on the contrary, he is deploring the errors of his youth, and lamenting his love for what is worthless. He gave the lines, therefore, with an air of self-abasement, and he seemed to reproach himself as he spoke; this version was at once accepted as

true, and is generally admitted now as the just interpretation of the poet's meaning.

In the Emperor Napoleon I. Talma had an affectionate and constant supporter. When Buonaparte was a lieutenant of artillery they were warm friends. Talma never abused this friendship, and the First Consul and the Emperor were no less devoted to him than the little officer of the Republic. But while the imperial favor was undoubtedly of use to the tragedian in a worldly point of view, it was dangerous in a moral one. It inspired him with new cravings after luxury, glory, and violent emotions; and being surrounded in the imperial circles by beautiful women, who, excited by his genius and distinction, were ready to fling themselves into his arms, he yielded to this fascination, and became "*un homme à bonnes fortunes.*" If, however, Talma was guilty of neglecting his domestic ties, he was still faithful to his art; his devotion to it suffered no change, and was rewarded by the homage not merely of his own countrymen, but of all nations; artists and peasants, princes and poets, young women and old men, were all equally enthralled by him. John Kemble and Macready were both very much his admirers and friends. Macready's record of his acting, published in his "Reminiscences," may be quoted here; for probably there is no other English account of it so forcible as this. "Sylla," by Jouy, was the tragedy in which Talma was acting, and Macready says:

"His entry on the stage in the dignified ease of his deportment bespoke a consciousness of power that arrested at once the attention and interest of the beholder. In his attitudes and manners there was nothing of the rigidity and visible preparation of Kemble, his address was that of one to whom the tone of command was too familiar to need strain or effort. His pride, too lofty to be betrayed into violence, displayed itself in his calm disdain of the Romains dégénérés. To the dependent kings, the mutinous people, or the infuriated Valerie, he preserved the same unperturbed demeanor. . . . . It was only when arraigned at the bar of his own conscience that he appeared to feel and confessed the insufficiency of greatness to give peace. In the disturbed sleep, haunted by the visions of his slaughtered victims, which followed his soliloquy, he awed the audience into a death-like stillness . . . . and his dignified utterance of the line—

'J'ai gouverné sans peur et j'abdique sans crainte'

was a fitting climax to the character so nobly and consistently maintained."

The great English tragedian saw with the eye of an artist and of a passionate student the extraordinary power and the perfect skill of Talma; to his testimony may be added that of a lady well-known for her penetrating and much cultured intellect, who writes in a letter to a friend about this same representation of "Sylla" in the following words:

"I can never forget his delivery of two or three lines in speaking of his dealing with the Romans:

'Je les ai jugés sans haine ainsi que sans pitié.'

Again, at his abdication, I make bold to say that no person of feeling who heard it can ever forget his delivery of

'J'ai gouverné sans peur et j'abdique sans crainte.'

"Though it was not emotional or loud, the emphatic, cold, incisive dignity of it was so great that I, a girl then not seventeen, found myself standing up with tears running down my face, and people round me in the same condition."

It is remarkable that Talma's passion not only invested his own poets with a vitality which made them live for all nationalities, but that he was able to play Shakespeare, fettered as it was by the rhymed translation and absurd alterations of Ducis, in a manner which reached the heart of Englishmen; there are those who even now turn cold at the recollection of his look in *Hamlet* when he came upon the stage after a dream of his father's ghost; and his *Macbeth* and *Othello* were by all critics, whether foreign or French, looked upon as masterpieces. He had the advantage of knowing English as well as his own tongue, and besides this he had a powerful intellect. He was with such means at his command able to penetrate the inmost thoughts of the poet; his glowing imagination supplied the great spirit, and rushed through the boundaries of frigid words.

Whatever the demerits of Ducis' translations, some respect is due to them, for the French, chained to academical rules, were not then in a condition to taste Shakespeare in his native force. He had to be cooked for the Parisian palate; offered thus under the auspices of Talma, the people became conscious of a new intellectual food, and they were led on by degrees till, in the year 1830, Shakespeare's name was enrolled on their banners as the chief of poets, and the young Victor Hugo challenged to mortal combat the whole French classical school with the name of the great English dramatist for his war-cry. The reason why no play of Shakespeare is now attempted at the Français is this, that the artists have a strong sense of the deficiencies of all French translations hitherto published. Their feeling of poetical beauty rejects a bald, a weak, or a rough translation; and this being the case, it is difficult to imagine that the Shakespearian drama will ever be acted in the French tongue. The difficulty of a satisfactory translation of the one language into the other is apparently invincible. What French play has ever been rendered in English without being, if not vulgarized, at least *coarsified?* What English poem has ever been done into French, without being weakened? And this is true of prose as well as of poetry; although not in an equal degree. It is then a proper respect, and not a contempt, for Shakespeare, which, for a time, determined the company of the Théâtre Français to abstain from his plays. Perhaps if another Talma appeared they might give way; but no other Talma will ever come, for genius does not repeat itself in form—it takes new shapes, and leaves the images of the past to the reverence of memory.

This reverence grows when the object of it is removed, and no longer capable of exciting jealous fear and its attendant hatred; let no living actor imagine that any one of the great gone-by has ever won the imperishable wreath without unflagging opposition. Talma, after those early days when he was cast for third parts, after he had obtained his most signal victories, was still the subject of continual attack from the critics of the press, one of whom, Geoffroy, a distinguished writer, by his persevering enmity, incensed the actor to such a degree that he, on one occasion, forgot his own dignity, and entering the critic's box at the theatre, struck him with his fist, saying, "*Ah, te voilà, je t'ai cherché!*" A scuffle ensued, and the two had to be forcibly separated by their friends. This was the only time in his life that Talma was betrayed into any outburst of passion off the stage. As an actor, the faults with which he was charged were sounds in his voice of such depth that they seemed to proceed from a cavern, and alternations too sudden from tones so low as to be hardly audible, to vehement shouts of exultation.

The poet Le Brun, comparing Le Kain and Talma, says that Talma, more supple and less robust, had rather the passion of the tiger, and Le Kain that of the lion. This was probably intended as a disparagement to Talma, but it has no significance now, when the two men stand side by side, equally honored by all who esteem great art.

Geoffroy was connected with an actress named Volnais, whom he wished to see in Madame Talma's place, and though he censured Talma with sufficient severity, Madame was the object of his special detestation.

Partly influenced by this critic, and partly by a fancy of his own, Napoleon withdrew his favor from the wife, and actually forbade her from appearing before the *parterre des rois* at Erfurth, to whom it was his pride to see Talma play.

That parterre was blown to the winds, and Napoleon's sun was setting at St. Helena, when Madame Talma, still in the fullness of her remarkable powers, retired from the stage, on the 20th of July, 1816. Her domestic life was troubled, and the pursuit of her art even had been embittered to her. Her farewell to the stage was, however, a subject of regret to all Paris, and in her retirement she commanded general respect and sympathy. She devoted herself to literature, which she had always assiduously cultivated, but among her writings the only volume which is valuable to posterity is that of her "*Etudes sur l'Art Théâtral*," published in Paris in 1853.

Talma died at the very climax of his fame, in the year 1826, at the age of sixty-three. He had by that time acted down antagonism; all Paris attended his funeral, many orations were spoken over his grave, and tears watered the flowers with which it was covered. His widow in due time married the Vicomte de Chalot, a Belgian gentleman, whose social gatherings under her auspices were remarkable for good taste and intellectual culture.

M. Guillard, the present librarian to the Théâtre Français, remembers Madame de Chalot, who was fond of visiting her old haunts, as a "*vieille femme charmante*," but without a trace of her former beauty, with "*la figure toute ratatinée*," yet full of life and spirit, with a fund of interesting anecdotes.

Those writers who pretended that Talma was upheld only by the favor of the emperor, were answered at the time of Napoleon's downfall, when the great tragedian still held his own. The same actor could move a Bourbon, a Bonaparte, and a Vergniaud.

Under the Girondins, in the Reign of Terror, during the Empire, and at the Restoration, Talma still firmly held those heights which his genius had won, though every inch of his ground was disputed, and his position was continually assailed, often with talent, and always with malignity. The turbulence and rapid revolutions of his time so far affected his art that they influenced his mind, but his performances went on the same through all changes; on one occasion, appealing to the public when there was a violent demonstration made against him by a section in the pit, he said: "Citizens, I have lost all my friends upon the scaffold!" This was on the 21st of March, 1795. His words were true, and they awed the house into silence.

The Girondins had been the great actor's first friends. They were all swept away. It was at a social meeting with some of the leaders of that party that he first conceived the idea of making stage monarchs speak like living men. He completed the reforms begun by the famous Baron, and gave ample freedom to tragedy. In the character of *Orestes*, and in others where an immense passion was to be expressed, he dared to utter inarticulate cries, but he distributed them with careful thought; he was exact as to the how and the where. Self-command, an exalted imagination, an educated and comprehensive intellect, with an unalterable belief in himself, distinguished him as an artist, and to these qualities he added physical strength.

## HAWKING.

[Suggested by Monginot's picture, "After the Hunt."]

It is amusing what importance the pleasures of the great acquired in the olden time. England and France try to keep up some of the old spirit of the chase; but in these days of railroad and printing-presses, field sports sink by their own weight. It is as impossible to save them from extinction as it would be to drive steam out of modern works.

Yet, what an institution Hawking was! Under Louis XIV., the Grand Falconer took his oath in the hands of the king. He controlled royal forests, named to a host of minor offices, sent yearly certain birds to neighboring monarchs, received the birds sent in state by the Grand Master of Malta; and, of course, when majesty galloped out to hawk, this exalted officer had the right to place the bird on the royal wrist, and to present to him the head of the quarry struck by the royal bird.

The sport, as a royal one, dates from the thirteenth century. It was in its height during the Middle Ages. At the beginning of the last century it fell into disuse, and, like many other usages of the past, was swept away forever in the shock caused to Europe by the French Revolution. The birds used in hawking were high-flyers, such as the eagle and falcon, which soared above their quarry with proud head and eye, and then pounced down with deadly beak and talon. The heron, kite, and hare, sometimes the fox and gazelle, were their sport. These were held by a lure; those carried on the hand, as the sparrow-hawk, flew low and with the wind, and lacked the fine wing, the curved beak, the black eye of the nobler birds.

The bird even showed rank. To be seen bearing a hawk stamped one as of gentle birth. The gyrfalcon was appropriated to the king; the falcon-gentil to a prince; the falcon of the rock to a duke; the merlin to a lady. A yeoman could not presume to go higher than a goshawk.

Gentlemen rarely appeared in public without a hawk on the wrist, and they are constantly thus represented in portraits. In the fifteenth century they were even taken into church by their owners. When thus carried, the bird was hooded with a cap of leather or velvet surmounted by a tuft of feathers.

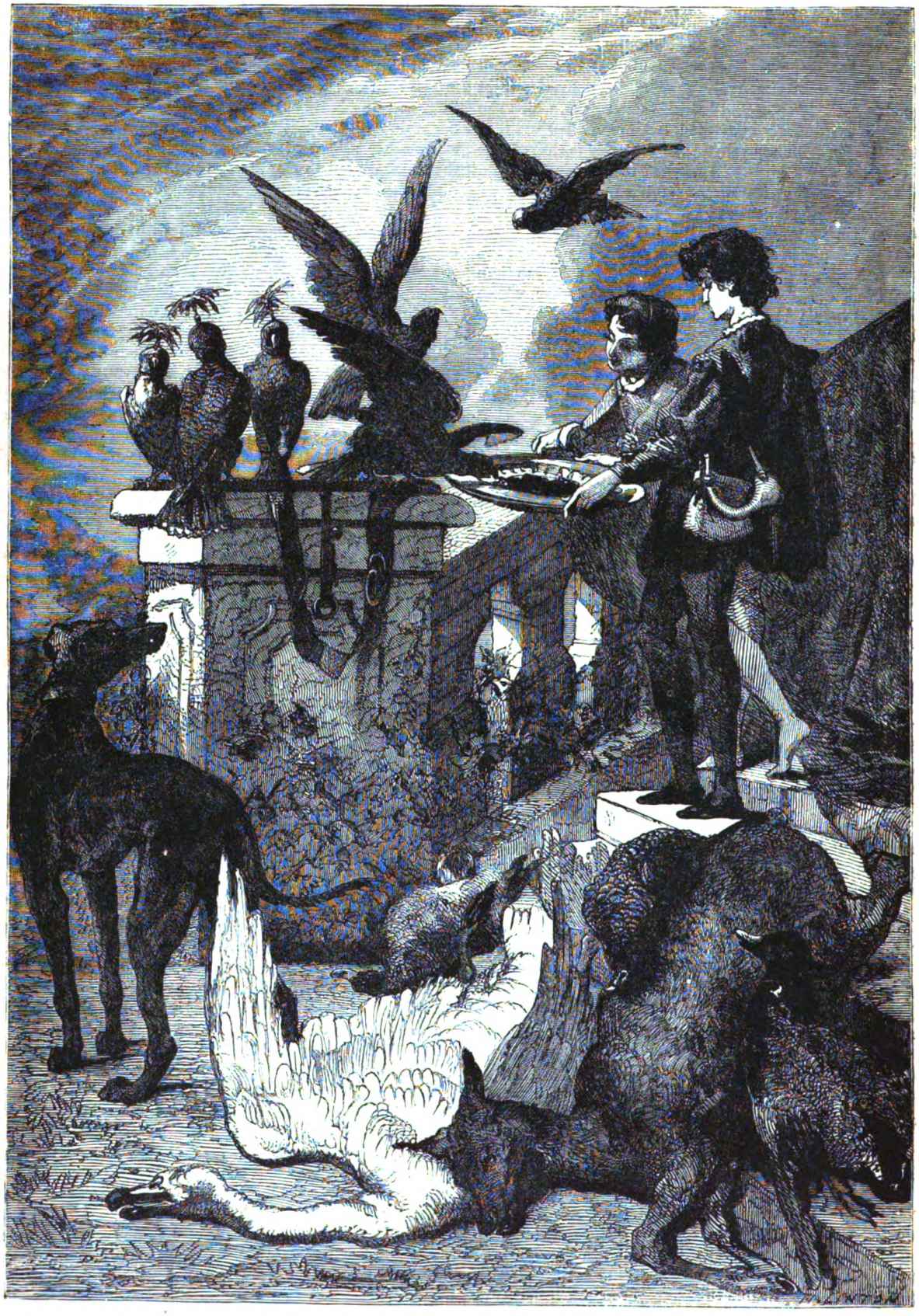
The great authority on the subject in England was the work of Dame Juliana Berners, whose rules for the difficult training and use of the birds were decisive.

In the houses of princes the hawks were under the care of pages, youths of the noblest families; and a scene such as Monginot draws was not uncommon. The two youths are evidently impressed with the importance of their office. The birds, who have evidently well earned their meal, are gathering to receive the delicate slices of beef, mutton, or pork, well cleared of fat or sinew, which are royally presented on a metal dish. The quarry, proof of their skill, lies at the foot of the castle steps, to be taken in when the birds have been fed. A young deer, wild geese and ducks, a pheasant, would do well for a morning's hawking.

## HEDGECOURT.

It was a fine old place, with an aristocratic air about it that one felt without understanding as soon as the first turret appeared in sight. The grounds were extensive, and so artistically cared for and cultivated, that they had become as a matter of curiosity as well as interest. I had visited for some time in the neighborhood of Hedgecourt, and the gardener at the western gate had come to know my face so well that he always greeted my appearance with a kind "Good-day, miss; hope you will have a pleasant ramble;' and his wishes were always verified; for, of all the lonely, romantic spots on the face of the earth, Hedgecourt Woods took the lead.

It was seldom I ever approached the house; but one morning, rambling nearer than I intended, my attention was attracted by the sound of a girlish voice, and, looking up, I beheld a dazzlingly beautiful young lady, dressed in a green cloth riding-habit, and black velvet hat, with long, graceful ostrich feathers, standing by the side of a noble-looking horse, apparently endeavoring to coax him into mounting submission.



"AFTER THE HUNT."—FROM THE PAINTING BY MONGINOT.—SEE PAGE 303.

HEDGECOURT.—"I WAS VERY MUCH ENGROSSED WITH MY THOUGHTS, WHEN MY ATTENTION WAS AGAIN ATTRACTED, THIS TIME TO A YOUNG MAN LYING FLAT ON HIS BACK, TO ALL APPEARANCES FAST ASLEEP."—SEE PAGE 303.

"What are you trying to do with that horse, Queen?" came in angry tones from the piazza; and, looking out from my green-leaved hiding-place, I saw an old gentleman rise from a huge arm-chair, and limp along to the scene of action. My first thought was of Bluebeard, such a cross, strange-looking old fellow was he, and I found myself wondering what possible relation he could sustain to the bright, sweet-faced little fairy, just then so busy trying to conciliate the splendid animal by her side.

"I'm whispering to Duke, and telling him if he will mind his P's and Q's, and promise not to break my neck, he shall have a whole saucer-full of sugar when we get back; and he says he will, pa, so I'm off."

"Queen, don't you mount that horse to-day. I tell you he's got the demon in him," interrupted the old man, limping a step or two nearer; but his words of command made no impression. With a light bound, Miss Queen was in her seat, and throwing a grimace in the parental direction, said:

"I have become so accustomed to his Satanic Majesty, that when he comes in the shape of a brute I am not in the least afraid of him;" and with these words, evidently pregnant with meaning, the minx galloped away. The old gentleman resumed his seat, and I resumed my walk.

I like mysteries, and there was enough here to furnish me with food for contemplation for an unlimited period. I might have been talking to myself about this queer little episode—at any rate, I was very much engrossed with my thoughts—when my attention was again attracted, this time to a young man lying flat on his back, to all appearance fast asleep; but as I attempted to pass without awakening him, he sprang to his feet, and said, earnestly:

"I beg your pardon, miss; I didn't know as there were any visitors in the park to-day," and, picking up his hat and book, strode hastily away.

"A fine-looking man!" was my mental critique of the gentleman's *personnel*. I noticed that he was tall and slight, that his features were good, and his hair worn quite long, and inclined to curl. He might have been twenty-five or thirty-five, for all the information of this kind one could gather from his face.

A day or two after the above episodes, I found by a morning paper that the services of a lady music-teacher were required at Hedgecourt—that said teacher must have the best of references, and come prepared to live with her pupil during the course of instruction. I knew that old Captain Heatherstone (you see I had made some inquiries about the family since that morning) had written this advertisement. I knew it from its imperious, dictatorial tone, but prepared to answer it in person, notwithstanding its unnecessary and very suggestive sternness.

Music-teaching was my profession. I had been for a long time idle, and was now prepared to go to work in earnest. If the terms suited me, Hedgecourt would do as well as anywhere else. So, on presenting myself at the house, I was, as I had anticipated, immediately ushered into the presence of the lord of the manor.

"Come in answer to the advertisement, I suppose, miss?" was the first question, without a "good-day," or "pray be seated," or anything of the kind. "Where are your references?" Which I produced, and he carefully examined. "These read very well," he replied, and then proceeded to the financial part of the business. The terms mentioned were more than satisfactory, but the hardest part was to come.

A servant was ordered to show me to the music-parlor where my skill was to be exhibited, and Harry (who under the sun Harry was, I had no conception, unless, indeed, it was the handsome fellow I had accidentally stumbled upon in the park, and the very thought of this set me in a cold perspiration) was sent for to decide upon my fitness for the position I had applied for. My first thought was to walk straight out of the hall-door, and let the proprietor of Hedgecourt find another music-teacher; but common sense triumphed, and as coolly as possible I waited the arrival of the gentleman who was to pass upon my musical ability.

He lounged into the room. (Sure enough "Harry" was the same individual whose day-dream I had so inadvertently disturbed.) The old man hobbled in after him, and said:

"I have brought you down, Harry, to hear this young woman play. Queen has cut up so about her teacher that I was obliged to give him his walking papers. I thought I'd try a woman this time, and see how that would work."

Not a word of introduction. I stood trembling and blushing, too mortified to glance even at my companion, and I scarcely know what the result would have been had not the young man relieved my embarrassment by saying:

"But, Cousin Heatherstone, you haven't even told me the young lady's name."

"It's Lester, I believe—Miss Lester. Mr. Stafford—Miss Lester!" and, with a grunt of relief, the old bear dropped into a seat. Just then I heard a light step approaching, and, looking up, recognized my young equestrienne of a day or two previous.

"Now, this is too bad," said she, advancing to my side, and extending her little jeweled hand very cordially. "I saw you come in, and understood just what you were here for; but I was dressing, and have hurried myself almost out of my wits to spare you this mortification. And now, Miss Lester—I heard pa mention the name as I crossed the threshold—you will just please come to my room, and tell me whether you think you can like us well enough to remain."

"But——" I commenced to say, when she interrupted me with:

"But there are no buts in the case. I shouldn't like to be stuck up on exhibition the first time I entered a house, and for that reason I don't mean you shall be. It is too bad, Harry," with a little mocking laugh, "that your anticipated musical criticism should be spoiled; but just call in the old cat, and set her to mewing. She'll do just as well to practice on."

I saw at once that it was no use to oppose this sovereign will—saw, too, that, however much she might be ruled in large matters, in small ones she carried everything by storm. So I followed my leader without a word, and was shortly after domiciled in the young lady's private sitting-room.

"There," said she, after removing my hat and shawl, "I'll order some lunch to be sent up here, and we will have a real nice talk"—and so we did. A half-hour sufficed to put me in possession of everything worth knowing about this most remarkable family. "Harry" was Queen's intended—they were second-cousins—and their wedding was to take place in a year. They had been betrothed ever since Queen's birth, at the request of the girl's mother, who, for reasons Queen did not understand, felt herself under some obligations to the parents of the young gentleman.

"Oh!" said the beautiful girl, with a sigh, "it's a horrible mess, any way you look at it. I hate him, and he hates me; in short, we hate each other cordially. This is all there is about it. I have one year's grace, and, during this time, although compelled to do some hard studying, I intend to show my intended husband the kind of metal I am composed of, and if this don't sicken him, nothing will."

"But," I ventured to suggest, "if your father knows that you really dislike each other, how can he insist upon your marriage?"

"Oh, my dear," she replied, wearily, "I believe it to be a question of money. From the beginning of my life, I have never heard anything but money, money, money. The fortunes must be kept in the family; and, should we oppose this arrangement, we will both of us be left as poor as church-mice. I shouldn't care for myself—but it would be simply horrible for Harry to be disinherited. Oh! how I wish I was in your place—in possession of my freedom, with ability enough to earn my living!" and the poor child burst into tears, and walked crazily up and down the apartment.

"Does he know how you feel?" I asked.

"He? Harry? Yes—why, of course," she answered, stopping short in the midst of her walk. "All the comfort we take is comparing notes, to see which is the most miserable, and devising ways and means to make pa uncomfortable."

At this juncture lunch was brought in; and with a world of sympathy in my heart for my little companion, I promised to try the position for three months, and see what could be done with it.

Three months! A great deal can be done in three months, as everybody knows who has drank off the froth from the cup of life, and tasted the concentrated draught that lies beneath. Everything went on well at Hedgecourt—more than well, everything was charming. Queen, so capricious, so full of hauteur, so untamable, was as gentle and sweet with me as if she were incapable of anything but gentleness. She put me in the place of the mother she had never known, the sister she had always longed for, and poured into my lonely life the wealth of her pent-up, passionate nature. We were singularly happy in thus giving and receiving, and in the tender atmosphere that seemed to pervade the house, even Captain Heatherstone softened perceptibly. Harry was our constant companion out of study-hours, and, indeed, he was often in the library, lounging in an alcove, pretending to read, while Queen was taking her music-lesson, and neither of us minded him; so were we all *en rapport* with each other.

We were all in the park one morning, enjoying to the full the delicious air and sunshine. Queen and I had seated ourselves under an immense maple, and Harry was a few yards off, lying on his back, reading Tennyson.

"I don't know what ails us all," said Queen, confidentially, slipping her little hand into mine. "We are just as happy as birds or kittens. If things could go on this way, and I never need think of marrying Harry, I should be the blessedest girl in the universe. I don't see why people ever need to get married, and spoil everything."

"Marrying Harry?" Why did these words thrill so strangely the chords of my inmost soul—chords that I little understood, and of whose presence I had never been aware? What was it to me how soon Queen married Harry, if she could be reconciled to the event? She had never mentioned the subject since the first day at Hedgecourt, and I

had not seriously thought of it in our harmonious life. Harry caught her last words, and springing to his feet, sauntered up to us, in his lazy fashion.

"What's that, Queen, you were saying?"

"I was saying that if we could always live in this delightful manner, and have no marrying or giving in marriage, we could easily imagine ourselves in heaven."

"And, pray, what put marriage into your head this exquisite day? And why must you spoil the most perfect morning of my life with talking about it!" and the imperturbable Harry walked off in a state of bearishness perfectly incomprehensible to poor Queen.

"Oh, dear!" sighed she; "if it turns out that Harry is ill-tempered, there's no hope for me. His amiable disposition has made me think that it might be possible to get on together without much love; but how horrible cross he is this morning! Oh, Miss Lester, what a dreadful thing it must be, anyway, to always live with a man, and be bound to him, in spite of all your wishes to the contrary, in case you should wish to get away, you know! Well, I'll have my own way, or there won't be much peace in the house, I'll assure you that, Mr. Harry."

"Now, Queen, you are ill-natured," said I, seeing for the first time in weeks the flashing of the old insubordinate spirit.

"I don't care; I can't help it. It makes me bad, the thought of this marriage. I don't believe it is right. I never thought much about it before; but it can't be right to make such sacred vows to one's cousin, who seems just like one's brother, and is no lover at all. Now, is it right, Miss Lester?"

"Darling," said I, swallowing a sob, though I couldn't tell why I should feel such emotion, "it isn't for me to decide for you. You must let your own heart tell you what to do."

"But my own heart does tell me that I never ought to marry my cousin; it doesn't tell me, though, what I ought to do. Ought I to obey my father, or say I will not marry without love, whatever the consequences may be? Tell me, Miss Lester, dear friend—tell me what to do."

"Tell us both what to do, Miss Lester, dear friend," said Harry, suddenly appearing. "I am in deeper trouble than little Queen, for I love another. Don't look so surprised, Queen—it is true. I have already played you false; and thank God that my heart spoke before its voice could perjure me more deeply."

"I can tell neither of you what to do," said I, with sudden coldness; "only, you had better inform Captain Heatherstone of the situation as speedily as possible. It doesn't seem to me desirable to deceive him any longer."

I started for the house. Queen caught at my dress, to detain me, and Harry called after me, in tones of entreaty; but I did not turn or slacken my pace till I was safe in my room.

Then I locked the door, and sat down to think.

I loved this man! Yes, I loved him. I would not spare my heart. It should tell in words the wretched secret that it had been so deftly hiding—hiding so securely that I had not guessed it. Harry Stafford loved somebody else, and I loved him, and Captain Heatherstone meant that he should be married to his daughter. Great interests depended upon it, and the old man would be insane with anger if he knew. What a miserable complication! What could either of these two children do without a penny?—for Harry probably loved somebody as poor as himself.

I had reached this point in my meditations, when there was a series of loud, impatient raps on my door, and Queen's voice fairly shrieked:

"Let me in! let me in! I won't go away till you do, if I pound all day!"

I opened the door, and the child threw herself into my arms, quite out of breath, and between gasps and sobs and laughter, she at last managed to ejaculate:

"He loves you! Oh, Miss Lester! dear Miss Lester! he loves you! Harry loves you, do you hear?"

"Should think she might hear, if she's got any ears!" said a terrible voice in the entry. "Who is it Harry loves? What's all this nonsense about? Out with it, girl!"

Queen had left the door wide open, and the old man walked deliberately in, and seated himself in my armchair.

"Oh, papa! don't be so dreadful. Harry loves Miss Lester. Don't look so; she isn't to blame."

"I'm not to blame," said I, thoroughly roused; "and I leave this house to-morrow morning. I shall not stand between you and your wishes, Captain Heatherstone."

"Harry! Harry! Harry!" screamed Queen, "come up here! Miss Lester says she'll leave the house. Oh, Harry! do something—say something to papa."

Harry came up the stairs, three steps at a time.

"Captain Heatherstone," said he, with great coolness and dignity (he seemed to have grown from a boy to a man in the last hour), "I love Miss Lester, and I positively refuse to marry your daughter. I have never spoken one word of love to the lady in question, and am in utter ignorance of her feelings toward me. You shall not do her injustice, whatever you may think of me."

"You are all fools. Do you know that the estate upon which you are living now goes out of this family at my death unless you, Harry Stafford, marry my daughter? If you persist in this mad decision, you are both beggars at my death, and up to that time dependent upon me."

"Not beggars," said Harry, proudly, "while I have this strong right arm."

"Stuff! nonsense! We shall see what your right arm will do. Queen, do you agree to this insane proceeding?"

"Yes, papa, with all my heart. I never wanted to marry Harry, and now I will not."

Captain Heatherstone was silent. He rose, with a gesture of despairing resignation that touched us all.

"Dear papa, don't be angry! We can't help it. We——"

"Go away, child—I wish to be alone!" said the old man, as he went unsteadily from the room.

We looked at each other in a sort of consternation. But that feeling soon gave way to the sense of relief, and in a moment Harry had my hands in his, and was pouring out a passionate story of love. Queen had slipped out, and we were alone. I need not tell you how it all ended. Captain Heatherstone yielded to the inevitable, and Harry began studying law. I kept on with Queen till she was sent to Paris for a year's finish, and then I went to my dear old aunt's, to "get ready."

Harry and I have been married a year now, and I was stirred up to tell all this by a walk that I have just had in Hedgecourt, and a delightful talk under the veritable maple where our troubles and our joys began.

Queen is the same Queen, only she is in love and desperately, too, as becomes Queen; and her lover is rich; so there was no great harm done, after all.

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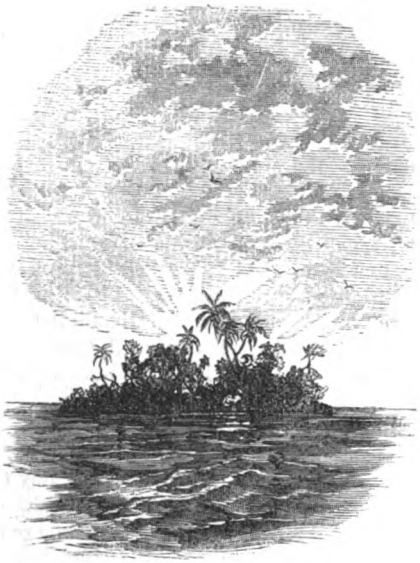
SUFFERING.—Suffering comes to us through and from our whole nature. It cannot be winked out of sight. It cannot be thrust into a subordinate place in the picture of human life. It is the chief burden of history. It is the solemn theme of one of the highest departments of literature—the tragic drama. It gives to fictions their deep interest; it wails through much of our poetry. A large part of human vocations are intended to shut up some of its avenues. It has left traces on every human countenance over which years have passed. It is to not a few the most vivid recollection of life.



## PEARL ISLAND.

By Maud L. Crimson.

The isle of Pearl! the isle of Pearl!
That sleeps within the placid West,
How beauteous in its rounded shape—
How perfect seems its rest.

Oft in my dreams this isle of Pearl
Hath loomed in beauty on my sight,
And silvered o'er with magic rays
The sky of Fancy's night.

Oft have I sailed in fairy boat
Around its shores, the blue sea through,
And woke, in sorrowed thought, to find
My giddy dream untrue.

And oft I think, as twilight falls
In crimson curtains down the West,
I hear the thrilling strains that float
From out this isle of rest.

I long to live with those who dwell
Upon this little isle of Pearl,
I'd lie with them in coral caves,
And watch the blue seas curl.

And fancies, charged with rapture's fire,
Before my mental sight should roll;
Oh, what a depth of gleaming thought
Would fill my uncurbed soul!

But I can only note afar,
The glist'ning of its silver strand,
And wonder mutely, oft and oft,
If that's Utopian land.

I sigh and slowly turn away—
Oh! would I might such heights attain!
How many sinful souls of earth
Take up this sad refrain.

Oh, lift your heads! be sure you will,
Some time, attain that isle of rest;
Gaze often on its pearly banks,
Calm lying in the West,

Until your soul its pure hue takes,
Until your hidden wings unfurl;
Then shall you wend your airy way
Unto that isle of Pearl.

## "PARSLEY" PEEL.

The founder of the Peel family and the father of the first baronet, kept a skilled mechanic in his cotton-printing establishment, for the purpose of carrying out his ideas in the improvement of machinery. This man, we are told by Sir Lawrence Peel, was kept concealed in the private house of a Mr. Haworth, at Brookside, near Blackburn, where he worked in secret, as if he was engaged in some mysterious wickedness.

In the course of his experiments Mr. Peel also introduced some improvements in the printing of the cottons; in connection with which a story is still current in the Peel family.

This ingenious manufacturer was in his kitchen one day, making some experiments in printing on handkerchiefs, and other small pieces, when his only daughter, then a girl, afterward Mrs. Willock, the mother of the postmaster at Manchester, brought him in from their garden of herbs a sprig of parsley. It was some proof of taste in so young a girl (says Sir Lawrence) that she could discern beauty in a common pot-herb, which is generally regarded as created only for a garnish or a fry. She pointed out and praised the beauty of the leaf, and looking, by the habit of the remarkable family to which she belonged, naturally to the useful side, she said that she thought it would make a very pretty pattern.

Her father took it from her hand, looked at it attentively, praised her for her taste, and said that he would make a trial of it.

She, delighted not to be pooh-poohed, as discoverers among young folks often are, lent her aid with all the alacrity of a girl of fourteen. A pewter dinner-plate—for such was then the common dinner-plate of families of their degree—was taken down from the shelf, and on it was sketched, or scratched, a figure of the leaf, and from this impressions were taken.

This was called in the family "Nancy's pattern," after the little girl who invented it. It became one of the most popular patterns in cotton cloth ever designed, and was at one period as widely known and as universally used as the "Willow pattern" in crockery-ware.

It may be said that it had no small share in laying the foundation of the fortunes of the Peel family.

In the trade it was everywhere spoken of as the Parsley-leaf pattern, and alliteration lending its aid, the fortunate father of the shrewd young lady became known by the nickname of Parsley Peel.

"PARSLEY" PEEL.—"A PEWTER DINNER-PLATE WAS TAKEN DOWN FROM THE SHELF, AND ON IT WAS STRETCHED A FIGURE OF THE LEAF, AND FROM THIS IMPRESSIONS WERE TAKEN."

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A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

THE GIRL DETECTIVE.—"A FEW MINUTES SUFFICED TO CONVINCE ME THAT THE STOVE HAD BEEN MOVED OUT, AND THE ELBOW OF THE PIPE HAD BEEN REMOVED."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

# THE GIRL DETECTIVE.

THE door of Rufus Markham's counting-room was securely closed, and the proprietor of the large, flourishing cotton factory talked earnestly with a gentlemanly-looking man of middle age, whose face was as impassive as a wax mask.

"Five thousand dollars!" said the individual. "It was a large sum to leave exposed."

"Exposed!" said Mr. Markham. "It was in my private desk, to which no one has access but myself and my nephew, Fred Tryon."

"Would it be possible the young gentleman——"

"Sir," said Mr. Markham, indignantly, "my nephew is not a thief. If he needed ten times that sum he knows I would freely give it to him. He will be my heir, and is as dear to me as a son. It is simply absurd to connect him in any way with this robbery."

"Just state the matter again, briefly as you can, and allow me to take notes, will you, Mr. Markham?"

"Certainly. I drew five thousand dollars out of bank yesterday, to meet a note that was not presented for payment. Retaining it until after the bank was closed, I concluded to lock it in my desk until this morning, and did so. At nine o'clock this morning the expected note was presented, and I opened the desk. The money was gone, and with it a small memorandum-book that was in the same roll."

"The lock was not forced?"

"No, sir; the desk was apparently exactly as I left it."

"And Mr. Tryon has the only duplicate key?"

The old gentleman frowned. He was evidently displeased at the turn the detective's suspicions seemed to be taking.

"My nephew certainly has the only duplicate key.

"H'm! yes. You have the numbers of the notes?"

"Yes. The roll consisted of ten five-hundred dollar notes."

The list of numbers being taken, the detective made a searching examination of the apartment, and prepared to take his departure. As he stood near the door, Mr. Markham suddenly said, nervously:

"I think, Mr. Vogdes, if you make any discoveries, you had better report to me privately before making any arrests."

"Certainly, sir, if you desire it. Will you grant me one favor? Do not mention the robbery to Mr. Tryon, *if* you have not done so already."

"No one has heard of it but yourself."

"Very good! I will call again when I have any report to make."

"Fred! Fred!" the old gentleman said, in a low tone, when he was alone; "Vogdes evidently thinks it is Fred! It cannot be! It is impossible that my nephew would *rob* me! I cannot believe it. And yet he knew the money was there. He was here when I handed Arnold the check, and here when he returned with the money. He knew that Johnson's note was not presented, and Fred alone has a duplicate key. Oh, if it should be! Anna's boy, that I promised to love as my son. Have I not kept my promise? Where have I failed? And why should he steal from me, when all I have is his? I cannot, I will not, believe it!"

"May I come in?" asked a bright, pleasant face at the door, and permission being given, Fred Tryon entered the room.

Looking into his handsome young face, bright and frank, with well-opened brown eyes, and curls of nut-brown hair, it was hard to connect it with any idea of roguery, ingratitude, and theft. His manner toward the uncle, who had ever filled a father's place, was the perfection of respectful affection, and before he had been an hour in the counting-room, Mr. Markham's uneasy fears were entirely gone.

They were talking of a certain dark-eyed little maiden, who was soon to be Mrs. Tryon, and when Fred left his uncle, it was with a promise that he would call in the evening upon Miss Clarkson, to finally arrange for the wedding-day.

The young man, a favorite of fortune apparently, spent the afternoon with his betrothed, received his uncle in the evening, beside her, and accompanied the old gentleman to his boarding-house, receiving an affectionate farewell, when he took up his way to his own rooms in another house. For a week he heard nothing of the robbery.

It was just when Summer twilight was fading that, returning from a drive with Maud Clarkson, Fred met his uncle's confidential clerk waiting for him at Maud's house.

"I have a note for you, Mr. Fred," he said; "and as you were not at home, I thought I would wait here for you."

Something in the man's face and manner struck a sudden chill to Maud's heart.

"You have bad news!" she cried.

"Perhaps Mr. Fred had better read the note," was the evasive reply.

But Maud's terror was only increased when Fred, after reading the note, broke into a furious exclamation of rage.

"Who dares say I am a midnight burglar?" he shouted.

"Oh, Fred, what is it?" asked Maud, turning very white.

"My uncle has been robbed of five thousand dollars, and he pays me the compliment of supposing me the thief, because I have a duplicate key to his private desk. I—— Great heaven!" he cried, with a sudden change in his voice, "he cannot mean it! I rob my uncle! I!"

"Mr. Fred," said the clerk, respectfully, "I only waited to see how you took the note, to speak a few words of advice. Mr. Fred, I was with your father when he was killed on a railway train; I was with your uncle when he brought you from your mother's funeral to his home. I took you to boarding-school, and brought you home for the holidays, and I've loved you, boy and man, since you were ten years' old, and that's twelve long years. I know you never took the money, but things look very ugly for you."

"But," said Fred, grasping hard the hand the old clerk held out to him, "I cannot understand it. Listen," and he read aloud the note from his uncle:

"'MR. FREDERICK TRYON: I could not believe without *proof*—undeniable, positive proof—that you could rob me of five thousand dollars, taken, as you know, from my private desk, on Wednesday last. You are my sister's son, and I will never be the one to imprison or punish you, but you are no longer nephew of mine. Willingly, I will never look in your face again. Your ill-gotten gains I freely give you to start in some business, trusting you will endeavor to live honestly in future. Do not try to see me; I will not listen to any explanations I know to be false. Do not write, for I will not open your letters. "'RUFUS MARKHAM.'"

Maud Clarkson grew white as death as she heard the stern edict.

"Oh, Fred!" she cried, "what can you do?"

"Starve, I suppose," was the bitter answer, "as I do not happen to possess the ill-gotten gains so generously presented to me. But I will not ask you to starve with me, Maud. You were betrothed to the millionaire's nephew and heir; the disinherited beggar frees you from your promise."

"Fred," she cried, bursting into tears, "how can you be so cruel?" Then, unheeding the clerk, who was discreetly looking from the window, she came close to Fred's side. "Darling," she said, fixing her large black eyes upon his

face, "if all the world believes you guilty, I do not. If all the world casts you off, I will keep my promise."

The young lover had been bewildered, indignant, desperate, but he folded the gentle comforter fast in his arms, and great tears fell on her upturned face.

"God bless you, Maud!" he cried; "I can defy the world, if you are true to me. Now, Potter, sit down, and tell me what you know of this wretched business."

"Well, Mr. Fred, I never heard of the robbery myself until this morning, when Vogdes, the detective your uncle employed to work it up, came to make his report. They did not notice me at first, and when your uncle remembered I was in the room, I had heard about all Vogdes knew. You remember there was a note coming due last Wednesday?"

"To Johnson?"

"Yes; well, I thought at the time it was curious your uncle gave him a check, when I knew the money was drawn out of the bank the day before to meet that very note. But I never knew till this morning that the money was stolen from Mr. Markham's private desk by false keys, Mr. Fred," said the old man, earnestly. "It was all in five-hundred dollar notes, and your uncle had the numbers."

"Well?"

"This morning Vogdes brought back one of the notes which you gave to T—— yesterday in payment for a pearl locket."

"Stop, Potter! let me think. Where did I get that note? I have it! Arnold gave it to me to take out a hundred dollars I lent him some time ago. And Arnold—— Potter, Arnold borrowed my keys last Wednesday night to open his trunk! Potter! huzza! We know the thief!"

"Not so fast, Mr. Fred—not so fast. It will not be an easy matter to prove this. Were there any witnesses present when Arnold borrowed the keys?"

"No; I was alone in my room, half undressed, when he knocked at my door, and said he had lost the key of his trunk. I lent him my bunch of keys, which he returned before I was out of bed the next day."

"And you were alone when he paid you the money?"

"Yes; I thought he was very flush, for you know as well as I do, Potter, that a note for five hundred dollars is not a daily visitor in Arnold's pocket."

"He is a cunning scoundrel. He wants to ascertain if the notes can be identified before he tries to get rid of them himself. Mr. Fred, will you leave it to me for a few days—only a few days?—and if I do not catch the thief, you may try!"

"But my uncle?"

"Wait till you can prove your innocence before you see him. Only a week. Give me only a week to watch Arnold. And, by-the-way, you will give me an additional chance if you will leave the city. Throw him off his guard by letting him suppose you are banished for his crime."

"Run away," flashed Fred, "like a coward?"

"Only for a week. You see, the probability is that Arnold has the money in his possession yet. He will wait to see the fate of what he has given you before putting any more into circulation; but he has probably hidden it very securely. You he will watch; but if you are willing, I will take your room while you are gone, and do a little private detective business on my part."

It was not easy to persuade Fred to consent to Potter's plan, but Maud's persuasions being added to the old man's, he finally consented to leave the city for a week, and return in that time to vindicate his own innocence in case of Potter's failure.

Before night Fred was on his way to visit another city, and his landlady had agreed to allow Mr. Potter to occupy his place during his absence.

Fred had been gone two days, when the old clerk called upon Miss Clarkson to report progress.

"I am completely baffled," he said, in answer to her inquiries. "You see, Arnold knows me, and evidently suspects me. He is so affectionately desirous of keeping me in sight, that I cannot get a peep in his room; and whenever he is out, he locks the door and gives the key to the landlady. I cannot force his door yet, and by the time Fred returns, I am afraid the money will be smuggled away. I am sure it is in his possession now, he is so careful about his room. Nobody gets in there but the landlady. I did think of bribing the chambermaid to let me in when she was at work there, but unfortunately she left to-day."

A flash of light seemed to pass across Maud's face, but she only said, demurely:

"Your landlady is a German, is she not?"

"Yes; her English is very imperfect. Have you ever seen her?"

"No; I have heard Fred speak of her. My mother, you know, was German."

"But what has that to do with Fred's case?"

"I will tell you. Vogdes has tried to find the thief, and failed. You have tried, and failed. I mean to try, and *succeed!*"

"You! What can you do?"

"Come to-morrow, and I will tell you."

Punctual to the appointed time, Potter made his appearance. With dancing eyes and flushed cheeks, Maud met him.

"Well?" he asked, certain from her looks that she had good tidings.

"I told you I would succeed!"

"And you did? Huzza! I feel as young as Fred himself!"

"To whom I have telegraphed to return. He will be here this evening, and you must bring Mr. Markham, Mr. Vogdes, and the proper police authorities, to meet in his room. Then, Mr. Potter, go to Mr. Arnold's room, and remove the pipe of the stove at the elbow. In the joint you will find Mr. Markham's memorandum-book and the missing notes."

"You are sure?"

"Listen! This morning, in a calico dress, sunbonnet, and pair of coarse shoes, for disguise, I applied for the place of chambermaid at the boarding-house where Mr. Arnold has a room. I braided my hair in two long plaits, and convinced your landlady that I was a recent importation from Germany, unable to speak a word of English. She agreed to take me for one week on trial, and before I had been two hours in the house, I was sent to tidy Mr. Arnold's room. Never was a room tidied so quickly; and, seeing my mistress on her way to market, I shot the bolt, and took a survey of the premises. The trunk was locked, the bureau-drawers wide open, the closet-door ajar. I felt a reluctance to overhaul any private depositories; though I should have done it," she added, resolutely, "if I had been driven to it! I rummaged a little, when, on the closet-floor, I espied a shirt, apparently scarcely soiled, except one sleeve, and that was black with soot. 'What is he doing at the fireplace in Summer?' I thought, and went to examine. A few minutes sufficed to convince me that the stove had been moved out, and the elbow of the pipe removed. I repeated the process, to find a roll of five-hundred dollar notes, and a small note-book, with the name Rufus Markham on the first page. I replaced everything carefully, and came home. Now, Mr. Potter, he must be taken by surprise, or he may say Fred put the notes there."

"You are a brave girl!" cried the old man, looking with admiration at the beautiful, animated face, "and Fred will owe you more than his life."

"He can repay me by coming to tell me the good news when he is clear."

Eight was striking by the city clocks when Doctor Graham Arnold, dressed in the latest fashion, and with a fragrant Havana between his lips, strolled leisurely into his own room.

He had been in the parlor of his boarding-house for an hour, watching Mr. Potter with some anxiety, but wholly unaware of the little party of four who, in Mr. Potter's temporary apartment, awaited his return to his own room.

Once inside the door, the *nonchalant* look left the handsome face of the young man, and he muttered, fiercely:

"I must get out of this! Potter suspects me, and may yet communicate his suspicions to Mr. Markham. I will be off to-night as soon as the house is quiet."

He opened a small traveling-satchel as he spoke, and was rapidly filling it with necessaries for a journey, when he was interrupted by a knock at the door.

Tossing the satchel into the closet, he cried.

"Come in!"

But his face turned livid as his call was obeyed, and a party of five entered the room.

Two policemen stationed themselves on his right and left, while Mr. Markham, Mr. Potter and Fred Tryon followed them.

"Now, Mr. Potter," said one of the policemen, with the face and voice of the detective Vogdes, "will you tell us where to find those missing notes?"

"What notes?" cried Arnold. "What does this outrage mean?"

"It means," said Mr. Potter, "that your plan to throw the robbery of Mr. Markham's private desk upon his nephew has failed. It means that the five thousand dollars stolen from that gentleman is now in your possession, excepting only one note given to Mr. Tryon in payment of a debt!"

"It is a lie!" cried the prisoner; but his white face, faltering voice, and shaking limbs were no proof of innocence. "Search my trunks, everything I have."

"No, gentlemen," said Mr. Potter. "Draw out the stove, if you please, and look in the elbow of the pipe."

With a cry, Graham Arnold fell senseless to the floor, as Vogdes put his hand upon the stove.

Mr. Markham turned to Fred. There was no word spoken. Hand clasped hand, and each read forgiveness in the other's eyes.

Mr. Graham Arnold spent some weeks in jail ere his trial and conviction; but before his sentence was pronounced Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tryon were crossing the ocean on a wedding tour to Europe, and only Mr. Potter and Fred ever knew of Maud's first and only appearance as a Girl Detective.

MISS WHEELER, THE HEROINE OF CAWNPORE.—MISS WHEELER KILLING THE SOWAR.

## MISS WHEELER, THE HEROINE OF CAWNPORE.

THE terrible massacre at Cawnpore was the stunning blow of the Sepoys in their revolt. The English, till then, had viewed the matter lightly. Indeed, on the very day of the massacre, an officer in the beleaguered hospital wrote deriding the revolt.

When the attack began, and Nena Sahib came from Bithoor, not to relieve the besieged but to aid in their slaughter, it became evident that escape was impossible. General

THE WILLOW SWITCH.—"SUSIE CAREFULLY PLANTED THE WILLOW SWITCH JUST ABOVE THE LITTLE SPRING."

Wheeler might have fought his way out, but he was unable to do so with nearly two hundred women.

They therefore fought steadily on, losing indeed, but inflicting such terrible retribution, under the lead of the gallant Ashe, Moore, and Halliday, that Nena Sahib at last agreed to let them evacuate, and embark in boats on the river. This was, however, but a device to draw them to an exposition. The boats were fired upon, and all on board killed or taken. One boat escaped several miles, but was pursued and brought back. The unfortunate women were then divided.

One heroic girl, Miss Wheeler, the youngest daughter of the general, as she was taken from the boat, was seized by a sowar, or cavalryman, and carried off to his house. She went quietly, as prisoners afterward declared, but at night rose, and getting hold of the sowar's sword, avenged the slaughter of her family by killing the sepoy, his wife, son, and mother-in-law, who were sleeping in the house. She then went and threw herself down the well.

In the morning the neighbors were horrified at the spectacle, and could not explain it till some one looked down the well, where, dead and swollen, lay the corpse of the young heroine, who, preferring death to dishonor, died not idly, but inflicted ere she went just retribution on the murderers within her reach.

# THE WILLOW SWITCH.

## The First Story Thereof.

About forty years ago a large part of Central New York, that is now fast becoming a garden, was almost a new country, and people talked of "moving West" when they emigrated from the banks of the Hudson, or the Mohawk, to those of the Genesee. Still, one of the cities on the line of the Erie Canal was even then a town of some importance, and boasted much of what then amounted to wealth, and even aristocracy.

Of this latter class had been the family of Judge Morton, but sundry unlucky speculations had made it impossible for him to retain his accustomed position among his old neighbors, and he was about to seek a new field in one of the younger settlements, a few days' easy journey to the southwest.

The movement was one regarded by the steady folk of that time about as a move to Kansas would be now, and quite a colony of sympathizing and regretful friends had gathered to bid good-by to the family who were so rashly or adventurously bent upon sundering old ties and associations.

Everything had long been prepared, the wagons were laden, the adieux for the most part had been said again and again, and a part of the cavalcade was fairly under way. The heavier goods, indeed, had been started two or three days before.

The ladies of the party, as well as the gentlemen, had decided to attempt the journey on horseback, well aware that the condition of the roads, even though Spring was now well advanced, could not safely be depended upon. Our mothers and grandmothers were far more familiar with the saddle, and certainly with the *pillion*, than are their living representatives.

Apart from the rest, mounted on a stout and quiet-looking pony, sat a young lady of some eighteen Summers, in whose rosy cheeks and bright black eyes the excitement of the occasion seemed to have almost overcome its soberer suggestions. Still, something like a shade was on her face, as she leaned forward in her saddle and conversed in low tones with a gentleman whose arm was thrown carelessly over the neck of her pony.

"Never mind me, Charlie; why, it's only three days' riding, at the very worst, and that won't hurt me."

"But *me*, Susie—I am ordered off for a long cruise, and I cannot tell when I shall see you again."

"But you *will* come back?"

"Yes—but when? And will you——"

"Will I what, Charlie?"

"Wait a moment, Susie."

And the young man, who was in the undress uniform of a naval officer, sprang off to the side of the road, where some willow trees were growing in untrimmed luxuriance. Catching hold of one of the gracefully bending boughs, he cut therefrom a long and pliant slip, with which he quickly returned, stripping off the leaves as he came.

"There, Susie, that will answer for a riding-whip, but do not wear it out on your pony, even if the roads are bad."

"Why not, Charlie?"

"Because, at the end of my cruise I shall come back to claim it. Will you keep it for me?"

A very soft light stole into the black eyes, but she said, in a low voice:

"Yes, Charlie, I will keep it. But are you sure you will come to claim it?"

"If I live, Susie."

"Ah! then it is good-by sure enough, now," said Susie, "for father is calling me. Good-by, Charlie! Good-by!"

There was a most passionate earnestness in the young officer's reply, and he stood gazing after the pony and his mistress long after they were hidden by a turn in the road. We cannot follow him, however, by land or sea, for our business is with the willow switch. If Susie's pony suffered on the road, it was not from any excessive application of

THE WILLOW SWITCH.—"SHE WAS PROCEEDING TO SEVER THE SLIP SHE WANTED. AS FOR HER GIRLISH COMPANION, SHE HAD SANK DOWN UPON THE GRASS, AND COVERED HER FACE WITH HER HANDS."

Charlie's queer memento, and on the third day, about noon, Judge Morton rode up to the side of his daughter, and announced that they were nearly at their journey's end.

They were nearly at a fork of the road, at the foot of a gently-sloping hill, and, just where the two ways met, a little spring bubbled up, and wandered off into an adjoining meadow. There were more signs of improvement than Susie had expected, but enough of wilderness remained to add more than a little to the rural beauty of the spot.

"Our new home," said the judge, "will be on the top of this knoll, when it is built, and our present quarters, such as they are, will be a little further on."

A sudden thought seemed to have entered the brain of Susie.

"Father, won't willows grow from slips?"

"Yes, my dear; that is the usual way of setting them out."

"And they want water, don't they? Is this one fresh enough to grow?"

"I should say it was."

"Well, then, maybe we can have something growing here to remind us of our old home."

In an instant Susie was down from her pony, and the willow switch was carefully planted, just above the little spring. It would have all the water it wanted, at all events. And then Susie and her father rode on to their new home, but there was a warm flutter at the young girl's heart, and a blush on her cheek, as she wondered:

"Will it ever grow?"

The new settlement was a good one for the judge, and Susie's willow prospered famously. Even the rude farmer boys had learned how it came there, and respected it religiously, while a little paling kept off other intruders. Susie's heart throbbed high with hope and faith, at times, as she noted the wonderful vitality and prosperity of her leafy favorite. It grew as if it had a duty to perform, and was determined to do it well. And the little spring bubbled up more briskly from under it, and seemed to murmur softly:

"He will come! He will come!"

Still, one year, and another, and another, went by, and Charlie did *not* come, and letters were terribly uncertain, and far between. All around the world he had been sent, and Susie's heart at times grew sick and weary, in spite of the willow.

But she had other suitors, for her beauty seemed to grow every day, and her father was getting along well in the world once more. Truth to tell, Susie had something of Mother Eve in her, and was by no means averse to admiration and attention.

So it happened that one day in June of the fourth year of the residence of the Mortons in their new home, just as the sun was setting, Susie found herself taking a stroll along the shaded roadside, accompanied by the handsomest and most favored of her numerous train of worshipers.

They did not seem to be in a talking humor, but walked slowly along until they came to the forks of the road, and paused a moment by the spring. Here, at last, the young man seemed to have found his tongue, and he pleaded eloquently and passionately for the half-reluctant hand which he had seized in both his own.

Still Susie was silent, and it may be that the bubbling spring and the sighing willow were talking to her; but just then they heard the sound of horse's hoofs coming at a quick pace up the road, and in a moment more a rider drew his rein beside them, and asked politely if he could be directed to the residence of Judge Morton. The young man had dropped Susie's hand, and, half-vexed at the interruption, was proceeding to give the desired information, but his words were not listened to.

The horseman was leaning forward in his saddle, and had fixed a gaze of earnest penetration on the face of Susie Morton, on which the blushes had given way to a deadly pallor.

"Susie, I have come! The willow——"

The light came back to Susie's eyes in an instant, and, with a long sigh of relief, she pointed to the lithe branches which swept her shoulder, and answered:

"Here it is, Charlie; it has been growing ever since you went away."

Susie's other companion was not obtuse enough to linger longer in the shade of such a tree as that, and, before she returned to the house, Charlie had reclaimed his gift. The song of the spring only changed enough to sound like, "He has come! He has come!"

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### The Second Story of the Willow.

Thirty years went by, and the Morton willow kept on growing, until it became a well-known landmark, towering high in air above the little spring at the forks of the road. But thirty years work changes in other things besides trees, and a slip from the willow had been dissevered to grow above a low mound in the village graveyard, for the judge slept, like a true American, *not* with his fathers. Everything else had undergone changes, if not always improvement, and at last came the fearful changes of the war of the rebellion.

It was not many days after the Gettysburgh fight, and a matronly lady, in deep mourning, supported by a fair young girl similarly clad, walked slowly and feebly down the sloping road to the spring.

"If there is a bough in reach, dear, I would rather gather it myself, and then, if I can find where they have laid him, I will go and plant it with my own hands."

One long, sweeping branch of the willow-tree seemed, as she approached it, almost to be held out to her with sympathizing purpose, and, with a pale face and quivering, she was proceeding to sever the slip she wanted, unmindful of the rattle of coming carriage-wheels. As for her girlish companion, she had sank down upon the grass, and covered her face with her hands. The good lady's trembling fingers almost refused to perform their duty, and the carriage drew within a few paces of her just as she had severed the slender rod.

"Well, mother, I hope that you are not cutting that for *me*," said a cheery, but somewhat feeble, voice from the carriage. The young girl sprang to her feet, but only just in time to save her mother from falling, though she did not quite faint, and recovered quickly.

"Oh, Charlie, my boy!—my boy!"

"Here I am, mother—hurt, sure enough, but in no need of a willow yet; am I, father?"

"Not by any means" said a hale and hearty old gentleman, in naval undress, who now sprang out of the carriage; "and they've given us both a furlough, though mine is a short one. This willow was always a tree of good omen."

And again the spring seemed to bubble up softly:

"He has come! he has come!"

And the old lady, and the young lady, too, sobbed and laughed, and kissed the returned warriors, till the good mother, with the bit of willow still in her hand, knelt down in the shade of the memorial tree to pour out her thankfulness to Him who had made her prosperity to grow with its growth, from the day when she sprang from her weary pony to plant it.

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Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storms.

# AN UNDERGROUND WONDER.

RELIEF comes to us often from curious sources, at least judging from our own knowledge; but perhaps none of us have experienced it coming under *quite* such novel circumstances as those of our fellow-creature away down in Pennsylvania; for he was poor, and had scarcely the wherewithal to clothe himself and family, and having the *usual* accompaniment of a poor man's life, a poor man's blessing. Now, our friend, although he was poor, was honest, at least so the story goes, and it is believed that because he *was* honest this relief was sent him. *He* says so, at all events. The story came to me through three or four persons, and I send it to you, believing that it will likewise be of interest to you, as it was to me.

I was at the time enjoying a trip through the beautiful country traversed by the Pennsylvania Railroad. The stories, though differing slightly, were essentially the same, but the party from whom I first heard it seemed better posted than the others. I met him on the train just after leaving the station. He was unmistakably a Yankee, and, as I afterward learned, had only recently taken up his abode in the locality. A Yankee of the talkative, confidential type, a regular "blower," his story was altogether the most humorous of any, and I am led to believe was as authentic as the rest, so I give it as nearly as I can remember in his own words.

As I said, I was traveling on the Pennsylvania Railroad at the time; my trip was one of business, and I was obliged to stop at the different stations for a day or two at a time. I had just stopped on the train at Thompsontown, and intended to ride as far as Lewistown, where I expected to remain one or two days. I stepped into the car, and, as luck would have it, the only seat not in close proximity to some exasperated infant, or woman with a bandbox, was by the side of one of those gushing, communicative sort of individuals one seldom meets excepting in a railroad car. He was exercising his propensities in his peculiar line, when I entered, in trying vainly to pacify the evident injured sensibilities of a stout old lady who had capsized over his rather too promiscuous foot, although he had been sitting at the time on the window side of the seat.

Well, I concluded to take the sitting, thinking that if I should commence immediately to read my paper attentively he would let me remain in peace; but no, he must, at *least*, welcome me with "How air ye, stranger?" and from that he jabbered on to many other things, until finally reading was almost out of the question. He seemed to be a real good-natured sort of a fellow, though, and I could not exactly have the heart to snub him, and put a damper on his careless but hearty manner, although it *would* have been much more to my pleasure to have continued my reading. But, finding that he was carried away by his own kind feelings, and his earnest desire to enlighten me on the various subjects of "poultry keepin'," "dairy farmin'," and a host of others, including "whittlin'," I slowly, in despair, folded my paper, and consigned it to my pocket, whereupon he kindly expressed himself—"Don't let me keep you from readin', stranger," which was so supremely amusing that I was *forced* to smile.

Now, as there was nothing better to do, I joined my friend, and we conversed on different subjects. I found him not so silly, after all, and his humor really was something quite uncommon, although it was not of the *brilliant* stamp.

At last there came a sudden turn to our conversation, that brings us to the story in question. The train had stopped, and was just wheeling away from Perrysville, when, with a quick motion, he nudged me, driving his sharp elbow three or four inches into my ribs, and, at the same time, pointing out of the window, exclaimed:

"D'ye see that codger?"

My eye followed the direction of his finger, and had just time to observe the object of his gaze—a rather tall man, with a light coat. I nodded.

"Wal," said he, "that feller hes made more money out of a *hole* than you could shake a stick at in a week."

"A *hole?*" said I, inquiringly.

"Sartin—a *hole*," he repeated, "and a hole that was struck all by chance."

"*Indeed!*" I remarked, rather amused. "But was it a key-hole, or a knot-hole, or a——"

This question amused him in return, and he smiled "openly."

"Oh, no, stranger," he interrupted, "he ain't that sort of a man. I wouldn't state that he ever made anything by a *key-hole* in his life, cos he ain't that sort of a man; and I *guess* nobody ever made much out of a *knot*-hole, did they? No, but honor bright, stranger," continued he, speaking in a lower tone, and looking quite serious, "that feller struck a hole on his farm that fetched him in a pile of shinplasters."

"A woodchuck hole, I presume," suggested I, with equal seriousness.

A broad grin, which literally spread all over his ruddy countenance, followed this remark, but he shortly found his tongue again.

"I reckin you're a Varmounter, ain't ye, stranger? I've seen jest sech fellers as you down in Varmount. I cal'late you're from them parts, ain't ye?"

Now whether he had really detected any resemblance in my manner to the usual demonstrations of his countrymen, or whether he had merely made a happy hit in guessing, is to be conjectured, but he certainly had presumed rightly; for, although I had been "city-bred," I originally hailed from the Green Mountain State, and I freely admitted it to him.

"Thar! I reckined so from the start. Give me yer paw, stranger; I cum from them parts tew." Here he swallowed my hand up in his, and shook it as if he desired to exterminate the powers of that member at once and for ever. "I tell you, thar's a sartin *resemblance* between *all* the daown-easters, and yer can't fool *me* when I once set eyes on 'em." Perhaps he intended to compliment me by the above vain remark, but its effect was rather to the contrary, as he was anything but a handsome man himself, his *expression* being the only redeeming virtue in his whole angular physiognomy. "I sw'ar," he continued, "it's good for sore eyes to see a feller-native 'way daown here in Pennsylvany. Whar was you born?"

I answered this and a host of other like questions, in as few words as possible, not being desirous of giving the entire number of passengers the benefit of my family history. Having gratified his curiosity as far as I was concerned, he next spun out, unasked, a lengthy discourse on his *own* family affairs, and what he chose to style his "pedigree." He dwelt lengthily upon his maiden aunt Hephzibah, thence to a glowing account of his fourteen brothers and sisters, and there's no knowing how long he would have continued, had I not at last interposed, as soon as I saw my chance, to get in one or two words edgewise.

"Yes, my friend," I interrupted, "I am very glad to hear of your family and friends, and to see your devotion to them; but you must remember that you left me in some

suspense in regard to that other subject of which you were first speaking—that *rat*-hole, or some other kind of a hole, that some fellow *struck* on his farm."

It is needless to remark that I had imagined what the nature of this "hole" must be, but, knowing the humorous character of my friend, I liked to surprise him with my silly speeches, and watch their effect on his good-natured countenance.

"*True*, stranger," he began again; I was so mighty concentrated on them dears to *hum*, that I quite forgot what I was goin' to tell ye. Naow, you're pesky full of fun about this 'ere hole, but ye hain't guessed right yet. It *was* a hole in the ground, stranger, but it was a *cave!*—a *whalin'* big *cave*, stranger, full of long pints stickin' down from the top, jest like any of them *big caves* way daown in Kentuck, and all a-tricklin' with water. I tell *you*, stranger, ef you're goin' to visit raound these parts much of a spell, you'd better go an' see it yourself. It's only a leetle destance aout of Lewistaown, and we will be *thar* in nigh on to a half-hour."

I informed him that I had expected to stop there, and told him that I certainly would make it a point to see it.

"Wal," he continued, "and the way that feller cum acrost that thar cave was pleggy funny. I calculate he was nigh on teu surprised himself when he first struck it. You see, the country all araound these parts is chuck full of *limestun*. Wharever ye see a rock, it's sartin to be limestun, and some of the natives about here sez that even old tree-stumps has been known to turn to limestun out of sympathy. Naow, stranger, when these codgers told me this, I gave 'em to understand they couldn't *come* it on a Varmount Yankee in *that* style—not *much;* but when they went and fetched me a stick with the bark on, and the hull lot of it turned to *stun, stun clean through*, I had to cum daown. I *tell* you, stranger, everything about here turns to limestun. Why, they tell me that a chap had his very *boots* turn to limestun on his feet jest while walking over a meddy with a limestun wall araound it. But I'm from *Varmaount*, and that was a leetle *teu* much to get into me."

AN UNDERGROUND WONDER.—THE CHAPEL CAVE NEAR LEWISTOWN, PA.—SEE PAGE 315.

This last remark was accompanied with peculiar emphasis. Raising his closed hand from his lap, he placed the extremity of his thumb to his pointed nose, and then spread out his long, slender fingers, which he gently moved; a wink and a squint followed closely, and he once more continued:

"Wal, ye see, that codger who struck this cave went out one fine mornin' to blast on a little ledge of limestun on his farm. He knew there was plenty of limestun *thar*, but wanted teu see how the quality of it was inside; at least, I cal'late that was his idee. Wal, he sunk a hole in the pesky stun, and stuck in his slow match, and the way them pieces did fly was a caution; and when he cum to look where the ledge of stun was, it was gone to thunder, and an all-fired big *hole* left in its place, big enough to drive a yoke of oxen through, stranger.

"I reck'n he was a leetle surprised. They tell me that then the first thing he was given to do was to fill the hull thing up with powder, and blow her up skyhigh; but finally a wise thought struck him, and he concluded to explore; so, he sent his dog in first, with a lantern tied to his tail, and he, with a few other natives, follered with candles, and found a reg'lar *cave*—an all-thunderin' *cave*, jest like them they hev daown in Kentuck," he repeated; "with great things that look like roots of teeth comin' daown from the ceilin', and the floor all covered with puddles of lime-water.

"Naow, when that codger found that it really was a cave, he went teu work in jest my style. In less time than three hours after he came aout, he had the opening boarded up like a little hut, under lock and key, and put a tariff of twenty-five cents a head for goin' in, and made 'em pay in advance. And that's the way, stranger, he made his nice little pile; only if *I* had been in his place, I'd made 'em pay

before comin' aout, teu, or else kept them thar till they did. *That* would a been my style, only it *wouldn't*, you know. Wal, all the natives in the neighborhood heard tell of it—folks *miles* away walked over jest to get in the darned old hole. It's quite a sight, though; and if you take my advice, stranger, you'll git and see it, and if you ain't a pleggy site pleased, I'm no Varmounter, that's all."

AN UNDERGROUND WONDER—ENTRANCE TO LIMESTONE CAVE.

I thanked my good-natured companion for his valuable information, and we spent the few minutes now remaining in chatting on other questions, until at last the train wheeled up to the platform at Lewistown, when my arm was once more threatened with immediate disintegration, as I hurriedly bade my friend good-by. Before taking final leave of him, however, I inquired his name, which he gave me as "Nate Beers," and I think I shall always remember it.

Notwithstanding his peculiar manner, he had, nevertheless, left a favorable impression upon me, and I had really begun to like the fellow, he had seemed so hearty and genial.

Lewistown Station is about half a mile from the town itself, and as I had now a few minutes to spare before the "stage, which was always in readiness to take passengers "over to town," would be ready to start, I employed this time in seeking for further information concerning the "cave" which our Yankee friend had described. I found two or three persons who knew something about it, and from whom I obtained other stories concerning it.

AN UNDERGROUND WONDER.—THE OLD MAN OF THE CAVE.

I resolved to take the first opportunity on the morrow and visit it, which I did; and as I am rather fond of sketching (after my own fashion), I went prepared to make a few sketches of the scene, if I found it as interesting as had been described to me. The cave is situated on the Milroy branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, of which Lewistown is the junction. I took the noon train, and after a very slow ride of about forty miles, arrived at the object of my journey. I was told to wait, that the "girl would be along soon," having been notified by a signal from the conductor as the train passed her house, which was situated near the track.

I waited, but improved my time trying to get a glimpse of the whereabouts of the curiosity I had come to see. I finally came across it, a little rising ground having at first obscured it from sight. It was anything but imposing. There was the "little hut" of an entrance protruding from a hollow in the side of the bank, just as it had been described to me, and the hillside, or rather mountain-side, studded with lofty pines rising far above it.

The country was truly plentiful in limestone, and the ground was strewn with fragments of a limestone character; several of these pieces looked as if they might be petrifactions, but they were not unmistakably so. I did succeed, however, in finding some specimens which were positive examples of petrified wood; and it was while collecting these curiosities that the "girl" before alluded to came trotting up, all out of breath, with her bunch of keys in her hand. Closely behind her followed a man and two or three boys, who were evidently as much interested as I to be let into the mysteries of the chasm whose entrance was so nearly before us.

The door was soon opened, and after a few moments' time, during which the girl prepared two or three lights for us, we entered, she taking the lead as our guide. A large fissure, scarcely wide enough for two to pass in side by side, and with a height of ten feet, constituted

AN UNDERGROUND WONDER.—A CURIOUS FUNGUS.

the cave's opening; and as we approached it, we felt its icy cold breath surround us, and a most chilling, penetrating breath it was, too —cold as death itself, but we buttoned our coats closer about us and proceeded. At each successive step the fissure enlarged, and as soon as I could get my feet firmly planted, I paused to look about me.

Everything seemed wet and dripping. No stone was visible, its surface being entirely covered by a gray, warty deposit of lime. The floor or surface on which I stood was likewise covered with these calcareous formations of the most eccentric shapes.

Here arose a conical, corrugated mass, with an ugly knob on its extremity; and there stretched out a long lump-covered ridge, presenting all sorts of possible contortions, while just below me a little misshapen pool, with thin, elevated edges, presented itself.

It was a strange sight to me. I had read accounts of these limestone caves—the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky and others —but had never before entered one.

Having gratified my first curiosity, I now carefully proceeded to join the rest of the company, who were by this time several feet in advance of me. Each step that I took revealed new wonders to me, till at last I found myself in a large, open space, which my light could not penetrate. How large it was I was unable to tell. I tried to place my lantern in such a position as would enable me to see, but the darkness was too deep, too dense, to be penetrated by the small light I held. I did not have to wait long, however, before a bright blaze illuminated the interior, and every nook and corner was presented to my astonished view in a brilliant light.

A large ball of wicking, saturated with kerosene, had been ignited, and sent up a broad tongue of flame, converting the hitherto unfathomable darkness into a brilliant grotto, whose walls everywhere glistened as if set with diamonds, and whose ridged pillars shone like polished marble. Long, sparkling stalactites hung from the arches overhead like huge icicles of stone, while from their tips the liquid diamonds gathered and fell, leaving, as it were, silver threads in their paths, and ending their short existence in a thousand pointed stars, as they met with their fate below on the stalagmite's homely summit. Everything was dazzling in the firelight. The sound of trickling water was ever present, and all the tiniest sounds echoed and re-echoed through the weird chamber like fairy whispers.

The floor was sunken full of little pools of the most fantastic forms. Thin edges were raised above the sounding level as crystallization gradually took place around them, and each was brimming full of the purest liquid, which ever and anon would receive its crystal bead from above, and cause its little face to smile as if in gratitude. This was, at all events, the way it struck my imagination, and I took great pleasure in watching the little rings gradually die away from the ruffled surface of these pools.

In the joyful surprise I had experienced I had quite forgotten my pencil and paper, and my intention of sketching, and I now endeavored to accomplish a little toward that end. The light was gradually dying down, however, and I could do but little, until the guide kindly added a little more kerosene to the flame, thus enabling me to succeed in obtaining a few guiding lines, but nothing more; yet even these, with the additional help of my memory, would enable me to complete a passable picture of the scene.

As we traced our steps, the guide inquired if we would like to see the "Old Man." We, of course, assented, and she pointed it out to us. Our lanterns were held up high above us, and a most grotesque sight met our eyes. A hideous face peered out from between two layers of stone, as if it had been caught there and made fast during the convulsion of nature when the cave was found. It was certainly a striking-looking object, and one would scarcely believe it could be the mere chance formation of a calcareous deposit. I succeeded in obtaining a fair outline of this also. There was now little else to be seen that we had not observed, but there was much of interest within the cave that I cannot possibly describe here. The pictures will fill out what I have omitted.

After we had passed out, and spent a little time together discussing the treat that we had all enjoyed, I found that I had three or four minutes to spare before the train was due for Lewistown; so I took a hasty sketch of the "Entrance," thinking it might be also of interest as well as the rest. The sketches I have worked up from memory, and hope that they can be used, as they give a passably clear idea of this underground wonder way out in ——.

I send also a drawing of a most singular specimen of Fungal eccentricity which was taken from the interior of this very cave, although at a different time, and not by myself. It was obtained by a friend of mine, and had been found, with many others of its kind, growing in a cluster on the fast-decaying remains of an old wooden staircase, which may be seen in the sketch of the cave's interior. It was, when I had seen it, in a rather dilapidated condition, but this curious fungus had not then made its appearance, or my constant, habitual watchfulness and love of objects of natural history and botany would certainly have led me to discover it. The gentleman who furnished me with the drawing, and who is himself a sort of naturalist, by-the-way, sent me with it a letter containing an amusing account of the manner in which he became possessed of this interesting specimen, and I take the liberty of quoting this part of his communication.

He was at the time whiling away a few weeks' vacation in the picturesque borough of Lewistown, after a hard Summer's toil in the city, and during his rides and rambles through the country had previously come across many interesting objects, botanical, geological, and otherwise, and had sent me a number of entertaining letters in regard to his discoveries.

At the time of obtaining the fungus here pictured, he was out on a hunting trip; all alone by himself to be sure, only with the company of multitudinous beetles, butterflies, and bugs of various kinds, pinned promiscuously all over his broad-brimmed hat, and a box containing as many different species of caterpillars and chrysalids stored away in his gamebag; but even with this evident success, he was soon enabled to secure another still more valuable addition to his day's collection. He did not happen to find this himself, as he did the others. How he succeeded in getting it he can best tell, and I will end by a quotation from his letter:

I had just turned a sudden curve in the road which was taking me homeward, and then, one or two hundred feet in front of me, I spied two little darkey children of the "Day and Martin" sort. I soon observed that they were both much excited over something which one of them held in his hand, while the other was giving vent to his high spirits in all manner of gymnastic evolutions and yelps, such as only darky children can belch forth. As I neared them I was able to see the cause of their excitement in the shape of a pendulous white mass of about seven inches in length, somewhat resembling an oblong ball of cotton; it was hanging from a fragment of wood which the black urchin held out at arm's length with one hand, holding in the other a stick of larger size, evidently, by his manner, for the purpose of self-defence. He was grinning from one ear to the other, and dancing fantastically on one leg when I came up to him.

"What have you got *there*, my young friend?" I inquired.

He turned quickly around, and, still holding the object out at arm's length, replied:

"A bat."

And he kept his eyes almost constantly upon it, evidently for fear it should start to fly.

"A *bat?*" I repeated after him, wonderingly.

"Yes, sah; it are a white *bat*. He bin hangin' to dis yer stick mor'n two hours."

His manner and the ridiculousness of his remark forced me to smile.

"Where did you get him?" I next asked.

"Ober dar in dat ar cave," said he, pointing with his stick to the hillside, in the direction of the cave's entrance. "It ar all full on um. Ise seed um dar lots o' times, and dis time I jes' see dis yer feller roostin', and I jes' bruck him off on dis yer stick, and fetched him out. He ain't woked up yet, and when he do I specs like enuff he's gwine to fly fur my *har;* but him jes' better *not*, 'nless he want to get a right straight *clubbin'*."

This was said with an air of triumph that was supremely ridiculous; and as I had by this time discovered the true nature of the white object he held, and therefore realized more keenly the needless excitement the little fellow had experienced, I gave myself up to a good hearty laugh, whereupon he excitedly vociferated:

"You jes' better laff. I guess you get um in your *har* once, and um get tight in, and um *neber* cum off; den I guess you no' laff so much."

"Are they, indeed, so ferocious as all that?" I inquired.

"Dey no haf so fly in de day as dey am in de nite, 'caus dey no woke up; but in de nite-time day jes' flies right straight fur everybody's *har*, if dey don't hev no hat on."

"What a very strange beast he must be!" said I. "What are you going to do with him?"

"Ise gwine to *drownd* um in de *ribber*," replied the little black urchin, showing the white of his eyes extravagantly. "Ise drownded a heap on um; dey no fly when dey is under de water, and dey gets died afore dey knows it."

"It always kills them, does it?" I inquired, scarcely able to control myself.

"Yes, sah; you jes' guess it do. I ties a stone to um, an' dey go down, an' dey neber comes up again, dey gets died so quick."

The absurdity of the whole thing here perfectly overcame me, and I laughed as I had never laughed before. I soon recovered myself, however, and persuaded the little fellow to hand the offending object to me, which he did; but had no sooner released his hold of it than he started at full speed with his companion, and they did not lessen their pace until they were several yards distant, when they both secreted themselves behind a large pine-tree.

Here was more ridiculousness, but I had been hardened to it by this time. I tried in vain to convince the little black imps that the thing was not alive; but my extreme caution in holding it, and my unwillingness to handle it, they construed as fear on my part, and not being willing to disfigure a good specimen for the sake of enlightening the two little heathens, I allowed them to go to their homes uninstructed. The object thus left with me I now examined closely. It was a growth of wondrous beauty. Such delicacy I never before saw in *any* form, and snow was never whiter. Its shape, as well as its other peculiarities, are perfectly represented in the drawing I inclose, excepting its feathery softness, which *no* picture could ever indicate. I have found in my rambles many species of fungi, but never *one* so peculiar as this. I am unable to classify it, simply knowing that it is a species of mold. I have never heard of a similar variety, and cannot discover in the works I have read on the subject any species whose description corresponds to it.

Thinking that its pendulous character might be a mere freak of nature in this individual, I concluded to satisfy my mind on the subject, and consequently visited the cave of which I have written you, and in which this queer plant had been found. I did so, and, to my great delight and astonishment, discovered an immense cluster of the same growth, all adhering to an old framework of a staircase, which had long since seen its better days. I procured several more fine specimens, and, although they withered to almost nothing within a few hours, I still preserved their dried spores on a piece of paper, and hope yet to place them in such conditions that they will vegetate, and give me another chance to admire them in their perfection.

## A CURIOUS PETITION.

The following is a veritable petition, signed by sixteen maids of the town of Charleston, S. C., and presented to his Excellency, Governor Johnson, of that province, in the year 1733:—"The humble petition of all the maids whose names are underwritten: Whereas we, the humble petitioners, are at present in a very melancholy disposition of mind, considering how all the bachelors are blindly captivated by widows and our own youthful charms thereby neglected, the consequence of this, our request, is that your Excellency will for the future order that no widow presume to marry any young man till the maids are provided for; or else to pay each of them a fine for satisfaction for invading our liberties, and likewise a fine to be laid on all such bachelors as shall be married to widows. The great disadvantage it is to us maids is that the widows, by their forward carriages, do snap up the young men, and have the vanity to think their merit beyond ours, which is a great imposition on us, who ought to have the preference. This is humbly recommended to your Excellency's consideration, and hope you will permit no further insults. And we, poor maids, in duty bound, will ever pray."

## A HARVEST FESTIVAL IN POLAND.

In the palatinate of Sandomir, situated on both banks of the river Vistula, on Assumption Day, and after the crops have been harvested, the reapers, dressed in their best and decked out in ribbons, assemble to celebrate the harvest festival. A rustic crown of straw entwined with flowers, bay leaves, and wheat-ears, and ornamented with nuts and berries, is placed upon the head of a young girl who is the belle of the community. The villagers all follow her as she makes her way to the church, where she deposits her crown upon the high altar. After the conclusion of mass the priest blesses the crown, when the whole party, with songs and music, start for the house of the mayor, who attaches a young rooster upon the top of the crown. If the cock crows, the delight of the procession is unbounded, and they give way to the most positive expressions of joy, for they feel assured that the harvest will be most abundant for the coming year, and that they will be cordially welcomed by their employer. If, on the other hand, the cock fails to crow, and does not peck at the grain in the crown, the multitude are depressed, and accept it as an evil omen, and an indication that the crops will be scant and their employer's welcome frigid. It is needless to add that great care is taken to select a young and lusty rooster.

The procession next make their way to the chateau of their employer and chant in concert as follows:

"Open your doors! We have harvested your grain, and it is more numerous than the stars in the heavens.

"Come out of your castle and accept the crown which rests upon this young girl's head, for it is the crown of crowns, and is of pure gold and not of wheat!

"We deserve to be received in your palace, for our heads are burned with the rays of the sun, our hands are cut by

the sickle, our knees are weary by contact with the cart, our backs are bent by toiling in your fields!

"Let the contents of your larder and your cellar be given us. Remember, lord, that roast beef is good for a weary back, mutton for tired knees, veal for blistered feet, geese, chickens and ducks for bruised hands, and brandy and ale for heads parched by the scorching sun."

Then follows an address in prose, or verse and music, when the lord of the castle and his wife and children come forth and make presents to those who have been conspicuous for their industry and assiduity.

The lady of the castle removes the crown from the girl's head and places it in the centre of a table spread with a white cloth, when a considerable sum of money is presented to the queen of the festival.

The villagers are liberally entertained, and the tables groan under the weight of beef and mutton; and brandy and ale are also freely dispensed.

After the repast there is dancing. The entertainer opens the ball with the village queen, his wife giving her hand to the orator of the day, and the merry-making oftentimes continues until daybreak.

HARVEST FESTIVAL IN POLAND.

A CONCERT OF AMATEURS.

# A WOMAN'S WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REPENTED AT LEISURE," "LADY GWENDOLINE'S DREAM," "REDEEMED BY LOVE," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

(Continued.)

AS Margarita drew the writing-materials together she was thinking all the time what she could do to prevent the dispatch of the letter.

"Now I will dictate to you," said Miss Cameron. "'Dear Lord Rylestone.'" And, like one in a dream, moving mechanically, Margarita wrote, "Dear Lord Rylestone." The very letters of the name seemed to look up at her with a smile. Presently a sense of burning anger and burning indignation came over her as she reflected that she was writing to her own husband at another woman's dictation.

"'I am sorry to tell you that I have sprained my wrist,'" continued Miss Cameron, "'but a lady friend has consented to write this letter for me.'" Margarita set down the words.

"Now," said Miss Cameron, "I am quite sure that nothing could be more severely proper than that." And then she went on with the business details about Luck's Farm and the Home Farm, followed by numerous particulars about the court, the park, the deer, and other matters, until Margarita looked up and said, gently, "My hand aches, Miss Cameron."

"It is a long letter," said the heiress, complacently, "but then I know how Lord Rylestone loves Walton. He never tires of reading about it. Give him my very kind regards. Thank you. I will just read the letter to see that there is nothing omitted."

Margarita thanked heaven that she had written just what she had been told. Miss Cameron read the letter through attentively.

"It is quite right," she said. "Just touch the bell, dear. Now let me see it sealed, stamped, and addressed, and then my mind will be quite at ease."

Margarita did as she was told, copying the address and sealing the letter, and then the footman came in.

"Bring me the post-bag, please," said Miss Cameron; and in less than two minutes he returned with the post-bag in his hands.

Miss Cameron produced a little key, opened the bag, placed the letter in it, locked it, and gave it into his hands before Margarita had time to think.

"Let Gregson take that at once," she said; "he will be in time for the Lutdale post."

Margarita grew distressed; a sense of the irrevocable seized her. What could she do? What should she do?

Quick as thought she seized pen and paper and wrote about three lines, addressing them at random—she hardly knew to whom—and then she looked up at Miss Cameron, and said, quietly:

"Will you lend me your key to put this letter into the bag? I had forgotten it."

Miss Cameron gave her the key, not noticing how her hand trembled or how ghastly white her face had grown; and, with the key and the letter, Margarita hastened into the hall and saw the footman closing the door.

"Where is Gregson?" she asked, breathlessly.

"He has just started with the post-bag," the servant replied.

With a low cry of anguish and dismay, she opened the hall door and hastened out into the cold, dark, snowy night.

She ran as though she were running for dear life. She heard the sound of a horse's feet at the end of the avenue.

"Stop!" she cried, in a voice so full of agony that it frightened herself. "Stop!" And the next moment, breathless and gasping, she stood by the side of the animal.

"Give me the bag," she said; "there has been an important letter forgotten."

The man placed the bag in her hands. She opened it, put in her own letter, and drew out the Canadian one.

"Thank heaven!" she said to herself. "If that had gone, I must have killed myself!" And that same night, standing by the fire in her own room, she burned the letter.

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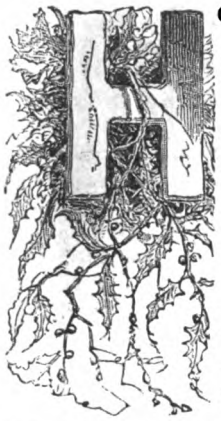
### Chapter XXXIII.



OW Lady Rylestone hated herself as she destroyed Miss Cameron's letter! She had entered on her plan with the sole idea of helping her husband, of solving a mystery which she felt was in some vague way prejudicial to him, of trying if her woman's wit could not find some way out of the difficulty that surrounded him, let it be what it might, which had not occurred to him; but she had not thought she would have to practice such deception, to engage in such intrigue. She was not perhaps cast in the noblest mould; as she had said of herself, she had a leaning towards expediency; she lost sight of the means in her great desire to reach the end. She hated herself now for the duplicity she had been compelled to practice with regard to the letter; but how could she have avoided it? She longed for the time to come when she should have done with it all, and be once more at rest. She began to think seriously when that time would be. She had been some time at Walton now, and she was no nearer the wished-for discovery than she had been when she had first come; she had however confirmed all her suspicions—they were no longer doubts, but certainties.

What was she to do? How could she find out that which was so well hidden? Miss Cameron was kindness itself, but she never showed the least inclination to confide in her; she never told her any secrets or hinted, after the fashion of young ladies, that she had anything to conceal. She was kind, cordial, affectionate, but not confidential. Margarita found herself greatly disappointed; she had thought it only needful to be at Walton, where she honestly believed that everything must come out—that she would discover the secret easily, and soon be able to help her husband. She had been four long months with Miss Cameron now, and she was no nearer the secret. Adelaide had never hinted at it, and Margarita felt discouraged.

"I must do something soon," she said to herself; "I must take more active steps. I am looking on passively and doing nothing."

Of late, too, she had grown more anxious. When she had first decided on coming to Walton, she had been so engrossed with the idea of doing her husband good and of rendering him some important service that she had entirely overlooked the fact that he might view her conduct with displeasure—that he might think she had done him some great discredit, had disgraced him by making her way into his house in an underhand fashion.

"But surely," she thought to herself, "when I tell him that it was all for his dear sake, he will forgive me. If he wishes it, we can still keep our secret, and in the course of time, when it becomes known that I am his wife, people will think he has married Miss Cameron's companion. He cannot be very angry. I have done it all for him."

But the thought of what he might say had made her cautious. She did not go out, except when she was absolutely compelled; and when it was in her power to avoid visitors she did so. There were few who had even seen Miss Cameron's companion.

"I have never seen any one of your age dread strangers as you do," said Miss Cameron one day. "I believe you would prefer a desert to any other place."

And there was some little truth in the accusation. So Margarita set herself to work to study harder, to listen more attentively to every word, to watch every action, lest, after all her efforts, the secret should escape her.

She was much struck by one or two observations that she heard. Lady Langham, who was spending the Christmas holidays with them, said one day to Miss Cameron:

"I should make the school-feast an annual institution if I were in your place;" and the heiress had laughingly reminded her that the term of her residence at Walton Court must be a very short one.

It was the first time that Margarita had heard her mention such a contingency, and, when they were once more alone together, she said to her:

"You do not intend remaining here for years?"

"How can I?" asked the heiress, laughingly. "It is Lord Rylestone's home, not mine. My agreement is for two years, and the two years expire next June; after that, I cannot answer for any movement of mine."

"Then the future is uncertain for you?" said Margarita.

"More, I think, than for any one in the wide world. I may be almost penniless in two years' time—poor, that is, in comparison with my present wealth."

A happy smile came over her face, a tender light shone in her eyes.

"I should be happier than I could say if at the end of the two years I might lose my fortune. The day the money ceased to be mine would be the happiest day of my life."

Her voice took the clear ring of sweet music. Margarita looked up at her in surprise.

"You would be happy," she said, slowly, "if you lost all your money! Then you do not love money?"

"Indeed I do not," replied Miss Cameron, promptly. "I like what money buys. I like to be able to relieve distress, to help my friends, to indulge my taste for all that is beautiful; but money for its own sake I do not love; and I repeat, honestly, it would give me the greatest happiness to lose what I at present possess. Your eyes are asking me questions, Margarita; what are they saying to me?"

"I was wondering," she answered, "if you care so little about it, why you have so much."

The fair face grew burning red.

"I never ought to have had it," Adelaide returned, hastily. "I would not say as much to you before, but it never ought to have been mine."

"Why did you take it then?" asked Margarita; and again the flush deepened on the heiress's face.

"I could not help it. Do not talk about it, Margarita. I hate to think of it. It is the one business of my life to forget it."

And then she went away; but the conversation had made a deep impression on Margarita, and increased her perplexity. It was evident that Adelaide had not intrigued for the money. She did not care for it. Lady Rylestone longed more than ever to find out the secret of the will. What could it be? The money had been left to Miss Cameron almost against her will, when she really did not desire it; while Allan, her husband, could not take his place in society for the want of it. The mystery seemed to deepen, not to clear.

When Christmas was over, and the first pale snowdrops were peeping above the ground, Miss Cameron accepted an invitation to Combermere, the residence of Lady Edgerton. She would not hear of Margarita's remaining behind—she must go with her.

"You ought to see something of the world," she said; "if I allowed you to have your own way, Margarita, you would be a perfect recluse. You must come to Combermere. It is useless disguising the fact that you are exceedingly beautiful, with a beauty that far surpasses that of Englishwomen—just as the soft downy beauty of the peach eclipses that of the plum."

Margarita laughed at the comparison.

"You do not know what bright future may be in store for you," continued Miss Cameron.

"I know what my own future will be," said Margarita, gravely; "if I were in the midst of your world forever, it would not alter it."

"I hope it will be a happy one, Margarita."

"It will be ten thousand times brighter than I deserve."

She yielded to Miss Cameron's wishes, and went with her to Combermere, and there amongst a large party of guests they met the Marquis of Hedington, who last season had been so attentive to Miss Cameron.

He was all anxiety to renew his suit, he was more deeply in love than ever; but all his efforts were vain—Adelaide only laughed her bright happy laugh, and evaded him whenever she could.

Combermere was filled with guests—Miss Cameron, the great heiress, was one of the most important visitors there; but even she did not receive more attention than fell to the lot of her beautiful companion.

When the Marquis of Hedington found that he could not make any impression on Miss Cameron, he tried to win her companion, so that she might speak in his favor. Gradually Margarita became interested in his love-story; it had the true ring about it. He was terribly in earnest, and she could sympathize with a lover who was true and tender. People smiled to see the young marquis, repulsed by the heiress, seek refuge with Margarita; the eloquence that he dared not pour out to Adelaide was lavished upon her, and she grew warmly interested in a love-story that lacked none of the elements of romance.

"If she would but care for me even ever so little—if she would but smile on me, and give me one ray of hope for the future—I should be happier. She only laughs at me; and when I do find a chance of speaking one word to her, she listens with a half-amused smile, the smile of some sweet or pleasant memory, and I know it is not for me."

"Still I do not see what I can do to help you," said Margarita, gently.

"I would not ask you to betray her confidence—it would be unmanly—but I wish you would tell me if you think there is any one else, any one for whom she cares as I begin to think she will never care for me."

"No," replied Margarita, "I do not really think there is; so far as I have seen, Miss Cameron treats every one alike. I have never seen her give one single smile of preference to any of the gentlemen who admire her. I feel sure that you have no rival."

It was wonderful and pitiful to see how his face cleared.

"If that is really the case," he said, "there is so much the greater hope for me. Miss Avenel, you are always kind and considerate, always thoughtful for others; will you say just one word to Miss Cameron for me, and see if you think there is any hope?"

"Would it not be better for you to do so yourself, my lord?"

"Yes—I would not yield my prerogative, for I love her very dearly. I meant, would you, as it were, prepare the way for me? I remember the old adage, 'It is a great thing to have a friend at court.' Be that friend to me—say some few words for me that will induce her to look on me with more favorable eyes, that will soften her heart. You can do that, Miss Avenel."

The earnestness of his pleading touched her.

"I will do as you wish," she said, gently; and the Marquis of Hedington, when she promised, seemed to think his suit half won.

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## Chapter XXXIV.

It was a fine clear Spring day. The air seemed full of the promises of life. The green buds were springing on hedge and tree, sweet violets were peeping out from their green leaves, crocuses of the color of flame looked like huge golden drops, the snowdrops, "nuns of the garden," gave promise of still fairer flowers. A lark was soaring aloft, filling the air with floods of song, the sky was bright, and the gleaming Spring sunshine lay like a smile over the land. Most of the visitors at Combermere had gone out, some driving, some walking. Adelaide, who loved the Spring with its fresh fair flowers, went for a long walk through the park, and Margarita, seeing there would be some chance for what she wanted to say, asked permission to accompany her. The two ladies set out together, and walked to one of the prettiest parts of the grounds—the coppice.

"We shall find plenty of flowers here," said Adelaide. "I want some violets."

"Are violets your favorite flowers?" asked Margarita.

The dainty bloom on the fair face deepened—a far-off look came into the gentle eyes.

"No," she replied; "I love mignonette best."

Margarita was quick enough. She noticed the deepening color, the brightening eyes, the changing glow on the fair face.

"She loves some one," thought Lady Rylestone—"some one who likes mignonette."

They sat down on the low stile that led from the coppice to the fields, and then Margarita thought the time had come when she could speak of Lord Hedington. She looked at Adelaide's face; the look upon it was bright and warm as the Spring morning itself. She began the conversation by speaking of Lady Edgerton, then of the visitors, and so, gradually and cleverly, brought it round to the young marquis. With one so frank, frankness was best. She looked up at Adelaide with a sudden, bright smile.

"Does not his great devotion touch you in the least?" she asked. "I have never seen any man more romantically in love."

"He is very good," Adelaide acknowledged; "but I cannot say that I have noticed much romance about the marquis."

"I call his love for you a romance," said Margarita. "I think he will never be the same if you are unkind to him."

"What do you mean by being unkind?" asked Adelaide, laughingly.

"I mean refusing to marry him," replied Margarita.

"That I shall most assuredly do, if he asks me," said Adelaide. "I hope he will not make so great a mistake."

"Why should it be a mistake?" asked Margarita.

"Because he must have seen from my manner that I do not care for him in that way at all. He is very good, and I have great respect for him; but love and marriage are very different matters."

"I know you will not be angry with me," said Margarita. "Why must it be a mistake? He is very good, this young marquis; he is rich and handsome, and talented in some degree."

"My dear Margarita, if he had the wealth of Crœsus, the

beauty of an Apollo, and the talent of all the talented men in the world put together, he still would not interest me."

"I am sorry for him," said Margarita, pityingly.

"It will not hurt him," observed Adelaide, smiling; "love—when it is true love—always ennobles. He will be a better man, dear, for having loved me."

"But that is poor comfort for him—he would rather be happy than ennobled, I should say. I must not ask indiscreet questions—but will you ever be able to take an interest in him?"

"Not in the way you mean, Margarita." She looked far away over the hedges where the green buds were springing, over the tall trees just renewing their sweet life, the fair, smiling earth seeming to grow doubly fair in that moment. "I have not, and never shall have, any love to give away."

"Perhaps," observed Margarita, "it is all given."

A soft, sweet laugh like the silver chime of a bell, and a brighter blush on the fair face, were the only reply.

It was one of the prettiest pictures possible to imagine—the tender Spring light with its flushes of gold, the tall, arching trees with their green springing buds, and the two girls so beautiful, yet so different—the one fair, bright, and radiant, with golden hair, delicate dainty bloom, and clear-cut, aristocratic face—the other dark, bewitching, beautiful, with the richest coloring, and the most seductive style of features. They were so utterly different, yet both were young, beautiful, and charming.

Presently the golden head drooped over the dark one.

"Margarita, I will tell you a secret, if you will keep it a secret."

"That I faithfully promise to do," was the grave reply.

"It is a secret," she continued, "for, do you know, Margarita, although it has filled my heart and my soul—although it has been part of my life—still I have never even whispered the words to myself? But I am in love—in love with a shadow."

"With a shadow!" exclaimed Margarita. "How can that be?"

"It is so. I half loved my shadow—shall I call him so?—before I saw him, from what I heard of him—for he is the most noble and generous of men. I used to hear little anecdotes about him, and mused over him. I made a hero of him long before I saw him. Without my knowing it, he filled the whole of my thoughts and dreams even before I had seen him."

"And when you did see him?" interrupted Margarita—for the girl had paused, with a smile on her lips.

"When I did see him my whole heart went out to meet him, and I knew the love of my life had come to me. I knew that—let it be for weal or for woe—my fate was there. Still, I call it loving a shadow, for he whom I love does not love me."

No suspicion of the truth occurred to Margarita. She looked into the shining depths of the beautiful eyes.

"He must be hard of heart not to love you," she said, gently.

"Ah, no! He is not. He has never spoken one word of love to me, but I have the shadow of a hope. He may, perhaps, care for me in time."

"Are you sure he does not care for you now?" asked Margarita.

"Quite sure. He would have said so if it had been the case. He does not love me. Margarita, you are not horrified to find that I care for one who does not care for me?"

"I am not horrified at all," said Margarita.

"Well, he has not the least idea of it. It is only a dream."

"Why have you the shadow of a hope, if it is only a dream?"

"Because, when I saw him last, he was kinder to me than he had ever been before, and he said that whenever he saw a spray of mignonette he should think of me. I think that when a man in his thoughts begins to associate a girl with a flower he loves her, or at least he is beginning to love her. What do you say?"

"It is probably true," said Margarita, wondering in her own mind if Lord Rylestone had ever associated her with any flower.

"You see I am right in saying that I love a shadow. When I look back on all the interviews I ever had with him, when I think over every word that he has ever said to me, I must honestly say there is not one which shows that I am anything more to him than the rest of the world. Still I cannot divest myself of the faint hope."

"But," said Margarita, "suppose that it is never realized; you will have wasted your life for a shadow."

"I shall be content. I could not learn even in the course of long years to care for any one else. I shall live my life happily enough, although in place of love it may be filled with a passionate yearning and a passionate regret. Right or wrong, for weal or for woe, all the love I had to give I gave him, and there is none left for any one else."

"I am sorry," said Margarita, in a pitying voice.

"There is no need for sorrow, dear. I do not know if I have ever looked for any return for all that I have given. I think not. I am happy because this great love of mine has changed all the world for me—has made it fairer, brighter, better—has opened my heart, given me greater sympathy and greater joy—has made me think more of others. It has ennobled me, and, if I have no return, I shall cherish my love in my heart of hearts, and carry it with me to the grave."

"It is a romance," said Margarita.

"Yes; and the prosaic side of the romance is that I shall probably live and die an old maid."

"You, with your beautiful face and charm of manner, live and die unloved! I do not believe it," cried Margarita.

"My beautiful face, as you are pleased to call it, will shine only on one man, dear. If not for him, then it will never brighten any other home. I do not say that I shall never be loved, but I have no love to give in return, save to him who will perhaps never claim it—my shadow."

She rose as though the pain of her own words was almost greater than she could bear. She stood looking at the far-off woods and the bright river in the distance.

"I cannot tell you all, Margarita," she continued; "perhaps you will like me even less for what I have said. I know what people say when a girl gives her love unasked; but I have not given mine in that fashion. He knows nothing of it, and he never will. I would not stoop to intrigue and manœuvre—for a fortune I would not try to win his liking; it is only the shadow that I love, after all. But, Margarita, something terrible happened once to my love—something that should have made him hate me—something that seemed to outrage the girlhood and modesty within me—and, because he did not hate me then, it seems to me that he must in time love me."

For the first time a faint glimmering of the truth came to her, and she looked into the girl's fair face with troubled eyes.

"Why did you think he would hate you?"

"I cannot tell you that—I must not. But I shall know soon whether he does or not."

"How will you know?" asked Margarita, who began to feel interested,

"That I cannot tell you. Next June will decide my fate. It may see me the happiest of the happy, or content to live without love."

"Next June," repeated Margarita; and then her half-formed suspicions died away. It could not be her husband—it could not even concern him—for he was far away, and would not return until June had long passed by.

"You will keep my secret, Margarita?" said Adelaide, as they walked slowly to the house.

"Yes, I will keep it, and I shall hope some day to see this hero of yours."

But Adelaide rejoined, sadly:

"I do not know. I do not think it is likely that you will."

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CHAPTER XXXV.

THE Marquis of Hedington had been dismissed with all possible kindness and sympathy, but with the firmest assurance from the lips of the lady he loved that all further importunity would be useless. He was wretched enough; and Adelaide pitied him. He had left Combermere, and soon afterwards the heiress and her companion went home to Walton Court.

Lady Rylestone had received several letters from her husband, and had answered them, sending her replies to Marpeth, and having them posted from there. For many days after the receipt of those letters Margarita was very happy. It seemed to her that the world grew brighter because of them; and in the last Lord Rylestone said he hoped to be home by the end of November.

"Then for the new life, Margarita!" he wrote. "No more hiding in a village for my beautiful wife! I have worked hard during these two years, and I shall have my reward. Social success and fortune will both be ours, and I shall prize them doubly because I have won them for you. The Earl of Barton has told me that he will have at his disposal next Spring an excellent appointment, and he has promised it to me. So, my darling, I shall come home to you the happiest of men. I shall see the face I love at the window, as I saw it last. Does the world contain another so happy as I?"

She read that letter under one of the great spreading oaks at Walton Court, and when she had finished it a sudden pain seized her—a dreadful doubt as to whether she had done right or wrong—as to what he could say when he knew all—that he knew all—that the wife he loved and honored had stolen under false pretence into his home. Would he be angry? Would he think that she had disgraced him?

"It was for his sake, after all," she thought. "It was to try whether by some means or other I could not get his lost fortune back."

He did not seem now either to think or to care about this fortune. He seemed almost better pleased that he had been left to carve out his own fate. He seemed to have forgotten the bitter repinings about leaving home and leaving her.

Still he could not be angry; she had done no harm, and it had been all for him. It was true he said nothing in his letter about his disappointment, but it must be as keen as ever, and, if she could lessen it—if she could find some means of restoring his wealth to him—he would be so much the better pleased to see her.

So she took heart again, repeating to herself the magical words, "It is for his sake"; and then she looked at the matter in its worst aspect. He would return in November. Early in November she must go to her own home and be there to meet him; and then she must tell him what her love for him, her anxiety for his interests, had caused her to do. If she had good news for him, she would gladly tell him it; if bad, she must own it; and then after a time she could go with him to Walton, and the worst that the few people who had known her as Miss Cameron's companion could say would be that in marrying a "companion" Lord Rylestone had married beneath him. It was not so terrible after all. Another thought occurred to her. If she was to find out the secret of the will before her husband returned, she must find it out soon; she had but little time left, and she must make the best of it.

There had been some slight sensation about the lost letter, but not so much as she had feared. Miss Cameron had in due course of time received an epistle from Lord Rylestone, asking why she had not answered his questions, and she in her surprise read it to Margarita.

"The letter must have been lost," said Miss Cameron; "and yet in England our postal arrangements are so good that I cannot see how that can have occurred."

"It must have been mislaid—something must have happened to it," said Margarita, dreamily, remembering vividly the torture of the hour when she had written it.

Just as they were discussing the matter Mrs. Grame entered the room, and Adelaide, who had not only a kindly affection for, but also great confidence in, the old housekeeper, told her how disappointed Lord Rylestone was at not having received a letter that she had written.

"Lost!" said the old lady. "No, ma'am, with all respect for you and to his lordship, I do not believe it. Her Gracious Majesty looks after those kind of things too well. She pays those who knows their business. I do not believe it was lost."

As she spoke she looked at Margarita, whose face flushed, and then grew pale beneath her keen glance.

When she left the room, Mrs. Grame went at once to Gregson.

"Did you not tell me a story some time back about Miss Avenel's running after you on a dark night, to put a letter in the post-bag?" she asked.

Yes, he remembered the incident, and told the story over again for her gratification.

"Ah!" she said. "I was struck at the time. I am even more struck now. I have my own thoughts."

"What are they, Miss Grame?" asked Gregson, humbly.

"They do not concern you—they are for your betters," was the sharp answer; but, as the man moved away, she said to herself, "I shall track you yet, my lady! I shall track you, and hunt you down! If you are not a spy, my name is not Martha Grame!"

To Margarita's great relief, no more was said of the lost letter, and she believed that it was forgotten. It was then May, and she thought often of what Miss Cameron had said, that in June her fate would be decided.

"Perhaps this man for whom she cares is coming then," she said to herself; and she felt some curiosity about him.

She had lived so long with Adelaide now that she could not help feeling some affection for the girl she had once believed she hated; and she hoped, with all her heart, that this strange love-affair would end happily. She remembered too what Miss Cameron had said to Lady Langham—that she might, probably, in two years' time, lose all her money—so that, almost unconsciously to herself, she began to look upon June as a critical time.

She could see how its approach affected Miss Cameron. She was unsettled—sometimes gay and brilliant, at other times low and depressed. She tried to control herself, but her efforts were vain. Margarita saw that she suffered keenly. More than once she found her with traces of tears.

"I wish you would trust me a little more," she said one day to Miss Cameron. "I see you suffer, and you will not tell me why."

"I cannot, Margarita. That you may know I have something on my mind, I tell you frankly that the end of June will see me either happy as my brightest dreams foreshadow, or as wretched as I hardly dare to imagine. Be patient, dear; I cannot help it. It will be all over when the last June

roses blow; but how I shall live until then I cannot tell—I do not know."

"But surely you can trust me further than this," said Margarita.

"I cannot, dear. If the secret were my own, I would. We must say good-by to our quiet life very soon; Mr. Beale and Sir William Morton are coming, and we must do our best to entertain them."

"Will you not tell me more of this strange story of yours?" inquired Margarita. "I begin to feel as though I were in an atmosphere of mystery. Is there a mystery at Walton Court?"

She asked the question with assumed gayety, but she narrowly watched Miss Cameron's face the while. There was a slight tremble of her lips.

"Mystery? No, none; but there are secrets—every house, every home, every heart has its secret. Even you, perhaps, Margarita, have yours."

It was a home-thrust, and Margarita could make no reply. Presently she smiled.

"I think," she said, "that you and I are like two cautious generals; we reconnoitre, advance, and retire. If you will trust me with all your secrets, I will tell you mine."

"I cannot," replied Adelaide. "I must be a cautious general for some little time longer."

"Yet you are naturally frank," observed Margarita.

"So are you," returned Miss Cameron. "Perhaps the time will come when we shall be frank with each other, but it seems to me that it will not be just yet."

The last words that Miss Cameron said to her that night were said laughingly.

"Now, Margarita, away with all mystery—forget all about secrets, and make a conquest of Mr. Beale."

"I should not do for a lawyer's wife," she remarked.

"Why not?" asked Adelaide.

"I should get interested in all his business and weave romances out of it," she answered. And, if Margarita had married Mr. Beale, that would have really happened.

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## Chapter XXXVI.

THE month of blossoms was gone, leaving the sweet odor of May flowers behind. The first day of June dawned bright, warm, and beautiful. Heaven was smiling upon earth; the flowers looked their fairest and best. Lady Rylestone stood alone on the broad white terrace that overlooked the garden.

The morning sun fell upon her tall figure with its perfect harmony and subtle grace—upon the superb face with its exquisite coloring. It showed clearly the troubled look in the dark eyes; for a terrible fear on this bright June morning had fallen over her—a fear that had robbed the earth of its brightness, the sun of its light. What if her husband should be seriously angry with her—should fling her from him as one disgraced and shamed?

She had lived lately in an atmosphere of clear light. Adelaide Cameron was in herself so true, so entirely honorable; her thoughts were so entirely noble, her sense of honor was so keenly sensitive, that no one could live with her without loving all that was pure and upright more.

Margarita was beginning to see more clearly. She had genius, fire, passion, good principle, but there was some little deficiency in her sense of honor. Adelaide Cameron could never have endured the idea of entering another person's house in disguise, of seeking to find out by underhand means what had been purposely withheld; she could no more have done it than she could have put her hand into her neighbor's purse. Margarita, on the contrary, lost all sense of possible wrong in the end to be attained—her sense of honor did not recoil from it; yet she pleaded that she had acted entirely from a wish to serve her husband, to find out if there was not some way of retrieving his ill-fortune; and the end to be obtained seemed, in her eyes, so weighty that she forgot the means to be employed.

Her unhappiness arose from a conversation she had had on the night before with Adelaide. They had both been reading the same story, and they were busily discussing the hero. Adelaide approved of him. He had given up, even at the risk of breaking his heart, the woman he loved, because he had found her guilty of a mean and dishonorable action—an action that she had performed entirely for love of him. He could not pardon it. To him it was like the canker in a flower, the worm in fruit. It had destroyed his ideal, and he gave her up. Adelaide said he had done right, and Margarita raised her beautiful face in dire dismay.

"Right?" she repeated. "Why, he was cruel and unjust! She did it for his sake—for him. How could he be angry? How could it be wrong?"

"It was dishonorable," asserted Adelaide.

"Dishonorable! It seemed to me heroic. It might have been mean or base if she had done it for herself, but it was for him."

"I do not see how that affects the action, Margarita. She committed a mean, dishonorable deed. Does it affect the nature of that deed whether it was undertaken for lover, brother, husband, sister, or friend? The deed remains the same."

"But the end to be attained?" interrupted Margarita.

"Did not justify it—could not justify it. No true code of either honor, or morality, or religion can make the end justify the means."

"That seems a hard doctrine," said Margarita, gently.

"It is a clear one," rejoined Adelaide. "How else could the common laws of honor be kept? If I wanted to obtain some information from you that would be valuable for a good purpose, should I be justified in listening at your room-door? If I wanted money to relieve distress, even to save life, should I be justified in stealing it from you? If I wanted intelligence, even for the weightiest purpose, should I be justified in slyly reading one of your letters? Ah, Margarita, you are only jesting! The laws of honor seem to me so plain that a child may understand them."

"But, surely," said Margarita, "all people do not think so—are not so severe?"

"There can be but one thought on the subject amongst men and women of honor," decided Adelaide, calmly. And then she looked at the beautiful, pale face and the dark, troubled eyes, and smiled. "Why, Margarita, you look half frightened! If I did not know you so well, I should be tempted to ask whether you had ever undertaken anything, believing the end justified the means."

"But," persisted Margarita, "would all men think so? Suppose that a woman who loved a man very dearly did something perhaps not quite honorable to serve his interests, would he dislike her for it?"

"That is the very question at issue. I should say, if he were an honorable man himself, he would never forgive her."

"No matter how much she loved him?" interrupted Margarita, with trembling lips.

"Certainly not. The love might palliate the offence—it could not excuse it. If one has to choose between love and honor, surely there can be no hesitation. Honor before life, love, or anything else!"

And, as Miss Cameron spoke, the noble face had a light upon it that did not seem all of this world. The eyes grew deeper and more tender, a smile played round the perfect lips. It was as though a beautiful soul shone through a beautiful face. In that moment Margarita Rylestone did homage to a superior mind.

It was the rememberance of this conversation that darkened the sunshine for her, and blotted out the fairness of the flowers. What if her husband, Allan Rylestone, should think the same?

She had walked to the edge of the terrace, and stood looking over the stone balustrade.

When her husband came home and discovered what she had done—knew that she had gone in lowly disguise to his home, and had won by fraud knowledge that he had withheld from her—what would he say? Would he do as the hero of the story had done—fling her away and love her no more?

A passionate cry came from her lips—she loved him so truly, so dearly. She bent her head amongst the fragrant, clustering roses and wept bitter tears. Presently she raised it with feverish energy. She must make the best of the difficulty. If he was likely to be angry with her, there was all the more need for good news to lessen his anger—all the more need that she should be able to give him intelligence which would disarm his anger and make him pleased with her—all the more need that she should see the will and find out if her woman's wit could not remedy the evil done. She must discover the secret—and yet, dear Heaven, how powerless she was.

She had been in Walton for months, and was no nearer than when she first came. If she asked even the least question that could lead to the subject of the will, Miss Cameron seemed to put on an armor of reserve which she could never penetrate. As for papers and letters, she had read them, but none alluded to the matter nearest her heart; the secret of the will was impenetrable. She had with her all her woman's wits. And yet she could not discover it.

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June was come, and Adelaide was in a fever of suspense. She could hardly tell why she had a faint hope, yet she had one. There had been such a pleasant exchange of letters between Lord Rylestone and herself—since he had left her he had been so kind that it was possible he had changed his mind. She was not sure if, after all, she had done wisely in trying so hard to send him abroad. She believed that, if he had remained with her a little longer, he would have loved her—it seemed like it. In a fever of suspense and despair she watched each day of the bright month pass. She knew that the last day would bring her news on which all the rest of her life depended.

The 29th came, and Mr. Beale arrived from London, and Sir William Morton from Tatham, with Squire Segood. Margarita began to hope. From one or another she gleaned that they were all there on business concerning the will—what it was she did not know. She learned that Mr. Beale was the family lawyer, and the other gentlemen trustees; and then she grew more puzzled than ever. No matter what the business was, it could not concern Allan—of that she began to feel quite sure. How could it concern him when he was so far away?

The three gentlemen spent the evening in the drawing-room with the ladies, and it was not until Margarita had retired that any conversation between them took place; and then Mr. Beale congratulated Miss Cameron on her management of the Court, and spoke of the perfect order in which he found everything, adding, from the depth of his heart, that it would be a thousand pities if she ever had to leave it. Adelaide smiled sadly.

"I shall be ready to go when Lord Rylestone returns," she said; and then the shrewd little lawyer murmured something about the possibility of "happier circumstances."

"We shall have a letter from Lord Rylestone in the morning," said Sir William. "I should imagine that he has attended to the matter."

"A matter of fifteen thousand per annum—it would be odd if he did not attend to it!" exclaimed the squire.

"I mean," explained Sir William, "that he will have made all arrangements for the letter to reach us to-morrow."

"Yes," said Mr. Beale, "we may rely upon that. Lord Rylestone is the soul of punctuality; he will not have forgotten."

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Adelaide Cameron made no attempt to rest. She never even thought of sleep. She took the flowers from her fair hair, the jewels from her dress and neck; she threw a shawl round her, and opened the window. The moonlight lay on the flowers and trees, on the sleeping woods and the wide fields. Ah, when the moon should so shine again, she would know her fate—when the coming day's sun had set in the western skies, she would know!

The two alternatives lay clear enough before her. Either he would write and ask her to be his wife, or he would write and formally renounce her. She stretched out her white arms to the moonlit skies. Was it right to pray for human love? Ah, if Heaven in its mercy would but give her this! If she might but be happy in her own way—if she might but have this great treasure of his love!"

"I would be so good," she murmured. "I would not make earthly idols for myself; my happiness should only draw me nearer to Heaven—not take me farther from it."

She bent her fair face on her hands, and prayed. The love that filled her heart was so great, so noble, so pure, she was not ashamed that Heaven should know it, although she was too proud to reveal it to the eyes of men; she prayed for it as the one gift that would make life happy—as the one treasure that was above all price.

If the love she yearned for came—if her feeble words could pierce these moonlit skies, and plead for her—she would hear her great happiness as nobly as she would a sorrow. She, out of the abundance of her own gladness, would gladden the hearts of others; she, from the superabundance of her own joy, would lighten and brighten every heart that beat near her. If it was not to be—this happiness for which she prayed—then she would do the best she could with her life; no other love should enter it; she would use her money for the well-being and happiness of others, and she would live patiently.

So she thought and mused while the dew lay on the lilies, and the breath of the roses perfumed the air.

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## Chapter XXXVII.

It seemed almost as though the scene of the reading of the will was to be repeated; the June sunbeams lay again on the floor, brightening the quaint oaken furniture and gilding the ponderous volumes. But there was this great difference—no shadow of recent death made the house gloomy—the hangings were drawn back, the windows were open, sunshine, fresh air, and fragrance entered—and the figure that had been most conspicuous before was wanting now. Lord Rylestone was absent, and, as the little group gathered silently, each one was thinking of him.

He had in reality, before he left England, written the letter that was to be read that day; it had been left at Mr. Beale's office, with instructions to post it on the twenty-ninth of June; and Mr. Beale knew this, although, for Miss Cameron's sake, he refused to disclose it.

The lawyer, the two trustees, and Miss Cameron took their seats. Squire Segood, in his thoughtful fashion, had suggested that Miss Avenel should accompany the heiress; but Mr. Beale, anticipating the mortification in store for her, had said, "No; as we have kept the secret of the will so strictly until now, it will be better to keep it altogether—and strangers had better not be present."

"Do you wish for Miss Avenel's company?" he asked Adelaide—and her answer was "No."

She thought to herself that, whatever she had to bear, she could bear it best alone, let it be either joy or sorrow. Besides, she did not wish Margarita to know who her lover was.

The silence was for some minutes unbroken; the wind wafted in the fragrance of the roses; and Adelaide, whose fair face had grown very pale, bent over the flowers she held in her hand.

"I have Lord Rylestone's letter," said Mr. Beale, "and I will proceed to read it."

There was a slight trembling of the white hands that held the flowers—a slight tremor of Miss Cameron's lips. Mr. Beale proceeded to make some unimportant remarks—and it spoke well for Adelaide's self-control that she uttered no sound and made no sign. She could have cried out in her agony of suspense—it was her happiness, her love, her life that was at stake; but the pale beautiful face was proudly calm.

"I will read Lord Rylestone's letter," repeated Mr. Beale—and, from his quick shrewd glance at Miss Cameron, it was evident that he had waited purposely to give her time to collect herself—and then he began:

"As this is the last day of the two years given to me in which to decide my future, I now authorize the trustees of the late Lord Bernard Rylestone's will to take immediate steps for putting Miss Cameron into full possession of her fortune. I formally decline to carry out my late uncle's proposal; and I wish Miss Cameron all possible happiness and prosperity.

"ALLAN RYLESTONE."

"A manly, straightforward letter," said Squire Segood; while Sir William made some muttered remarks that had not a very pleasant sound.

The fair face bent over the flowers had grown white as marble, but no sound had escaped the trembling lips. The very faintness of death seemed to have come over Adelaide—sorrow that had no name; her disappointment was almost greater than she could bear. She thought to herself that if a sword had been plunged into her heart the pain could not have been sharper.

Some few minutes elapsed before she recovered, and then the gentlemen gathered round her, each offering warmest congratulations.

"I wish you health and life to enjoy your wealth, Miss Cameron," said Mr. Beale.

She stood quite still, the flowers in her hand, and her face slightly bent over them, receiving with quiet, smiling grace the congratulations offered to her. She never showed a symptom of the sorrow that was filling her heart; nor did one word reveal that her life was wrecked and ruined.

"I shall be happy to receive your commands, Miss Cameron," said Mr. Beale. "There are several matters still that require attention. I think of going away for the month of July; but I shall return to London about the second week in August, and then there will be a great amount of business to get through—principally accounts to make up. If you wish it, I will wait upon you here. Suppose we appoint the last week in September to settle everything?"

With a little bow Miss Cameron signified her assent. She was almost incapable of speech just then.

"Well, I must say," said Sir William Morton, "that Allan Rylestone is the most absurd man on the face of the earth. A beautiful wife and a splendid fortune—yet he will take neither."

"There must be a reason," said Squire Segood.

Once more Mr. Beale addressed the heiress.

"You perfectly understand, Miss Cameron, that by the terms of the will you are now free—free to marry as you will, free to spend your money as you wish, but you cannot will it away during your life."

"I understand," said Adelaide, quietly. "I thank you, gentlemen, for your kindness; and now I will say good-morning."

"She does not like it," observed the squire, sagaciously. "She would have been better pleased if Lord Rylestone had taken the money."

"I do not know—it is a noble fortune," said Mr. Beale; "and, gentlemen, as matters have ended so, I am glad we have kept the secret of the will. For Miss Cameron's sake, we are bound to keep it still."

They all agreed, and the interview terminated. The only words of importance spoken after that came from Mr. Beale. In bidding Adelaide adieu, before Margarita, he said:

"I shall be here then, Miss Cameron, in September; I shall bring with me the accounts, and a copy of the will."

Adelaide merely bowed; but the words set Margarita's heart on fire. A copy of the will! It was the very thing she had been so desirous of seeing. In September he was to bring it, and in all probability she would have a chance of seeing it. Any one looking at her might have wondered why her face suddenly grew crimson with a burning flush and a great flame revealed the splendor of her eyes.

In September! It was not long to wait; and, when she had once mastered the contents of the will she would have nothing more to do, perhaps, but might go home and await her husband there.

So far, it was plain, she could not have done anything; a copy of the will was not at Walton Court, after all.

"If I could have disguised myself as a clerk, and have gone into Mr. Beale's office," she thought, "I should have mastered it all before now."

Still the hope of coming to the end of her task was very sweet to her. She had been greatly troubled of late by doubts as to what her husband would say, what he would think. She had begun to fear that after all she might have made a mistake—that the secret did not concern him. Yet it must have concerned him, or why should he have lost the money? She lost herself in a chaos of thought and doubt and fear. One thing day by day impressed itself more and more deeply upon her mind—it was the greatness of the loss which he had sustained. She saw how needful money was for keeping up appearances—that it was the great lever of social life; and more than ever she realized his bitter disappointment. She could understand, too, that, although he loved her so well, he had made a great sacrifice in marrying her.

"Still," she said to herself, more than once, "about one thing I can be perfectly happy—it was not through marrying me that he lost his fortune."

If it had been, she knew that she could never have been happy again. Bad as the matter might be, it was not so bad as that. She shuddered as she thought of it. Marrying her had prevented his securing a fortune with his wife, but it had not prevented his succeeding to the late lord's fortune.

"I could not have borne that," she thought; "to have known that I was the obstacle between my darling and the money which ought to have been his, would have killed me."

It was not long to wait until September. All that had to follow seemed to her easy enough. She must find out where the will was deposited, and then she must secure the keys; and some night, when all in the house were sleeping, she must go down and read it.

All that Adelaide had said to her of honor and dishonor flashed across her mind as she so decided.

"Never mind," said Margarita. "She may prefer what she calls honor. I prefer advancing the interests of one whom I love. That is honor to me."

THE PET FAWN.—FROM A DRAWING BY PIAUD.

## Chapter XXXVIII.

Adelaide wondered how she lived through the days that followed the reading of Lord Rylestone's letter. She did not know how strong the hope was within her until that hope died. She did not know how much she had dwelt on each little detail—how she had pondered every word, until, to her, it had assumed more meaning than was ever intended.

Still she did not blame him; he had a perfect right to please himself. All the more noble he was if, not loving her, he refrained from marrying her for her money's sake. He did not love her—there lay the sting. She loved him almost better in losing than she would have done in winning him. How few men would have acted as he had—would have

refused so large a fortune simply from want of love from the girl whose hand held it! She had cherished the hope that, on knowing her better and liking her, he might, when the time for final decision really arrived, elect to marry her. Now the hope was dead; it could not linger—it could not live again—it was past, and she had nothing to do but live her life.

"I will not be a coward," she said to herself; "the women of my race were never that. I will live my life, with Heaven's help, as bravely as though I had won instead of lost all."

She could not help the decree of fate; the fortune was hers—she could not escape it—but she would do good, not harm with it. She would not spend it on herself, or for her own personal gratification; it should go toward making sad hearts gay—toward relieving distress and sorrow wherever she found them.

Two or three days passed before Margarita ventured to inquire from Adelaide what the month of June had brought her. At length she took courage. She went up to her one day as she sat alone under the shade of a sweeping cedar on the lawn. She sat down by Adelaide's side, and laid her hand gently on her arm.

"I wish I might ask you a question," she said, quietly.

"I am willing to answer any question that you may put, Margarita," returned the heiress, sadly.

"Will you tell me what the month of June has brought you?"

Adelaide was silent for some minutes, and then, with a sad smile, she raised her fair face to the light.

"Yes, I will tell you dear—I have been intending to do so; but I thought I would wait, Margarita, till the first smart of my pain was over. June has come and gone. It found me with the shadow of a hope—it leaves me with none; it found me happy after a patient, hopeful fashion—it leaves me unhappy and hopeless; it found me with my fortunes uncertain—it leaves me wrecked in hope and love, but one of the wealthiest heiresses even in this wealthy land. My future is all settled now—there will be no more uncertainty for me."

"But your hero," said Margarita, impatiently—"what of him?"

"He has gone back into shadowland, where I may love him still, I suppose. I have lost him, Margarita. He was never near me; but now he has drifted afar off, and I shall never see him as my hero again."

"You are unhappy, then?" interrogated Margarita.

"Not quite unhappy, dear. I think it is almost better to know at once that one's hope is dead than to watch it die."

"But are your conclusions sound?" asked Margarita. "I cannot understand any one not loving you."

"I understand it," she returned; "and I think, Margarita, that he must love some one else. Do not mistake me. I do not say that I am irresistible; I am not vain enough to think every one must love me. But I am as fair as the ordinary run of women are; and I have average talent and wealth. If he cannot love me, it must be that he cares for some one else, I think."

"Yes," said Margarita, thoughtfully, "I think so, too. What will you do?"

"What can I do? I shall not part with my shadow; this shadowy love will always be the best part of my life to me. I shall do the best I can—live my life, be as happy as I can, and make every one else the same; but, ah me, if Heaven had but given me my love!"

Adelaide's pride and courage seemed to desert her. She bent her head until it rested on Margarita's shoulder.

"You will not think me childish," she said; "but these tears have been blinding my eyes for long days past. Oh, if Heaven had but given me my love!"

If, as she prayed and wept, she had known who the man was for whose lost love she mourned—if she had known on whose shoulder her head rested—proud Adelaide would have died of shame with the knowledge.

Presently she looked up, smiling like a child through the mist of tears.

"There," she said—"that has taken my pain away. Do you know what I used to do when I was a child and felt unhappy?"

"No," replied Margarita. "You must have been such a strange child that I cannot even guess."

"I always cured myself by a simple method. If I felt unhappy, I went directly to some one else who was in sorrow, and in curing them I always grew better myself."

"Then you must do the same now," said Margarita.

"I will, Heaven helping me. Ah, Margarita, pride is very heroic, especially the pride of silence and self-control; but I am so much better for having spoken of my sorrow to you."

And the two who in reality were at war—who had given the love of a lifetime to the same man—cared more for each other that morning than they had ever cared before.

But Margarita was not always to be in ignorance as to the identity of the man whom Adelaide Cameron loved. The heiress wanted one day a particular paper from her escritoire, and she asked Margarita to get it. In the course of the search, and quite unconsciously, Lady Rylestone opened a secret drawer of which she had been in profound ignorance. There she saw a spray of mignonette, withered and faded, a bundle of letters, and a small painting, a copy of the portrait of Lord Rylestone. Underneath it was written, "In life and in death." Gazing upon these things, the knowledge came to Lady Rylestone that Adelaide Cameron, the beautiful heiress, loved her husband!

A low cry of pain and dismay broke from her lips.

"Oh, the evils of a secret marriage!" she cried. "I would have given the world to prevent this!"

She stood for a few minutes overwhelmed by the discovery. This was the love that the heiress had alluded to. It was Allan Rylestone, her husband, whom Adelaide Cameron called a shadow-love. Pity, hate, jealousy, and sorrow stirred her heart. What should she do? Should she go at once and say: "You must destroy these letters—you must think no more of him; he is mine, and never can be yours?"

That was her first impulse—prudence restrained it. Could she say anything that would put Miss Cameron on her guard—that would show her that Lord Rylestone was not to be won? No, she could not say one word without betraying herself.

She would not read the letters. She was too loyal to her husband for that. She took them in her hands, and then replaced them.

"She may love him in life and in death," she thought; "but he is mine—all mine."

Bitter, angry thoughts came to her. She wished she had never been near the escritoire, and then she would not have had the pain of this secret added to her own. Presently she roused herself. What would Miss Cameron think of her absence? She must go back to her or she might suspect.

Miss Cameron looked up with a smile as Margarita reentered the room.

"My dear Margarita," she said, "where is the paper?"

Lady Rylestone had forgotten all about it in the agitation and excitement of the discovery. She had not even remembered for what she had gone. Adelaide looked in wonder at the pale face.

"Have you seen a ghost?" she asked, with a smile. "You look frightened and hurt. Has anything happened to vex you?"

"No," replied Margarita: "but I am sorry that I forgot the paper. I will go back again for it."

"No," said Adelaide, kindly, "that you shall not. I am sure something that you will not tell me has put you out. See—your hands are trembling! Sit down; I will go for the paper myself."

And, trembling in every limb, Margarita obeyed her. When she was alone she asked herself if the mystery she was seeking to unvail was worth all the trouble, suspense, misery, and regret that it had brought upon her.

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### Chapter XXXIX.

OF all the pangs of jealousy that Lady Rylestone ever had experienced none could equal the anguish that she endured after her unhappy discovery at Walton Court. She said to herself by day and by night:

"Adelaide Cameron loves my husband! She does not know he is mine; she has made him her hero, and she loves him!"

When she looked at the fair high-bred loveliness of her rival's face, every detail of the daily life she led was a torture to her. The sweet low voice, the grace of manner, the calm repose—all the charms that made Adelaide one of the fairest of women, were as so many tortures to Margarita.

She was always trying to remember what Adelaide had said of her love. The words were never out of her mind, yet she knew there was no real cause for jealousy. She knew that her husband had been as loyal to her as it was possible for man to be. The girl who loved him said that he had never uttered a word or given her a look that in the least degree told of love. The faint hope that had died such a sudden death was caused only by his kindness. Margarita knew that her jealousy was absurd, because there was nothing to cause it. She knew that Lord Rylestone was as true to her as the needle to the pole, yet she dreaded the fair loveliness of her rival's face and the sweetness of her voice.

It was not Lord Rylestone's fault if Adelaide had made a hero of him; still, Margarita could not bear to think that any one else loved him who was all the world to her. It had come upon her like a terrible shock. It was in vain she tried to reason with herself, to keep calm and cool—the passionate heart was all aflame, the spark of Spanish fire was fanned into a blaze. Sometimes she would watch the calm face of Adelaide Cameron, with the tender light in her eyes and the sweet sad smiles playing round her lips, knowing well that the girl was thinking of her shadowy love—the love that had no foundation, no reality; and then the impulse would be strong within her to tell her the truth—to tell her that she was married to Lord Rylestone, and that no thought of another's must be given to him—an impulse so strong that it was hardly possible to resist it. The only thing that prevented her speaking was the idea that, if Miss Cameron once knew who she was, all chance, all hope of her ever finding out the secret of the will would be at an end.

"It would indeed be a woman's war then," she said to herself, "and that, at present, I do not wish. I must, for Allan's sake, for my own sake, discover now the secret of the will."

But, though she did not tell her, she grew so strange in manner that Miss Cameron could not understand her. She would step hastily forward at times and seize her hand, as though she had something very important to say to her, and then drop the hand, murmur a few unmeaning words, and leave her. Adelaide thought it strange—but then her companion's manner always had been strange; so she said nothing about it. The torture of jealousy seemed to be slowly and surely eating Lady Rylestone's life away. The beautiful face lost its color, and grew thin and pale; an anxious, troubled look came into the dark eyes and never left them. She grew silent and sad; all the music seemed to die from her voice; it was as though some slow, sure fever were consuming her life.

More than once Adelaide spoke to her young companion of what seemed to her the signs of declining health, but Margarita always gave some evasive answer. Nothing ailed her, she declared—she wanted nothing. Yet strangers, when they looked at the beautiful restless face, wondered what hidden fever was burning within her. It was strange, almost painful, to see her, whether out in the sunshine amongst the flowers or in the magnificent rooms, always with the same restless face, and dark, troubled eyes. So many fears haunted her; her life seemed to be spent in fighting with shadows. The fear lest, when Lord Rylestone returned, he should be angry about what she had done; the fear, lest, after all, she should have run her terrible risks in vain; the fear lest something—she could never tell what—should make Allan like Adelaide; the fear lest, even if she discovered the secret, she should not be able to do anything to help the man whom she loved with such intense, passionate love; and, the crowning fear of all, the dread lest, even if her discoveries should materially affect his interests, Lord Rylestone should refuse to forgive her for what she had done—all these were ever before her.

"It was ill-considered," she owned now to herself; "it would have been a thousand times better had it never been begun."

Still, as she had embarked on a stormy sea, and it was too late now to draw back, the only thing left was to make the best of it—to do so much for Lord Rylestone that he should forget the fashion in which it had been done.

So time passed until September came. The Autumn of that year was long remembered in England as a most fruitful one. The flowers still lingered as though loth to die; the orchards were filled with luscious hanging fruit; the rich crops of corn were yellow as gold. But all the ripe beauty of the season was lost upon Margarita—her whole soul was filled with trouble.

One morning, as the two ladies sat at breakfast together—it was the second week in September—a letter came from Mr. Beale, saying that he hoped to be with Miss Cameron on the following day, when he would bring the accounts and a copy of the will with him. Miss Cameron read the letter aloud, and then she said to Margarita:

"That will be the last of the tiresome business, I hope. Margarita," she cried, suddenly, "what is the matter with you?" for the face of her young companion had suddenly grown white as death, and a great fear had shadowed the dark eyes.

"To-morrow—so soon?" she murmured.

"Soon!" repeated Adelaide. "It seems to me that the business has been very long on hand; I am tired of it. Why, Margarita, your lips have grown white! Surely you are not afraid of Mr. Beale?"

She tried hard to recover herself.

"No, I am not afraid of him. Why should I be? I have seen Mr. Beale only once; and then he barely deigned to notice me. Has he anything to do with Lord Rylestone?"

She asked the question suddenly, almost sharply; the idea had just occurred to her. Adelaide looked up laughing.

"How strange to hear you asking a question about Lord Rylestone!" she said. "It is, I think, the first time that I have heard you mention his name. Yes, certainly Mr. Beale has a great deal to do with Lord Rylestone; he is his lawyer—the manager of his affairs. He was the late lord's

confidential adviser; he knows all about the Walton estates; he has the whole history of the Rylestone family at his finger-tips. I was going to say that no one ever had more to do with Lord Rylestone than has Mr. Beale, but that perhaps would be saying too much."

Margarita made no remark. She was thinking to herself that if he had been the late lord's confidential adviser he must know the secret of the will—perhaps even had the making of it. Her heart beat quickly, and her face flushed nervously; she could not have been more moved had the will been before her.

"I am amused," continued Miss Cameron, "that you should ask such a question. I have often thought that you were not inquisitive—I am glad to find that you are human after all."

"I do not know what led me to ask," said Margarita, trying to speak carelessly. It seemed to her that she was on the threshold of the mystery that she had tried so hard to penetrate.

The question she had asked seemed to dispose Miss Cameron to talk. During all the months they had been together Lord Rylestone had never once formed the subject of their conversation. They had sat in the handsome dining-room where his portrait hung, and they had both carefully avoided looking at it—Margarita because of her great love, fearing lest she should betray it, and Adelaide from the fear that if she spoke of him her secret would escape her. But now she was inclined to refer to him. It seemed pleasant to utter his name—to hear it—and she wondered why she had never spoke of him to the lovely woman whose eyes were so full of fire.

"I think you would like Lord Rylestone," she said, looking up at the beautiful face, with its dark, lambent eyes, and sad sweet lips. "You will be sure to see him."

"Shall I? Why do you say so?" asked Margarita.

"He returns from Canada in November, and he is sure to come here," answered Adelaide.

The dark face lighted up with a sudden glow.

"Why is he sure to come here?" she asked—and something in her voice caused Adelaide to look suddenly at her.

"Because Walton is his home," she replied, "and I hope he will come to take possession of it."

"Where shall you go then?" asked Margarita; and she knew that her question was put more from a desire to see if Adelaide had any lingering love for him than from fear or anxiety about her welfare.

"I do not know. I think I should like to travel. If I go abroad, you will come with me, I hope. I should never be happy without you."

"I cannot promise," said Margarita, thoughtfully. She was picturing to herself Adelaide's surprise when she should return from abroad and find her at Walton Court, the wife of its owner.

"Lord Rylestone is sure to come straight to Walton," said Miss Cameron. "I shall be curious to know what you think of him."

To herself Margarita was saying that he should not come there. She would go home to the pretty villa at Marpeth, and she would keep him there. He should not see the fair-faced, golden-haired girl who loved him so dearly. She might go abroad and remain there, but she should never have the opportunity of exerting her influence and the power of her charms over him.

"I hope when he comes," continued Adelaide, "that he will be pleased with the few improvements I have ventured to make at the Court. Ah, Margarita, you have a dreamy far-off look in your eyes! You are not listening to what I am saying. Your dark eyes look at me with serene calmness. You do not take any interest in my friend Lord Rylestone. I think it is because so few things interest you, and because you are so given to dreaming, that I love you so much. Now I must go and give orders about Mr. Beale's room."

"Will he stay here long?" asked Margarita, abruptly.

"I cannot say—perhaps two or three nights—not more. Sir William Morton has to meet him here." And with those few careless words Miss Cameron went away.

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### Chapter XL.

MARGARITA RYLESTONE stood on the broad western terrace with Miss Cameron when the approach of Mr. Beale was announced. It was a fine clear September day; the sky was blue, the golden gleam of the sun lay over the flowers and trees, the red-brown leaves were falling, the Autumn foliage was at its richest and best. They stood watching the carriage, Adelaide thinking how soon she should be gone from Walton, and how little she should see of Mr. Beale or Lord Rylestone afterwards; Margarita thinking of a thousand things—of Mr. Beale's surprise when in her he should recognize Lady Rylestone—of the coming home that would one day be hers—of the reception that would be given her when she came to Walton Court as Lord Rylestone's honored wife.

Presently she saw the small, slight figure of the lawyer; she noted the shrewd face, the keen eyes, the iron-gray hair. In his hand he carried a blue bag. At the sight of it her heart gave a sudden bound. Perhaps in that very bag lay the will, the secret of which she had imperilled so much to know!

She watched him enter the house, and she raised her face to the sunlit skies. The time was come in which she had to accomplish what she had so long contemplated.

"Heaven help me!" she cried inwardly. "May I have the strength, the courage, the wit, the skill, to baffle those who have robbed my husband of all!"

And then her eyes fell on the fair face of Adelaide Cameron, and her heart misgave her. She, the fair young heiress, who had wasted her life on a shadowy love, was no enemy of Lord Rylestone's. Margarita had thought so once—she knew better now. She knew that Adelaide Cameron would ask nothing better than to give her fortune to Lord Rylestone, and deemed nothing more precious than his love. She could not be called his enemy. With whom, then, was she—Lady Rylestone—going to war? Not, surely, with the dead! She pressed her hand against her throbbing temples.

"I shall go mad," she said to herself, "if matters continue as they are. I am half mad now."

Slowly and mechanically she followed Miss Cameron into the house. She never remembered how the early hours of that day passed; they were like a dream to her. She roused herself at last, thinking that she must watch and listen, in order to discover where the will was deposited.

There had been one little circumstance which made her feel sure she was on the right track after all. Adelaide, who never would receive or entertain visitors alone, asked Margarita to go with her to meet Mr. Beale. He laid his locked case on the table in order that his hand might be free; and then he looked at it with a smile.

"In that case is the copy of that important will," he announced.

"The most cruel will that was ever made!" exclaimed Adelaide.

"Few people to whom a will had given so large a fortune would say that, Miss Cameron," observed the lawyer.

Seeing an expression of wonder on Margarita's face, Adelaide said to her:

"That will gave me a fortune, Margarita, yet I would give my life for it never to have been written."

"You speak in riddles," returned Margarita; and then Mr. Beale interposed with some questions about Sir William, and the conversation closed.

But Margarita remembered it, and she was puzzled more than she had ever been before. Why should Miss Cameron hate a will which had given her a fortune? It could not be because she loved Lord Rylestone so dearly, that she grieved to see him deprived of it. If that were the case, she would not speak of it openly as she did.

The time came to dress for dinner. Mr. Beale and Sir William were both present at the meal; and both were great admirers of the beautiful heiress—they did not think she was to be equalled in beauty. But they looked up in wonder when the superb figure of Margarita Rylestone stood before them. She did not know why she had taken such pains with her toilet; she had no notion of impressing them—no wish that they should admire her. But she had chosen for herself a dress of rich, deep crimson, not costly in texture, but shining and light; and with it she wore a few gold ornaments.

Looking up as she entered the room, the gentlemen saw a magnificently beautiful woman, with crimson flowers in the thick coils of her dusky hair, and a face that was like an artist's dream. They rose involuntarily. The thought that shaped itself in Mr. Beale's mind was that after all there was nothing like brunette beauty; while Sir William wondered silently what had induced Miss Cameron to choose so beautiful a woman as her companion.

"She is plainly not afraid of rivalry," said the baronet to himself.

The little dinner-party went off well. Adelaide was in her usual good spirits, and Margarita exerted herself to talk, though in reality she could do little but listen—listen with her soul in her ears for one word about the will. But it was not spoken; and she felt disappointed—so bitterly disappointed that she could not eat. Sir William, who was watching her intently, saw that, although she did not refuse the dishes that were offered to her, she ate nothing. Sir William had a hearty, healthy appetite, and he looked with grave suspicion upon those who had not. The first of the long train of circumstantial evidence that was afterward brought against Margarita was that she sat down before a well-arranged dinner and ate nothing.

When the gentlemen were alone, they expressed their ideas one to the other on the subject of the heiress's beautiful dark-eyed companion. Sir William disclosed his mind very plainly.

"I do not quite understand that young lady," he said to the lawyer. "She is not at all the kind of person that one generally imagines a companion to be. She is like a youthful member of some noble family. And I do not think that I have ever seen a handsomer woman in my life."

"Nor I," agreed Mr. Beale; "but, like yourself, I am just a little suspicious of her. I cannot see what should bring a beautiful woman like that here."

"Perhaps she is poor, and has her living to get."

"It may be so—I do not dispute it; but I cannot help having the idea that she is playing a part. She gives me that impression. She converses and seems to be interested, yet I can see that she is listening. I know it by the intent expression that comes into her eyes. What can she be listening for?"

"I hope Miss Cameron has been careful about references and all that kind of thing," said Sir William.

"I can hardly doubt it; but, if I saw any real ground of suspicion, I should at once advise Miss Avenel's removal from here."

"The lady would meet with little mercy at your hands," observed Sir William.

"My hands would incline to justice, and my first thought would be for Miss Cameron," said Mr. Beale, and then the gentlemen went to the drawing-room.

Although their better judgment was slightly against her, they could not help owning that they were charmed with Miss Cameron's companion. Sir William began to think that he must have been mistaken in his estimate of her; but shrewd, keen Mr. Beale detected beneath all her brilliancy the keenest anxiety.

"Why is she anxious?" he thought. "Why does she listen so intently to me, watch me so earnestly, hang upon every word, when I speak to Miss Cameron? There is a mystery, and I must fathom it."

Margarita's patience and perseverance won their reward at last. Mr. Beale went to Miss Cameron, and, believing himself unheard, said to her:

"I had better put the copy of the will, with the rest of the documents, in the iron safe."

"Yes," she agreed, "that is the general repository of all my treasures. All my jewels and money are kept there."

"Hush, my dear lady!" he said, with all a lawyer's caution.

She looked up at him laughingly.

"How prudent you lawyers are! There is no one to hear me."

But he had caught the brightening of the dark eyes, and, though he did not understand it exactly, he felt sure that Margarita had heard what Miss Cameron said—that she had tried to hear it, and that the hearing had given her satisfaction.

"You have the key of the safe, I believe?" interrogated Mr. Beale.

"Yes;" and Miss Cameron produced a small bunch of keys. The one that opened the safe was small, and of peculiar design.

"That is it, Mr. Beale," she said, and the lawyer, looking at her, said:

"I hope you are careful about your keys, Miss Cameron. There have been some strange jewel robberies lately."

"We are very systematic about the Walton ones," she replied, with a smile; "we have a solemn ceremony that is never omitted. Every night Mrs. Grame brings the keys to my room; and I do not think she would sleep in peace unless they had been given into my hands."

"Mrs. Grame is an invaluable person," he continued. "I do not think any one will be able to wrong you while she is here."

"Wrong me!" echoed Adelaide. "Why, who would think of such a thing?"

"You cannot be too careful," observed the lawyer. "I have heard so many strange stories lately that I should not be surprised at anything."

Miss Cameron laughed.

"I think we are safe at Walton," she said; "I do not feel alarmed. But I am always glad of advice, and I promise to look carefully after my keys."

That night, as Mrs. Grame, with her basket of keys, was going down the corridor that led to Miss Cameron's room, she met Margarita, who spoke to her half laughingly, yet with a strange hectic flush on her face and a strange light in her eyes, saying:

"I am going to Miss Cameron's room; shall I take the basket for you, Mrs. Grame? It will save you a few steps."

The housekeeper raised her eyes.

"No, thank you, Miss Avenel," she replied. "I prefer

placing them, according to custom, in my lady's own hands."

"As you like," returned Margarita, haughtily. "I merely thought of saving you fatigue;" and without another word she passed on.

Mrs. Grame looked distrustfully after the retreating figure.

"My mistress may trust you as much as she likes," she said, "but you will never be trusted by me!"

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### Chapter XLI.

Ten minutes later, when Margarita returned to Miss Cameron's door, she found it fastened, and she knew there was no further hope of getting the keys that night. It all seemed plain and easy to her now. She had but to get the keys by some stratagem or other, and then open the safe, read the will, and put it back. But what then? A dreary, almost hopeless feeling came over her as she asked herself the question—What then?

She did not take long to reflect; she decided that she must then go to some eminent and trustworthy lawyer, take advice, and see if it were not possible for her to do something to invalidate this will, and help her husband to regain his lost fortune.

Her difficulties seemed almost to have vanished. The work she had given herself to do lay plainly enough before her. The only question was, How was she to get the key of the safe? She had read distrust and defiance in the housekeeper's face, and she knew that in Mrs. Grame she had an enemy who would baffle her if possible.

She arranged in her own mind that on the night following she would go with Miss Cameron to her room; she would wait there until the basket of keys was brought in, and then quietly abstract the bunch she wanted. She could afterward wait until the whole house was quiet, and then go down to the library and read the will. As for the giving back of the keys, she felt no inquietude about that. If she could but once read the will, all would be well; under the pretence of asking her some question, she could take the keys into Miss Cameron's room early in the morning and replace them.

That night she slept, it seemed to her, as though some terrible weight had been taken from her mind—she slept as one exhausted by long watching. She was never to experience the same deep, calm rest again.

The next day Sir William Morton left, and it was decided that on the day following Mr. Beale should return to London. But Mr. Beale, sharp, shrewd lawyer as he was, did not feel altogether satisfied with the aspect of affairs. He did not believe in the beautiful woman whom Miss Cameron had selected for a companion. On the day intended to be the last of his sojourn he watched her more closely, and was less satisfied than ever. Her intentness of thought, her habit of losing herself in reveries, her disturbed manner, even the restless beauty of her face, all assured him that she was acting a part.

"Miss Cameron is so easily imposed upon," he said to himself. "She is so generous and noble that she is really incapable of forming a suspicion."

When he found an opportunity that day, he made many inquiries about her, and Adelaide told him how she had met Miss Avenel at Lady Davenant's.

He was surprised. If that was true—if she had been Lady Davenant's governess—then all must be right; there could be no further reason for doubting her. He hardly knew how apparent he had made his doubts until Adelaide looked wonderingly into his face.

"I believe," she said, "that you have some strange, hidden mistrust of Miss Avenel. Why is it?"

The plain, direct question almost puzzled him.

"I cannot quite tell you," he replied. "I suppose that, like all lawyers, I am apt to suspect concealment and mystery."

"But there is no mystery about her," said Adelaide.

"I think there is," opposed Mr. Beale. "She gives me the impression of a person who is acting a part. I cannot quite tell why."

"You are mistaken," said Adelaide, warmly. "You do her an injustice."

"I hope it may be so; but I read men and women almost as easily as I read books. You are much attached to your companion, Miss Cameron?"

"Yes," replied Adelaide, "I think her beautiful, good, and charming. I like her very much."

"I cannot divest myself of the idea that she is here for some set purpose—to accomplish some design of her own."

"You are altogether wrong," said Adelaide, laughingly. "You cannot possibly make a mystery out of our quiet household, Mr. Beale—you must go farther afield."

"You are a warm champion and a true friend," observed the lawyer, with a bow; and so the conversation ended. But, despite all that Adelaide had said, he retained his own opinion still.

That night Margarita talked a great deal to Adelaide. Mr. Beale spent the evening with the ladies, and he spoke more than once of Lord Rylestone; but there was not one word said which touched on the subject of the will. Miss Cameron shook hands with the lawyer, and bade him good-night.

"I will not say good-by," he observed, "for I shall not go until noon to-morrow. I shall see you in the morning, for I want to talk over the question of the securities with you."

It seemed natural that Margarita should go to Adelaide's room—although it was what she had never done before—they were talking so eagerly—Margarita with great animation. Adelaide did not notice the flush on her companion's face, the strange, almost wild light in her eyes, the tremor that seemed to pass over the stately figure; yet she remembered afterwards that Margarita was very strange. When they reached the magnificent chamber that Miss Cameron had selected for her own, Margarita went in with her, and did not seem inclined to leave.

"I wish you would let me be your maid to-night," she said. "Send Alice away, and let me brush your hair."

"You are too stately for that kind of thing," responded Adelaide, smiling.

"You do not know how often I have longed to take those beautiful golden waves in my hand," she said. "Do let me stay." And Adelaide laughingly sent the maid away.

How little she dreamed that the fingers unfastening the shining waves of hair were trembling violently—of the love and dislike in the passionate heart of the girl who bent over her. Margarita looked at the beautiful golden hair, and wondered as she looked whether Lord Rylestone had admired its beauty—whether his eyes had lingered on it—the soft, silken, shining hair. It fell like a veil around the white neck and shoulders.

"You are like Queen Berengaria," she said, "as the maid in the fairy tale with the golden locks." And then there came a rap at the door.

"It is Mrs. Grame with the keys," announced Adelaide. "She is as punctual as the clock itself. You will never make a lady's maid," she added, with a laugh, as Margarita dropped the brush. "Come in, Mrs. Grame," said Adelaide; "I am always pleased to see you. Margarita, will you take the keys?"

But Mrs. Grame held the basket resolutely, and the two women, the one young and beautiful, the other old and shrewd, looked defiantly at each other.

To Margarita herself the housekeeper spoke no word. All

the mistrust and defiance she felt was expressed in the steadfast gaze of her eyes. She turned to Adelaide.

"Is your maid ill, madame?" she asked. It was the fashion at Walton Court to call the young mistress "madame."

"No," replied Adelaide; "but Miss Avenel wished to be my maid this evening. She thinks my hair looks so nice she wants to brush it."

Adelaide laughed as she spoke, but no smile came to the housekeeper's face. She raised her eyes again to Margarita's, and their expression said that she at least perfectly understood the manœuvre. Mrs. Grame went up to her young mistress and placed the basket of keys by her side.

"Miss Cameron," she said, "pray be careful of those keys."

"I think you have all taken alarm about my keys," commented Adelaide, smiling. "Mr. Beale has been saying the same thing."

"Mr. Beale is a very sensible gentleman, madame, and he would not have said so much without reason, you may be sure of that."

Margarita's face flushed hotly. The indignity seemed to her almost greater than she could bear. Mrs. Grame's look was one of unutterable scorn. She evidently thought Mr. Beale had grounds for his suspicion, and had done well to open his mind. She lingered half a minute, as though she would fain say more. She looked from the fair calm face that shone from amongst the soft clouds of golden hair to the dark restless one, and then, thinking perhaps that prudence was after all the better part, she went away.

But as she went she said to herself that evidently she was not the only one who was suspicious about Miss Avenel. Mr. Beale—than whom no shrewder gentleman ever lived—was plainly of her opinion.

"And what would he think of her," said Mrs. Grame to herself, "if he knew so much of her as I know—if he knew that she had come to see the house before she lived in it, and had asked so many questions about the will?"

She half decided that it was her duty to tell Mr. Beale all on the morrow.

"And those keys," she thought—"she tried to get them last night. She may make what excuses she will, but I am sure she is staying in my lady's room to get them to-night. I saw her eyes light with fire when I carried them in."

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### Chapter XLII.

LADY RYLESTONE stood alone in her room; the hour for which she had hoped and prayed was come at last, and its coming was like the crowning act of a tragedy to her. Outside was the calm silence of the September night—the moon was hidden by clouds, the stars peeped out here and there. There was hardly a sound to break the perfect repose; only the wind rustled through the bare branches.

She had waited for this hour. There was profound silence in the stately mansion; the servants had all gone to their rooms. She had lingered with Miss Cameron until she dared linger no longer; and then, unperceived by Adelaide, she had noiselessly withdrawn the bunch of keys that she wanted, and hidden them in her dress. She had bidden Adelaide good-night, trusting to "the chapter of accidents" that she would not discover the absence of the keys.

"If she does, and makes any inquiries," said Margarita to herself, "I shall be ruined;" but she hardly thought it probable.

She had put the basket in its accustomed place, and she felt sure that Adelaide would not examine its contents. And then she had gone to her own room, and waited there until the whole house was silent and every sound had ceased.

Midnight struck, then one, and then two. She believed herself perfectly safe; she had removed her flowers, jewels, and evening dress, and had put on a black robe, thinking it safer than a white one. In the darkness of the night, even should any one by some unhappy mischance meet her, there was greater probability of escape if she wore a dark dress. She had resolved to take matches and a taper down with her; and, when she had reached the library, after locking the door, she could procure a light.

It was two o'clock, and in the dense unbroken silence she opened her door cautiously and looked out. There was no sound, no movement; the darkness of night could not have been more friendly, the silence could not have been more profound. Yet her heart beat fast, her hands burned, her limbs trembled, her lips were dry and parched; it seemed to her in that intense stillness that she could hear the beating of her heart—and the fancied sound frightened her.

"I am not a midnight robber," she said to herself; "my errand is a just one. Why should I fear? It is all for my husband's sake."

She stepped out into the corridor and closed her door. She clasped her hands for one minute, as though asking help from Heaven, and then, noiselessly and quietly, in the darkness she made her way down the stairs. Careful as she was—lightly as she stepped—the stairs creaked, and the sound brought to her a fright as terrible almost as death.

Once she stood still for some minutes, unable to move; in the far distance she fancied that she heard a sound like the opening of a door. She listened, but all was silent again.

She believed that she was doing right; yet, when she reached the hall and stood for some minutes to collect her failing strength, she said to herself that not to win the whole world would she do the like again. As she stood, silent and motionless, in the darkness, she heard another sound, as of some one passing stealthily along the upper gallery. She listened, and then said, "No; it must be the trees rustling in the wind outside."

After some minutes she went to the library door and opened it. The room was in impenetrable darkness. There was not even the faintest ray of moonlight. In the darkness she made the mistake that proved so fatal to her. She closed the door and locked it, as she believed, but in reality she turned the lock while the door was still open. Going up to the other end of the long room, where the iron safe was buried in the wall, she struck a light. It did not occur to her to go back and see if she had made the door secure. The light of the taper, so faint and feeble, in that long room, only seemed to make the darkness more profound; it made such terrible shadows in the corners; it shone, too, on her face—a face so white with fear as hardly to be human.

"How I love you, Allan," she said, "to dare, even for your sake, to do this!"

And then she placed the taper on the floor and began her search. The iron safe was a fixture; it had been built as it were in the wall, and the outer part of it was so like the wall that few could have detected the difference. She drew aside the outer panel, and uncovered the iron door of the safe. She produced the key, and the next moment the receptacle was open. She gave a great gasping sigh then, one of unutterable relief; the secret of the will would not be much longer a secret to her.

*(To be continued.)*

A VISIT TO A SPANISH PRISON—FRIENDS WITHOUT.

# A VISIT TO A SPANISH PRISON.

A SPANIARD, making his tour of inquiry through England, would glean no smattering at all of English national character from a visit to an English model prison. He would merely see law and order exhibited in their severest features, and the stolid rustic, the clever artisan, and the acute man of business reduced to machines for picking oakum to some purpose, or working on the treadmill for none. He would see the plowman called, for the first time in his life, No. 1, and the fine gentleman No. 2; while the coarse prison dress, worn alike by one and all, would show him no difference between classes.

In Spain, however, where a certain wild freedom, a certain respect of persons, is mingled with excessive oppression and tyranny, the case is far different. In a Spanish prison each inmate wears the dress in which he enters, which generally betokens his particular province, and certainly his station in life; he is called by his usual name, and he is free to do as he likes, whether his "like" be to work or to gamble, or to sleep the hours away.

Spanish prisons are of three kinds: first, the small house of detention, or lock-up, or *cárcel;* secondly, the ordinary prison, or *cárcel* proper, where those condemned to short terms of imprisonment, or those undergoing or awaiting trial, are kept; and, thirdly, the *presidio*, or prison of large size, under military law, where all those who have been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment are kept under strict watch and ward. In this last the convicts, called *presidarios*, work in chains, making government roads or renewing fortifications; some of these men are sentenced to as much as fifteen years of *presidio.* In the *presidio* the discipline is stricter; the clothes worn are generally prison garments; the inmates, from hard work and hard fare, lose much of their national characteristics, and, therefore, it is to a *cárcel* proper, or ordinary jail, that I propose to make a visit with my readers.

The prison, which was formerly a convent, is a large, square stone building of three storeys, with the usual *patio*, or spacious courtyard, around which it is built, with its modest cloisters that offer a walk sheltered from the blazing sun. Two soldiers of the line kept guard, with fixed bayonets, outside, and the same number within; in the prison is, also, close to the door, a guard-room, where a party of six soldiers, with a *cabo*, or sergeant, were dozing, or writing on the sloping tables that form the Spanish soldiers' rude bedstead, and which are used both for writing and sleeping upon.

As we entered the quadrangle, which looked bright and clear enough, the following sight met our eyes: About thirty clean, smiling young fellows, each wearing his ordinary clothes, and many of whom were smoking their customary *cigarillos*, lounging about or leaning against the wall chatting gayly enough; there was the peasant, from the wilds of the *campo*, his colored handkerchief knotted around his head, denoting him probably to be a Valenciano or Manchego, that primitive head-gear being still adhered to in those provinces; the trim artisan, in his jacket and striped trowsers; and many wearing no article of clothing save a fine flannel vest and white trowsers, the day being intensely hot. Just then a door opened, and two prisoners, called "*bastoneros*" —men who have a separate room, and a few little privileges ceded to them for their good conduct, popularity, and physical strength, on condition of their acting as the *prepostores* in a public school, and preserving a rude sort of discipline among their fellows—entered, bearing between them a huge caldron of *guisado*, or stew. This they deposited upon the ground, and, without any pressing or confusion, each member of this batch of prisoners presented his wooden platter for his share of the breakfast. The quantity of this seemed to me greatly to exceed that of the food given for one meal in the civil or military prisons of England; but it must be remembered that the appetite of the Spaniard of the lower orders greatly exceeds that of an Englishman of the same class. The Spaniard drinks little but water, but the bulk of the succulent vegetables and fruit eaten by him is surprising; half a pound of bread, an ordinary soup-plate filled with stew, and a pound or two of grapes, would be no more than an average meal.

As regards quality, the mess of red pottage presented to the prisoners was very good. The mess consisted of squashes, flour, garvanzos, tomatoes, and lumps of bacon stewed up together to something of the same consistence as old-fashioned English pease-pudding. When each man's platter was filled, one of the *bastoneros* brought in a dish of small square pieces of bacon, and meted out one or two pieces to each man. This is the usual custom of the peasantry. I have often been dining with the family circle of a fisherman or laborer, and when we had finished the stew the master would rise, with all possible gravity, bring the little pieces of boiled bacon and pork sausage in the stewing jar, and carefully, beginning with his wife and daughter, mete out an equal share of these tid-bits to us all. It offends the family much if, after eating the stew, you reject the little piece of bacon.

The daily scale of diet for the prisoners I ascertained to be as follows:

Morning, at 11 A. M., stew or pottage as above described, the ingredients being varied from day to day. Of this the prisoner has invariably more than he can eat. Sometimes it is made with rice; sometimes with *fideos* or vermicelli. Water, *ad libitum;* bread, good, 18oz.

Evening, at 5 P. M., *gazpacho, i.e.*, lettuce, raw tomatoes, lumps of bread, raw onions sliced, floating in an ample quantity of oil, vinegar, and water.

But let it not be supposed that the bill of fare ends here. Each prisoner is allowed to be supplied by his relations with anything he may like in the way of food; and so at the grating of the Spanish prison one sees the dark-eyed, passionate, handsome girl giving to her unhappy caged lover half of her store of grapes, figs, or melons, or the careworn, tearful, gray-haired mother dealing out, on the same spot, morning after morning, all that, in justice to the rest of her hungry brood at home, she can spare from her basket of fruit and vegetables and bread for the one sheep of her flock who has gone astray. How often have I witnessed this sight, and heard from the mother's lips, "He is just as dear to me, for all that he has gone astray and is lost."

And so, although most of the inmates of this prison were of the lowest class, yet about one in every five supplemented his stew with a bunch of white grapes (now July) just coming into season, or a small *sandia* or water-melon, and a cigarette.

As these poor fellows took away their platters and their bit of bacon each one said to us, "Have you breakfasted, sirs? If not, eat with us; the breakfast is regular (*i.e.* ordinarily good) to-day."

A little cluster of them were kneeling down, I observed, in a corner of the courtyard, and when I peered over their shoulder to see what was the attraction, to my surprise they were feeding two tiny sparrows, who, they told me, had fallen out of their nest into the courtyard, and were now the pets of the *patio!* Certainly this courtyard, with its smoking, chatting inmates, cutting their melons, petting their tiny birds, their gay sashes, and picturesque costumes, lit up

by the bright sunlight, had very little of the prison look about it; and the gay laugh with which one of them addressed my companion, in whom he found an old friend, "Just a little affair of *borracheria* (drunkenness) brought me in here; I shall soon be out, and will pay you a visit," quite surprised me.

I found, however, that though there were many in the prison for grave offences, yet that they were only birds of passage, who, when sentenced, would be removed to the *presidio* to fulfil their several terms, the prisoners proper in this jail being only those whose sentences varied from one month to six.

From this *patio* we passed upstairs, and investigated the upper storeys.

The sleeping arrangements, etc., were as follows: each room was twelve feet in height, twenty-four in breadth by twenty-four, and lighted by one largish window, barred, but without glass; the floors were simply bricked, the walls whitewashed; each prisoner brings his bed with him, and this *cama*, when transferred from the rude cottage to the prison, is called, in prison slang, *petatl*, a word which originally meant a mat of fine cocoa-nut fibre; when a prisoner is taken, the first thing to be done by his family is to send him his rug, or *manta*, and his bed. These rooms are called the *dormitorios*, and ten prisoners inhabit each apartment, rolling up their beds (which are simply laid on the bricks, without any bedstead, to serve as a chair by day). No chairs of any sort, no movable furniture at all, save spoons and platters of wood, is allowed within the prison walls. Many of these poor fellows, I observed, retreated to their *dormitorio* to eat their breakfast; many had a little image or picture hung over their sleeping place; some had a second suit of clothes, but not above four or five of the whole hundred and five prisoners.

A Spanish prisoner hates to be without his knife, and although they are searched if it is suspected that they have one on their person, yet now and then a knife is safely smuggled in, in the centre of a loaf of bread. Of course the aspect of the whole place is singularly bare and comfortless, but it appeared to me perfectly clean; there was no offensive smell even in the infirmary, and the closets were, for Spain, where any cleanliness in those regions is very rare, fairly clean and sweet.

These men are classed thus: in one place will be ten murderers or slayers of men; in another, ten *transitarios*, or prisoners who are on their weary march to the *presidio*, and are halted for the night at the prison of any town where they may happen to find themselves, for these prisoners, be it remarked, are marched by civil guards from town to town, carrying their bed on their back, and so on.

All the inmates are allowed to walk about the cloisters of the especial story to which they belong, and sometimes they all meet together in the lower *patio*, on days when they see their advocates. No prison dress of any sort is supplied; but should a man be a stranger, and penniless, the prison authorities supply him with a bed, such as it is, just sufficient to keep his bones from the bricks. In Winter each man is allowed an extra rug. If any man has money on his person when taken, it is taken by the *alcaide*, or governor of the prison, who enters the amount in a book, and from whom the prisoner can draw his money, at the rate of 10*d.* per diem, until all his store is exhausted.

Another liberty allowed to the prisoners is that of a separate apartment, which is yielded to any prisoner who can afford to "keep himself," or, as it is called, forego his rations. The rooms set aside for this purpose were perfectly bare, and untenanted just now; they seemed to differ from the others only in having a larger amount of light, and a good view of the busy street below. This licence certainly seems like the exhibition of the refrain, "one law for the rich, and another for the poor;" and yet one almost shudders to think of the ribald and obscene talk which must deaden the ears of any one accustomed to a purer tone of conversation than is usual with the Spanish lowest classes. With them blasphemy, obscenity, and swearing have long since lost their pungency, and perhaps—let us hope it is so—their guiltiness, for constantly one meets with a really good and honest fellow among the lower classes, whose conversation is absolutely interlarded with oaths most awful, and obscenity most revolting.

I may here remark that no prisoner, of any sort or kind, may have wine or liquors brought to him under any pretext, except when ordered by the medical man.

The *Enfermeria*, although somewhat dark, and, of course, comfortless enough, possessed six iron bedsteads, and comfortable bedding. It seemed well ventilated, the floor and walls clean, and the two men-nurses kindly and intelligent. Only one man was there, who was suffering from inflammation of the lungs; a fine black-bearded, stalwart fellow he seemed, and very delighted with our visit. Although evidently in much suffering, when I expressed the hope that God would soon relieve his pain, he raised himself on one arm, and said, "A thousand thanks, and may you be spared bodily suffering."

The medical man receives as his salary £5 per month, and visits the prison daily; of course, out of that modest sum, he is not expected to pay for the drugs which he may see fit to order. The *alcaide*, or head gaoler, receives £60 per annum, and a house within the prison walls for his wife and himself. He should, perhaps, be dignified by the title of "governor of the prison." The six or eight *llaveros*, or under warders, receive £40 per annum, and rooms in the prison. We visited one, and found him and his wife really nice people. The chaplain visits once in the week, and once on Sundays. He says mass in the church once on Sunday, and on every feast-day, at which the prisoners attend, but rarely delivers any sermon. He also, I believe, receives a fixed salary. He also confesses those who desire it. Auricular confession, however, is, I fancy, not very much in vogue among the class of persons who are found within these walls, although the Spanish peasant, instinctively true to the traditions of his forefathers, uses the phrase, "a man who never confesses," as a term of reproach. Thus, with the usual quaint humor of his class and race a Spanish peasant said to me, in reference to a pair of savage hawks which I kept, and which made an onslaught on his fingers to some purpose, "*No me gustan; hay una gente que no confiesa,*" *i. e.*, I do not like them: they are a people who never confess.

The Church strictly enjoins confession and participation in the Holy Communion once a year, at least, as absolutely necessary, and bids the heads of houses see that their servants fulfil at least this part of their Christian duties. No one is forced to confess, nor would a Protestant, if imprisoned, be forced, I believe, to attend the public service.

We visited the kitchen, the judge's office, where the judge sits and examines the prisoner, who is presented at a grating in front of the judicial desk, looked in wonder at the mass of documents piled up on the shelves, and then visited the dormitory where the four worst cases were collected together. The warder said to me, "You shall now see four men who have bad papers; who have committed manslaughter or murder." I expected to see the villainous, low type of criminal character so common in England among those who commit such crimes, and was surprised when I walked in to see four cleanly-dressed, handsome, open-faced young fellows, two of them of enormous physical strength, who greeted me with a bright smile, accepted a cigar apiece very graciously, and asked if I would break my fast with them.

One of them, I believe, had killed a policeman; another had slain his fellow deliberately, and not in hot blood; a

third, who surely had no place in such company, had been attacked by four men, and killed one in self-defence. They shook hands with us on parting, and told me they were fairly comfortable.

All these offences were committed with the *navaja*, or clasp-knife.

Lastly, we visited the women's part of the house. Its accommodation was exactly the same as that of the men, namely, the four white-washed walls, the brick floor, a stretch of cloisters, or empty rooms, in which to take their dreary daily walk, the usual little beds, now rolled up against the wall to serve for a seat. Around the walls sat five young women, decently but poorly dressed—one, a handsome, dark-browed Cordovese girl, from the Sierra, who seemed not more than nineteen years of age, and whose magnificent black hair, neatly braided, would have reached to her knees, had a pretty little babe of nine months old playing at her feet. Her offence was that of being an accomplice in horse stealing, and as, of course, with Spanish honor, she would not betray her accomplices, she may have to suffer a long term of imprisonment.

According to Spanish law, or custom (which latter prevails more in this country), a mother may have with her in prison a baby at the breast—a good and wise regulation, we think, in a country like Spain.

The employment of these five women was sewing. The men did absolutely nothing, except four or five who took in a daily paper and conned in a dreamy way its uneventful details, and other few who knitted stockings.

One of the women was knitting a pair of garters—a useful article in Spain, where the knife is always carried in the garter when worn by a woman!

The average age of the men seemed to be from twenty-one to thirty-one. The majority were in prison for stabbing and robbery; one for forgery, one for rape, none for arson, fifteen or twenty for *escándalos—i. e.* disturbances; and about as many for drunkenness.

Among the curious customs prevalent in these prisons are the following:

Susposing a gentleman's coachman be imprisoned for a trifling offence, say drunkenness, and his master requires his services to take his family into the *campo* for an airing, he is in such a case allowed to go out for the day, his master becoming personally responsible for his coachman's reappearance.

Another curious custom is, that on Thursday and Friday in Holy Week a table is placed in the street beneath the prison windows, whereon the passers-by place their offerings of copper, silver, or gold for the use of the prisoners who have no money. This is collected, at sundown, by a warder, and distributed equally among the poor of the prison.

A tax, also, is levied on the sellers of cattle in some places, namely, the heads of all the beasts killed, to be boiled down into soup for the prison stews. In the prison of which I write this was the case. I ascertained that out of the hundred prisoners only about eighteen could read or write, or both. The faces of the prisoners, as a rule, struck me as not of a villainous type, but expressive of that uneducated, religionless phase of character so common, alas! to all Spanish poor, which they themselves describe as *bruto—i. e.* very animal!

The cost of each prisoner, ordinarily, to the *ayuntamiento* of the town is 10 cents per diem; in the infirmary, wine and *caldo* (thin soup) are allowed when prescribed by the medical man.

There is in each prison a room for the executioner, called *el cuartel de berdugo;* the hangman is called *verdugo;* the condemned man, *el reo;* the hangman's rope, *la blanca;* to go to execution, in prison slang, *andar á la blanca;* to be on the point of execution, *amarrado en la blanca* (tied in the white rope). Hanging, however, although it has been resorted to in other days, has given place to the *garrote*, or strangling, which is the method of execution still in vogue where capital punishment is resorted to. The operation is as follows: The *garrote* is an iron collar of great strength, with a screw of enormous power of compression at the back. One turn of this breaks the vertebra of the spine, just below the head, and causes instantaneous death. The *reo*, or condemned person, is bound by a chain round the waist, and placed for a day in front of the altar of the prison chapel for prayer and reflection, a priest visiting him from time to time; he is then conducted, probably, to the very spot where he committed the crime for which he is to suffer, if it be in the town, or, if not, to some plaza of the town, perhaps to the market-square; he is attended by a priest, who prays with him all the way, and earnestly beseeches him to confess and relieve his conscience; in his shackled hands the *reo* carries a brass crucifix, or *Santo Cristo;* he is then seated on and bound to a strong wooden seat like an arm-chair, the iron collar is adjusted, the screw put on, and, in a moment, the neck is compressed into a mere elongated pulp, and the tongue and eyes loll out from the head. In some cases the body is left for some hours, in others it is removed at once. Capital punishment is not, however, as a general rule, inflicted. It is very difficult in this country, where manslaughter and murder tread so closely upon the heels of one another, where crime is so difficult of proof, and where life is set so little store by, to say when recourse should justly be had to such an extreme measure.

Two stories, one of which was on every one's lips some forty years since; the other, which is now much spoken of, shall here be recounted, ere we seek, in conclusion, to "gather honey from the weed," and glean some lessons of warning or example even from the barren courts of a Spanish prison.

Forty years ago a murderer was being taken out to execution in the precincts of the town of Sevilla; the priest preceded him, commending his blood-stained soul to the mercy of that God against whom he had sinned so grievously; in his hands the prisoner carried the heavy brass image of his Redeemer. Just as they neared the *garrote* the man said to his confessor, "Father, I will make my confession." The priest turned, and throwing the ample folds of his cassock over his own and the man's head, approached his ear to the murderer's lips; in a moment the man raised up the crucifix, and absolutely cleft the skull of his innocent confessor with one arm of the cross, and he fell dead. The prisoner got but one day's respite by this awful device, saying, "*Uno dia de vida, es vida*" (one day of life is life, at any rate). Of that higher life which, even at the last hour, he might, through his Creator's mercy in Christ have won his share, if but a little share, this fellow evidently either knew nothing, or thought nothing; and, indeed, we fear that even now thousands are sunk in utter hopelessness, utter indifference to the world and life to come; to smile, and love, and eat, and quarrel; to risk life, and to take away life; such, too often, is the picture, only too fearfully true, of the Spaniard of the lower orders.

The other story is of a different kind.

But a few days since, in a town of Catalonia, two men were led out to be garotted. They had, probably, murdered a civil guard or a policeman, offences which are still, as a rule, visited with death in Spain. The executioner despatched one, and was proceeding to fit the iron collar to the throat of the other, when he found, on trying to turn the screw, that, owing to some peculiar malformation of the neck, the instrument would not work. The wretched prisoner was in intense agony for as much as thirty minutes, when the executioner took the collar from the dead man, and endeavored to make it perform its work on the other.

In this, however, he failed; and the wretched man was taken back alive, although badly hurt, to the prison. A telegram, asking for instructions, was sent to the Government at Madrid; and, with characteristic generosity, King Alfonso at once telegraphed back a remittal of the sentence.

## THE BANIAN TREE.

THIS tree, known as the *ficus religiosa*, or *ficus Indica*, is a native of the East Indies. It is remarkable for its prodigious size and extent, and distinguished from all other trees in this—that it never ceases growing. Its branches throw out new roots, at first consisting of slender fibres hanging in the air and growing downward. Upon reaching the earth's surface they strike in and become large trunks, in their turn sending forth branches which repeat the same process. A famous banian tree stands on the banks of the Nerbudda, a river in India, which was once capable of receiving seven thousand men beneath its shade. Though much reduced in size, its outer wing of trunks still incloses a space of two thousand feet in circumference. The great pagodas are generally found near these trees, which the Hindoos regard as a type of the Deity. The wood is light, white and porous, and of no value. The Brahmins use the leaves as plates to eat off. Bird lime of great strength is made from the tenacious milky juice which distils from them.

BANIAN TREE IN THE BOTANICAL GARDEN, CALCUTTA.

## MY BRIEF ROMANCE.

HAVING a comfortable competence, on the death of my father, I had not gone into any business, but had built a neat little cottage on the steep hill just above our small city, and settled myself as a gentleman of leisure. It so happened that my ornamental grounds and flower-plots were bordered and bounded on one side by a brick wall of some fifteen feet high, which surrounded the lands of the State Lunatic Asylum.

I sometimes visited the institution with friends, who, from benevolence or curiosity, wished to converse with the patients, and I was often struck with the singular mixture of wisdom and absurdity in the statements and ideas of these various inmates.

On one occasion the pastor of the church of which I was a member conceived the idea that the delusions of insanity could be *reasoned* away. He was an enthusiast on all subjects which engaged his attention, and, fully mounted on this new hobby, he came for me to go over and witness its practical results.

The resident physician gave ready permission to try the experiment, and while we were conversing, a subject presented himself, in the form of a mild monomaniac. He was a tall, slender, and fine-looking man, who wandered at will through the buildings and grounds, and gave no trouble. His one delusion consisted in the fixed belief that he was Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world.

My clerical friend gave a confidential nod or two to the physician and myself, as a signal to watch his progress, and at once approached the patient. I must confess that I looked on with considerable interest, for he was a good man, and seemed to have faith enough to "move a mountain" or cure a diseased mind. Said he: "My friend, are you really Christ, the Redeemer?"

"There is no doubt of that, sir," was the grave reply.

"And have you all power given to you, on earth and in heaven, including that of working miracles and doing wonders, just as Christ had in Judea, long centuries ago?" continued my friend.

"Certainly, sir; my glorified humanity involves that necessity," was the answer.

The good minister looked a little troubled, but braced himself for the final effort, as he continued:

"Now, sir, tell me, would you not like very much to get out of this institution, and go forth in the beautiful world, unrestrained and free?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt response.

"Well, pay attention to me. Do you not know that if you were the Christ you think you are, that these keepers would be as powerless before you as the guard were before the angels at the sepulchre, and that bolts would draw back, bars melt, and doors fly open at your word?"

MY BRIEF ROMANCE.—"IN A MOMENT MORE SHE STOOD BY MY SIDE, EXCITED AND TRIUMPHANT."

I never saw so sad and yet so resigned an expression on the human face, as that of the poor man wore when he replied:

"Ah, sir, you have read the garden scene of Gethsemane to little purpose if you do not know that I must ever subordinate my will to the interests of the universe. It is evidently the pleasure of my Heavenly Father that I remain."

Tears were in the eyes of the minister, as he took the hand of the other and exclaimed:

"I fear you *must* remain, but you have taught me a lesson of humble resignation which you, perhaps, did not intend, but which I will always keep."

There was no more effort to combat delusion with reason.

The poor fellow seemed pleased with our interest in him, and when we were going away, he walked with us to the great gate. Near the graveled walk, a young woman was bending over a rose-bush, and, as I had often seen her before, and been interested in her youth and beauty, I paused to notice her occupation.

What queer vagary just then got into the head of our crazy companion, I cannot guess, but he approached the young woman, and, taking her passive hand in his, led her up to me, and joined our hands together, still holding them in the clasp of his own.

As I knew the importance of not contradicting the insane, I did not resist, and he began to talk to us, in his calm, beautiful way.

Said he: "When I was here, eighteen hundred years ago, I began my ministration at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, when the modest water owned a present God, and blushed itself to wine! Even so this day do I recognize your need of each other, and pronounce you man and wife, by my own authority and that of the Father and the Holy Spirit."

Then, removing his grasp, he raised his hands, with strange solemnity, and gave us the apostolic benediction.

I was utterly confused and astounded, and when the fair being at my side took it all in earnest, and lifted her face timidly toward mine, I stooped and kissed her, scarce knowing what I did.

Then her hand was withdrawn, and she darted away like a bird.

The doctor looked annoyed as he said:

"That woman is one of our most hopeless cases."

My friend was as nervous as I was, and took my arm with a hurried:

"Come, let us get out of here, or they will have us both in straitjackets."

I thought so, too, and made no more visits.

Some weeks had passed, and with the advance of the Spring, and the care of the plants I was removing from my hot-house to the open flower-beds, I had almost forgotten the annoying incident. One day, I was standing alone by the massive wall which divided between me and the asylum grounds, when I became aware that some one was tampering with the masonry from the other side. There was a place where one of the supports had gone through the wall, at the time the scaffolding for its erection yet remained, and the hole left by its removal had been imperfectly stopped by a brick on each side, put endways into mortar. The lime and brick on the other side had evidently been worked out, and some one was using a stick to punch the hole open on my side. Before I had time to speak, the effort was successful, and there was a small square opening clear through. I stooped down to look, only to see a pair of dark hazel eyes, and a fair, sad face on the other side. It was my crazy bride, by the gift of the maniac who believed himself divine.

As she saw me, she said, in a grieved tone.

"Now you have found me out, and will have me locked up."

I protested that I should do no such a thing, but she looked incredulous, and sat down on the grass where I could see her plainly. She was neatly dressed, and it was evident that she did not belong among the paupers in the care of the State, but was a patient whose relatives paid for the medical care she received. Despite the paleness and melancholy of the face, it was very beautiful, with the long dark fringes of the eyelids sweeping down over the large dark eyes, and the short brown curls clustering over the white brow. The form was a fine one, as revealed by the close-fitting brown dress; and the narrow collar of white linen was the proper margin of the shapely neck, and contrast to the soft tinge of the cheeks.

I asked:

"Will you tell me your name?"

"Maria Damar," said she, without lifting her downcast eyes.

"Were you trying to make a way of escape?" I continued

She looked up, then, and answered quietly:

"No, sir. I would be crazy, indeed, to think of that—but we are so often misjudged. The wall is all solid, save in this one place, and a woman's weak hands cannot undo what the builder made so strong. I wished to make an opening, in order to communicate with some kind heart outside, but I see now how hopeless the effort was. I remember you. and when that strange man joined our hands the other day, I looked in your face to see if I could read sympathy and confidence there. You mistook my look for the whim of the insane, and kissed me. I thank you for the pity, but I wanted a friend."

I was startled and perplexed, but I had seen so much of the people there, that I considered myself quite skilled in leading to and developing the delusion which underlay all their cunning, and I began a series of what I considered rather shrewd test questions. She laughed in a pleasant way, and said:

"You are trying to detect my peculiar shade of lunacy, I see. What shall I do to gratify you? Do you expect me to howl to the moon at night, like a sleepless dog? or shall I scream, and put my hair in disorder? or do the mild maniac, and sing of my lonely cell? I should be glad to oblige you!"

That was, certainly, a damper to my self-conceit and confidence in the management of such cases, and it was with a pretty full conviction of the truth on her side, that I replied:

"I don't believe that you are any more crazy than I am."

Steadily she looked in my eyes for a little time, and then said to me:

"You speak, now, like an honest man, and not like the miserable hypocrites who pretend to believe all we say, only to quiet us. If I could once be with you in the open world, where a gentleman doubts his own honor as soon as the word of a lady, I would talk to you on that subject. But who can credit a statement where law and order and benevolence seem to contradict it, and where it is customary to disbelieve and condemn in advance. You look quite compassionate, but that is so often the mask of incredulity."

I did not know what to say, and thought best to temporize. So I said:

"Your words astonish and pain me, and I need time for consideration. I know that there *are* insane people where you are, but you may be a victim. If you say so, I will meet you here to-morrow, at this time, and talk with you fully of the matter."

She arose, and answered:

"Is that the word of a gentleman, to be kept, or the way to put off a crazy woman?"

"A gentleman's word of honor, madame!" said I, with as graceful a bow as was possible before the little square hole.

"I will be here," answered the voice again, and she was gone.

I must confess that the affair was becoming as pleasant as it was perplexing, and my first step was to go to my highest window on that side, and see what the probabilities of discovery would be on the morrow. To my great satisfaction, I saw that the most dense of the ornamental evergreens of the asylum lot formed a tangle of serpentines just at that point, and that the dampness and shade under the cedars and arbor-vitæs would keep the spot unfrequented until warmer weather.

I walked down into the city to take the advice of my pastor in the matter, but did not do it, and only called at a carpenter's shop to look at his assortment of ladders, instead.

I had no definite intentions, but I was remarkably well pleased with myself. I had always been of a somewhat romantic turn, and what could be more delightful than to become the fairy prince of the story-books, and rescue the imprisoned damsel from the grim castle of the giant Civilization?

I lay awake all that night, thinking over the matter in every form—sometimes convincing myself that I was the dupe of a crazy woman, and yet hoping that I was not.

When the morrow came, I felt that it would be a relief not to see her come at all, or to hear some disjointed story, that would, in itself, put to flight the thought of unlawful detention; and yet I found that the only fear I had was, that the beautiful girl should prove to be not of sound mind.

I was punctually at the appointed place, and had taken care to dismiss my gardener and working force for the day. With equal punctuality she came.

No mental aberration could I detect, and, in the quiet, self-possessed lady who talked to me of her own history, and manifested no excitement save an occasional expression of self-pity, or a slight curl of the lip as she spoke of deceptions sanctioned by law, I could not but recognize a mental equal and a spiritual superior. As St. Paul wished his judges to be altogether such as he was, "except the chain," so I felt that many whose sanity was never doubted might make a profitable change with her, of all save liberty.

Her story was simply this:

She had been reared from infancy in the family of two people whom she had always called father and mother. She had never been healthy in girlhood, and had been given to somnambulism. Once she remembered that exposure to out-door cold, when she had left her room in this condition, had resulted in convulsions, followed by lethargy. All this gave her the reputation of a queer child, and paved the way for the result. At thirteen years old she was visiting at a distance from home, and met with a gentleman who became interested in her strong resemblance to a lady he had known, and who asked her many questions. The chance acquaintance resulted in the discovery that the man and woman with whom she lived never had any children of their own, but had taken her on the death of a brother, who was her real father, and of his wife, who was her real mother. These had died suddenly of yellow fever in New Orleans, and the property now held by the uncle and aunt as their own, was the property of her parents, and her own just inheritance.

All this was proven by letters of friendship which her new acquaintance held, and by reference to places of record of deeds to her father, and also of the registry of the marriage of her parents, and of her own birth. Armed with copies of court records and of church registers, the child had returned home and asserted her rights. The result was, that she was subjected to corporal punishment, and all the gossip of the neighborhood was silenced by the assertion that she was of weak mind. The papers were destroyed. Her own conviction of the truth that her parents were dead, and that the claim to her rested only on the avarice of the uncle and aunt, remained unchanged, and she attempted to secure a lawyer to procure justice for her. She also wrote letters to the town where she had been on the visit. These letters were intercepted, and her interviews with the lawyer were detected.

Again and again was she cruelly punished, and confined to her room on bread and water, while all visitors were excluded, and the tale of her mental malady spread wide. Then doctors came and went, women came to talk to her, and shook their heads and went away; and at last she was taken before a court on a formal writ of lunacy. The record of a family Bible was accepted as evidence of her birth. People swore to her parentage from general and current report. Teachers and friends testified that she was "always queer," and by solemn judgment of the jury she was pronounced insane. Then came the journey to the madhouse, her reception by the State as a private patient, to be paid for, and a life of dull monotony which was better than the home she had left, in spite of the bolts and bars, the grated, whitewashed cell, and the company of idiots and mad people.

I listened calmly, and weighed the words carefully. There seemed to be but two weak points in her story.

*First.* Why did not the gentleman who felt such interest in her as to unvail the mysteries of her birth and childhood, continue this interest to some definite end? And as, in default of interested or disinterested relatives, the law gives the same rights to any one who will claim to be the "next friend," to a minor, why did he not sue her guardians in this capacity?

*Second.* As the uncle and aunt had no children, and she, as their acknowledged child, would inherit the property from them at all events, what motive could they have to insist on more than the rights of guardians, or dispute a title which, under any circumstances, would ultimately vest in her?

Her reply was, to me, perfectly satisfactory. She said that her friend had neither charged, nor seemed to suspect, any criminal intent on the part of her surviving relatives; but had only blamed them for treating her as a child too long, and withholding facts which she was old enough to know. Her own motive in securing copies of papers, was rather to have a girlish triumph in the unraveling of a well-kept secret, than from much appreciation of its value. Then, they had always been harsh and severe with her, and she thought the papers gave emancipation and safety. Then, too, this kind gentleman was not rich, but only a traveling agent for some great dry goods house, and she had met him in the two weeks' rest which she had in the dull season of Summer. Beyond that season of rest, he might be wandering in almost any section of the Union; and the letters that were intercepted were those of inquiry after him.

As to the motives of her uncle and aunt, she could only conjecture that if they had really been her father and mother, enjoying property rightfully earned by themselves, such property could never have been taken from them by her while they lived, and even in death they could divert it from her by will, if they chose. Whereas, if it was hers, and not theirs—hers, not by will of her parents, but as next of blood—they would be accountable for its use when she came of age, and lose it absolutely in case of her marriage.

It was not yet a question of inheritance, but of possession; and if she should die in a lunatic asylum, the secret was probably buried. Should it escape the grave, they had destroyed no will—the testimony in court was that of others, who were not suborned of perjury, but only mistaken—and the matter of insanity rested on the verity of a record.

I was astounded by her clear views of the case, so logical

and concise, and I asked only one more question: "Do you think that the resident physician could have been bribed to take part in this inquiry?"

She replied, decidedly:

"No! He is a gentleman, and could not be bribed, out of a moderate estate. You read of such things in books, but they are only possible in private lunatic asylums, and never in great public institutions. He takes my story as a part and evidence of my malady, and only feels sympathy for the poor parents who are denied by their crazy child. Crocodiles are said to weep, and these wept in court till others cried for sympathy with them."

My only feeling now was shame that I had delayed and hesitated so long in so plain a duty. It would not do to wait, and make it a legal matter, for it would take months to get up the evidence and work it through the tedious machinery of the courts. In the interval, she would still be in the power of her pretended parents, with public opinion and a formal judgment to sustain them; and, even if that hideous mockery of justice, called law, did not grind out her condemnation from its millstones of precedent and form, she might not survive the hope long delayed, and the hourly contact with brains diseased. That I was a young man, who met a young girl, and made a plot through a hole in the wall, was also against me. What had courts to do with romance?

In a few brief words I explained to her that I should accomplish her release, and how. My plan of two ladders was not practical, for all the patients were locked up at night, and an escalade in broad daylight was certain discovery. I would summon my gardener that afternoon, and have a deep hole, with slanting sides, dug close to the wall. Then, at night, I would undermine the wall by a narrow tunnel, and trust to the firm cement and the earth at the sides that it would not fall, but stand like an arch, until the patients were let out the next morning for the day. The few who were mild enough to let out at all seldom came that way, as the asylum grounds were large.

She laughed gleefully at the novel idea, and said:

"I am not afraid of holes in the ground, for once while my home troubles were progressing, I was sent for three months to a convent; and while I was there I got permission to go down a new well, in the bucket, with the well-digger."

I remarked:

"The convent was about as safe as the asylum, and I wonder you were not kept there!"

"Ah!" said she, "I expected that, and would gladly have taken the vail; but, then, I could have willed my property to the Church when I came of age."

That was plain enough; but we had talked much too long for safety, and telling her to replace the brick and mortar on her side, as best she could, I did the same on mine.

The trench by the wall was completed to my entire satisfaction, with no unnecessary conjectures as to its use; and long before daylight in the morning I began my task with pick and spade. The soil was firm, but not stony, and I succeeded in getting a place two feet wide, and as many deep, under the foundation, which did not extend over eighteen inches below the surface. Then, as the moisture of the ground had softened the mortar, I worked out bricks so as to make a triangular opening almost to the surface of the ground; and saw with satisfaction that a slight stamp of the foot on the crust left on the other side would cave it in, and leave the space I wanted.

Then came the hardest task of all—to keep my own servants out of sight of that part of the grounds. I succeeded, by devising some unprecedented errands at unprecedented hours, and had all clear, and yet my gardener within call. Time never seemed so long as when I listened to the sounds from the great brown walls of the State charity, which betokened rising, breakfast, and the opening of doors to the mildly insane. At last came a light footstep, and I cautioned her of the pit-fall, and how to break in the crust of earth.

Her intelligence was guide enough, and soon there was light and space between us. Then, a traveling-blanket, spread on the fresh earth, kept her dress from the marks of the soil, and in a moment more she stood by my side, excited and triumphant.

I directed her how to reach a safe apartment of my house, and fell to work with all energy to shovel back the dirt. I had just succeeded in getting the bricks loosely in place, when I heard a voice that made my heart stand still. It was that of the worthy Celt who kept the asylum grounds in order, exclaiming:

"An' what does all this mane?"

I commanded myself as well as I could, and replied:

"We are very sorry, my good fellow, but we dug a hole too close to the wall, and the dirt caved in; also some bricks, as you see, came loose. You had best throw a little dirt on that side, and then come over for a little silver to pay for the trouble."

My explanation had truth in it, and I did not care to be more explicit. He was a good-natured fellow, and answered, cheerfully:

"That's all right. Sure and how is a gintleman to know dirt will fall in, an' not stand like a stun wall?"

So, as I worked on my side, I heard the welcome noise of his shovel on the other, hiding every trace of the escape. The blanket had prevented footmarks.

Just then I caught sight of my gardener, and won his supreme contempt by directing the trench of yesterday immediately closed and covered with green sod. He obeyed, as he was paid for it, but not without a hint that gentlemen had best learn their own minds.

A silver compliment satisfied him, and another thrown over the wall saved me from the Celtic visitation.

At last I was free to join the escaped girl, and I found her safely locked in, and flushed with excitement.

There was a new question. The fairy prince had released the enchanted maiden. What will he do with her? I did not throw myself at her feet, nor wait for that inevitable act of "Beauty" which transforms the "Beast."

I took her hand, and led her to the window, and, in a few words, told her of the necessity of a protector whose rights would be higher than those of the evil guardians, and whose claims the law would respect. Said I:

"There would be more of romance than of judgment, should you and I profess to love each other on so brief and strange an acquaintance. But I am heartfree, as you doubtless are, and I propose to give the world the strongest proof that I believe in your sanity, by making you my wife. If you will risk my love, that now has no foundation but your beauty and your misfortune, I offer you my hand, as a gentleman, and will spend my life in trying to win your heart."

A flush, like that of the rose-leaf, swept over her cheeks and neck as she lifted her face to mine, just as she did at the maniac marriage; but there was no doubt of her intention this time, as the sweet lips met mine; and she did not run away.

* * * * * * *

By eleven o'clock that day the great asylum bell gave the alarm of an escaped patient; but the brain of the Irish laborer did not connect that fact with the crumbled dirt under the wall, and I took care to meet the first inquiry on my premises in person.

I felt wonderfully self-possessed, and even walked over to the institution, and asked questions as to who it was. I even fortified the story of the fair girl by asking when she came,

and seeing that the date on the books was the one she had given from memory.

My next business was to my good little minister; and, before I was half through with the story, he was oftentimes more excited than I was, and was ready to aid me hand and heart. Then I procured a licence from the Court of Ordinary, with no trouble beyond the usual fees, and some of the usual wit about my bride to be. As the name was unknown to the clerk, he only winked when I enjoined secrecy.

A lawyer friend had an office near by, and I gave him a supposititious case to decide on. It was not a little to my gratification when he told me how easily a friendless girl might be adjudged a lunatic; for I saw a confirmation of the story of my prisoner at home.

DON'T I LOOK WELL?

He was a little astonished, as I put the golden retaining fee in his hand, and told him to brighten up his reading for an emergency that *might* arise.

That night my little carriage, intended only for two

persons, and drawn by a powerful and spirited horse, stood at my side gate. I held the halter and dismissed the groom. Soon a light form, in my own cloak and traveling-cap, joined me, unnoticed, and I lifted her in. Then we were away.

In ten minutes we were in the parlor of my minister, with the shutters carefully closed, and no one present save his family and my astonished attorney.

A few brief words, a fervent prayer, and I was the husband of a woman for whose arrest a reward was then posted in the street.

She was much excited, and breathed quickly but said little.

It was not my intention to seek either my home or hers; but, by the advice of my lawyer, to place myself in communication with the friend who had first revealed to her the facts of her parentage, and then as soon as possible to get in the neighborhood of the places and records where the facts of her birth could be proved.

Possession of her was everything; and, husband as I was, I did not care to face the ordeal of a writ of *habeas corpus* until I was fully armed. It was a battle with pretended parents and with State authority, and the validity of our marriage was involved in the question.

In the age of telegraph it was not safe to take the cars at once, and an hour later my powerful horse was making the sparks fly from the flinty road as we sped onward in the darkness beneath the stars that winked and told no tales.

I did not know what to talk about, save the principal incidents of her past life, and so I said but little. She clung close to my side, and ever and anon I could feel that a shiver ran through her frame, although she said it was not from the night air. Sometimes I would think that she was asleep; but, on looking closely at the vailed face, I could see that the eyes were wide open, and very bright.

In the gray of morning she seemed to recognize objects that we passed, and once clutched my arm, and said:

"I used to live on this road. You are not taking me back to them?"

I assured her that I was not, and there could be no chance of recognition. Suddenly she raised herself from the leaning position, and asked:

"Am I really and lawfully married to you, and in your control, not theirs?"

I told her yes, and tried to quiet her evident and painful agitation.

She paid little attention to that, and began to say, in an excited way, that there was something she had to tell me, which it was not safe to tell before, but I should hear it all now. It began with a story, and as I thought she wished, in her unsophisticated way, to atone for the silence of the night, I let her go on. She had seemed strangely wise in some things, and a perfect child in others.

The story was of a convent, like the one to which she had once been sent. One of the nuns had filled the holy vows with reluctance and distaste, though no one had penetrated her secret, or known how dissatisfied she was. So much was she trusted by the Bishop and Mother Superioress, that she was made to preside over the interior details of the convent, and all the keys were given into her hands. At last the lonely, secluded life, and the longing for the outer world, became unbearable, and she yielded to the temptation. Her black dress was secretly exchanged for other garments, and she sought the great hall as the avenue to the outer gate. As she passed the marble image of the Holy Virgin, that stood there, she cast her keys contemptuously at the sandaled feet, and said, lightly:

"I leave you, oh, Holy Mother, to discharge my duties till I return!"

Then the gate closed behind her, and she took again her place in the gay world. There she found wealth, husband, children. Ten years passed by, and wealth departed—husband and children died.

Weary and sick of it all, she sought again the remembered walls, and asked for the Superioress. To her astonishment, she heard her own name. Then came questions, and she found that she had never been missed. Some woman, with the keys, had filled all her duties with the fidelity of a nun and the patience of a saint. Death made a vacancy, and she was chosen the head of the convent.

The woman sought her old cell, and found her old black raiment, as if just put off. The image of the Virgin had accepted the trust, and filled it for ten years, to save the name of the sinful woman.

As she told this, with her eyes unnaturally bright, and her frame quivering with the high excitement of belief and conviction, I grew alarmed. She was not a believer in the Catholic religion, and her quiet scorn of all pretense, made her the last one to credit a modern miracle. Evidently the old story had impressed her when she heard it among the Sisters. But why revive it now, and tell it to me? I hid my feelings, however, and laughingly thanked her for the secondhand fiction.

She shook my arm in her earnestness, and cried out:

"It is not fiction—it is all true. And now comes the secret that I could not breathe while under locks and bars and fear. My name is not Maria, but *Mary*. I was the one who kept the place of the nun till she came! Ah, you did not know who was beside you all last night, going through the dark! I am Mary, the Virgin Mother of God!"

I felt a terror creeping through me, as if the marrow in my bones were ice. My voice could have been little less strange than hers, as I said:

"For my sake, for your own sake, for the Lord's sake, don't talk so! You frighten me! It is blasphemy! Don't try to frighten me—be quiet!"

She sprang up, shouting, rather than saying:

"You shall not be frightened, nor I either! I resume my power! I am the Lady of the Universe—I am the Queen of Heaven! I have chosen you, and behold, you are a king!"

I tried to draw her to the seat, but she drew violently away from my hold, and her mood changed.

"You are creeping along," she said, "and they are after us. You go slow on purpose. I *never will* be taken! I will drive—I will fly!" And, seizing the reins, she grasped the whip, that stood in its socket, and violently struck the horse.

Probably the noble brute had never been struck before, for he bounded almost straight up under the lash, and then caught the bit in his teeth, and dashed away like the lightning. Half frantic myself, I strove to hold her in the vehicle, and to get the reins from her hands. I was conscious of our swift motion through the dust, and that her mood became one of terror of the old days, as she screamed:

"Murder! murder! help! They will kill me! They will beat me to death! Help!"

This increased the speed only, and in another moment we were out of the road, and dashed violently against a tree. Whether wheel or body struck first, I know not, or how the horse tore loose from the harness, or we were thrown from the vehicle. I found myself lying by a log, half buried in leaves, the carriage a wreck, and the animal gone.

I arose, bruised and sore, my left arm useless, and saw my wife lying near me, insensible. In falling, her head had struck a rough stone, and was bleeding freely from a large wound. She was not dead, but might die, as I was almost helpless. There was no water near, and no help.

Sore and bruised as I was, my heart suffered worst, for the deep pity for her, blent with the accusations of conscience, that, from silly romance, I had eloped with a maniac, and, perhaps, caused her death. It was little consolation to re-

member how perfect the deception had been, and how reasonable the story. The insanity was beyond all doubt, and I, the ignorant victim, had involved her, the innocent.

Perhaps I was not so far from madness myself, when relief came in the welcome sound of wheels. A stout farmer, in a light market-wagon, drove rapidly up. The flying horse had passed his gate, as he was starting the other way, and he came to see who was hurt. He did not wait to ask questions, but helped me at once, with my insensible burden.

His house was not far off, and as we went I saw him look often and curiously at the pale face; and I asked him if he thought she was certain to die.

"No," he said, "it is not that, but she looks so much like a poor crazy girl that used to live as neighbor to me."

That was more proof, had I needed any, but I did not reply.

Carefully was she laid at last in the great white bed, and the wounds and bruises (for there were many) dressed by the farmer's wife. When the surgeon was sent for, in the nearest village, I thought I would rather face one I knew than the relatives; and so I wrote a brief note to the asylum physician. I had a strange repugnance to surrendering my charge to those who were probably—yea, undoubtedly, her father and mother.

The next day the principal physician of the asylum came, and I told him all.

He was grave and stern, but I did not blame him. One thing alone pleased me. He took entire charge of the patient; and saying that life hung on a thread, turned all away from the chamber save the farmer's wife. Even the parents, who came soon, were excluded, as any agitation might prove fatal. I only learned that the poor runaway was alive, but hardly conscious of anything.

Of course I could claim no rights under our void and null marriage, and I went to the village tavern, to await results. I did not care to be seen at home.

Days and weeks passed—two months—and nothing remarkable, save that the doctor I had summoned left the entire care of the asylum to his assistant, and watched the poor woman, day and night, keeping all others away. I knew that she lived, with some hope of recovery, but he generally paid no attention to my questions.

One day he came to my room, and said, abruptly:

"Tell me all about that again."

I did so, not to excuse myself, but as a duty. When I was through, he mused a while, and said:

"Then you think you really loved her?"

"Yes," said I. "It was hard to understand my new passion, but it was the sweetest and brightest dream of my life. It seemed as if the whim of the poor pretender to Christ's divinity had something lawful in it, and my second kiss in my own house was as sacred as the memory of my mother. I did love her, and I love her yet. I would give half of my own intellect to restore hers, and half of my life for her love. When she is out of danger, I shall go away, but not to forget. The brief, beautiful romance has died out forever; but, among the blessed and holy things of my life's memory, will be the short hours when I thought the poor crazy girl was my wife."

He bit his lips and frowned, but did not look angry. At last he said:

"She was crazy. She was so when she came to the asylum, and often undoubtedly so since. But I, too, had been affected by her story before you were; and might have thought more of it, only it was the *remaining* symptoms of the disorder. I have staid here for another purpose besides care for her life. I have found out what *made* her insane. It was the abuse she told you of, for her *story was true.*"

I sprang up excitedly, but he bade me sit down, and gave me some papers to read. There was a mist over everything; but I saw formal copies of deeds to a name that did not belong to the pretended father, and certificates of the birth and baptism of a girl child that was not his.

I leaned my head on the table and cried like a child.

The doctor did not say a word; and when I looked up, his eyes were red, but he was quietly smoking a cigar.

"Is there no hope?" I asked.

"I have fixed it all," said he. "I went to the two impostors, and told them if they staid twelve hours longer I would raise a mob and burn them in their house. They fled in the dark, and the property is all right."

With a gesture of impatience, I exclaimed:

"What is property to a brain destroyed! Can't you mend that? Is medicine all a farce, that it cannot cure what misery has made diseased?"

He smoked for a little while, with a queer contraction about the mouth, and then answered:

"I think she was perfectly sane when she ran away with you, and had been for some months. The excitement of the escape, and the night drive past the old, familiar scenes of suffering, brought it on again."

"Then, I am her destroyer?" said I.

"Not exactly. There might never have been an investigation, and despair would have brought madness or death. She is rather quiet to-day. Would you like to see her?"

"Above all things," I answered.

"Can you command your feelings, so as not to excite her?"

"Yes, and I will."

He took his hat, and led the way. I followed. Very soon we reached the old farmhouse, and I was admitted where I had helped to lay the insensible form over two months before. Time had proved a good physician to us both, for my sprained arm was quite well, and she was not only conscious, but a flush of returning health glowed on her cheek.

As I approached her, my heart gave a great bound of joy, for there was no insanity in the calm eyes that met mine. She held out her hand to take mine, and said, with a smile:

"Your little wife is not so crazy as she was. Are you going to put me back in the asylum?"

My voice failed me as I stooped over her, and I could only kiss her again and again, as a reply. She drew me to her for a moment, and then turned to the doctor, saying:

"What do you think of my case?"

He answered:

"I think you have more sense than a man who drives runaway horses, and I prescribe a pair of gentle ones for your first drive."

Again she turned to me and said, quietly:

"I know you love me, for you risked your fair name and honor for the poor stranger. Then, I have heard how you haunted this vicinity at night when I was nearly dead. The fall and the loss of blood was good for me, and your shadow stood by me all the time, like a good angel, till the dark cloud of terror that hung over my girlhood faded away forever. The doctor tells me that love and hope have been my cure. Now, if you will try me again, you won't have to dig under a wall for me any more, and I will never frighten another horse."

I fear that my promise to control myself, and not appear excited, was poorly kept. It was she who was calm, as she curled my hair over her fingers, and called me her preserver, her darling, and her husband.

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In another week we took possession of the deserted house where her home had been, and it was just in time to save it from being burned by a mob, who had learned the story, and, in their zeal to punish the real criminals, could hardly be made to understand that it belonged to the victim, and not to those who had fled.

My wife had not the slightest fear remaining of the old places, and talked unrestrainedly of it all.

Our return to my house was a delightful drive, and she insisted that the same horse should be one of the pair, laughing merrily at the tragedy.

The entry into the town was triumphal, and the minister and the lawyer led the procession of Sabbath-school children, who stood under an arch of flowers at my gate.

That afternoon we walked through the asylum grounds, at her request, and the old man who had first tried to marry us did not seem to know either of us.

Love and wedded life were smooth enough after that, and I had the best and wisest little wife in the world. She would at times say:

"I am a little foolish about *you* sometimes; but the old terror can never come again. God and you fill my whole soul, and I know how true it is that 'perfect love casteth out fear.'"

My "romance" was gone, but the sweet reality will outlast the stars.

SOUTHERN SCENES.—A SOUTH CAROLINA AGRICULTURIST.

## SOUTHERN SCENES.

### A SOUTH CAROLINA AGRICULTURIST.—A CHARLESTON STREET-VENDER.

WITHIN a few decades, no doubt, the Southern States will become as thoroughly modernized as their Northern sisters, but that point has not as yet been reached by any means.

In many localities the methods of agriculture are still decidedly primitive, as our picture shows, and this is especially the case among the negro farmers, who have become possessed of the "carpet-bagger's" promised "forty acres," but fail to own the equally necessary mule. The plow itself is rude, the stunted-looking steer feeble and ungainly, the harness clumsily constructed and awkwardly adjusted, and the whole contrivance very nearly the same that may be seen in arid Egypt or sultry Hindostan—cow or buffalo yoked in a similar manner, with but a slight shade of difference in the complexion of the drivers.

All these odd and amusing features of Southern life are destined to pass away in the coming days of the "free South," and although it is "a far step" from the rude implement of our picture to the wonder-working steam-plow, yet who can doubt that it will soon be taken, and the fair lands of the South, under improved culture, regain their ancient fertility.

As a proper pendent to the other illustration of South Carolina life, we present a type of the street-vender of Charleston. The class he represents is, of course, almost wholly composed of negroes, of both sexes, and generally old or past middle age. The outfit consists of a broad tray or low basket, containing a melon or two (in season), corn, peas, sometimes fish, and other edibles, invariably carried on the head—after the manner of the Italian peddler of "imagees"—and announced by different descriptions of plaintive cries, all more or less hideous, and generally unintelligible, except to those "to the manner born." Very often (as in the case of the Uncle-Tom-like old gentleman with the cane), there is also a pail or bucket carried in the

hand, containing the small remainder which cannot well find place on the tray. The Charleston street-vender is certainly a "peculiar institution," and as such our artist has sketched him "in his habit as he lived."

## FATAL CURIOSITY—AMERICAN PRONG-HORN ANTELOPE.

As THE name indicates, the *Antilope capra* presents characteristics both of the goat and antelope. It is one of the most beautiful of the antelope family. Its graceful form, large, lustrous eyes, and picturesque marking, conspire to render it the most elegant of American quadrupeds. The general colors of the darker portions of the animal are a yellowish dun, deepening in the band about the throat and in the markings of the nose and around the eyes to a brownish black. The chest, under parts of the neck and body, and a large patch on the rump, are white, or nearly white, and the large acuminate ears are tipped along the edges with brown. While bounding away from the spectator at a distance, they present in a remarkable degree the appearance of a white ball of cotton bounding over the prairie. This is caused by the habit which the animal has of ruffling or raising the white hairs on its rump, so that they stand about six inches from the body.

SOUTHERN SCENES.—A CHARLESTON STREET-VENDER.

There have been but few living specimens brought from the Far Southwest, in the great arid deserts of California and New Mexico. It has been found that the native wildness of the animal is very difficult to conquer; even the young, when taken, become furious, and exhaust their life in endeavoring to escape enforced captivity. The gait of the prong-horn is peculiar. Buchanan says: "The moment they perceive a man or other strange object producing an alarm, they bound off for some thirty or forty rods, raising all their legs at the same time, and bouncing, as it were, from two to three feet above the ground. After this they stretch their bodies out and gallop at an extraordinary speed. We have seen some that, when started, would move off and run a space of several miles, in what we thought did not exceed a greater number of minutes. Indeed, they seem to glide rather than gallop over plains, up hills, or down steep declivities with the same apparent absence of effort.

It is said that antelopes will escape with great ease even when they have one limb broken, as they can run fast enough upon three legs to defy pursuit.

The Fall of the year is the period at which they obtain their greatest perfection as an article of food, and, indeed, they should be hunted at no other. Their liver is more highly prized than any other part of the animal by the hunter, and antelopes are often shot for the purpose of procuring this dainty morsel.

The illustration on page 352 shows the manner in which the animal is hunted. A white or red rag or handkerchief is fastened to the end of a ramrod, which is planted in the earth and tall grass, amid which the hunter lies concealed, unless, as in the print, he has, what is better, a natural embankment behind which to hide.

So clear and pure is the atmosphere of the prairies that the distant herd, perhaps a mile or more away, readily perceive the fluttering object among the grass, that immediately excites their curiosity, which is so prominent a trait in their character. Timidly advancing, they stop, and again advance until within range of the fatal rifle, when the doom of the best and fattest of the herd announces the artifice and frightens them from the dangerous locality.

The Indians often get them within gunshot by merely lying on their backs and kicking their heels in the air, on seeing which the antelope draws near to ascertain the nature of so unfamiliar a phenomenon.

It is very necessary, however, for the hunter to keep well leeward of their prong-horns, and to use extraordinary caution in "sneaking" after them; and he must also exercise

a great deal of patience, and move very slowly, and only at intervals, when the animals, with heads to the ground, or averted from him, are feeding, or attracted by some other object.

When they discover a man thus sneaking toward them they fly from him with great speed, and often retire to broken and inaccessible ground. Audubon speaks of an attempt he once made at this decoy-hunting.

"On the 21st of July, 1843," he says, giving the date probably as he extracted it from his note-book, "whilst in company with our friend Edward Harris, Esq., during one of our hunting excursions, we came in sight of an antelope gazing at us, and determined to stop and try if we could bring him to us by the trick we have already mentioned, of throwing our legs up in the air, and kicking them about whilst lying on our back in the grass. We kicked away, first with one foot and then with the other, and sure enough the antelope walked slowly toward us, apparently with great caution and suspicion. In about twenty minutes he had advanced toward us some two or three hundred yards. He was a superb male, and we looked at him for some minutes when about sixty yards off. We could see his fine protruding eyes, and, being loaded with buckshot, we took aim and pulled trigger. Off he was like a shot, as if pursued by a whole Blackfeet hunting party. Friend Harris sent a ball after him, but was as unsuccessful as ourselves, for he only ran the faster for several hundred yards, when he stopped for a few minutes, looked back at us, and then went off without pausing until he was out of sight."

There is still another way of hunting these animals, by posting oneself at the salt-licks they frequent, and shooting them as they come up. In this manner a great many might, undoubtedly, be destroyed.

The Indians formerly killed large numbers of them while the animals were swimming the Missouri.

## MAXIMILIAN'S WISH.

MAXIMILIAN I., Emperor of Germany, sometimes called the "Last Knight," from his chivalrous character, was in his youth remarkable for a high courage and love of adventure which, at times, led him to feats of rash daring.

Among the many lands over which he ruled, none was so dear to him as the mountainous Tyrol. Partly from the simple and loving loyalty of the hardy race of shepherds and mountaineers who dwelt there, partly also because hunting among the Tyrolese Alps was one of his chief pleasures.

On Easter Monday, in the year 1493, the young emperor, who was staying in the neighborhood of Innspruck, rose before dawn for a day's chamois-hunting. He took with him a few courtiers and some experienced hunters.

At sunrise they were already high up on the mountain pastures, which are the favorite haunts of the chamois, the valleys beneath them were still covered by a sea of white mist, while the golden rays of morning shone from an unclouded sky on the snowy peaks and ridges above them.

Maximilian fixed a longing gaze on the rocky summits, which stood out clear and sharp against the blue heavens. He felt the power of the fresh mountain air and the sublime scenery, and it filled him with the spirit of enterprise and daring.

"I wish," said he, "that I could gain to-day some spot which the foot of man has never trod before, and where no man should be able to follow; a spot amid the homes of the chamois and the eagle; where the busy hum of men should be lost to my ear, and all the crowded earth should lie beneath my feet; where even the thunderclouds should mutter far below me, while I stood in eternal sunshine! That would be a fit spot for the throne of an emperor!"

The courtiers replied that his majesty had but to wish and it would be fulfilled—to such a renowned hunter and intrepid mountaineer what could be impossible?

At this moment one of the huntsmen gave notice that he had sighted some chamois; the whole party, guided by him, cautiously approached a rocky point, behind which the animals were grazing. On this point of rock stood a single chamois, its graceful head raised, as if on the watch. Long before they were within shot range, they heard it utter the peculiar piping cry by which the chamois gives notice of danger to its fellows, and then off it bounded with flying leaps toward the rocky solitudes above. Maximilian followed on its track, and had soon distanced his attendants.

To be a good chamois-hunter, a firm foot and a steady head are required, for these beautiful little animals lead their pursuer into their own peculiar domain, the rocky wastes just below the regions of perpetual snow, and there they climb and spring with wonderful agility, and if they cannot escape, it is said that they will rather leap over a precipice and be dashed to pieces, than fall into the power of man.

Maximilian had all the qualities necessary for this adventurous chase, and was generally most successful in it. Now he reached the brink of a chasm, which the chamois had passed; black yawned the abyss at his feet, while beyond the rocks rose steep and forbidding, with but one little spot where a man could find footing. One moment he paused, then with a light spring he gained the other side, while a shout, half of admiration, half of terror, burst from his astonished suite.

"That was a royal leap! Who follows?" cried Maximilian, with an exulting laugh. Then he sped onward, intensely enjoying the excitement of the chase.

For a moment he lost the chamois from view, then it appeared again, its form standing out against the sky, on one of those rocky ridges that have been compared to the backbone of a fish, but are perhaps more like the upper edge of a steep gabled roof.

To gain this ridge it was needful to climb an almost perpendicular precipice; but Maximilian, nothing daunted, followed on, driving small iron holdfasts into the rock in places where he could gain no footing, and holding on by the hook, at the upper end of his iron-pointed Alpstick. At last he seized a projecting piece of rock with his hand, hoping to swing himself up by it, but the stone did not bear his weight; it loosened and fell, and the emperor fell with it.

Breathless and stunned, it was some minutes before he recovered consciousness after the fall. When he came to himself, he found that he had received no injury, except a few bruises, and his first thought was that he was most lucky to have escaped so well. Then he began to look about him. He had fallen into a sort of crevice, or hollow in the rocks; on one side they rose above him as a high wall which it was impossible to scale; on the other they were hardly higher than his head, so that on this side he had no difficulty in getting out of the hollow.

"Lucky again," thought Maximilian; but as he emerged from the crevice and rose from his feet, he remained motionless in awe-struck consternation. He stood on a narrow ledge, a space hardly wide enough for two men abreast, and beneath him, sheer down to a depth of many hundred feet, sank a perpendicular wall of rock. He knew the place; it was called St. Martin's Wall, from the neighboring chapel of St. Martin; and the valley below it, which was now con-

cealed from his view by white rolling vapors, was the Valley of Zierlein.

Above him rose the "wall," so straight and smooth, that it was utterly hopeless to think of scaling it. The only spot within sight where a man could find footing was the narrow shelf on which he stood. The ledge itself extended but a few feet on either side, and then ceased abruptly.

In vain Max gazed round for some way of escape.

No handsbreadth was there to which to cling; no hold for foot or hand of the most expert climber—beneath, a sea of cloud; above, a sea of air.

Suddenly he was startled by a whir and a rush of great wings in his face—it was a mountain eagle which swooped past him, and the wind of whose flight was so strong that it had nearly thrown him off his balance. He recollected that he had heard how these eagles try to drive any larger prey, too heavy to be seized in their talons, to the edge of a precipice, and so, by suddenly whirling round it, they may dash it over the brink; and how they had tried this manœuvre more than once on hunters whom they found in critical and helpless positions.

And then his wish of the morning occurred to him. How literally and exactly it had been fulfilled! And how little could the emperor exult in his lofty and airy throne! He merely felt with a shudder his own exceeding littleness in the face of the great realities of Nature and Nature's God.

Beneath, in the valley of Zierlein, a shepherd was watching his flocks. As the sun rose higher and drew the mists off which clung round the foot of St. Martin's Wall, he noticed a dark speck moving on the face of the rock. He observed it narrowly.

"It is a man!" he cried; "what witchcraft has brought him there?"

And he ran to tell the wonder to the inhabitants of the valley. Soon a little crowd was collected and stood gazing up at St. Martin's Wall.

"God be with him!" was the compassionate exclamation of all. "He can never leave that spot alive—he must perish miserably of hunger!"

Just then a party of horsemen galloped along the valley, and rode up to the crowd, which was increasing every moment. It was the emperor's suite, who, giving up all hope of following his perilous course, had gone back to where they had left their horses in the morning, and ridden round, hoping to meet their master on the other side of the mountain.

"Has the emperor passed this way?" one of them cried out. "He climbed up so far among the rocks that we lost sight of him."

The shepherd cast a terrified look at the wall, and pointing upward, said:

"That must be he up yonder. God have mercy upon him!"

The emperor's attendants gazed at the figure, and at each other, in horror. One of them had a speaking-trumpet with him, such as mountaineers sometimes use for shouting to one another among the hills. He raised it to his mouth, and cried at the pitch of his voice:

"If it is the emperor who stands there, we pray him to cast down a stone."

There was a breathless hush of suspense now among the crowd, and then down came the stone, crashing into the roof of a cottage at the foot of the rock.

A loud cry of lamentation broke from the people, and was echoed on every side among the mountains. For they loved their young emperor for the winning charm of his manner, for his frank and kindly ways, and his especial fondness for their country.

The sound of that wail reached Max's ears, and looking down, he could see the crowd of people, appearing from the giddy height like an army of ants—a black patch on the bright green of the valley. The sound and sight raised his hopes; he had completely given up all thought of delivering himself by his own exertions, but he still thought help from others might be possible. And now that his situation was discovered, the people he knew would do whatever lay in the power of man for his deliverance. So he kept up his courage, and waited patiently and hopefully. It was so hard to believe that he, standing there in the bright sunshine, full of youthful health and strength, was a dying man, and never would leave that spot alive.

Higher and higher rose the sun. It was mid-day now, and the reflected heat from the rocky wall was well-nigh too great to bear. The stones beneath his feet became hot as a furnace, and the sunbeams smote fiercely on his head. Exhausted by hunger and thirst, by heat and weariness, he sank down on the scorching rock. The furious headache and dizziness which came over him made him fear that he was about to become insensible. He longed for some certainty as to his fate before consciousness had forsaken him, and, following a sudden thought, he drew from his pocket a small parchment book, tore out a blank leaf and wrote on it with pencil, then tied the parchment to a stone with some gold ribbon he happened to have with him, and let the stone fall down into the valley as he had done the first. What he had written was the question, "Whether any human help was possible?" He waited long and patiently for the answer; but no sound reached his ear but the hoarse cry of the eagle. A second and a third time he repeated the message, lest the first should not have been observed—still there was silence, though the crowd in the valley had been increasing all day; and now a vast assembly—the inhabitants of Zierlein and all the district round—had gathered at the foot of that fatal throne which the emperor had desired for himself.

The day wore on; the sun was fast sinking toward the West, and Max could no longer resist the conviction that there was no help possible, that all hope must be over for him. It seemed, as soon as he had faced this certainty, that a calm resignation, a high courage and resolve, took possession of his soul. If he was to die, he would die as became a king and a Christian—if this world were vanishing from him, he would lay firm hold of the next.

Again he tore a leaf from his book, and wrote on it. There was no more gold ribbon to bind it to the stone, so he took the chain of the Order of the Golden Fleece—what value had it for a dying man?—and from that high and airy grave he threw the stone down among the living.

It was found, like the others before it. None had answered these, because no one was to be found willing to be a messenger of death to the much-loved emperor. The man who found the stone read the letter aloud to the assembled crowd, for the emperor's messages were addressed to all Tyrol.

And this was the last message:

"Oh, Tyrol, my last warm thanks to thee for thy love which has so long been faithful to me.

"In my pride and boastfulness I tempted God, and my life is now the penalty. I know that no help is possible. God's will be done—His will is just and right.

"Yet one thing, good friends, you can do for me, and I will be thankful to you even in death. Send a messenger to Zierlein immediately for the Holy Sacrament, for which my soul thirsts. And when the priest is standing by the river, let it be announced to me by a shot, and let another shot tell me when I am to receive the blessing And then I pray you unite your prayers with mine to the great Helper in time of need, that He may strengthen me to endure the pains of a lingering death.

"Farewell, my Tyrol, MAX."

The reader's voice often faltered as he read this letter amid the sobs and cries of the multitude.

Off sped the messenger to Zierlein, and in all haste came the priest.

Max heard the shot, and, looking down, could see the white robe of the priest standing by the river, which looked like a little silver thread to him. He threw himself on his knees in all penitence and submission, praying that he might be a spiritual partaker of Christ, though he could not receive in body the signs of salvation. Then the second shot rang on the air, and through the speaking-trumpet came the words of the blessing:

"May God's blessing be upon thee in thy great need—the blessing of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, whom heaven and earth praise for ever."

eternal fires stole in Max's heart, and drew his thoughts and desires heavenward to eternal Love and eternal Rest. So he knelt on, wrapt in prayer and in lofty and holy thoughts.

Suddenly a bright gleam flashed on his eyes, and a figure in a flicker and dazzle of light stood before him. No wonder that in his present mood, his spirit raised above earthly things, this vision should seem to him something more than human.

"Lord Emperor," it spake, "follow me quickly—the way is far, and the torch is burning out."

Hardly knowing whether he was still in the world of mortals or not, Max asked:

"Who art thou?"

FATAL CURIOSITY.—MANNER OF HUNTING THE AMERICAN PRONG-HORNED ANTELOPE.—SEE PAGE 249

The emperor felt a deep peace filling his heart as the words of blessing were wafted to his ear.

The sun had by this time sunk behind the mountain range beyond the valley of Zierlein; but a rosy blush still lingered on the snowy summits, and the Western sky glowed in crimson and gold. Beneath, in the deep purple shade of the valley, the people all knelt, and the emperor could hear a faint murmur which told him they were praying for him.

Touched by their sympathy, he, too, continued kneeling in prayer for the welfare of his subjects.

It was quite dark now, and one by one the stars came forth on the deep blue sky, till at last all the heavenly host stood in glittering array. The sublime peace of those silent

"A messenger sent to save the emperor."

Max rose; as he gazed it seemed to him that the vision assumed the form of a bright-haired, barefooted peasant youth holding a torch in his hand.

'How didst thou find thy way to the cliff?" he asked.

"I know the mountains well, and every path in them."

"Has heaven sent thee to me?" asked Max, still feeling as if he were in dream-world.

"Truly, it is God's will to deliver thee by my hand," was the simple answer.

The youth now turned and slid down into the hollow out of which Max had climbed that morning, then glided through a crevice in the rock behind, which the emperor had failed to detect. Stooping low, he with difficulty

MAXIMILIAN'S WISH.—"THE EMPEROR COULD HEAR A FAINT MURMUR, WHICH TOLD HIM THE PEOPLE WERE PRAYING FOR HIM."
SEE PAGE 350.

squeezed through the narrow chink, and saw the torch flaring below him, down a steep, rugged fissure which led into the heart of the rock. Leaping and sliding, he followed on, and the torch moved rapidly before him, its red light gleaming on metallic ores and glittering on rock crystals. Sometimes a low, thundering sound was heard, as of underground waterfalls, sometimes water, dripping from the rocky roof, made the torch hiss and sputter. Downward they went, miles and miles downward, till at last the ravine opened into a long, low, nearly flat-bottomed cavern, at the end of which the torch and its bearer suddenly vanished. But at the place where he had disappeared there was a glimmer of pale light. Max groped his way toward it, and drew a long breath as he found himself again in the open air, with the silent stars above him and the soft grass beneath his feet. He looked round for his deliverer, but no one was to be seen. He soon perceived that he was in the valley of Zierlein, and afar he heard a confused noise as of an assembled multitude. He followed the sound, but was forced to rest more than once from extreme weakness and weariness before he reached the foot of St. Martin's Wall, and saw priest and people still kneeling in prayer for him. Deeply moved, he stepped into their midst and cried:

"Praise the Lord with me, my people. See, He has delivered me!"

The emperor was never able to discover who had been the instrument of his wondrous rescue. A report soon spread among the people that an angel had saved him. When this rumor reached the emperor's ears, he said:

"Yes, truly, it was an angel; my guardian angel, who has many a time come to my help—he is called in German 'The People's Loyal Love.'"

Maximilian never forgot that day on St. Martin's Wall. It taught him many a lesson. It is said that he never again went out chamois-hunting without commending himself "*à la garde de Dieu*," as the native mountaineers of Switzerland and Tyrol now are wont to do. And this spirit of thoughtless daring was sobered into a true and higher courage, which, throughout his life, never forsook him in the face of danger and death.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

THE verb "to christen" is an obvious corruption of "to christian," bearing allusion to the baptismal ceremony at which infants are supposed to be "christianed." Country people speak of baptismal names as "christen names," and are probably justified in doing so; since, if we accept the verb in its elided form, we may just as well agree to spell the adjective the same way for the sake of uniformity.

Since the Conquest our christen names have undergone three distinct changes: the first two marking epochs of national history; the last, and it is to be hoped, still incomplete change, being a reaction from the previous one.

From the time of William I. to Charles I. we had good, plain English names. Then came a long period, commencing with Cromwell, of Puritan names, when pious souls seemed to regard those names as alone "christian" which were taken from the Bible. Accordingly boys were called after all the good patriarchs, prophets, priests, kings, and law-givers to be found in the scripture genealogies; and girls, such names as Sarah, Kezia, Kerinhappuch, Ruth, Eve, Esther, and Rebecca. Bible names being exhausted, children were christened after their religious graces and virtues, girls—Faith, Hope, Charity, Joy, Mercy, Truth, Peace; and boys, Praise-God, Live-well, Steadfast, Earnest, Overcoming, and so on. It was in these times that a father, bringing his little daughter to be christened, said, in answer to the minister's inquiry for the name, "Ax her;" and when the minister replied it was no use asking the girl her name, explained that he meant *Acts*, sir, having already named four boys Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and that he intended to go regularly through the New Testament.

The Puritan fashion gave place to the "Tom, Dick, and Harry" age of names, which has not done yet modifying itself. A period, to be plain, of nicknames. At first, good, round bold nicknames of the "Will, Rob, and Ben sort"; and there really was some excuse for softening such "keep your distance" sort of names for girls as Patience, Mercy, and Charity to the more euphonious and less affected "Patty, Merry, and Carry." But, once started, the rage for "y's" seemed to have no bounds. Elizabeth became Lizzy; Kate, Katy; Anna, Anny; Angelina, Angy; Martha, Marty, and Esther, Hetty. And it did not stop here, for boys' names began to rival girls', till we come to Willy and Tommy and Georgy and Wally. Not to be beaten by the other sex, the girls abandoned the "y" and betook to themselves the "ie," writing their names Katie, Annie, Angie, Martie, and Hettie, until so universal has this practice become, that the very female servants in the kitchen, Bett*ie* and Sar*ie* and Soph*ie* themselves likewise; whilst men, not content with doing their best for fifty years to effeminate their names to those of the other sex by writing Willy, Georgy, and Benjy, have actually come to diminutive themselves in many cases down to Willie and Georgie and Benjie, etc.; so, why not to Little Billee and Georgy Porgy at once?

There is a great deal in names. We expect much more strength and self-reliance from Richard, or even Dick, than from Dicky—from Edward than from Teddy, and we generally get it. The name by which a boy is called has a distinct influence in the formation of his character, and it is impossible to constantly apply a diminutive to the one without dwarfing the other. The best proof of the influence of names on character is this very singular one: viz., the aptness with which a man's christen name always seems to attach to him, and the many points of resemblance he bears to his name and to all his namesakes. Now, as names are given, if not quite hap-hazard, yet at least as a matter of taste exercised by parents, and certainly without any knowledge of the child's future disposition, this can only be accounted for by supposing that children grow up in some measure to fit their names, their names not having been given to fit *them*. Sterne goes further—he says: "How many Cæsars and Pompeys by mere inspiration of the names have been rendered worthy of them, and how many are there who might have done exceeding well in the world had not their characters and spirits been totally depressed and *Nicodemus'd* into nothing!" The Emperor Severus consoled himself for the gaieties of his wife by putting it down to her unfortunate name—he said, "All Julias were frail." All the Scotch kings named James were unfortunate; so were all the queens of Naples named Joan. Every Cæsar named Caius perished with the sword. Julius Cæsar himself believed so much in names, that he entrusted the command of the African expedition to an untried man, a mere namesake of the Scipios, because the Scipios had proved invincible in Africa. Louis VIII.'s ambassadors, in negotiating a marriage with the Spanish princesses, refused the Princess Royal, and chose the less accomplished and less beautiful of the two because she was named Blanche, saying that "the name Urraca (that of the more beautiful princes), would never do." Agnes is a name to which prejudice long attached—on the ground that all who bore it would go mad.

Talking of names and their fatalities;—in the middle of the last century there was the British privateer "*Terrible*." Every sailor declared she would come to a "terrible" end, for she was launched from Execution Dock, commanded by Captain Death, her first lieutenant's name was Devil, and

the surgeon's name was Ghost. In her second fight (it was with the *Vengeance*, off St. Domingo), she was overpowered by immensely superior weight of men and metal, and of her two hundred men all except twenty-six were slain before the enemy could board. Of these twenty-six, sixteen had lost an arm or a leg, whilst the remaining ten were entirely disabled by grievous wounds. The deck could not be seen for blood and bodies, and presented the appearance of a shambles. "A good name is better to be chosen than precious ointment" in more senses than one. Merely from the chance of his name being Regillianus, an obscure person was elected emperor. Jovian owed his elevation to the same cause. Achilles was bound to beat Hector from the superior power conveyed by the sound of his name—for the name "Achilles!" sounds like the fierce victorious onset of one who hurls the ashen spear with lengthy shadow. Hector rather suggests brave, immovable, dogged resistance against the inevitable. Long ago, those learned in the science of names, called "Onomantia," came to the same conclusion from ascertaining that the numeral letters in the victor's name amounted to a greater sum than those of his antagonist.

Only think of the son of Mr. Godley being brought up to the church with the *Christian* name of Blastus. What preferment could a poor curate expect who bore the name, Blastus Godley? Could he ever become a bishop? In these days, he would stand a poor chance of being "King's chamberlain" even, like his Bible namesake.

Very few writers of fiction have recognized the absolute necessity of modeling characters in strict accordance with their names. Bunyan and Fielding adopted the plan of simply labeling their creations with descriptive but unnamelike names, such as Christian, Littlefaith, Greatheart, Byends; and Allworthy, Square, Thwackem, Lovegold, Wheedle, Foxchase, etc. But the names of Mr. Dickens's creations are expressive of character in a far more subtle way—they are picture-words simply in their sound. Pickwick, Weller, Pecksniff, Micawber, Scrooge—all tell the sort of people to whom they belong as plainly as "Minne-haha" speaks "laughing-water," and "Baim-wawa," the sound of thunder, to the Indian.

What says the proverb? (and there is wisdom in proverbs) "Give a dog a bad name and *hang him*." If it is bad enough to be *called* bad names, how much worse to be christened them? It is really a substantial grievance not to have a good name. For myself, I would rather be called "N. or M." all my life, than numbered and lettered like a family I am acquainted with, in which the boys are called after the Latin numerals and the girls after the Greek alphabet (they have got to Octavius and Delta already.) Fancy marrying Miss Omega? There is a possibility of it, for this family resides in a parish where may be read on a stone in the churchyard:

> "Some have children, some have none,
> Here lies the mother of thirty-one."

I know two men, father and son, both named Thankful Joy. The former was so christened because *his* father was so delighted at a change, after his wife had successively presented him with eight girls, that he wished to say so. When Thankful got used to his name, he liked it so well that he gave it to *his* son. Father and son are both in the farming and gardening way. Their cows die, their sheep get the rot, their crops get cut off with the frost like other people's, but they are always happy, and I never saw either without a smile. I put it down entirely to their names. Had they been christened Barabbas, or even Pontius Pilate, they would have taken these things to heart.

I would not like to say no person has ever been hung who had not a bad name, but it is very nearly true. The vast majority of murderers have repulsive names, account for it how you will—and in the case of a memorial being prepared for the purpose of petitioning for a condemned man's life, the sound of his name would at any rate have some weight in influencing my decision to sign it.

There is a demand for good names for children, and a kind of impatience of the hackneyed Tom, Dick, and Harry sort, available for nicknames, which leads many persons to seek new names, often equally objectionable, because either foreign or fine. Foreign names and fine names are unfit for English people; and what need of them with so many good Saxon names, with strong, pure meanings, which might be revived with advantage. Any English history contains a mine of them.

How much more beautiful and more English are the Saxon forms of the girls' names, Elaine, Adela, and Agatha, than Ellen, Adelaide, and Agnes! Here are some more—Editha, Aldyth (a lovely name), Ethel, Rosamund, Hilda, Eleanor, Edgiva, Alwina. And for boys, why not Olaf, Godwy, Uther, Gurth, Oswold, Ulf, Edric, Athelm, Cuthwin, Alred, Kenwulph, Eric, Gawaine, Osmund, Kenneth, Godrith, Algar, Ethel-bert, -red, -wulf, -ward, -mar, -mund, or -bald, Saxwulf, Edwy, and Cissa?

## MR. JOHN POUNDS, THE GRATUITOUS INSTRUCTOR OF POOR CHILDREN.

JOHN POUNDS was born at Portsmouth in 1766, and, after being incapacitated by an accident from working in the dockyard there, placed himself under an old shoemaker, obtained an honest subsistence as a shoe-mender, and for thirty-five years was the occupant of a weather-boarded tenement in his native town.

After a time John Pounds took upon himself the charge of a feeble little boy, his nephew, whose feet were deformed. He effectually cured this distortion by an ingenious imitation of the ordinary mechanical means recommended by the faculty.

His heart warmed toward the poor child, one of a large and poor family, and he became its instructor—a task which gave him great delight.

But he did not confine his exertions to his nephew. He began to seek out pupils amongst the most neglected. His second pupil was the son of a poor woman, who was absent from home the whole of the day endeavoring to obtain her living.

Scholars soon became so numerous that his humble workshop, which was about six feet wide and eighteen feet in depth, could not contain so many as he would have willingly taught. Hence, he always preferred and prided himself on taking those whom he called "the little blackguards."

His biographer says, "He has been seen to follow such to the town quay, and hold out in his hand to them the bribe of a roasted potato to induce them to come to school."

In the last few years of his life he had, generally, forty scholars under his instruction at one time, including about a dozen little girls, who were always placed on one side by themselves. Here he pursued his double labors, seated on his stool, with his last or lapstone on his knee, and mending shoes, while his pupils were variously engaged, some reading by his side, writing from his dictation, or showing him their performances in accounts. Others were seated on forms, on boxes, and on a little staircase.

He taught the children to read from handbills, and such remains of old school-books as he could procure. Slates and pencils were the only implements for writing, yet a creditable degree of skill was acquired; and in ciphering, the "Rule of Three" and "Practice" were performed with accuracy.

With the very young, especially, his manner was particularly pleasant and facetious; he would ask them the names of different parts of their body, make them spell the words, and tell their uses.

Taking a child's hand, he would say, "What is this? Spell it." Then slapping it, he would say, "What do I do? Spell that." So with the ear, and the act of pulling it; and in like manner with other things. He found it necessary to adopt a more strict discipline with them as they grew bigger, and might have become turbulent, but he invariably preserved the attachment of all.

He took an enlarged view of the objects which education should comprise, and endeavored to impart valuable practical knowledge to his scholars, teaching them how to cook their own plain food and to mend shoes. He was their doctor and nurse when they had any ailments; and when they were in health, he was not only the master of their sports, but the good old man made playthings for the younger children.

He encouraged his pupils to attend Sunday-schools, exerting himself to procure clothing for them, in order that they might make a creditable appearance. On Sunday morning they put on their dress at his house, and in the evening it was again restored to him.

Some hundreds of persons in all have been indebted to him for all the education which they had ever received at school; and, as a necessary consequence, many are now filling stations of credit and respectability, whose elevation, poverty and ignorance combined would have prevented, even if these misfortunes had not consigned them to the prisons.

It is said, "He never sought compensation for these labors; nor did he obtain any, beside the pleasure attending the pursuit, the satisfaction of doing good, and the gratification felt when occasionally some manly soldier or sailor, grown up out of all remembrance, would call to shake hands, and return thanks for what he had done for him in infancy. Indeed, some of the most destitute of his scholars have often been saved from starvation only by obtaining a portion of his own homely meal."

Mr. Pounds died suddenly on the 1st of January, 1839. The children were overwhelmed with consternation and sorrow; some of them came to the door next day, and cried because they could not be admitted; and for several successive days the younger ones came, two or three together, looked about the room, and, not finding their friend, went away disconsolate.

Nor was he unlamented by his fellow-townsmen. The services which he rendered to the ignorant and neglected children of the poor entitle him to a place among those humble benefactors of mankind whose deeds of goodness have been, like his, performed in a spirit of benevolence.

Pope Pius IX. was, in early life, the associate and warm friend of Tata Giovanni, who acted in Naples the part of John Pounds.

JOHN POUNDS, THE PORTSMOUTH COBBLER.— SEE PAGE 355.

## AN ADVENTURE WITH A CATAMOUNT.

I PRESUME that the boys of the Middle States are not aware what a grand hunting-ground we have up here in Northern Maine. It would hardly be strange if they were not; for there has been so much said about the Adirondacks, within a year or two, that one might easily conclude there wasn't another trapping-ground in the country,

I wish some of the young fellows who go to the Adirondacks could spend a few weeks up among the Maine lakes next Summer with me. I think I could show them bigger game and more fun than they will find up the Hudson.

The whole of Northern Maine—an area equal to the three States of New Hampshire, Vermont, and Connecticut—is, as yet, an almost unbroken wilderness, "where the bear roams, and the wild-cat prowls," and some larger beasts; for we have the moose and the cariboo, the "lucivee" and the fisher-cat, while, now and then, up in the wild regions about Mount Katahdin and the Allagnash waters, a panther—which, by-the-way, we call a catamount—is met with; not a very agreeable wayside acquaintance, either, for it is of a larger and fiercer sort than that found further south.

Three years ago last Winter, I had an adventure, or, rather, had a hand in an adventure, with one, which may, perhaps, be worth relating.

I had gone up from Bangor with my uncle Washburn to "make the round" of the lumbering camps, or "gangs," established by the firm of which he was a member, along the west branch of the Penobscot River.

From Bangor up through the wilderness, a distance of a hundred and thirty miles, to the "head of the Chesuncook" (the upper end of the Chesuncook Lake), where there is a supply depôt for the lumbermen, there had been a beaten road, and we had traveled with a double-horse sled, putting the horses tandem as the track grew narrower; for it was toward the last of January, and the snow lay from three to four feet deep all about us. But at the "head," the beaten trail terminated, and snowshoes came into requisition.

A "spotted line" led off to the Bangor camps, the nearest of which was some twenty-five miles to the westward. A *spotted line*, I perhaps should explain, is made by first going through the woods, with a compass to keep the direction, and spotting a tree every few rods with an ax. After this has been done, any one can travel by simply following the spots.

In the course of a week we had made the round of all the gangs, save two, which were at work up on the Cancomgomac stream; and, after a long day's tramp through the "black growth," we came out to the lowermost of these, situated at the foot of the lake of the same name.

Here a queer report came to our ears from the upper camp, located some ten or twelve miles above. It was to the effect that the men had got scared. They had seen an Indian devil, or *something!*

It would have been no very strange thing to hear there had been a row in camp; for the men were nearly all Irish and "Bluenoses," as we call them from the provinces. But to hear that a whole gang of lumbermen had got frightened, was decidedly sensational.

Such was the story, however. And during the evening the "boss" from the *scared* camp—every gang has a boss or overseer—came down to get a gun. Firearms, for the good reason above hinted at, had not been provided at the upper camp.

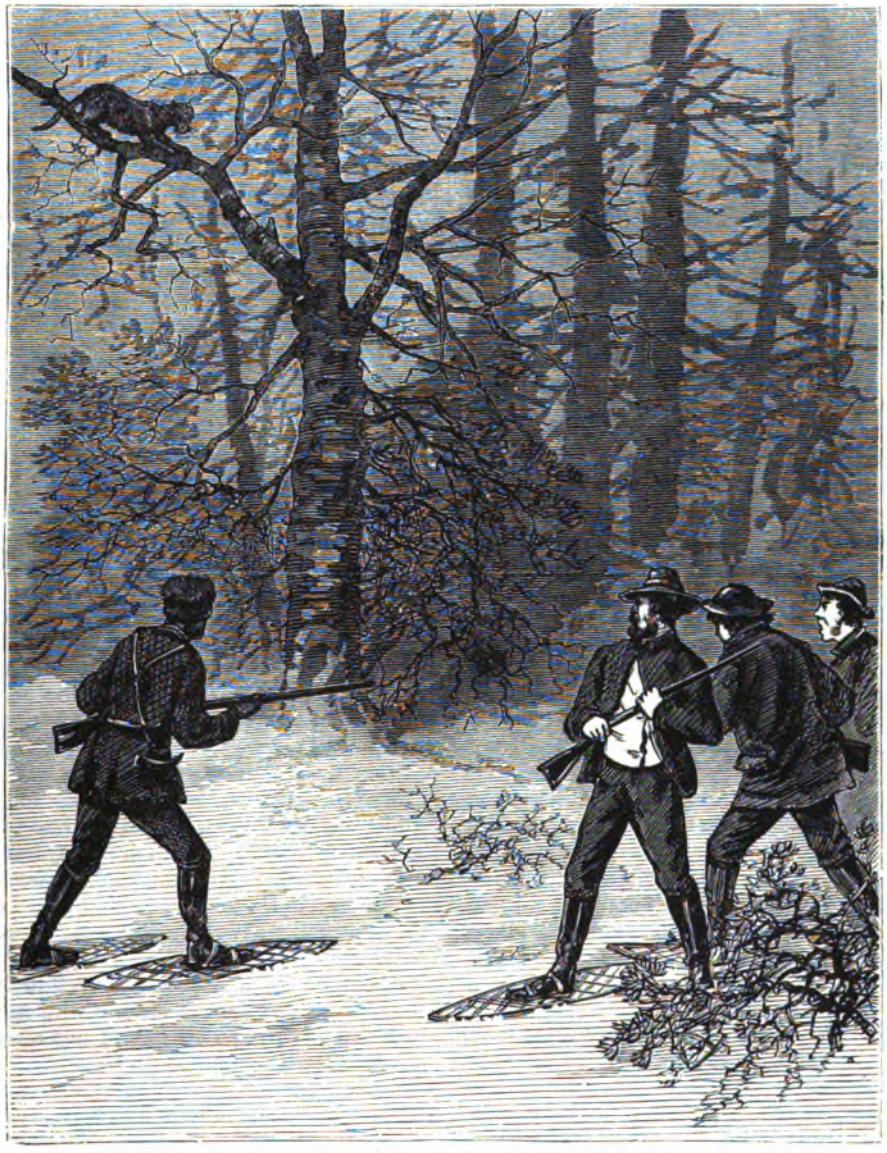
Curiosity broke loose at the sight of him.

"Well, well, Mr. Murch!" exclaimed Uncle Wash. "What's this I hear from your gang?"

"Hardly know what to tell you, sir," said Murch. "It's a foolish affair. But the men have got a dreadful bugaboo started. Fact is, they've been telling about seeing and hearing something for more than a week. I didn't pay any attention to it, though. But, day before yesterday they all came running into camp, pell-mell, scared half to death! Something had jumped at Billy O'Nun, out of a great spruce!"

"What did it look like?" asked Uncle Wash.

"Well, they tell me so many different stories, it's very



AN ADVENTURE WITH A CATAMOUNT.—"UP, FULL THIRTY FEET FROM THE SNOW, CROUCHED A LARGE, LIGHT-GREY ANIMAL, READY TO SPRING DOWN."

sible to find out. They all declared it was an 'Indian devil,' though what an Indian devil can be, is more than I know. I had all I could do to get them back to their work. And last night, as they were coming in to supper, there was another scare! Something screeched, and rushed out from a clump of cedar. Mike Shea had the back of his coat all slit to pieces! He says the creature did it; but perhaps it was the brush he ran through. And this morning not one of them could I get to stir out from the camp. There they stuck, and there they've been all day. I thought I would come down and get a gun—I may be able to shoot the creature, if there really is anything. I must get their courage up again somehow. You see, they're not Yankees."

"Have you ever seen anything of this—creature, yourself?" asked Uncle Wash.

"Not a thing. But I did hear a very singular cry this evening as I was coming down. I suppose it was rather foolish in me, but I stepped along pretty fast after that. 'Twas a very startling and peculiar sort of a cry."

"Ah, well!" laughed Uncle Wash. "We will go up with you to-morrow. Perhaps we can find out what it is?"

The next morning, loading up the old camp-musket, as a reinforcement to our rifle, we set out. It was toward noon when we came out in sight of the log camp. A number of men were standing about the door, and, seeing us coming, the others came out—there were twenty-three of them.

"This is a fine sight!" cried Uncle Wash, as we came up. "Why aren't you out at work? Do I pay you forty dollars a month to lay round this camp all day?"

The men looked a little foolish; but the fluent Billy O'Nun came to the rescue:

"Sure and indade, and your honor couldn't blame us. Sich a murthering baste as lapes from the top o' the trees!"

"What have you seen, anyhow?" demanded Uncle Wash.

"Seen! An' ye may well say that! Seen 'im, as big as an ox, an' haard 'im shriek!"

It was no use talking with them—they were in a perfect funk. Indeed, it was not without the greatest difficulty that we prevailed upon Billy to go with us to the place where the creature had sprung at him from the tree.

He consented at last, very reluctantly, and came edging after us.

"We shall be likely to find the animal's tracks, if there has really been anything of the sort about here," remarked Uncle Wash.

And we did find rather larger ones than we had been looking for! Near the tree which Billy indicated as "the one," a heavy trail began, leading off into the forest. The snow was very deep and soft, and the beast had gone off with easy bounds, striking its feet all together, and making huge plunges some ten or twelve feet apart.

"Whew! Must have been quite a *cat!*" cried Uncle Wash. "Guess we will follow this a little ways. Looks like big game."

On our snowshoes, we didn't mind the depth, the main thing being to keep out of the brush. But, after following for forty or fifty rods, we came to where the trail was crossed by a much more recent one.

"Gone along here some time to-day, I should judge," said Murch. "May overhaul him by following this. He wouldn't run far at one heat. Snow's too deep."

Looking to the priming of our guns, we struck off upon the new track, and had gone twenty rods, perhaps, when the trail suddenly stopped. Beyond a certain point, where the last heavy plunge had been made into the snow, there were no more tracks!

Here was a strange terminus. certainly · and we halted in considerable surprise.

"Belike, he's snaking under the snow!" cried Billy, coming up. "An' he'll be laping out on us!"

And we were laughing at Billy's hypothesis, when a strange cry—a wild, shrill scream—rang out, seemingly, over our heads!

Our eyes followed the sound; and there, on the limb of a great yellow birch, up full thirty feet from the snow, crouched a large, light-gray animal, with its ears laid back, and its long tail beating *time* on the limb behind—ready to spring down.

A fellow can't turn round very quick on snow-shoes; but, I assure you, I wasn't long performing that evolution. As I hadn't been entrusted with either of the guns, I felt anxious to put the fighting men in the rear. Billy was already ahead of me. And just then there came another screech.

Both guns were fired; and, glancing over my shoulder, I saw the catamount bound from the limb, and heard a heavy thud down into the snow.

"We haven't hit him! He's coming!" yelled Murch.

No time for reloading guns.

"Run! For heaven's sake, run!" shouted Uncle Wash, puffing up behind.

And we did run. A man can run on snowshoes—after a fashion—and pretty tolerably fast at a pinch. But the depth and softness of the snow alone prevented us from being overtaken.

On we went for dear life, and were not many minutes getting over the seventy-five or eighty rods between us and the camp.

The men had heard the guns, and were out around the door. But, seeing us coming, they all dove in again, and we rushed in after them full tilt, with the catamount not four rods behind us!

The door was hastily slammed to, and held.

"Now load, quick!" cried Murch.

Peeping out between the logs, I could see the panther before the camp, lashing itself, and glaring about. Rearing up against a tree, standing near, it began sharpening its claws, making the bark fly in a very suggestive manner.

"Fix him this time," muttered Uncle Wash, poking the muzzle of the rifle out between the logs.

"All ready!" exclaimed Murch, who had thrust out his gun over the door.

They fired togethe..

With the reports, the creature sprang up, with a savage growl, and, as if intending to get into the tree, leaped upward upon the trunk fifteen or twenty feet; but, falling back into the snow, turned and bounded away.

"After him!" shouted Murch, pulling open the door, and rushing out. "After him with your axes!"

We ran out.

There was blood where the creature had stood, and the trail he was making was marked with great red blotches.

The whole gang now turned out after us, to hunt him down. But the fighting part was over.

At a distance of a quarter of a mile, we came up with the old fellow, lying, panting and exhausted, in the snow.

Another shot, with a few knocks from an ax, did his job; and it was amusing to see how *brave* the whole gang became, in the course of a few minutes.

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## GUARANA.

GUARANA-BREAD, as it is called by the Brazilian Indians, has some properties worthy of being known. It is the product of a small climbing shrub, growing chiefly in the northern parts of the empire, and on the banks of the Amazon and its tributaries, known among botanists as the *Paullinia sorbilis*. The plant ripens its seeds about October or November. They are then gathered, peeled, dried, and stored away until wanted for conversion into guarana-bread. The

manufacture is of the simplest. After being slightly roasted, the seeds are reduced to powder by means of a coarse file, and the powder worked into a stiff paste with water; a certain proportion of whole and broken seeds being mixed with the mass before it is molded into oblong cakes or cylindrical rolls; looking, when dry, like chocolate-colored sausages. If they are a dark-brown hue, it is a sign that the seeds have been over-roasted, in which case the guarana loses both flavor and efficacy, and fetches, of course, a lower price in the market.

Mantegazza pronounces guarana to be without a rival as an aliment for travelers, its virtues being unaffected either by heat or damp, putrefaction or time; while it is available for service wherever a draught of water is procurable; for, unlike tea, coffee, and cocoa, guarana needs only to be mixed with cold water to furnish a refreshing, sustaining beverage, which, by the addition of a little sugar, is rendered as palatable as it is stimulating, leaving its grateful flavor a long time in the mouth.

No wonder the Indians of the Amazon consider guarana-bread an indispensable necessity when journeying far afoot, especially indispensable, seeing they think it a panacea for diarrhœa and dysentery, and credit it with making tongue-tied folks eloquent.

We are assured that there is nothing in the world so healthful and so reinvigorating as a cup of fresh guarana, its stimulating properties far exceeding those of coffee or tea; but like all stimulating drinks, guarana must be indulged in judiciously. Taken immediately after a meal, it is apt to derange the digestive functions; and if the drinker mixes his cup too strong, or imbibes too freely of the beverage, it produces over-exhilaration, inquietude and wakefulness, and destroys the appetite.

Guarana is scarcely destined to obtain a place among European, much less British, beverages, but it may possibly find favor as a remedial agent in nervous ailments. Dr. Leconte, a French physician, eulogises it as a specific in cases of sick-headache, one of the most obstinate complaints with which doctors have to deal; and, writing to an English medical journal, says: "I feel myself justified, as well by my own experience as by that of many physicians of my acquaintance, in affirming that this medicine never fails, except when improperly prepared, adulterated, or injudiciously administered." To be properly prepared, the rolls of guarana should be pulverised, and then treated with alcohol, dried and reduced to powder; to be administered in doses of two grammes, a second dose following at an interval of a couple of hours, if the first fails to produce the desired effect.

Dr. Wilks, if not quite so enthusiastic as his French brother, speaks favorably of the new remedy, deposing that one lady patient of his contrived to keep her old enemy at bay for half a year by its aid; and that another wrote to him: 'When you prescribed guarana-powders for me for severe and frequent headache, you asked me to let you know if I found them beneficial. I have every reason to believe them a complete preventive of headache; as on the least symptom, I have taken a powder, sometimes a second in two hours' time; and in no case have they failed as an effectual cure."

Spite of this testimony to the merits of guarana, it may be doubted whether those who have recourse to it will not find it lose its power after a while, if it does not prove harmful in the long run. The writer happens to know by painful experience what sick headache is, and he also happens to have found a preventive, at least in his own case; the very simple one of abstaining from tea altogether, and taking coffee, pure coffee, morning and evening. Having enjoyed a twelve month's freedom from headache, he is impelled to advise all sufferers that way to imitate his example before trying the vaunted guarana of Brazil.

## BABIES AND THEIR BELONGINGS.

CONTRIVANCES for the pacification of the infant mind, for controlling the exercise of infant restlessness, or for teaching unlearned babies the art of locomotion, have been very numerous. Most of them are now antiquated, or altogether out of date. Leading-strings were at one time almost universally used in the nursery, and to be still in leading-strings lives as a by-word and a reproach now that they themselves have been long forgotten. Children are often assisted to walk in our own day by a handkerchief or shawl passed round their waists; but the leading-strings of old—such as we have depicted—were contrivances expressly fashioned for the purpose. A band met round the child's chest (where it was fastened by buttons), and to the band the strings were attached.

The go-cart was a much more complicated apparatus. Some of these elaborate engines were made with the top a permanent circle, so that the child had to be dropped within it; others were divided and hinged off, so that they could open and close upon the ambitious infant whose first attempts at pedestrianism it was intended to facilitate. There was another sort of go-cart, not unlike a small double towel-horse; and some were made of wicker-work.

Go-carts are shown in many Italian and French pictures; and the machine, slightly varied, seems to have been commonly used throughout Europe for several centuries.

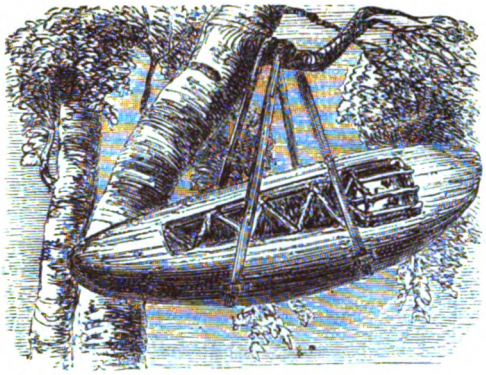
Michael Angelo, in his old age (he was modest as well as great), drew the figure of an old man in a go-cart, and wrote beneath it "*Ancora impara*" (still learning).

The roundabout, represented in the larger engraving on page 360, was a contrivance far less common than the go-cart, though it was almost as ingenious. To be sure, there was this objection to it, that going rapidly round and round a pole, at a distance of a couple of feet or so, is likely to produce giddiness, and even, perhaps, to addle infant brains. On the other hand, while it is impossible to calculate the orbit of a phenomenon in a go-cart—while in vigorous little hands (or with vigorous little hands in it) that apparatus was constantly coming into collision with you and your furniture in a way surprising and disastrous to all parties—you always knew where to have a baby in a roundabout. There were practical limits to the dear child's enterprise of which he was ignorant, and with which you had many reasons to be satisfied.

The sketch from which our drawing was made was taken at Caistor, in Lincolnshire, seventeen or eighteen years ago. We have since seen in other parts of England—in old country cottages—a hole in a beam above, and another in the floor below, which evidently once accommodated a revolving pole like that shown in our picture. In almost every case, however, the then occupants of the cottage were totally ignorant of what these holes were designed for.

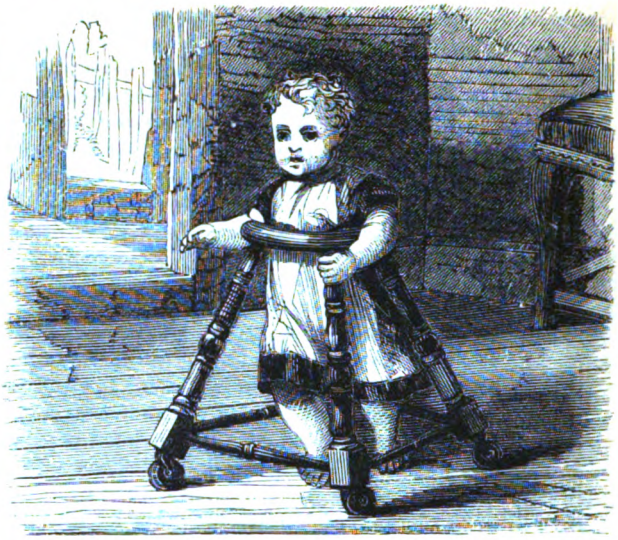
To pad the head is a Devonshire expedient, designed to mitigate the effects of a fall. It is known elsewhere, no doubt; we think we have heard that it is used in Spain. In some cases the pad is placed only at the front and at the back of the head; in others it is continued all round. A band passed over the top of the head keeps it in position.

Lacing the body to a pillow is a German custom. No doubt it is a practice congenial to infants of a lymphatic disposition, with no turn for self-government. Children of American constitution would probably kick at the restraint. It is thirty years since they were emancipated from the



A LAPLAND CRADLE.

intolerable tyranny of swaddling-bands—relics of an effete barbarism extending back to the feudal period—and the nurse who now attempted to fetter an American infant with them again would find herself grievously mistaken. Still we



THE GO-CART.

cannot but applaud the pillow contrivance—for little Dutchmen.

The mothers of Southern infants sometimes bind up their infants, too, like mummies; but their children are livelier and less plump than those of Germany, and so, with a certain propriety, they are lashed, not to a pillow, but to a board. A hole is drilled at the head of the board, and by this means the little dear can be suspended to the wall, or hung out on a branch like peaches or canary birds. We often hear of the ripe South; this is how they ripen children through the sour period of teething. Provided with a rattle, they are themselves able to scare away the birds, and it is not till a later period that they are henpecked. That the musical capacity of southern Italians had originally anything to do with the practice of suspending them among the branches, we have no authority for supposing.

Indian squaws, and squaws of several other countries, in fact, follow a similar custom. The little papoose is lashed to a straight board by bandages which are laced tight behind with thongs. Its feet rest on a broad hoop passed round the bottom of the board. The Indian mother is passionately fond, and many an hour she spends in decorating the baby's

THE ROUNDABOUT.

A PAD FOR THE HEAD.

THE DUTCH CUSTOM.

cradle with porcupine quills, the teeth of various animals in quaint devices, and the figures of men and horses, etc., either embroidered or painted. Another and a larger hoop is stretched over the child's head; this serves the double purpose of protecting its face in the event of a fall, and as a screen against the weather. Besides, a toy may be conveniently hung from the canopy for baby to play with. When mamma has to travel, however, the toy is taken away, and baby's arms bound to his sides as an additional safeguard against the effects of tumbling. How the child is carried from place to place may be seen in our engraving. A strap or broad strip of hide is passed round the back of the board and over the mother's forehead, as porters sometimes use to carry their loads. In this way the child is confined for seven months; it is then released and carried in the folds of a blanket at the mother's back. Should the infant die before it reaches the age of seven months, it is buried, and its

A CHINESE WINTER CRADLE.

YOUNG ITALY.

place in the cradle filled with black quills and feathers. This altered burden is still carried from place to place by the disconsolate mother for more than a year sometimes (if no other little stranger arrives in the meantime), and all with the same care as if the veritable baby was cooing or yelling at her back. While engaged with her small domestic duties, she will chatter the jargon of mothers to her poor bundle of black feathers, just as if the little one were still there with ears to listen to her fond foolishness. No doubt she believes it is there; that she has charmed its spirit into the cradle, where it lies hid amongst the feathers.

In India children are carried astride on the hip; in Egypt and in many other eastern countries the same custom is known. The Egyptian women, however, oftener carry their babes astride on the shoulder. Thus, in Isaiah we read, "I will lift up mine hand to the Gentile, and set up my standard to the people, and they shall bring up thy sons in their arms, and thy daughters shall be carried on their shoulders."

SIOUX BABY-CARRIAGE.

Among other people who carry children on the hip are the Samoans, amongst whom a curious custom of adoption prevails. The general rule is for the father to give his child to a married sister; and as children are a source of wealth, she or her husband makes some present in return. As, of course, their children are given away after the same fashion, the traffic is endless. What have the paternal and maternal instincts—upon which we are accustomed to insist so much—to say to this practice?

The women of ancient Ethiopia seem to have carried their children from place to place somewhat after the manner of the Indians.

The cradles or baby-frames of different countries are curious enough. Savage nations show really more ingenuity, and are better enabled to relieve the mother in the care of the child, than many that boast of their civilization. The Indian squaw puts her child in a safer position while engaged in her labors than the poor white washwoman.

The Chinese Winter cradle is a kind of basket made of straw, very thickly twisted. In shape, it is something like an hour-glass, and is open above and below. The waist holds the child up, and in the open end below a sort of foot-stove is placed, to keep the infant warm. In it is a well-padded dress. The child is here kept warm and enjoys its toys without any fear of accident.

The mother can easily carry it about, although it has not a handle to hang it up, like a squaw's baby-frame.

Affection seems to have prompted ingenuity among even savage nations in constructing a comfortable cradle for the helpless infant. The baby-frame of our Indians is a very convenient arrangement both for mother and child, and could be adopted with benefit by white women compelled by their labors to leave their infants alone. The mere open box we use as a cradle is liable to many accidents, while the baby-frame enables the mother to have her child always in sight and out of harm's way.

The Lapland cradle shown in our illustration is a similar structure. A piece of wood, shaped like a canoe and hollowed out like one till sufficiently light and portable, is filled with a soft grass, which retains the animal heat, and in this the child is placed, with bands across to keep it from falling out, and a sort of visor or bar to protect the face. Two straps at the head and feet enable the mother to hang it on a bough or hook of any kind. Provision is made for securing cleanliness, but on the whole it is inferior to the Indian baby-frame, which is simply a board with a hoop at the top for suspending it, and the infant is swathed on the board, which has a slight rim around.

Some of the Lapps seem to dispense with even this cradle, and one writer, who tells us that the women generally carry the children on their back, gypsy fashion, adds, that when they go to church they leave the babies outside the building to keep them warm, an operation effected by the strange expedient of digging a hole in the snow and popping them in, leaving a dog to keep guard against the wolves.

## MY NIGHT LODGER.

Every person said I was a queer little girl. I can't remember when they did not say that. From all that I can learn, I was not a queer baby. I cried like any other child, and was just as troublesome, so the queerness must have been acquired.

I cannot discover wherein my queerness lies; when I ask my friends, they say, "Why—well, you are different from other folks." A very clear and satisfactory definition!

This having the word "queer" attached to my name used to annoy me; my dolls were the only specimens of humanity to whom I confessed this. To *them* I confided all my secrets and my manifold trials. They were attentive listeners—never interrupted me. There was "Rosa," the very large one, she was my prime favorite, and—oh, there were so many of them I cannot describe them all.

When I was eleven years old our folks tried to make me think I was too old to play with dolls. I felt as though life would have no pleasure for me were my dolls taken from me. No one knows how I loved them. I used to go to my room and, locking the door to keep my fun-loving brothers and sisters from intruding, I would play by the hour with my miniature family. Another favorite resort of mine was the garret. It was full of boxes, barrels, and chests, containing old papers, books and letters.

Many of the letters were very ancient, written by relatives of whom I had scarcely heard. There were letters from parents to children, from brothers to sisters, and *love-letters*. The latter interested me the most, although I thought they were rather silly. I suppose I could not appreciate the height and depth, and length and breadth, of the tender passion.

Filling my pockets with apples, I would take possession of the garret and some comfortable old chair, minus an arm or a rocker, and there I would sit for hours, reading. I had a passion for ghost stories, and stories of robbers and pirates, although they used to frighten me terribly. When in the midst of the most frightful story, down would tumble a bundle of something from the rafters, making considerable noise, and leading me to imagine the ghosts and the robbers had stepped from the book to the garret.

An old apple-tree stood by one of the windows; it had the greatest faculty for unearthly creaking and groaning, and the lightning-rod generally kept up a malicious racket.

I declare it is a wonder I didn't lose my senses reading so much trash and hearing so many fearful sounds.

But this has nothing to do with my "lodger." I believe I am becoming garrulous.

In the first place, I must tell you papa was a wealthy farmer, and our neighbors were "few and far between."

When I was in my twelfth year, papa and mamma made up their minds to take a pleasure-trip to the "Far West." This was something unusual; they seldom left home. Well, they went, and my two sisters, two brothers and myself had a gay time "keeping house."

One day, all except myself and our servant girl were invited to a dinner-party. I confess I dreaded to have them go.

"Kate, we will bring you any amount of candy."

"Now, pet, you know you and Sally can stay here just as well as not."

"Don't be a baby, Kitty"—were the words directed to me.

Finally I resignedly bade them "get out of my sight."

Sally and I were good friends; she told me stories and sang songs till I began to think it was quite a fine thing to be left at home.

Tired of staying in the house, I sauntered down the front walk, and amused myself by indulging in a forbidden pleasure—swinging on the gate.

Looking down the road, I spied a man coming along. I flew to the house, and, satisfied that he was coming in, I ran to Sally. Seizing her dress with both hands, I exclaimed:

"Oh, Sally! there is a dreadful-looking man coming it."

Sally picked up the poker and walked to the door, while I, imitating her example, snatched a stick of wood. Suddenly Sally cried:

"You little goose, it is Bill McCarty!"

Sure enough, it was Sally's beau. Her mother was very sick, and McCarty was sent to bring Sally home immediately.

Here was a dilemma. Sally didn't want to leave me, and

unless she started home then, she might not see her mother alive. It was nearly time for the rest of the folks to come home, so I managed to raise courage enough to say I was willing to remain alone.

In a few minutes Sally was off, and I was left in possession of our great house, which never seemed so large to me before. I tried to read, but it was impossible; all the murder stories I had ever heard came to my mind.

I remembered that none of our doors could be locked. Papa, who had a few strange ideas, declared locks were a nuisance. I felt that I was doomed.

I went out to the yard, and, to my dismay, discovered that the sky was overcast and a storm near at hand. I could see the rain coming; faster and faster it came; it was soon at the house. Oh, how it did rain!

On each side of our yard was a brook, pretty and peaceable in pleasant weather, but a very little rain transformed them both into raging torrents.

As I stood at the window I saw first one bridge, and then the other, swept off. I knew now that I must stay alone all night; it would be impossible for my brothers and sisters to get home.

Travelers, or, as Sally called them, "trampers," often stopped at our house over night, as there was no public-house near. To my horror, I now saw one of them coming across the fields. Should I hide? No, that was not to be thought of. Without stopping to knock, the great rough man walked in.

"Can I stay here all night?"

I dared not refuse him, so as firmly as I could, answered: "Yes."

He seemed surprised at seeing no one but myself, and questioned me much. I told him my brother was upstairs writing; that we two were alone. That was the first thing that entered my head to tell him. Such a villainous countenance that man had!

His hair was cut close to his head, leaving his huge ears in bold relief. Wicked-looking eyes, and a brutal mouth, completed his general expression of ferocity.

Bed-time came, and I directed the man to a room upstairs in the servants' department, not the "upstairs" where I had said my brother was.

Now that there was real danger, I was calm and reasonable. I fastened the door that led upstairs with my embroidery scissors, which happened to be in my pocket, so as to guard against surprise, and hurriedly collecting our silverware, carried it to mamma's room and hid it in the bed. No one would have supposed the bed had been disturbed.

I was elated at my ingenuity.

I then hunted up what few jewels the girls possessed, and placing them, with what money I could find, in a box, I tied them in my pocket. After doing, this, I stole downstairs and removed my scissors from the door. These scissors were counted among my most valuable treasures. I had them many years, and had no intention of losing them now.

I expected the man would only wait till he thought I and my fictitious brother were asleep, and would then search the house for valuables, and finish by killing me.

Only one plan for escape that I originated seemed feasible. I determined to wait till I heard my lodger in the rooms below, and then wrap myself in papa's shawl, and jump out of the window. I was not kept in suspense long; the peculiar squeak of the sitting-room door warned me that it was time to act. Quietly I raised the window, and just as the steps approached the stairs, I jumped to the ground. Fortunately, there was a bed of lilies directly beneath the window, and they softened my fall.

That there was danger of breaking my neck I had not thought. I was determined to escape.

It was dark as Egypt, the rain was pouring down in torrents, but this was nothing in comparison with the horror within the house.

Half a mile back of our house lived a friend of papa's—Mr. Vincent. I resolved to go there. I ran along, stumbling against fences and falling into ditches, thinking I never knew such a long half-mile.

Finally I reached the house, and managed to tell my story. Several young men happened to have been delayed there by the storm, and, headed by Henry Vincent, a young man of some twenty-two years, they prepared to capture my visitor.

I was too excited to remain at Mr. Vincent's. I declared I would go back home. They all tried to persuade me not to do this except Henry Vincent, who said "such a little heroine should do as she pleased." With my hand tightly clasped in Henry's, we started.

When we came within sight of our house, we saw a light flitting from room to room, and a few words of boisterous song floated to us on the breeze. Silently my friends surrounded the house, guarding every avenue of escape. Henry and I (I would not let him leave me for a moment) entered the house. We found the vagabond searching papa's desk.

He had found several hundred dollars that I had not seen, when preparing for flight. He started to run when he saw us, but finding men and revolvers on all sides, he was obliged to surrender.

He was safely bound, and then questioned. It appeared he was a noted thief who had long baffled the police.

He said when he learned the house was occupied only by two individuals he was much elated. He did not intend to proceed to acts of violence, unless my brother and I troubled him too much. When he found the house deserted, he concluded I had not told him the truth—that I was alone. Not finding me, he supposed I had hid, and he would not hunt for me.

Lifting me into his lap, Henry Vincent called me the "bravest little woman he ever knew." All the others praised and flattered me, till I began to think men were greater talkers than women. All that night we staid there, but before morning I was "raving like a madman." Three long weeks I remained unconscious.

When I became sensible, anxious faces were bending over me. Papa, mamma, and all the folks were at my bedside.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

In a moment that dreadful day came to my remembrance.

"Oh, I know," said I with a shudder.

It was a long, long time before I regained my strength.

Every person petted and praised me. I was the heroine of the neighborhood. Henry Vincent never tired of descanting upon my bravery, and devoted himself to me in a manner that would have been very aggravating to his young lady friends had I been a few years older.

My "lodger" was sent to prison to meditate for some years.

## THE RED THRUSH DEFENDING ITS NEST.

THE red thrush is one of our most pleasing American birds—we may even say songsters—for its loud, varied, and melodious voice, which, in the opinion of Audubon, is surpassed only by that of the mocking-bird, is heard over all the land, from the seabeaten shore of the Atlantic to the upland plains of Missouri; and if he deserts the North at the approach of Winter, he is ever true to the South.

It is no diminutive bird, being about eleven inches long, and its outspread wings exceeding a foot in span. Its plumage is a brownish red, the breast being a reddish white.

The nest of the thrush has a sort of cup in the interior, formed of earth and other materials, and here it lays from

RED THRUSHES DEFENDING A NEST.

four to six buff-colored eggs, covered with numerous brown dots. Being a bold and powerful bird, it stands its ground before cat, dog, or fox, and stands in no fear of hawk or snake. When one of the latter treacherously assails a thrush or her nest, the cry brings others to the rescue, and the scaly foe, attacked on every side, soon beats a hasty retreat, discomfited and defeated. The thrush thus justifies the name, popularly given to it, of the "Brown Thrasher."

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THE way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.

## SMOKING OUT A TIGER.

On our homeward march (says Gordon Cumming) we again passed Wuggeria, and went out on the hills during the heat of the day, hoping to fall in with something. As we were ascending a spur, we espied some animal lying under a ledge of overhanging rock in a bay formed by the contour of the hill to our right. We had no regular shikarees—only a few Bheels picked up as we were leaving the village; these pronounced the beast to be a hyena, and we decided on having a shot at him. Carefully marking a tree on the crest of the rock above him, we made a circuit, and, ascending to the table-land, came out above the spot where we had marked him. Standing ready to open fire, we directed the Bheels to heave down stones, which they did, but nothing appeared. We concluded that the game had moved, but some of the Bheels crawled along the face of the rock like monkeys, and, on looking over, ascertained that there was an inner cave within that in which we had seen the animal lying. It was evident that on hearing us he had quietly risen, and moved in, so we agreed to smoke him out. We, therefore, found a place where we could descend, and so passed round the base of the rock to the cave.

MY NIGHT LODGER.—"WRAPPING MYSELF IN PAPA'S SHAWL I RAISED THE WINDOW AND JUMPED TO THE GROUND."—SEE PAGE 362.

The outer part was triangular in shape—about seven yards wide at the outside, and four or five deep, having at the further end an inner cave of about four feet high by two and a half broad. The outer cave was quite open in front, and seven feet high at the outside. From the cave the hill sloped sharply down, covered with trees and bushes.

Some of the Bheels advanced to the mouth of the inner cave, and, looking in, saw one eye of the creature, like a ball of fire, at the far end of the den. We endeavored to get a shot, but owing, I suppose, to some projecting piece of rock, we never could see both eyes at once, and two shots which I fired in were without effect. Meanwhile, the Bheels had collected a large bundle of grass and sticks, which we rolled up to the entrance of the inner cave, and having set fire to it, we all withdrew to the mouth of the outer to watch the result. There was a most thorough draft into the cave, and the flame was swept into it, but the beast made no sign, and at length the fire died down.

We then had another large bundle of dry grass made up, but this time we mixed it well with green leaves. On this being fired, a dense black smoke arose, and was carried into the cave. It was such that we thought no beast could live in it; but again the fire died out, and though the inner cave was filled with smoke, the tenant had made no attempt to come out.

We had just made up our minds that he had died in the hole, when, from the inner cave, came a sudden rush of smoke, as if driven out by something advancing rapidly. We stood ready, and the next instant, through the embers of the fire, came—not a hyena—but a large tiger, charging blindly, with savage growls.

Hayward carried a short rifle, with a ball of some three ounces in weight, and I had a double rifle of fourteen bore. In the instant that elapsed between the tiger's emerging from the smoke and his reaching the entrance of the outer cave he was struck by the three balls. Two had taken him through the shoulder, and one through the loins, disabling his hind-quarters. As he fell, we could have placed our guns on his head—too near, in fact, to be pleasant.

Our followers behaved with great steadiness, and at once handed us our second guns. By this time the tiger had managed to drag himself from the cave, and having got on the slope of the hill, he was evidently unable to move up toward us. When he first appeared, the Bheels were up the trees in an instant, but came down when they saw him fall, and assisted us to ascend the rock. This we did one at a

time, the other keeping guard in case of accidents. The tiger, though disabled, was very savage, and had plenty of life in him, and crunched the underwood savagely. After some time we gave him his *quietus*, and carried him home to the camp. He was no doubt the same beast that had dodged us so cleverly at the well, but we had checkmated him this time. From his boldness he had long been the terror of the village, though we did not hear that he had killed any one.

After this exploit, we returned to Baroda.

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## BARNEY McGEE, AND HOW HE GOT HIS WIFE TO AMERICA.

IN the morning on which our story opens, Barney McGee stood with his hands in his pockets, surveying the exterior of his cabin, and casting his mental eye behind it to the patch of ground which grew a handful of potatoes, and vegetables enough for broth-making.

It was evident by his dissatisfied air that neither prospect pleased him; and as he turned on his heel and paced up and down the road, a puzzled expression came over his features, as if he were calculating on certain vague chances. With head bowed, he muttered to himself:

"My father was born in there before me; he died an' left it, as poor as whin he came intil it. I was born there, too, an' if I stay there all my life, I'll die in it as well, an' divil the scrape av inthrest I'll have to show whin I pay the debt of nature. Troth, if I had but a pinny o' money it's not here I'd be, where starvation's the only thing that's plenty! There's a betther place nor this acrass the wather, an' it's there I shud be now. Bad luck to this fightin' against what will niver give way before ye! Nelly! I say, Nelly!"

"Yis, Barney, I'm comin' til ye!" a voice exclaims, and in a second Nelly appears on the road, drying her hands upon her apron, as she trips to the side of her husband. He draws her to him affectionately, and placing an arm about her, points to the cabin.

"D'ye see what's before ye, Nelly?"

"Troth, I'd be blind if I didn't, Barney."

"Well, I think we've lived there long enough."

"Is it for movin' ye are, Barney?"

"Yis, but not jist about this quarther—d'ye know what I think?"

"No, faith—how shu'd I know?"

"Well, I think that the sooner we lave this the betther."

"Well, lave us go inside—maybe it's the cowld ye'r afeered of."

"Ah, it's not that I mane, darlin'; it's the house that covers us, an' the poor bit av a counthry that owns us, that I'm talkin' to ye about. Ye know how hard we've sthruggled wid the poverty that's atin' intil us, an' ye know that we'll only grow waker the longer we sthruggle. Ah, if——"

"Why don't we go til Ameriky, Barney, where yer ould friend, Thady, is doin' so purty?"

"Why don't we go til Ameriky, is it, Nelly? Could ye spake if ye had no tongue? Could the bird fly if it had no wings?"

"An' could we go til Ameriky if we had no money?—that's what ye mane, Barney?"

"Jist that, my jewel. Thady's the boy would help me, if he had a little money past him. Shure we were brought up togither, we worked togither, we got dhrunk togither, we coorted togither, an' if we live, we'll die togither! The last words he gave me at partin' were, that if ever he had it in his power to help me, he'd do it. Troth, I wish he had it in his power now; he couldn't have a betther opportunity. Murther, but there's a hard Winter before us—there, Nelly, there's the *craythur* shoutin' for ye; go in an' spake til it."

Nelly went in to do what she could for the "craythur"—the pig—and Barney resumed his walk and his soliloquy.

"Yis, this is no place for us now, that's sartain; but how'll we get till a betther? No money to be got without work; since there's no work, there's no money, av coorse. An' that's the way it'll be all the time. If Thady only knowed how I was! I must sell the pig, anyway. If I had only larned to be a sailor in my young days, how aisy I could get acros the big wather now, by workin' my way! but there's Nelly—how could she do? If it wasn't for——"

"Bernard McGee!"

Barney turned about quickly, and beheld the new postman standing with a letter in his extended hand.

"Does a party named Bernard McGee live at this place?"

"No, sir, I think not; he might be a relation of mine, but I niver heerd tell of him."

"Then I must be at fault, but I was directed to this locality in particular. However, I suppose I'll find the individual somewhere," concluded the man of letters, as he posted off in another direction.

Barney scratched his head in perplexity, the name sounded so familiar; but in a moment both postman and letter vanished from his mind, and he busied himself with his former thoughts.

When the afternoon was drawing on, and he had taken his morsel of dinner, and was applying a piece of lighted turf to his pipe, the idea suggested itself that Nelly might know who the before-mentioned Bernard was.

"Nelly," he said, when he had got his pipe fairly in working order, "did ye iver hear tell of anybody be the name of Bernard McGee?"

"Is it jokin' ye are?"

"Troth, I'm not."

"Bernard McGee, is it? Av coorse I've heard of him. He's got the purtiest wife in the parish, Barney, an' *you* ought to know that!" said Nelly, as she smiled archly at her husband.

"I ought to know it? Faith, I'm ignorant of the charge, as the man said to the judge."

"Why, who should be Bernard McGee but yer own swate self?"

"Me? Shure my name's Barney!"

"Well, wasn't Bernard the name yer mother gav' ye? an' wasn't ye christened Bernard? an' isn't Bernard only a ginteel name for Barney—you bosthoon!" And Nelly threw back her head, and laughed heartily at the simplicity of her husband.

"Well, yer a betther scholar nor me, Nelly; and if it wasn't for yer penethrashun, I might be badly wronged." And Barney narrated the circumstance of the letter to his wiser half, who stood with staring eyes during the recital, astonished beyond measure at the dullness of her spouse.

With the story once told, Nelly did not rest easy until she had sharpened Barney's wits with a scolding, which he took as a matter of course, for his stupidity on many other occasions had called forth sundry domestic lectures. He waited quietly until Nelly had exhausted herself, and then, putting on his hat, announced his intention of going to the post-office and claiming the letter, which he was sure had been returned by the carrier.

Barney's idea did not receive Nelly's sanction, and she

proved this by taking him by the ear as he was passing through the door, and leading him back to the fire-place, telling him, as she sat him down on a stool, that she would go and claim the letter for him, since he might forget who he was, and where he lived, before he reached the post-office!

Then the bustling woman smoothed her hair, changed her apron, and throwing on her hood, took her departure for the town hard by. Barney kept his place on the stool until the sound of her footsteps died away, and then he arose, and going to the road, looked earnestly after the neat figure until it had almost vanished in the distance.

"Faith," said he, as he re-entered his cabin, closing the half-door behind him, "it's a comfort to get a scowldin' like that now an' then, an' to have sich an illegant craythur to do the scowldin' for ye. What wud I be now, if it wusn't for her? Didn't she make me quit the dhrink? Didn't she make a new man out av the ould lavins that I was—didn't she? Av coorse she did! I think I shud take another smoke to quiet my narves; an' if I want to philosopher a bit, the pipe will give me a hand at the thinkin'. Now (puff) who in the name of the poker (puff) could have sint me a (puff) letther? Maybe it isn't for me, afther all (that's a splendid pipe—smoked for three years, and divil a brake in shank or bowl yet), an' won't I have the laugh at Nelly! An' I'm no less than Ber*nard?* It's a coat av arms I'll be gittin' next—troth, I've one wid two arms in now, but it's a disgrace to a Ber*nard;* it'll raquire a new one to keep up the title."

Thus the rambling fellow went on, speculating upon this and that, until a shadow which fell before him and a thundering rap at the door caused him to part company with his thoughts. Looking up, he beheld part of the figure of a man leaning over the half-door, and swinging his stick inside in a careless way, that showed the easy-going nature of its possessor.

"Well," said the stranger, "I suppose I needn't ax yer lave to go in an' lite me pipe?"

"Ye needn't throuble yer conscience much on that score," said Barney, as he made room for the man beside him.

The latter personage was a long time in getting his pipe filled, keeping up a running fire of talk, and finding it convenient to pull Barney to his seat again when a drove of pigs which attracted his attention went past.

"Don't bother yerself wid runnin' to the doore, man; them's me own bastes (this tobaccy av mine must be damp), an' it's about that baste av yours that I'm here this minnit—what might ye be wantin' for him?" And the pig-driver looked intently at the fire, apparently careless as to whether or not a sale might be made. Barney, wishing to drive as smart a bargain as possible, tried to appear equally careless, and replied:

"How d'ye know but I wouldn't sell him?"

"Arrah, is it to a child ye'r talkin'? Wasn't I spakin' to that sprig av a wife av yours last week, whin I was goin' to Ballystravick? An' didn't she say ye wor dyin' to sell the baste?"

"Yis, thrue for ye, Mr. Pig-driver, but maybe I changed me mind since that—d'ye see?"

Barney gave a side look at the dealer in swine, as much as to say, "Corner me now, if you can."

"Changed yer mind, did ye? It's a big bargain ye'r tryin' to make, Mr. Barney. Doesn't the whole counthry know ye'r wantin' to go to Ameriky? an' aren't ye tryin' to turn every penny ye can? Does that look as if ye didn't want to sell the pig? Ah, is it to a child ye'r talkin'?" and the roving merchant gave Barney a poke with his stick that sent him backward off the stool, and caused him to take several turns on the floor before he righted himself.

He took this part of the argument in good part, and seeing that the tide was setting against him, named a price that was full market value for the pig. Strange to say the buyer accepted the terms without a quibble, and mentioning that he would not take the animal with him at that time, left a crown as an "earnest," and bade our hero good-day. He seemed very well pleased, for as he hurried after his drove, he gave vent to—"A pig for a crown! whoo-o-o-o!"

Barney filled his pipe again, and sat down to "philosopher."

"Nelly ought to be near home (puff) by this time. Won't she (puff) open her eyes (puff) when I tell her (bad luck to that damp tobaccy!) about the fine trade I made with the pig-driver! How did he know my name was Barney? He must have guessed it. Why, didn't I guess myself *Bernard?* Nelly thinks I'm no hand at a bargain; won't I surprise her wid my smartness? An' he was a gintale man, too, that driver. Think of him lavin' a crown wid me on the pig. How does he know but I'll sell the baste before he comes afther him? Troth, I must have a bit of a reputation! And he paid a clever price, too; maybe I axed too little for him. I'll take a look at the bhoy; he must be improvin'."

With his hand crossed behind him, under his coat-tails, Barney sauntered forth to take a view of the animal he had just disposed of. He proceeded to the sty, where Nelly had placed "the bhoy" a short time before she went after the letter—pig was not there!

"I guess he's broke out, and is takin' a ramble along the road; I'll look after him, and tell him he's sowld, jist to kape him from runnin' away," said Barney, as he started in search.

Strange to relate, the swine was not to be found. Had he broken through a hedge, and was he enjoying himself in one of the neighboring fields? Barney looked, but to no purpose. Not on the road, not in the fields—where could he be?

Barney stood a moment with his arms folded, and a thought began to strike him, and the harder it struck him the blanker he looked and the longer grew his visage—could it be possible?

"Yis, sich things has been did before. Oh, murther! if Nelly hears it—an' av coorse she will hear it—won't she haul me over the coals! Faith I must set afther the thief of a rascal."

Your surmises are right, Bernard. While the pig-driver was keeping you well employed in your cabin, his men were coolly releasing your pig from its pen; and it mingled with the drove as they went past the door. Hurry yourself, or your walking property will be beyond your search.

Feeling the terrible responsibility that rested upon his awkward shoulders, Barney obtained the aid of a neighbor, and the two started in pursuit. Their route lay toward town, so the chances of meeting Nelly on the way were nine in favor to one against. Barney fully realized his position.

"Oh," said he, "if I could only get the baste back widout her hearin' about it! I wasn't half as smart as I thought I was, wid all my bargain."

A sharp run of twenty minutes brought the pursuers in sight of a cloud of dust, from which they inferred that the objects of their search were not far distant.

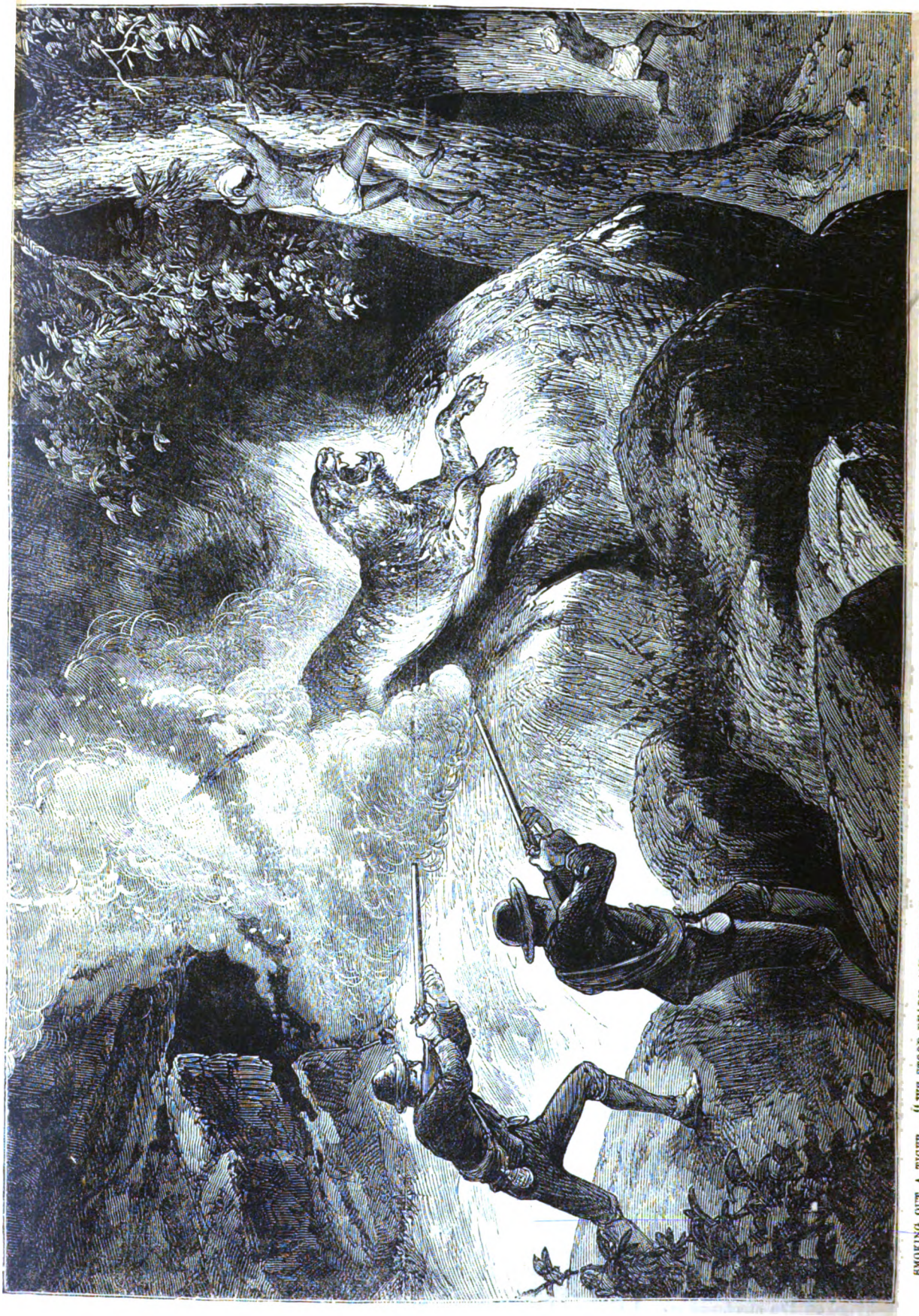
"All's right now," said Dennis to his friend, as the two broke into a quicker run.

The friend had his eye on a figure that was becoming painfully distinct as it approached, and he replied:

"Yis, Dinnis—I think—eh? Moses! there's Nelly!" and aware of his awful situation, he stopped short on the road.

"How will I face her?" he asked of Dennis, who also had sobered down to a stand.

"Tell her we're runnin' a race; she will——"



SMOKING OUT A TIGER.—"WE STOOD READY, AND THE NEXT INSTANT, THROUGH THE EMBERS OF THE FIRE, CAME A LARGE TIGER, CHARGING BLINDLY, WITH SAVAGE GROWLS."—SEE PAGE 365.

"Whoo! that's it, Dinnis; stretch yerself as hard as you can."

Away the two went at a break-neck gait, Dennis having the lead by a yard, which Barney, for obvious reasons, allowed him to keep. Our hero hoped to preserve this order of things until Nelly would be passed; but the Fates were against him; for, just as Dennis was meeting the lady in question, his foot came in contact with a stone, and in an instant he was sprawling on the road. Barney was so close behind that it was impossible for him to step aside to avoid a fall, and down he went on poor prostrate Dennis, the two forming a bundle of old clothes and humanity at the feet of astonished Nelly.

Her first impulse was to assist the fallen, but there was something so ludicrous in their expressions, and something so funny in the whole affair, that she could not help laughing her loudest, and exclaiming:

"Is this where ye are, gintlemen?"

"Arrah, Nelly, sure ye won't scowld if I tell ye all about it?" asked Barney, still keeping to the road.

"Ah, how could I scowld ye when I have such good news wid me! Sure the letther——"

"Ah, don't spake about the letther, Nelly, for the pig's stole."

"The pig's what?"

"It's stole."

"An' did ye let it be stole from forninst ye'r face, ye bosthoon?"

Before Barney could reply, his wife took him by his coat-collar, and set him on his feet in a style more hurried than dignified.

BARNEY M'GEE, AND HOW HE GOT HIS WIFE TO AMERICA.—"LOOKING UP, HE BEHELD PART OF THE FIGURE OF A MAN LEANING OVER THE HALF-DOOR, AND SWINGING HIS STICK INSIDE IN A CARELESS WAY."—SEE PAGE 366.

The poor man was thoroughly frightened, but managed to recount the affair of the swine to Nelly, who, with her usual tact, understood the matter without much explanation.

The result of the wayside conference was, that the three took the business in hand, and the running commenced again, the female showing, by the strides she made, that her movements had not always been confined to walking.

We shall not describe the scene which took place when the pig-driver was overtaken and the animal or its equivalent in money demanded. Let it suffice to say, that through Nelly's abilities of voice and hands, and by the interference in her behalf of several gentlemen who happened on the spot, full value was received for the stolen quadruped.

Our interesting couple returned to their cabin in good spirits, leaving Dennis behind them, he preferring to remain in town to meet some friends who were coming in from a neighboring fair.

Husband and wife were very happy that evening. Their supper was a much better one than usual, and when this had gone the way of all suppers, such a quantity of turf was piled on the fire that its warmth penetrated into nooks and corners that had never been warmed before.

The two people who sat in the glow staid up very long, and talked earnestly all the time. The question of the pig did not intrude itself, for a more important subject was under consideration. It had turned out that the letter which Nelly had gone to claim was, as she had supposed, for her Barney, and it was from the identical friend, Thady O'Toole, of whom he had been discoursing in the morning. Enclosed in the epistle were four pounds sterling, in the form of a draft, and the conclusion of the epistle was to the effect that Thady had sent the money, in keeping with his promise, to help his friend; and that he (Barney) was to try and earn whatever balance was required to pay the passage, of himself and wife, and the two were to take an early ship for America.

Thady's letter, then, was what caused Barney and Nelly to sit up so late on that particular night; and the letter and the gift had recalled so many old memories, and awakened such a sense of gratitude in their hearts, that they wandered frequently from the question at issue—how were they to acquire funds enough to pay passages for two? The four pounds were sufficient for the expenses of one, but Barney would not think of leaving his good wife behind him; for, indeed, the gray mare was the better horse, and, besides, they had such an affection for one another, that a parting was not to be thought of. Of ready money, two pounds were all they could muster; four more were necessary—ten in all—in order that they might pay their way to Liverpool and have something left for outlay before they would meet with Thady.

To make an additional four pounds was a puzzler to Bernard. Even the fertile brain of Nelly was at fault. To procure work was out of the question. They had nothing that could be turned into money, and such friends or relatives as they could number were poorer than themselves.

"I'll tell ye what we'll do, Nelly," said Barney, when the conversation was almost exhausted and his tobacco was getting low; "we'll pack ourselves up to-morrow—we've nothin' t' hinder us—and start for Liverpool. And we'll go round among the ships, an' I'll thry t' get payin' your way an' workin' my own. Is it a bargain, Mrs. Bernard?"

"It is, Mr. McGee; but ye musn't be payin' a crown as an airnest, for fear yer pig might be stole while the——"

"Arrah, howld yer tongue, an' go t' bed, or the sun will be makin' faces at ye soon."

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A tramp about the many docks of Liverpool is a wearying one, and our friends realized this fact when they undertook to carry out their plan. The disappointments of the first day, however, did not baffle them, and when night came on they put up at a lodging-house, determined not to let the matter fail for want of trying. But their case did not improve with the next day; parties were willing enough to take the passage-money for Nelly, but Barney's propositions to work his way were received unfavorably. Thousands of emigrants were leaving for America, and for this reason shipagents and captains were very independent; so Barney and Nelly pleaded in vain.

In this unpleasant situation, Nelly, as usual, was the first to propose a feasible plan for working out of the emergency. She saw that to return home would be an acknowledgment of defeat; and, after a long debate with herself, she very unwillingly came to the conclusion that she and her husband must part.

She was used to hard work, and could easily get employment as a servant. Barney could go to the States before her, and get himself well settled; and he could send her a portion of his earnings, which, together with her savings, would place her in the way of reaching him within a few months.

Poor Barney was a long time in becoming reconciled to this scheme. Indeed, it was the hardest effort of his life; and it was not until Nelly—far-seeing woman—actually insisted upon the temporary separation that he consented.

The superior force of Nelly's nature won the victory for her here. She took a man's part upon herself; bolstered up her husband's failing spirits, making him lose sight of the present by her pictures of the future; and when he pleaded his fears as to crossing the ocean and entering a strange land alone, she ridiculed him in such a style, that he became ashamed of his faint-heartedness.

But light as the good woman's spirits were, apparently, her heart was almost breaking, and many a flood of tears were shed unknown to Barney. Still she bore up right womanly until the hour of parting, and then, when Barney had kissed her for the last time, and was looking so sorrowfully at her, while he lent on the rail of the tender that was to convey him to the vessel, her courage gave way.

Sitting down upon the dock, she buried her face in her lap, and choking sobs soon evidenced the grief that was upon her. Barney could express his feelings only in his face. Cry he could not, and he even forgot his whining part, and tried to comfort her who was now the partner of his sorrows.

It was while he was talking loudly to Nelly, and gesturing, that a stout, elderly gentleman, with a young lady on his arm, came upon the scene. He gave a hasty glance at what was going on before him, and then shook his cane threateningly at Barney, exclaiming:

"How dare you, sir?—how dare you, I say?"

"How dare I what, sir?" asked our hero, in a melancholy tone.

"Bella, do you hear that? How dare you, sir, desert the woman in this manner?"

"Faith, it's not desartin' her at all I am, sir. I had to lave her because I——"

"Quite enough, quite enough, my man. I shall see that your case is attended to."

"But, papa," interposed the young lady, "perhaps you have mistaken the man; perhaps he——"

"Not at all, my dear; such affairs take place every day. Why, only yesterday I came upon a fellow who was running away from his wife, and she, poor creature, had followed him all the way from home, was nigh distracted—it was open, palpable desertion, Bella. The matter interested me so, that I took it in hand, and had the fellow brought before a magistrate. Strange to say, the case was decided against us; but this case shall not slip me. I shall pay the woman's passage myself, and thus defeat the plans of this worthless scamp. Young man, is not this woman your wife?"

"She is, sir," answered Barney, who, having heard the conversation, was only too willing to have it thought that he was deserting Nelly.

But Nelly, whose mind was always the stronger, had heard the conversation, too, and, disdaining to take advantage of the occasion, she lifted her tearful eyes to those of the well-meaning gentleman, and said:

"Ah, sir, if ye knew how yer cruel words hurt me, and wronged him that's there before ye, ye would take them all back agin."

"There, papa, I was afraid you were rash," and, taking her hand from her father's arm, Miss Bella bent by the side of Nelly, and tried to heal the wound. And when she had heard poor Nelly's story, her father was not long ignorant of it.

"Well, well, Bella, I—I was rather hasty, I admit. But I shall soon repair my fault."

And repair it he did.

As an evidence of it, Bella placed in Nelly's hand a paid passage ticket and a sovereign.

The wind is playing with Bella's curls, as, leaning upon her father's arm, she watches the tender while it vanishes in the river fog, with the happy couple on board. The happy couple are gazing earnestly on their benefactors; Nelly waves her handkerchief as a last adieu, the old gentleman lifts his hat, Bella kissed her hand, and then the curtain of fog falls over them.

Years afterward, when other scenes had been forgotten, Barney and Nelly could easily recall this one; for in each of their hearts had been enshrined twin-pictures of a golden-haired lady and a hale old English gentleman.

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## A CURIOUS LINGO.

"You wan-che one pe-sze boat?" What visitor to Hong Kong will not remember this pigeon-English greeting, as the anchor is let go with a whirr and a splash into the still waters? We say pigeon-English, for as such is this gibberish known; but as pigeon in Chinese really means business, it is clearly a misnomer; and we are pleased to remark that at last the English residents are beginning to be ashamed of making use of such a wretched jargon. It was solely brought into use by their own indolence, or a strange unwillingness to make themselves acquainted with even a smattering of the language spoken by the people with whom they were destined to live, and with whom they were brought into daily contact. Now, however, that British merchants in China have awakened to the necessity of eradicating the wretched admixture of Chinese and English, grammars, dictionaries, and vocabularies of every description in the local dialects are finding their way into houses which before knew them not; and an example is being set by masters and mistresses of communicating their wants and wishes in Chinese.

Now that the thin edge of the wedge is thus inserted, it is devoutly to be hoped that it will be driven home, and creating such a fissure as will utterly preclude the possibility of the future commingling of such objectionable elements of intercommunication, and destroying the jargon that has hitherto obtained. To assist in the gradual extinction of this pigeon-English, a generation of Chinese is growing up

who have studied English at the schools established at Hong Kong, and also at the treaty ports, and who can now speak our language, if not fluently, yet grammatically. There are thus bright prospects, and with such forces at work its days are numbered; and although it is too early to say it has expired, and to add *requiescat in pace*, yet its extinction is, we may confidently assert, certain; but before it has quite disappeared, it may perhaps be interesting to our readers to give them a slight outline of its origin, and a few specimens of the rubbish our countrymen are talking in China, together with its characteristics.

In the first place, this pigeon-English is a compound of English and Portuguese, with a *soupçon* of Chinese idioms: and when we add that in but a very few instances a correct pronunciation of either of these languages is given, the effect may be imagined, but it most assuredly cannot be described. A few specimens of this lingo have found their way into English literature—for example, the parodies on "Excelsior" and "My name is Norval," which respectively commence, "That mighty time begin, chop-chop," and "My name belongey Norval;" and although these lines are childish and absurd, yet they are an improvement on pigeon-English, pure and simple, which can only be found in the native vocabularies published for the benefit of compradors and domestics entering the service of the English.

These vocabularies consist of a volume of about fifteen pages, entitled "A Vocabulary in use amongst the Red-Haired People;" its outer cover being adorned with a full-length portrait of one of the red-haired race, dressed in the costume of the Georgian period, in breeches and stockings, and armed with stick and sword. The author commences with the English numerals, and does not stumble over one and two; but three proves a stumbling-block, his nearest approach being "te-le," the "r" presenting an insuperable difficulty. Six becomes "sik-sze," and seven "sam." He gives a Hibernian twang to ten, which he pronounces "tin"; "lim" does duty for eleven, "tui-lip" for twelve, "toonte" for twenty, "one hantoon" for a hundred, and for a thousand "one taoushan."

In Chinese, there is always inserted between the numeral and the substantive to which it applies a word which it is customary to call a classifier, since it points to the kind of object represented by the substantive; thus, instead of saying "two knives," a Chinaman's expression would be, "two to-be-held-in-the-hand knives"; or instead of "a table," he would say, "one length table."

These various classifiers the authors of pigeon-English have melted down into one word, "piece." The Chinese equivalent of one indefinite article is "one pe-sze," while for "a knife," the expression would be, "one pe-sze mai-fo."

Strange confusions have arisen from the use in Chinese of the verb "to have," which is pronounced "hap." "Not at home" would be expressed by "No hap," and a death is announced by "hap tai," that is, "has died." "Fashionable" becomes "hap fa-sze," (fashion); "to be busy," "hap pigeon"; and "to be at leisure, "hap tim."

The most frequent expressions in these vocabularies are those relating to sailors. "A young officer" is a "mit-chi-man" (midshipman); "a second mate," a "sik-kan-mit"; "a sailor," is a "say-le-man."

About military ranks, less is known. "Sho-che-man" (soldier-man) is the only equivalent of a military officer, and is held to include all ranks, from the field marshal to the drummer boy; the only distinction recognized in this service being the "kan-a-man," or "artilleryman." It is descriptive of the state of foreign society in China to find that "a wealthy man" is translated into a "machin" (merchant).

The relations of life bear strange and unusual guises in pigeon-English. A wife speaks of her spouse as her "ha-sze-man," and he of her as his "wai-fo." A friend is a "folin," here the "r" is again a puzzle; an uncle is a "young-ke"; ready money is "nip-te-ka-she," and so on.

To enable him to converse with his future English master, the would-be servant should make himself acquainted with such common phrases as "ting-ke" (thank you), "how mut-che ka-she" (how much cash), "ko oao sai" (to go out), "ko sit-te" (to go into the city), or "ko hom" (to return home); and he is given to understand that when his master says to him "I ko she-lip," that he is going to sleep; or that if he receive the order "No sze-pik-ke," he is not to speak. The Portuguese element in the jargon is noticeable in words such as "man-te-lin" (mandarin), "pa-te-le" (for padre, priest), and "sa-pe" (saber, to know).

These few specimens are sufficient to show the grotesque absurdity of pigeon-English. But its absurdity is not its worst feature. Its general use among foreigners at the ports has tended to create an impassable gulf between them and their Chinese neighbors, thus preventing the one from gaining any intelligent information about the other.

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## EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

We believe that the whole tribe of letter-writers is divisible into three classes. There is the man that feels pleasure in writing; there is the man that writes because it is his duty to write; and there is the man to whom writing is a positive nuisance. Of all social bores, the man that feels pleasure in writing is the greatest. He never allows an opportunity to escape him; and if opportunity does not offer, he makes it. On returning a book you have lent him, he requests a line to say that that it has reached you safely, and you are thus forced to reply. Should you, in the course of conversation, refer to a passage in a favorite author, the next day you are invited to supply him with chapter and verse. If you meet him for the first time at the club, he will find an excuse to send you a note to keep himself in your memory. You would not think that your acceptance of a cigar would entail on you the trouble of writing a letter. But it does. He invites you to drop in any evening convenient to yourself to smoke another. His mania for writing would be harmless were you not forced to reply; but it takes two to carry on a correspondence, and you cannot evade the *convenances* of life.

Of the man who writes because it is his duty, there is little to be said. He neither provokes nor is provoked. He answers a letter just as he would return a salute in the street, as a matter of course; and never sends one except from the absolute necessity of doing so. His epistolary correspondence is regulated on purely business principles, and he just as much thinks of squandering letters on his friends as five-pound notes.

But there remains the third class, to whom the writing of letters is an absolutely repugnant task.

Napoleon I. used to say that all letters in time answer themselves, and acted on his belief. To subscribe the hieroglyphics which passed for his name was regarded by him as a sufficient effort in the epistolary way. The Duke of Wellington kept a secretary who had learned to imitate his hand, and most of the curt notes treasured in cabinets as the autograph of the great duke are notoriously spurious. Even men of letters, whose vocation is writing, have had a similar dislike to correspondence; and it is revealing no secret to say that one of our most illustrious living poets employs the pen of his wife, whose cunning hand has deceived a legion of autograph hunters. Thus these, by subterfuge, pay what is exacted by society. But we are not all Napoleons or Wellingtons or famous poets, and most of us must in our own persons suffer the penalty

THE JUDGES' CAVE.—FIRST HEADSTONE AT WHALLEY'S GRAVE.

THE JUDGES' CAVE.—HEADSTONE AT WHALLEY'S GRAVE.

## THE "JUDGES' CAVE," WESTVILLE, CONN.

THIS celebrated cave is situated on the top of "West Rock," in the village of Westville, about two miles from the city of New Haven, Conn.

The origin of the name of the cave is as follows:

On the restoration of Charles II. to the throne of England, many of the judges who had condemned his father, Charles I., to death, were apprehended and executed, but a few of them escaped. Of these, Goffe, Whalley and Dixwell fled to this country.

The two former arrived at Boston on the 27th of July, 1660, and on the 7th of March, 1661, came to New Haven, where they were well treated by the minister and magistrates, and for some days considered themselves safe; but the news of the king's proclamation being brought to New Haven, they were obliged to abscond.

They, however, returned a short time after to deliver themselves up to the authorities, but no measures were taken to secure them; and on the same day some of their friends visited them at the house of Mr. Davenport, the minister, and advised them not to surrender.

They then returned to their cave, to which place they had before fled upon hearing of the arrival of the proclamation.

From this retreat, any approach to the mountain could be observed, and any vessel coming up the harbor could be easily distinguished.

The cave is formed on a base of perhaps forty feet square, by immense pillars of stone, about twenty feet high, surrounded by trees which conceal it from observation. The interior of the cave affords ample room for the accommodation of two or three persons.

A Mr. Sperry, who lived about a mile distant on the west side of the "Rock," supplied them with food, sometimes taking it himself, and at other times sending it, tied up in a cloth, by his boys, who would place it upon a certain stump, from which the judges would take it.

Their stay at this cave was short, however, on account of the wild animals, who, at that time, infested the mountains.

There were several other places about the mountain which they used for places of concealment, but the cave was the principal refuge.

Many anecdotes are related of the skill and dexterity of the judges in fencing, and also of the bravery and courage they displayed upon several occasions, and of their hairbreadth escapes from their pursuers.

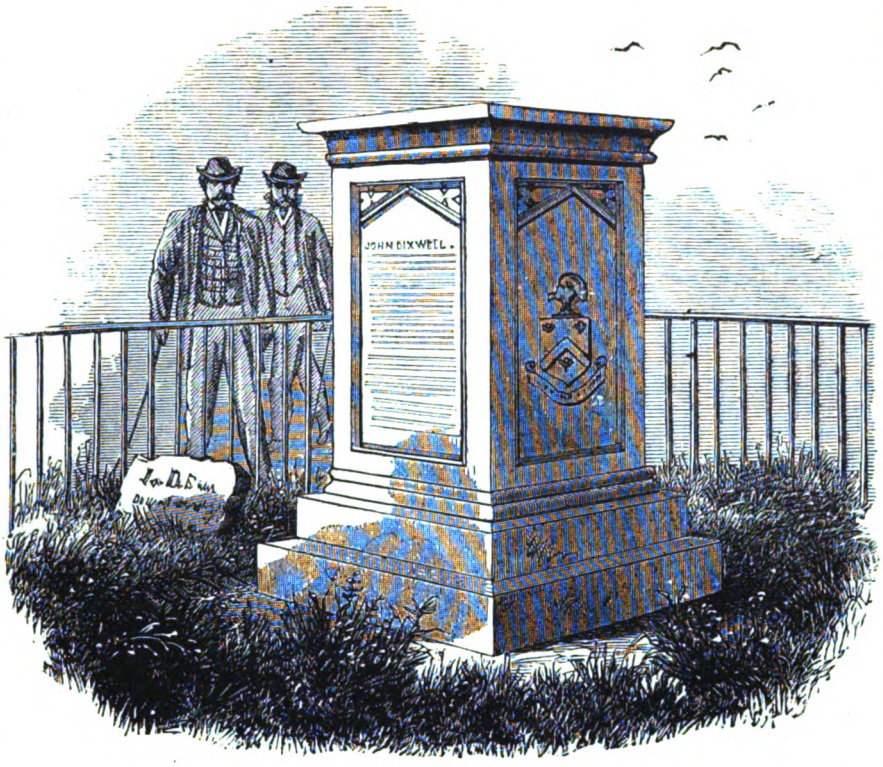
One day while the judges were walking out toward Neck Bridge, New Haven, they were overtaken by Mr. Kimberly, with a warrant for their apprehension, and an effort was made to take them. The judges stood upon their defense, and repelled the officer with their canes until the latter was obliged to return to town for assistance; when he came back they had disappeared, and were concealed under the bridge over which their pursuers rode.

Tradition says this was all preconcerted, in ord to

THE JUDGES' CAVE AT WESTVILLE, CONN.

show that the authorities at New Haven had used their best endeavors to apprehend them before the arrival of the king's officers.

A short time before this, to prepare the minds of the people for the reception of the pursuers from England, the Rev. Mr. Davenport preached publicly from this text: "Take counsel, execute judgment, make thy shadow as the night in the midst of the noonday; hide the outcasts, betray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with the Moab; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler." This doubtless had its effect, and put the whole town upon its guard, and united the people in using caution to conceal them.




THE JOHN DIXWELL MONUMENT.

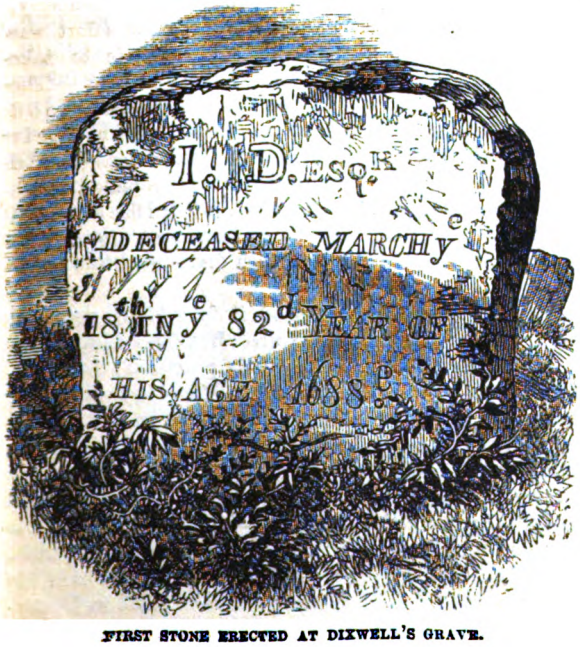
In 1664 the regicides removed to Hadley, and remained there during he famous "King Philip's War." In 1665, during the observance of a fast, and while the people were assembled in the meeting-house, the building was surrounded by Indians. It was customary then to go armed to the places of worship, and upon the first intimation of attack the congregation prepared to repel the enemy. Suddenly, however, in the midst of the people, there appeared, says the legend, a man of very venerable aspect and quaint apparel, who took command, arranging and conducting the defense in the best military manner. Under his direction the Indians were repulsed, and the town was saved. He then immediately disappeared, and the inhabitants were at a loss to know who their preserver was; nor was it found out until fifteen years afterward that the man was William Goffe, the regicide. But this story has now been proved to be entirely mythical.

Colonel John Dixwell came from Hadley to New Haven before the year 1672, and was known as James Davids. During the seventeen years he lived in New Haven, nothing extraordinary was known of him. His residence was on the corner of College and Grove Streets.

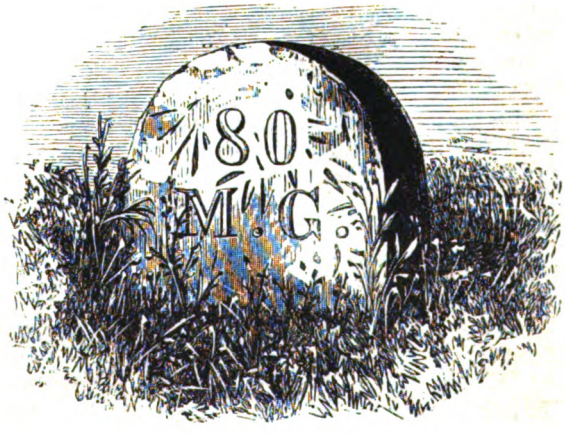
He had no secular business, but employed his time in walking through the woods and groves adjacent to his dwelling. He never mingled in any society, but rather kept himself reserved from even his neighbors, with, however, one exception.

The Rev. Mr. Pierpont lived a short distance from Colonel Dixwell's residence, and their lots being contiguous, it became habitual with the colonel to walk across his lot to that of Mr. Pierpont, who would emerge from his house at the same time, and thus they would meet at the dividing line and converse. They became very intimate, much to the wonder of Mrs. Pierpont, who often asked her husband what he could see in that man who led so obscure a life. Mr. Pierpont would answer that his friend was a very learned man, and knew more about religion and all other subjects than any other person in the place.

Sir Edmund Andross was made Governor of New York in




FIRST STONE ERECTED AT DIXWELL'S GRAVE.




STONE AT GOFFE'S GRAVE.

1675, and of Massachusetts in 1686. In one of his tours through the colony of Connecticut about 1686, while attending public worship at New Haven, he observed a venerable old gentleman at meeting, and noticing him closely, observed something singular in his air which excited his suspicions. After meeting he inquired who he was, and being told he was a merchant, who resided in the town, replied that he knew he was not a merchant, and showed himself inclined to be particularly inquisitive about him. Colonel Dixwell was probably notified of the inquisitiveness of the Governor, for he did not attend meeting in the afternoon. It is a tradition that at this meeting the deacon gave out the Fifty-second Psalm to be sung—Sternhold and Hopkins's version—which runs thus:

"Why dost thou, tyrant, boast abroad,
Thy wicked works to praise;
Dost thou not know there is a God
Whose mercies last always?

"Why dost thy mind yet still devise
Such wicked wiles to warp;
Thy tongue untrue, in forging lies,
Is like a razor sharp.

"Thou dost delight in fraud and guile,
In mischief, blood, and wrong;
Thy lips have learned the flattering style,
Oh, false, deceitful tongue!"

Governor Andross is further reported to have resented this as an intended insult upon himself, and after meeting, reprehended the deacon for it. Being told, however, that it was the usage of the church to sing the psalms in course, he excused the deacon and let the matter drop.

After living twenty-nine years in exile from his native country, banished and forgotten by the world, seventeen years of which were spent in New Haven under the name of James Davids, Esq., Colonel John Dixwell died in 1688-9.

He and all the other judges died in a firm expectation of a revolution in England. Though this had actually taken place in the November before his death, as the news had not arrived, he died ignorant of it, about a month before the seizure of Sir Edmund Andross at Boston.

On his death-bed Colonel Dixwell disclosed his true character, and owned his name as John Dixwell, but requested that no monument should be erected on his grave giving an account of his person, name, and character, "lest his enemies might dishonor his ashes," but that only a plain stone might be set up at his grave, with the simple initials, "J. D.," his age, and the time of his death. Accordingly, a plain, rough stone was erected at his grave, near the graves of Governors Eaton and Jones, with this inscription.

The engraving is a correct copy of the old stone now to be seen in New Haven. A handsome iron fence encloses this, as also a beautiful marble monument recently erected by the people of New Haven.

While residing in New Haven, Colonel Dixwell was twice married, and at his death left a wife and two children.

President Stiles, in his history of the judges, says, "So late as the last French War, 1760, some British officers passing through New Haven, and hearing of Dixwell's grave, visited it, and declared with rancorous and malicious vengeance that if the British Ministry knew of it they would even then cause their bodies to be dug up and vilified." Before they left the spot, they defaced the stones with their bayonets—the marks of which are visible to this day.

"Often have we heard the crown officials," resumed Stiles, "aspersing and vilifying them, and some so late as 1775 visited and treated the graves with marks of indignity too indecent to be mentioned."

The inscription upon the recent monument to Colonel Dixwell reads as follows:

Here rests the remains of
JOHN DIXWELL, ESQ.,
of the Priory of Folkestone,
in the County of Kent, England.
Of a family long prominent in Kent
and Warwickshire, and himself possessing
large estates and much influence
in his County, he espoused the popular cause,
in the revolution of 1640.
Between 1640 and 1660,
he was Colonel in the Army,
an active member of four Parliaments,
thrice in the Council of State,
and one of the high court which tried
and condemned King Charles the First.
At the restoration of the Monarchy
he was compelled to leave his country;
and after a brief residence in Germany,
came to New Haven,
and here lived in seclusion,
but enjoying the esteem and friendship
of its most worthy citizens,
till his death in 1688-9.

## HORSE-SHOES.

A NOVEL subject of inquiry, and one possessing considerable interest, is that of the origin and history of horse-shoes, and of the art of shoeing horses. That it is one of great antiquity is evidenced by the many early examples of horse-shoes, of different periods, which have, from time to time, been discovered, and by the references to them to be found in old writers. With the Greeks and Egyptians shoeing appears not to have been known, nor does it seem to have been practised by the early Romans; although many passages in the classic writers, by license in translation, have been made to give a coloring to the idea that the hoofs of their horses were shod, sometimes with iron and sometimes with brass. There can be but little doubt that the first foot-covering of the horse, adopted when the hoof became injured, was leather, stitched on with thongs, in much the same manner as sandals for human beings, and also those for sore-footed camels and other animals. From this the transition to metal rims, attached by clamps, and then with nails, would be easy and natural; but to what people this invention belongs is a matter which requires much research—and it is doubtful whether any investigation will ever be able satisfactorily to set the question at rest.

Mr. Fleming, in a recent work especially devoted to the subject, is inclined to give to the Celts, or Gallo-Celts, the credit of being the first inventors of this most useful art. That horse-shoes were not in use among the Celts is, however, pretty evident; as to that people the use of iron was unknown, and no remains of shoes of bronze or of any other material have ever been exhumed in barrow digging. The earliest known examples found in the British Isles are of the Romano-British periods, and these have not unfrequently been found on Roman sites and with undoubted remains of that people.

During the Anglo-Saxon period it is evident, not only from remains occasionally discovered, but from illuminated MSS., that horse-shoeing was regularly practised; the shoes, however, being of a somewhat different form to those of the preceding era. With the Normans the art was, of course, much practised, as the following facts, among others, testify: the Conqueror gave to Simon St. Lix, one of the noblemen who came over with him, the town of Northampton, and other land, on condition that he provided shoes for his horses; and another of his nobles, De Ferrars, or Ferraris, was the chief of his shoers or "ferriers," from which his name was derived. He had large grants of land in Derbyshire, Staffordshire, and elsewhere, from his sovereign in

consideration of his services, and the family became Earls of Derby, etc., and bore for their arms successively six horse-shoes, and *vaire*, within a *bordure* of horse-shoes. A curious circumstance in reference to Norman horse-shoes, not mentioned by Mr. Fleming, is the discovery of a pitcher, bearing on one side the horse-shoe, and on the other the buckle badges of the Ferrars family. This curious vessel is engraved in the "Reliquary," and is worth attention. Another matter connected with the Ferrars family is the curious custom at Oakham, in Rutland, of the town claiming from every peer who passes through it a horse-shoe. The old hall—the shire hall—of Oakham is a Norman building, erected by Walkelen De Ferrars, and on its door, and on various parts of its interior, are horse-shoes of various sizes and dates, which have been claimed from, and given by, royal personages, peers who have passed "through the precinct, or lordship" of the De Ferrars. The arms of the town is also a horse-shoe.

Passing downward, the Marshalls—"Marescallus"—whose duty was "every morning, and late at night, to see that the horses are properly groomed . . . and also ascertain that they are well shod"—became Earls of Pembroke, and bore a horse-shoe and a nail on their seals. In 1235, Walter Le Brun had a plot of land granted him in the Strand, whereon to erect a forge, for which he was to render to the Exchequer yearly, as quitrent, six horse-shoes, with the nails—sixty-two—belonging to them, and this custom has been continued ever since, and is the origin of the "counting the horse-shoes and hob-nails" on the swearing in of the London Sheriffs at the Court of Exchequer at the present day.

Examples of horse-shoes of a little later period—those belonging to the unfortunate Earl of Lancaster—are more than usually well authenticated. When the earl, on the close approach of the royal army, fled from his stronghold of Tutbury Castle, and crossed the river to gain the Derbyshire side, his baggage, and military chest, containing all his money and valuables, were lost in the river Dove, and there remained until the year 1831, when, in deepening the river, they were found. These consisted of an immense number of coins—computed at 100,000—and some other relics. They were, in many instances, so firmly imbedded in the sand and gravel of the bed of the river as to be not easily separated, and the iron of the chest, and of other articles, had become oxidized, and cemented the mass firmly together. Among the mass some horse-shoes were discovered, imbedded in the conglomerate, and firmly attached to gravel and coins. They are in the possession of Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt, and are engraved in Mr. Fleming's last volume.

The seal of the city of Gloucester, of the reign of Edward III., presents a good illustration of the form of horse-shoes and nails of that period, and from that time downward the art has continued, and the form, with but few improvements till quite recent times, has remained with but little alteration.

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THE learned man is only useful to the learned; the wise man is equally useful to the wise and the simple. The merely learned man has not elevated his mind above that of others; his judgments are not more penetrating, his remarks not more delicate, nor his actions more beautiful than those of others; he merely uses other instruments than his own; his hands are employed in business of which the head sometimes takes little note. It is wholly different with the wise man: he moves far above the common level—he observes everything from a different point of view; in his employments there is always an aim, in his views always freedom, and all with him is above the common level.

# THE DIAMOND.

## ITS SOURCE, PROPERTIES, AND USES.

By Professor Charles A. Joy.

ALTHOUGH the diamond has been known for ages, we are scarcely nearer the solution of the problem of its origin than we were when it was first discovered. There are no end of conjectures and theories as to the probable origin of the precious gem, but we still want positive evidence of its real position among minerals. A great difficulty in the way of arriving at a just conclusion lies in the fact that the gem has never been found *in situ*—that is, in the original rock from whence it is supposed to have been washed. A few solitary specimens have been picked up imbedded in a peculiar elastic sandstone, called itacolumite, but although this rock is abundant in various parts of the world, we have yet to hear of the opening of any diamond mine in any country where it occurs. Numerous theories have been started to account for the origin of the diamond. It may be worth while to notice some of them.

According to Dr. Hamlin, it is always found in, or rather upon, beds of gravel, usually modified drift, and has never been met with anywhere else, because it has its origin among the gravel. The diamond placers of South America, of India, of Ceylon, and of South Africa are all geologically similar. The placer is usually a filled-up lagoon, of basin shape, with a gravelly bottom. Near the margin the diamonds are found at a slight depth, imbedded among the gravel. Further toward the middle of the lagoon the depth to the gravelly bottom may be seventy or eighty feet, hence it is necessary to dig to that depth to find the diamond stratum. Dr. Hamlin believes that the formation of the diamond began long after the close of the drift period, and that they are of undoubted vegetable origin. The vegetable theory is also accepted by other writers, and the fact that some specimens have been found to contain organic matter helps to sustain the vegetable hypothesis. That they were at no time imbedded in rock, but are the product of a regular growth after the date of the drift period, is one of the latest suggestions in reference to their origin.

Sir Isaac Newton early inferred the true composition of the stone to be pure carbon, and subsequent philosophers proved the accuracy of his observation, by burning a fragment and collecting the carbonic acid resulting from the combustion. Michael Faraday converted one-half of a diamond into coke, leaving the other half in its natural state. So many persons have performed similar experiments that there is no doubt in the minds of scientific men as to the true composition of the diamond.

That many attempts should be made to prepare so valuable a gem artificially is very natural. The experiments have been made to find a solvent for carbon from which it would be possible to crystallize the gem as easily as alum crystals can be raised from a saturated solution. It is superfluous to remark that a proper solvent has not been found. Molten iron takes up considerable quantities of carbon, and may be said to dissolve it, but the crystals which form out of it partake of the form and properties of graphite rather than of a brilliant. Professor Despretz, of Paris, came nearer solving the problem than any of his predecessors. By aid of a powerful galvanic battery, he succeeded in accumulating a cluster of microscopic crystals on one of the electrodes, which was dipped in carbon suspended in hydrochloric acid. These crystals proved to have the same form and properties as diamonds, but their cost was considerably greater than

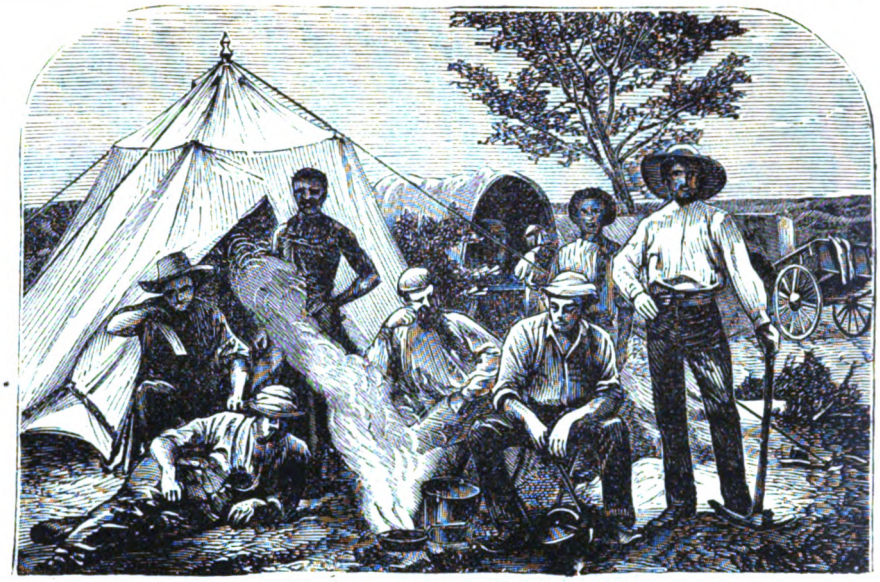
MILITARY ESCORT CONVOYING DIAMONDS TO THE COAST IN BRAZIL.

natural stones of the same size. The experiment was considered to be interesting scientifically, as going to prove that it is not improbable that some day we shall discover a feasible way of making artificial diamonds. Some diamonds contain red, white, and blue spots, and if they are heated to redness, and protected from the air, these spots dis-

DIAMOND FIELDS ON THE VAAL RIVER, SOUTH AFRICA, DISCOVERED IN 1870.

appear. This behavior seems to indicate that the temperature at which the diamond was originally formed was below redness. The fact that diamonds can be transformed into graphite by aid of a powerful electric current goes to prove that diamonds and graphite are only allotropic conditions of carbon, differing in the temperature at which they were formed. It would look as if the diamond had been formed like coal, by a slow decomposition of substances containing carbon, either vegetable or mineral.

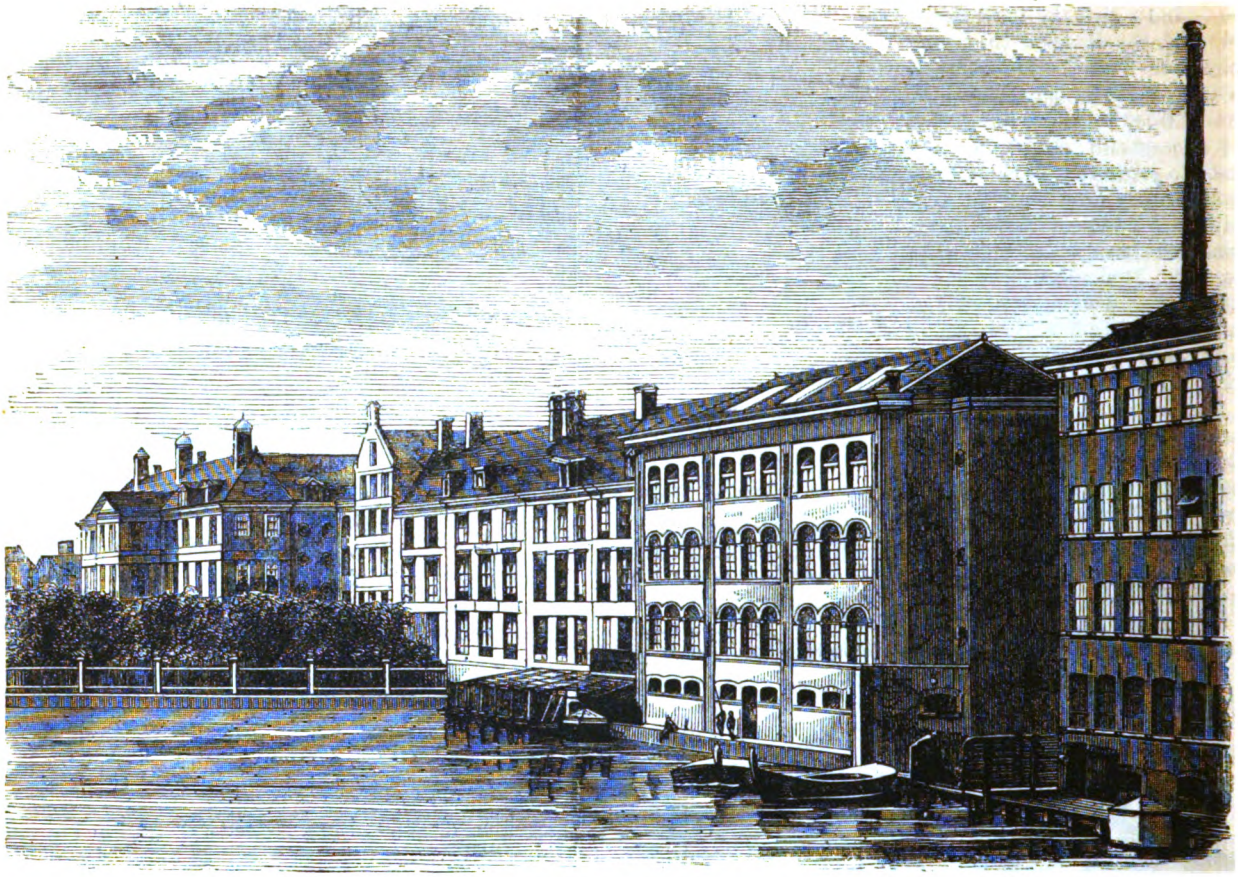
The diamond has long been known in Asia, in Hindostan, Borneo, Sumatra, and in the Ural mountains, before it was discovered elsewhere—the district from Cape Comorin to the Bay of Bengal, including the famous mine of Golconda, supplying the world until 1728, when the Brazilian mines were discovered. The diamond district of Brazil is situated in the Serra do Frio, in the province of Ninas Geraes, extending from East to West, between lat. 17 deg. and 19 deg. south. The mines were originally Government property, and were placed under the management of officers specially detailed for the purpose, who employed at times as many as 5,000 negroes at the works. Since 1873 they have become exclusively private property, and are worked in the same manner as the gold mines of other countries. A singular uniformity has been observed respecting the diamond grounds of Brazil, which has served as an important check upon the workman. It has been found that the same cubic mass will yield in washing pretty nearly the same number of carats whether of large or of small diamonds. Though very large gems do not abound in this district, some of considerable size have at times been found. In sending the diamonds to the coast it has always been necessary to have a convoy of military to protect the caravan from attacks of marauders, and as the invading party was sometimes made up of deserters from the regular army, and as collusions with the escort were possible, it occasionally fared hard with the caravan, and fewer diamonds were found at the end of the route than were started on the journey. The yield from this locality is said to have fallen off very considerably of late years, and so



SOUTH AFRICA.—DIAMOND-SEEKERS IN CAMP.

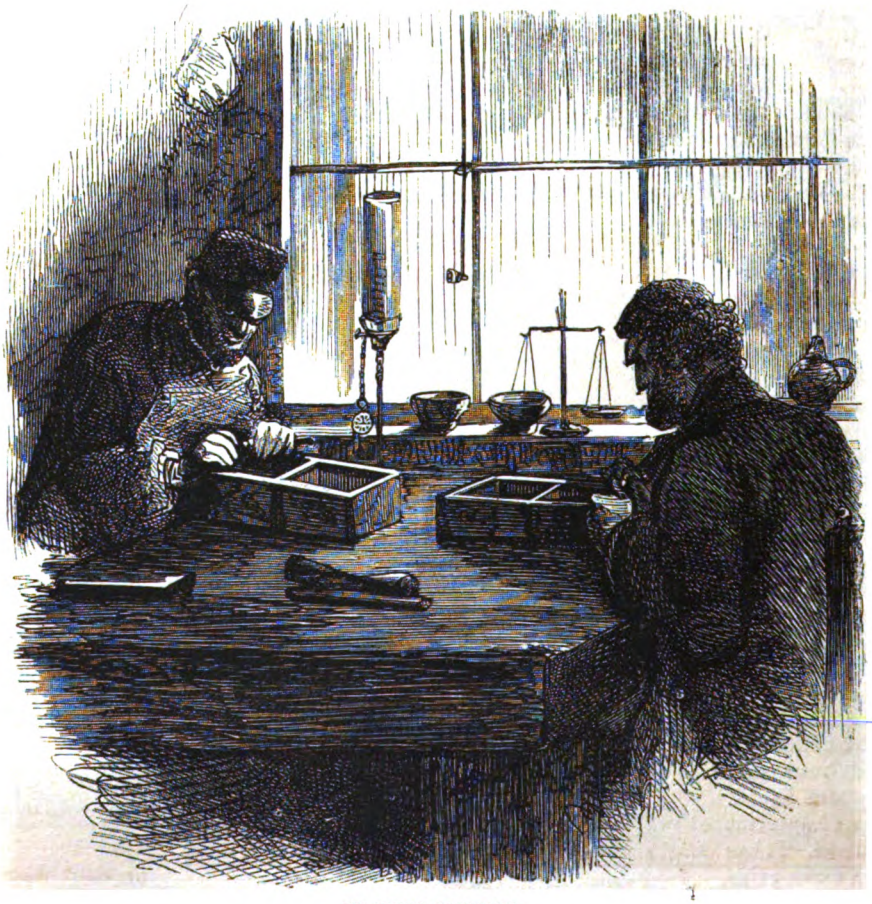
DIGGING AND WASHING IN SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND FIELDS IN 1870.

LEAVING CAPE TOWN FOR DIAMOND FIELDS IN 1871.



DIAMOND-CUTTING WORKS ON THE AMSTEL, HOLLAND.

it may have been one of the reasons why the Government thought it wise to put the business in private hands. A splendid diamond found in Brazil some years ago, and carried to France, is called the "Star of the South." Its general form is a rhomboidal dodecahedron, and upon its faces are impressions which appear to have been made by other diamonds, so that the whole was probably a group of diamond crystals. Another famous diamond from Brazil is in possession of the King of Portugal. If genuine, of which there is some doubt, its value, according to the usual rule of computation, should be $28,000,000, weighing, as it does in the rough, 1,680 grains. The Brazilian diggings were visited by Alexander von Humboldt the early part of this century, and when afterwards this celebrated traveler was on the estates of Prince Demidorf in Russia, from a similarity of appearance in the structure of the gravel beds, he predicted that diamonds could be found, on careful search, in the Urals, which prediction proved

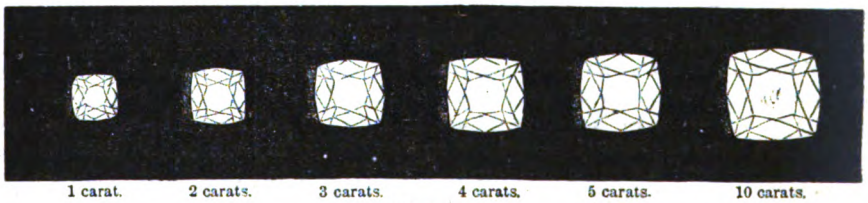


SPLITTING DIAMONDS.

true, and the first specimen found was sent as a present to the author of "Kosmos," and is now carefully preserved in the mineralogical cabinet at Berlin. The Russian mines have been worked since 1829, and have yielded a number of very valuable specimens. Towards the year 1870 the supply from all quarters was getting low, and it was necessary to have recourse to the old jewels of Portuguese, Spanish, French, and English families to satisfy the demand, the United States being then the best market. A great change in the supply and price of diamonds was occasioned by the discovery of the South African fields in 1867 and 1870. They had been known to traders, but the knowledge was kept secret until the finding of a diamond (21¼ carats), by a white child, on the bank of the Orange River, at once attracted the attention of the whole world to this locality, and it was not long before the country was overrun by adventurers. The first settlers of this part of the world were Hollanders, and the names of towns and rivers at the Cape, as in the vicinity of New York, show their Dutch origin. Just as in the State of New York we have the Walkill, so in South Africa the principal river is named Waal, after an arm of the Rhine in Holland. This name is now changed into Vaal River, and here a regularly organized community of diggers have been at work, a short distance from the Mission Station of Phiel.

POLISHING DIAMONDS.

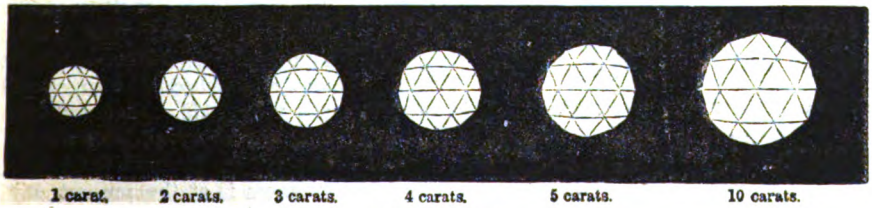
The place where the diamonds are found is a large district of country belonging to Dutch Boer farmers and native tribes. The diamond mine is indicated by the presence of great quantities of garnets on the surface, which are, however, not of any value in that distant part of the world. In Europe and America they would attract attention. As a rule, wherever the garnet occurs they are certain to find diamonds. At first the largest companies of diggers were at a place on the Vaal River, where water was plentiful. The gravel was carted to the river to be washed, and the diamonds thus separated from the worthless stones. By this means many large and valuable gems have been discovered. The African diamond fields embrace an area of 1,000 square miles, and extend from longitude 24 deg. to 28 deg. east, and 27 deg. to 30 deg. south. A great part of this region has been honeycombed very much as was the case in California. Since March, 1867, when the first diamond was found at the Cape, it is estimated that diamonds to the value of twelve million pounds sterling have been brought away from there. As stated by Professor Tennant, about ten per cent. of the Cape diamonds may be classified as the first quality, fifteen per cent. of the second, and twenty of the third. The remainder, under the name of *bort*, is employed in cutting diamonds and for various other purposes by the lapidary, by the engineer, for rock-drilling, and so on.



1 carat. 2 carats. 3 carats. 4 carats. 5 carats. 10 carats.

BRILLIANTS.

If the system of hydraulic mining could have been applied in Africa much labor and expense would have been saved. At Colesberg Hopje, reliance had to be placed on the slow and tedious process of windlass and bucket for removing both water and gravel, and a single heavy rain could destroy the labor of a month. The product at this principal bed in 1874 fell fifty per cent. from the average of the two previous years. The rains have caused heavy cavings of the



1 carat. 2 carats. 3 carats. 4 carats. 5 carats. 10 carats.

ROSE DIAMONDS.

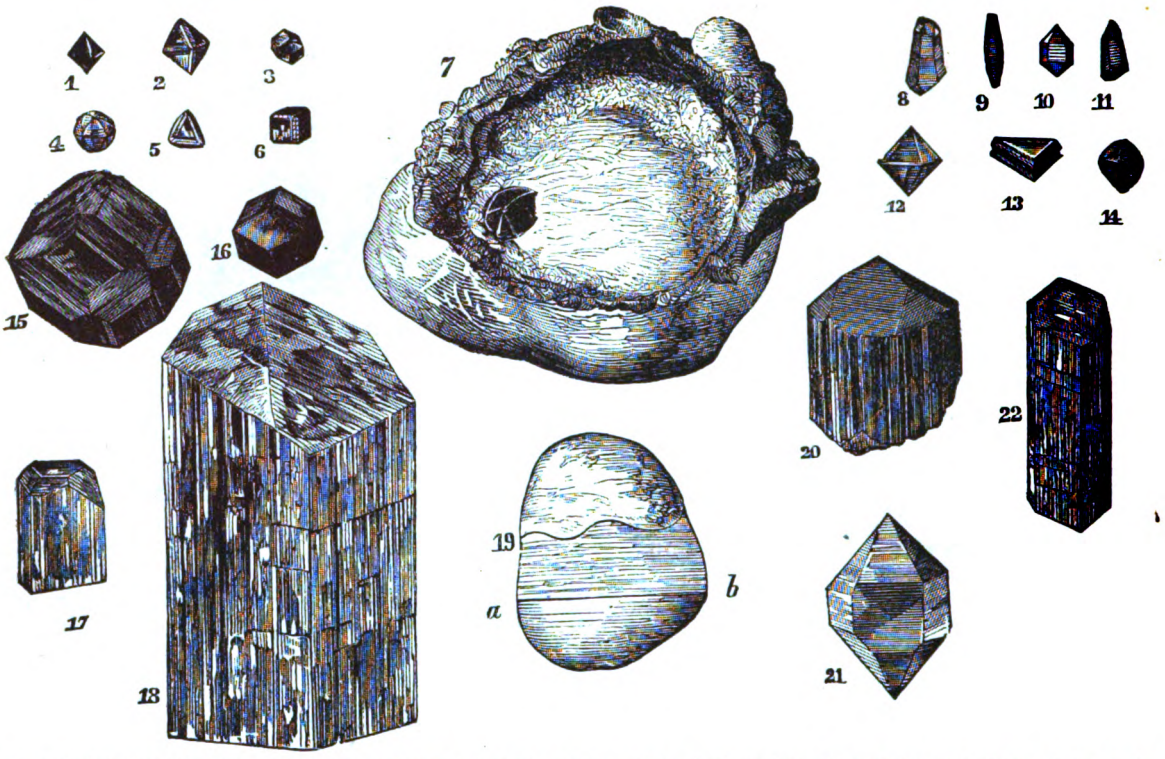



Fig. 1. Octohedron Diamond. Fig. 2. Octohedron having six planes on the edges. Fig. 3. Dodecahedron with rhombic faces. Figs. 4, 5, and 6 are rarer forms. Fig. 7. A conglomerated mass of Quartz Pebbles, two crystals of Diamond, and various grains of Gold; the whole cemented together by oxide of iron. Figs. 8 to 11. Crystals of Corundum. Figs. 12 to 14. Crystals of Spinel-ruby. Figs. 15 to 16. Crystals of Garnet. Figs. 17, 18 and 19. Rhombic prisms of Topaz. Fig. 20. Tourmaline. Fig. 21. Crystal of Transparent Quartz, or "Rock Crystal." Fig. 22. Beryl.

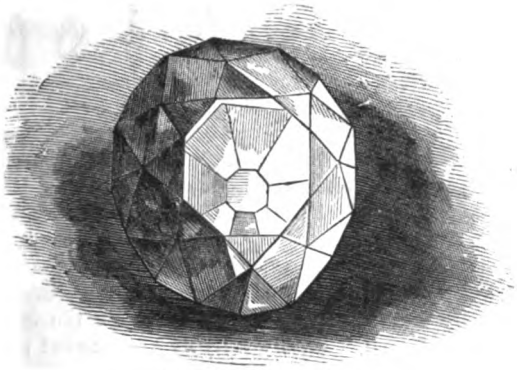
deep pits which formed the diggings, so that one-third of the ground is thought to be covered up by slides, which it will scarcely pay to retrieve. The deep diggings are flooded, and there is no way of draining them except the bucket and rope, working through depths of 180 ft. and more. The value of claims is steadily falling; the diamond colony is poor; and the whole condition of things will be sufficiently indicated to any old Californian by the fact that loans are made on the mining licenses at the rate of ten per cent. a month, with foreclosures at the end of the first month. In the diamond camps the small stones form the basis of value, and would doubtless be used as the common currency but for one fact. While the value of gold is directly proportioned to its weight, a pound nugget being worth exactly twelve times as much as an ounce nugget of the same fineness, the value of diamonds increases with enormous rapidity as they grow heavier, so that they cannot be paid out in pinches, the same as gold. For that reason they occupy in South Africa about the same relation that gold bears to greenbacks. Transactions take place in diamonds, but the amount of exchange has to be calculated in another currency.

The discovery of the diamond fields of South Africa bids fair to exert a great influence on the native population of the adjoining provinces. The Secretary to the Government of Griqualand West, Mr. J. B. Currey, says that the natives come in large bodies, often as many as two thousand in a month, arriving in a wretched state of emaciation. They wear no clothing, save a cincture round the loins, and although very thin and bony when they arrive, in about six months they become very sleek, well made, and often powerful men. They are very thrifty, and generally have from eight to ten pounds in money when the time for their departure arrives. This they expend in purchasing guns, powder, and lead, old military uniforms, beads, brass-wire, and perhaps a little food, with which they set out for their own country, each man staggering under his burden. In the middle of 1875 came the first party of Maschonas, large, powerful, jet-black men, from lat. 18 deg., on the southern bank of the Zambezi. Commenting upon this remarkable movement of the natives, Mr. Currey makes the following observations:

"And this great stream of native labor returns, after a few months, to the great ocean from which it flowed, bearing with it, as is inevitable, some traces of the strange lands through which it has passed, and some tinge of the things with which it has come in contact. We cannot prevent this, even if we would. For good or for evil, these natives have tasted of the tree of knowledge, and know that they are naked. They go back with something to tell, and the strange stories that must be repeated from hut to hut, and village to village, the distorted accounts which must be spread of our religion and our laws, our virtues and our vices, our manners and customs, will produce results greater than any that all the missionaries of Europe could effect in a century. Events novel and rapid, which we have had no power to control, have unexpectedly placed us in intimate communication with new tribes, and our connection with them entails results which no indifference can ignore, and from which no timidity can escape."

The ancients knew nothing about cutting the diamond, but wore the natural stones, selecting the most regular. The art of cutting was invented by Louis Berquen, of Bruges, in Belgium, in the year 1456, and a guild of diamond-cutters was established by him about the year 1470. Diamond-cutting was for a long time a monopoly in Holland, and the business is at the present day mostly confined to Amsterdam.

CAPE DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH.

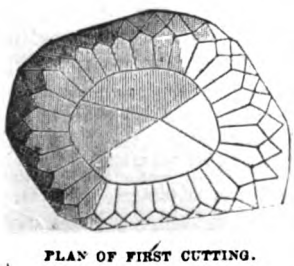


THE KOH-I-NOOR, RECUT.

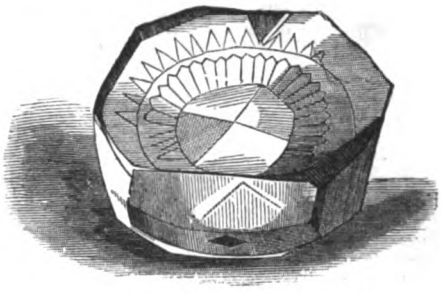
There has been, however, a Diamond Company established in New York since 1871, where the process is carried on to great perfection. The business is divided into three entirely distinct and separate branches. First, there is the cleaver, or splitter, called the *klover;* then the cutter, or *snyder;* and, lastly, the polisher, or *slyper*. It would be difficult, if not impossible for one person to become expert in all three branches. The splitter, or cleaver, must be a person of the quickest perception and great skill, otherwise he could at one blow destroy a most costly gem. Seizing a stone, he looks at it quickly, and decides instantly in his mind how the stone must be cut, so as to give it the greatest weight and brilliancy. He must be able to detect at a glance any flaws or streaks, and to decide what minute fragments must be cut off to remove the flaws, and must be so thoroughly acquainted with his subject as to be able to tell whether the imperfection is at the surface or in the heart of the stone. Having decided all these points, he secures the stone in a wooden stick, by means of a cement made of rosin and pounded brick-dust, and prepares a second diamond, having a sharp edge, precisely in the same way in another stick. Steadying his two hands over a small wooden box, lined with brass, which has at the bottom a sieve to secure the precious dust, he applies the knife-edge of one diamond to the face of the other. It cuts rapidly; there is a distinct notch made, and the flaw is removed in a few minutes, which it would require some days, or even weeks, to grind off, and the fragments can be turned to account for settings.

The cleaver having determined what shape the diamond shall have, it is handed over to the cutter. The stones are secured in precisely the same sticks, and held over exactly the same kind of box. The stone to be shaped is held in the left hand, though both stones are in process of cutting. The thumbs are closely braced, the left hand being protected by a leather glove. The process is a very slow one compared with the cleaving, and requires no end of patience and judgment.

The next step is the polishing, which is accomplished by revolving steel disks running parallel with the floor, the tables turning with a speed of 2,000 revolutions to the minute, the operation being facilitated by a cream of oil and diamond powder occasionally applied by the workman. Previous to polishing, the stone must be soldered into a brass cup, the solder rising about it until it looks like a big acorn, the stone forming the apex. Placing the stone in the acorn with its point downward, the workman clamps it in a wooden rest, the downward point touching the revolving wheel. To produce pressure, he puts on the wooden rest pieces of lead, weighing perhaps four or five pounds. The same person can watch two or three stones at the same time. The diamond is occasionally removed and the progress of the work determined as much by the sense of feel as by sight. It is said that the African stones are particularly hard and obstinate, giving much more trouble than the South American ones. It requires years of assiduous and patient toil to acquire proficiency in this business. Formerly the diamond was cut in flat stones, having large parallel faces; this method, however, gave only a little fire, and the forms now adopted are known as the rose and the brilliant.



PLAN OF FIRST CUTTING.



ORIGINAL CUTTING OF THE KOH-I-NOOR.

The rose has usually two plane parallel faces, the one below being larger than the one above, but the upper table is sometimes surmounted with a pyramid. This method of cutting is usually confined to flat stones which do not have a good form.

The method of cutting in brilliants is much better adapted to stones of value. It consists of an upper plane, which is quite large, and generally square, with the two angles cut off. This is surmounted by a border made up of triangular or lozenge-shaped faces. This border generally occupies one-third of the whole height of the stone. There is sometimes another border below, called the pavilion, which occupies the other two-thirds of the height, the faces of which have the same general shape, but are longer. This is terminated by a lower plane, similar to the upper one, but much smaller. This method of cutting is the best for the fire, since the rays of light no longer traverse the stone, but are thrown out of it by the upper face, through which they enter. For

SIMPLE MODE OF TESTING A DIAMOND BY FINDING ITS SPECIFIC GRAVITY, THREE AND A HALF TIMES THAT OF WATER.

this reason the stones are always set open. In the following table we give the weights of several historical diamonds:

WEIGHT OF HISTORIC DIAMONDS.

| | Carats. | | Carats. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Rajah | 367 | Piggott | 82 1-4 |
| Great Mogul (a) | 279 9-16 | Nassac (e) | 78 5-8 |
| Orloff | 194 1-4 | Dresden | 76 1-2 |
| Koh-i-noor (b) | 186 | Sancy | 53 1-2 |
| Portuguese | 148 | Eugenie | 51 |
| Florentine | 139 1-2 | Pasha | 49 |
| Regent (c) | 136 3-4 | Dresden (green) | 48 1-2 |
| Star of the South (d) | 125 1-4 | Hope (blue) | 44 1-2 |
| Koh-i-noor (recut) | 106 1-16 | Polar Star | 40 |
| Shah | 95 | Cumberland | 82 |
| Sultan of Turkey | 84 | Russian (red) | 10 |

(a) Uncut, it weighed 900 carats. (b) Uncut, it weighed 793 carats; it is supposed that another stone weighing 130 carats was cut off the original. (c) Uncut, it weighed 410 carats. (d) Uncut, it weighed 251 1-4 carats. (e) Uncut, it weighed 89 3-4 carats.

Perhaps the most famous of all diamonds is the Koh-i-noor, or "Mountain of Light," now in the possession of the Queen of England. According to Indian tradition, it was obtained before the Christian era from one of the mines of Golconda. During two thousand years it passed through many hands, and finally, on the annexation of the Punjaub to the East India Company's territory in 1849, it was stipulated that the Koh-i-noor should be surrendered to the Queen of England, to whom it was accordingly delivered by the Company, July 3d, 1850. At this period its weight was 186 carats, but its form was not in accordance with its great value, and a commission of scientific men was appointed with reference to the propriety of recutting the gem, and, after obtaining the opinion of experts in Amsterdam, it was decided to give it in charge of Mr. Coster, of Holland, who made of it one of the most magnificent gems to be found in the world.

THE PITT DIAMOND, EXHIBITED TO THE SAN CULOTTES UNDER A MILITARY GUARD DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR.

Jewelers acquire by practice the habit of distinguishing between the diamond and all other stones which are used to imitate it. It requires long experience and practice to acquire this power, and it is better to use some scientific means than to trust to the judgment alone. These means are given in the following table:

TABLE FOR DISTINGUISHING PRECIOUS STONES.

| | Density. | Refraction. | Index of Refraction | Electricity. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Diamond | 3.52–3.55 | Simple. | 2.455 | Positive, not durable. |
| Ruby, Sapphire and Oriental Amethyst. | 3.9–4.3 | Double. 1 axis. | 1.765 | Lasts several hours. |
| Chryseberyl | 3.5–3.8 | Double. | 1.760 | Lasts several hours. |
| White Topaz | 3.4–3.6 | Double. 2 axis. | 1.635 | More than 24 hours. |
| Chrysolite | 3.3–3.5 | Double. | 1.660 | Positive. |
| Emerald | 2.6–2.8 | Double. 1 axis. | 1.585 | Positive. |
| Spinel | 3.4–3.8 | Simple. | 1.755 | Not tried. |
| Zircon | 4.4–4.6 | Double. 1 axis. | 1.990 | Positive, not durable. |
| Quartz | 2.6–2.8 | Double. 1 axis. | 1.549 | Positive, not durable. |
| Strass | var. 3.5 | Simple. | | Not durable, variable. |

A simple method of testing diamonds by finding the specific gravity is shown on page 381; also the appearance of Cape diamonds in the rough.

The employment of diamonds in the arts is of comparatively recent date. The small stones which have very sharp edges, are used for cutting glass. Diamonds of gray or black color cost from five to six dollars a carat, in gold, a carat being equal to four grains. Such diamonds, instead of being transparent, like the white ones, are only translucent. They seldom occur in regular forms like the white ones. Clear stones are used in jewels for watches. One of the most recent, and at the same time most important, applications of the diamond is in the invention of the diamond drill. By aid of this drill, driven by compressed air, the immense work of the Mount Cenis tunnel was pushed to completion, and the equally gigantic enterprise of the St. Gothard tunnel is actively worked at the present time. The same principle has been successfully applied to a diamond stone-saw.

The latest novelty in the line of diamonds is the process by which it is claimed that ordinary crystals can be veneered with a coating of the pure gem. The manner of accomplishing this wonderful task, which, it is needless to say, is only worthy of confidence by believers in the perpetual motion, is given by the inventor, who labored twenty-eight years in perfecting it, as follows: "After the quartz and other crystals are cut in proper shape they are put into a galvanic battery, which coats them over with a liquid, that is made of diamonds which are too small to be cut, and the chippings and cuttings that are taken off of diamonds during the process of shaping them. Thus all of the small particles of diamonds that have heretofore been comparatively worthless can now, since this discovery, be used to produce diamond liquid." This solves so neatly the question of artificial diamonds that it is a pity it is not true.

## RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

ANOTHER GREAT TUNNEL.—A company has recently been formed at Lausanne, Switzerland, to undertake the tunneling of the Simplon. It is proposed to start at Brigue, on Swiss territory, at a height of 1,920 ft. above sea level, and cut a tunnel 11.4 miles long through to Pelle, in Italy. As there is much difficulty in raising the requisite funds to construct the St. Gothard Tunnel, it is not likely that the new enterprise will be started very soon, and it is also a question whether it would not be superfluous, in view of existing tunnels.

THE KRUPP GUN.—The large Krupp gun is now mounted upon its carriage at the Centennial Exhibition. Its diameter is 5 ft., length 25 ft., and bore 14 inches. Its weight is 58,460 kilogrammes, or about 64 tons. The charge of powder is said to be 500 lbs, and the weight of the shot 1,200 lbs. On its trial at Essen, this gun penetrated a 12-inch plate at two miles distance.

PREDICTION OF SEX BEFORE BIRTH.—M. Mattei has made several hundred observations on this point, which he has carefully noted and tabulated, and from which he derives certain conclusions. He finds that a fœtus having 130 to 135 pulsations per minute is ordinarily a boy, while 140 to 150 per minute usually indicates a girl. The only deviations from the rule were in the case of unusually large, and at the same time feeble, female infants. The rate of pulsation was reduced by the weakness of the child to 130-135, and hence the erroneous conclusion that it must be a boy.

TELEGRAPHING THE EXACT HANDWRITING.—Mr. W. Sawyer has patented a machine which enables the operator to transmit an exact *fac simile* of the writing of the sender of a message. The sender writes his message upon ordinary white paper; this is laid upon a metallic plate, and passed between two rollers, with the effect of transferring the copy to the plate. The metallic plate is a conductor of electricity, while the lines of writing are non-conductors. Whenever the point is upon the metallic surface, the electric current passes through the wire, but when it touches the writing the current is broken, and a dot or line makes its appearance on chemically-prepared paper at the other end of the line. The moment a point is passing over the surface of one instrument, it is followed exactly by the point on the other instrument, and thus a *fac simile* of the writing is produced. It is possible to transmit a portrait or architectural drawing by the same instruments.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.—Dr. Hachenberg, of Round Mount, Texas, reports an instance of the ignition of some cotton on a certain table of his house, caused by a stereoscopic instrument, that was exposed to the direct rays of the sun in such a position that the two lenses brought the heat to a focus. Glass globes, filled with water, have been known to set fire to woodwork, and the deadlights of ships have proved equally dangerous. Many attempts have been made to turn the sun's rays to practical use, the most recent invention in this direction having been made by Ericsson, in America, and Mouchot, in France.

BLUE LIGHTS.—General Pleasanton is an enthusiastic believer in the efficacy of blue light to cure diseases. In a recent work he relates a number of instances of the cure of rheumatism in a mule by putting panes of blue and colorless glass in the window of his stable; also the cure of a woman suffering from complicated diseases by similar treatment; and the cure of spinal disease by combined light. The medical profession would say that he claims too much.

GLASS FROM BLAST-FURNACE SLAG.—The process consists in using the slag from iron furnaces in its liquid state, direct from the blast-furnace It is found that the whole of the slag, when thus employed, is convertible into perfectly transparent glass of a good color. The liquid slag is conducted into a tank holding about 15 cwt., where it is mixed with other materials, and in an incredibly short space of time glass is produced which is good enough for bottles, roofing, skylight, green-houses, roofing-t les, and many other purposes; and being made from waste material, is very cheap.

LIGHT REGISTERING APPARATUS.—Professor Roscoe has invented an automatic light-registering apparatus, the object of which is to keep a record of the amount of light that falls at any particular spot during small fixed intervals. Clock-work drives the apparatus, photographic paper is the sensitive agent used, and by mechanical arrangement only small portions of the sensitized paper are exposed at stated intervals.

EXHIBITION OF SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS.—The exhibition of scientific apparatus, at South Kensington, London, last month, includes some very rare and interesting objects. Among these are the original telescopes and other instruments used by Galileo; Watts's first steam engine; the original air-pump made by Otto von Guericke, of Magdeburg; a quadrant belonging to Tycho Brahe; a telescope by Huyghens; the pendulum apparatus of Foucault and Gauss; Babbage's calculating machine, and that made by James Black for Lord Mahon; the original Napier Bones; the measuring instruments of Sir Joseph Whitworth; the apparatus employed by Joule in ascertaining the mechanical equivalent of heat; the apparatus with which Faraday made many important discoveries; the original Wheatstone bridge; the instruments used in laying the Atlantic cable; Armstrong's hydro-electric machine.

TOUGHENED GLASS.—The manufacture of glass by the De la Bastie method is at present carried on on a small scale in Pennsylvania. By his process lamps and tumblers can be toughened so as not to break when thrown upon the floor. By the new process, the glass, after having been run from the furnace and molded, instead of being put into the annealing pots, is immersed in a hot bath, consisting of linseed oil and tallow. The bath is kept up to about 320 degrees. The ware, after dipping, is removed to a second bath having a temperature of 200 degrees. Lastly, the glass goes into a water bath and is cooled. The chief difficulty thus far encountered is found to be in the fact that the glass cannot be cut with a diamond. It possesses the property of Prince Rupert's drops and explodes if a scratch or fracture is made in it. This will prevent its use for window glass, but not for many other purposes.

A RAILWAY IN CHINA.—An experimental railway is now being built in China connecting Shanghai and Woosung, a town at the junction of the river. It is only nine miles long, but the object of the English capitalists who are building it is to show the Chinese what a railroad is like. Thus, by degrees, it may be possible to introduce the system into the Empire. Several Mandarins have been invited to make trial trips, and, although a little timid at first, eventually accepted the offer, and were delighted with the experience.

## ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A SLOW MATCH—A ten years' engagement.

THE most unattractive thing in marriage—Age.

No woman ever saw the time when she had hairpins enough.

MOTTO for a yeast factory—"Early to bread and early to rise."

WHEN is a fowl's neck like a bell?—When it is *wrung* for dinner.

WHEN is a sheep like a year?—When divided into four quarters.

MRS. PARTINGTON denies that she has ever sued a man for "reformation of character."

THE HEART'S MISGIVINGS.—Eating mince pie and wondering, after a pause, what the contents were composed of.

"SWEAR not at all," said a chaplain to a trooper. He replied, "I do not swear at all, but only at those who annoy me."

DR. JOHNSON'S estimate of wines and spirits was summed up in these words: "Claret for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes."

A NEW YORK vagrant, who had been fined regularly every week for begging, requested the magistrate to fine him by the year at a reduced rate.

A WAG, having married a young lady named Church, says he has enjoyed more happiness since he joined the Church than he ever did in all his life before.

"IS THE captain of your ship a religious man?" asked a city missionary of a Jack Tar. "Yes," replied the latter; "of course he is—that is, when he ain't drunk."

HEAVY GALE.—A Yankee, in describing a gale of wind, says: "A white dog, while attempting to weather the gale, was caught with his mouth open and turned completely inside out."

OLDFASHIONED.—Mrs. Smithers is oldfashioned, and calls rather "ruther," and neither "nuther"; but you eat a piece of her mince pie once, and you'll never stick up your nose at her again.

HERMANN, the magician, has been naturalized in Boston. While taking out his papers he pleaded poverty, and then drew a $5 note from the City Clerk's vest and presented it in payment of his fee, much to that officer's amazement.

LAST Winter, in Boston, a young woman put her false teeth in a glass of water at night, and in the morning found them imbedded in a block of solid ice. She was late at breakfast, the process of thawing out the teeth with a bonfire of matches having been slow.

PRUDENT.—A rich woman has brought up her accomplished and beautiful daughters to do washing and ironing. When questioned, she replies: "Oh, it is always well to be prepared for any contingency. Perhaps some of the poor children may marry an Italian count!"

"How, MY dear fellow, can I make a girl love me, who is constantly devoured by love of *herself?*" asked a young gentleman of his friend.—"Oh," replied the latter, "that is the easiest thing in the world; just minister to her self-love till it overflows; all that runs over will be yours."

NOT long since a young man applied for permission to teach in a school, and, utterly failing in the necessary examination, was finally asked when it was that Napoleon Bonaparte flourished—before or after the Conquest? After meditating some time he replied, "You have got me this time, gentlemen!"

A GENTLEMAN finding his watch had stopped, took it to a watchmaker to put it right. "He armed his eyes with a microscope," says the gentleman, "and continued to exhaust all my patience for a considerable time, very sapiently occupied, as I thought, examining the machinery to discover the difficulty. At length he told me he could do my watch no good unless he took it all to pieces; to which, objecting, I carried it to another, who, a good deal to my surprise, discovered that I had only forgotten to wind it up."

IN a recent debate in Parliament on the Irish whisky trade, on the question whether Government ought to stop the common practice of mixing Scotch whiskys in bonded warehouses, and then selling the product in Ireland as Irish whisky, whereas it is, in fact, a mixture of Irish and Scotch whiskys, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, speaking as a teetotaler, made rather a good joke. He said that "what was meant by good whisky was whisky which would make you drunk in the pleasantest way and the shortest time;" and, he added, "No definition that I know of will hold water better than that!"

COULD anything be better than the following "improvement" of a minister of Arran, who was discoursing on the carelessness of his flock? "Brethren, when you leave the church, just look down at the duke's swans; they are vera bonny swans, an' they'll be sooming about an' aye dookin' doon their heads and laving theirsels wi' the clear water till they're a' drookit; then you'll see them sooming to the shore, an' they'll gie their wings a bit flap and they're dry again. Now, my friends, you come here every Sabbath, an' I lave you a' ower wi' the Gospel till you are fairly drookit wi't. But you just gang awa' hame, an' sit doon by your fireside, gie your wings a bit flap, an' ye're as dry as ever again."

THE WOMAN'S TAILOR IN BEARN.

THE WIDOWED DUCK.

GERMANIA GUARDING THE RHINE.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. II.—No. 4. OCTOBER, 1876. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

# BISMARCK: AN HISTORICAL STUDY.

BY ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

OTTO EDWARD LEOPOLD VON BISMARCK is beyond question the most notable statesman of our day. To him more than to any other man is due the creation of the German Empire, the second in population and the first in military strength of the existing states of Europe. Fifteen years ago, when he became Prime Minister of Prussia, his name was hardly known. Five years later, Carlyle wrote of him: "He is the only man appointed by God to be his vicegerent here on earth in these days, and knowing he was so appointed, and bent with his whole soul on doing, and able to do, God's work." Others represent him as embodying in himself all the vices of statecraft: the wiliness of Metternich, the unscrupulousness of Talleyrand, the truculence of Menschikoff. Both representations are wide of the truth. Let us, by examining his work, and the fashion in which he has done it, endeavor to ascertain what manner of man he is.

On the river Biese, in the circle of Stendal, of the Prussian province of Saxony, is a little town for which one will look in vain on our common maps or in our most complete gazetteers. Yet it has a written history going back for seven centuries, when the region hereabouts was wrested from its Slavic possessors and fell to the Bishops of Havelland. One of these, about the year 1200, built a fortalice to guard the borders of his territory, calling it Biscopenmarck—the Bishop's Marck or Border—which in time became contracted into Bismarck. The town which grew up around it came to be of some note. It rejoiced in a cross which is said to have fallen from heaven, and to which pilgrimages were made in the thirteenth century. Near by is still standing an ancient tower called the "Bishop's Louse." Legend says that it was once the abode of a gigantic louse, for whose sustenance the neighboring peasants were obliged to furnish enormous supplies of flesh. The legend is satirical; the great louse being the representation of the devouring ecclesiastical vermin who infested the land.

OTTO EDWARD LEOPOLD PRINCE BISMARCK SCHÖNHAUSEN.

From this town set out bold German Ritters bent upon new acquisitions, who took its name as a surname, calling themselves Von Bismarck. The first of these of whom we find special mention was Rule von Bismarck, who as early as 1300 held broad lands near Stendal, of which town he was a leading burgher and a member of the guild of tailors. Not that he was of necessity an actual craftsman, but because every burgher must be enrolled in one of the regular guilds. Traces of this custom exist in England. The Duke of Wellington was enrolled as a member of the "Worshipful Company of Master Tailors" in London, and the Prince of

Wales is, we believe, free of the Fishmongers. Rule von Bismarck led a stirring life. Among his other doings he got into a quarrel with the Church about some lands, was excommunicated, and died under the ecclesiastical ban. Still more notable was his son, the Knight Claus von Bismarck, master of the aristocratic guild of the tailors who fell into feud with the more plebeian guilds, got worsted, and were banished from Stendal. Claus went to his estates; rose high in favor with the Markgrave Ludwig of Brandenburg, to whom he did many good services, especially that of lending him money, for which he was rewarded with the fief of the Castle of Burgstall, one of the chief strongholds in the Elbe region. His descendants held this title till the middle of the sixteenth century, and were noted as famous hunters. Then the Elector John George (the Markgraves of Brandenburg had before this attained to that dignity), also a famous hunter, cast longing eyes upon Burgstall. By dint of much negotiation and more coercion he induced the Bismarck to exchange it for the less valuable estates of Crevese and Schönhausen, whence in time arose the houses of Von Bismarck, of which we have to do only with that of Schönhausen. The house was not strictly a noble one, but belonged to what is styled the *Junker* order, corresponding very nearly to the English squires.

Schönhausen is an ancient little town. Its church, built by the good Siegbodo, Bishop of Haveland, and consecrated in 1207, is the finest village church in the Elbe region. Hard by is the mansion of the Von Bismarcks, a substantial house of two stories and high peaked roof, built about 1690; the massive foundations are more than a century older, for the original mansion was burned down during the Thirty Years' War. At the beginning of the last century this was the residence of Karl Wilhelm von Bismarck, formerly captain in the royal guard, but who had settled down to the life of a country gentleman, devoted to field sports, and standing in much awe of his spouse, Frau Wilhelmina Wenke, who was addicted to society, literature, science, and chess. To them was born, April 1st, 1815, their son, whom we know as Prince Otto von Bismarck. Of several children previously born, only Bernhard, five years the senior of Otto, survived childhood. He rose in time to be a privy councilor and chief-justice of a district court. Twelve years younger than Otto was a sister, Malwina, who in time became the wife of the royal chamberlain, Oscar von Arnim. Bismarck's letters to her, running through many years, form the best part of the rather trashy memoir by Herr Hesekiel, which is, nevertheless, quite the best that has been written, although it comes down only to the year previous to the Franco-German war, leaving us to other sources for the most important part of Bismarck's career.

When Otto was a year old, the death of a distant kinsman put his father in possession of several considerable estates in Pomerania, among which was that of Niephof, which became for many years the home of the family, although they kept up a Winter residence in Berlin.

At the age of six Otto was sent to a private school in Berlin, in which his elder brother had been for some time pupil. Six years after he was transferred to the gymnasium, whither Bernhard had preceded him. Here he spent ten years, when he went to the University of Göttingen to study jurisprudence, for he had been destined to a diplomatic career. He wished to go to Heidelberg, but his good mother had heard much of the wild ways of the Heidelberg students, especially of their beer-drinking proclivities, and taking what she supposed to be sound advice, decided in favor of the reputedly more sober Göttingen.

Bismarck had grown up a very tall young man, modest in manner, and nowise distinguished as a student, except that he made himself a perfect master of the English and French languages. He was a good dancer, a good horseman, and an expert fencer. So quiet had been his Berlin student life, that he had found opportunity for only a single duel. This, if we may put faith in an account of it, written in doggerel verse, was a funny affair, a sort of running fight, in which Bismarck got a slash in the leg, while his near-sighted antagonist suffered the loss of his spectacles.

At Göttingen, where he remained only a year, he distinguished himself by his conspicuous absence from lectures. He was early initiated into the wildest set of students. One day he was summoned before the dean to answer for some escapade. He made his appearance, accompanied by a huge dog, and attired in a gray dressing-gown, top-boots, and a tall stove-pipe hat. He underwent a sound rating, and was returning home in no amiable mood, when he encountered four Hanoverian students, who set up a loud laugh at his odd appearance. "Are you laughing at me, gentlemen?" demanded Bismarck. "H-m, one may say that easy enough," was the response. Here was a glorious opportunity for a formal students' duel. Bismarck was not posted up in the etiquette of the occasion, but he managed to growl out a reply sufficiently provocative, and was challenged by all the four. He accepted the challenges, and hurried to the headquarters of the Brunswickers, by whom he was furnished with the proper fighting equipments. The Hanoverians were charmed at his pluck. They withdrew their challenges, made all courteous apologies, swore that he was no *Fuchs*, but a jolly brave *Bursch*, and formally inducted him into the Hanoverian *Burschenverein*. The Brunswickers were wroth that he had joined another union after having been armed by them. Their senior challenged him, and got a bloody slash across the face. One duel led to another, and before the year was out Bismarck had fought twenty times, losing blood only once, when by the breaking of his opponent's sword he received a wound in the face, of which he still bears the scar. The blood was decided accidental, and so "not good."

From Göttingen Bismarck went back to Berlin, nominally to study for a magisterial or diplomatic career. He led a wild life, but managed to pass his examinations, and in 1835 was made examiner in a magistrate's court, and in the following year received a position in the Department of the Administration of Justice. In 1838 he entered the Jäger Guards in Berlin, to perform his term of military service. In the following year he was transferred to a Pomeranian regiment.

His father's affairs had gone badly. What with the cost of the Berlin establishment, of Summers at the watering-places, and bad management generally, he was on the verge of ruin. His sons persuaded him to put the Pomeranian estates under their care, while he retired to Schönhausen. Otto took charge of Kniephof, near which his regiment was stationed, so that he had opportunity to manage it. For two or three years he devoted himself assiduously to his work, manifested decided administrative capacity, and the estate again became productive. When matters began to go smoothly, he fell into ways at which his staid neighbors were aghast. He would mount his horse and ride twenty or thirty miles to a wild carouse with the officers of a garrison. Then he would shut himself up in his room, devouring books upon theology, philosophy, and history. Then he would fill the house with his wild fellow-officers, who quaffed huge bumpers from a bowl filled with porter and champagne, and rent the night air with their shouts and pistol-firing. The Newstead Abbey of Byron might have served as the prototype of the Kniephof of Bismarck. Men called him "Mad Bismarck," and said, punningly, that he had "turned his grange into a grogshop." *

* This is as nearly as we can reproduce in English the German play upon words, which turns upon the similarity in sound between *Kneiphof*, the name of the estate, and *kneipehof*, a low pot-house.

During this wild period he won his first medal; one which he is still fond of wearing, and of which he is more proud than of any of the prouder ones to which he has a right. His servant had been flung by a runaway horse into a deep river; Bismarck, in full uniform, plunged in, and, at the imminent peril of his own life, brought him out; and for this received the medal for saving human life.

This way of life lasted several years, during which he made a tour in France and England. Then Kniephof grew quiet and decorous, and it was whispered that it was about to receive a mistress; but as time passed and none appeared, it was conjectured that Mad Bismarck had been crossed in love. He had indeed fallen in love, and stood a more than equal chance of being crossed. He gave up his wild life, and, having completed his term of military service, resumed his official post in Berlin.

His father died in 1845, and the estates were divided between his two sons, Otto receiving Kniephof and Schönhausen, making the latter his home, and being elected to the post of captain of dykes, a responsible position in that flat region, liable to constant overflows.

Great was the astonishment of the sedate Herr Jacob Putkammer and his spouse, the highborn Lady Luitgarde von Glasenap, when one day they received a letter from Bismarck, asking for the hand of their daughter, and greater still when the gentle Johanna acknowledged that he had won her heart. The father made slight opposition, but the mother was obdurate until the lover appeared in person to plead his suit. Her objections vanished at the sight of the stately and courteous gentleman into which "Mad Bismarck" had been transformed. The marriage took place in July, 1847. It would be hard to find one which has proved itself more fortunate.

Bismarck's political career commenced only two or three months before his marriage. Up to this time there had been in Prussia nothing at all answering to a national diet. There was, indeed, a separate local diet for each province, and King Frederick William III. had, as long ago as 1820, introduced some reforms, and promised many more; but he had died in 1840, leaving his promises only partially fulfilled. In February, 1847, his successor, Frederick William IV., put forth an ordinance instituting a "united diet," to be composed of princes of the blood, certain nobles, and a deputy and alternate from each provincial diet. Dyke Captain Otto von Bismarck was chosen alternate from the province of Saxony, and his principal being ill, took his seat in the United Diet, which convened in April, 1847, in the White Room of the Royal Palace of Cölln-on-the-Spree.

The functions of this diet were limited enough, and the king opened it with a speech, in which he told them that even these functions rested solely and entirely upon his free grace and absolute will. He said: "As the heir of an unweakened crown, which I must and will hand down unweakened to my descendants, I know that I am perfectly free from all and every pledge with respect to what has not been carried out of the promises of my father, and above all, with respect to that from the execution of which his own true paternal conscience preserved my illustrious predecessor;" but the law of 1820 had been carried out in all its essential parts, and had proved itself to be a wise one; "therefore have I proceeded with a cheerful heart, indeed, but with all the freedom of my kingly prerogative, to its final completion. Yes, far beyond the promises of the king of blessed memory, I have granted you, within certain necessary limits, the right of granting taxes;" but he had granted this of his own royal will, and of his own royal will alone he promised that, except in case of war, he would "contract no State loan, levy no new taxes, nor increase existing ones, without the free consent of the Orders." But he warned the members of the diet that "it was not their province to represent opinions, or to bring opinions of the day into practical operation; for the Crown must govern according to the laws of God and the land, and its own free and unbiassed resolution, and not according to the will of the majority." And he adds, emphatically, "I would not have called you together had I the smallest suspicion that you had any desire to play the part of what are called representatives of the people."

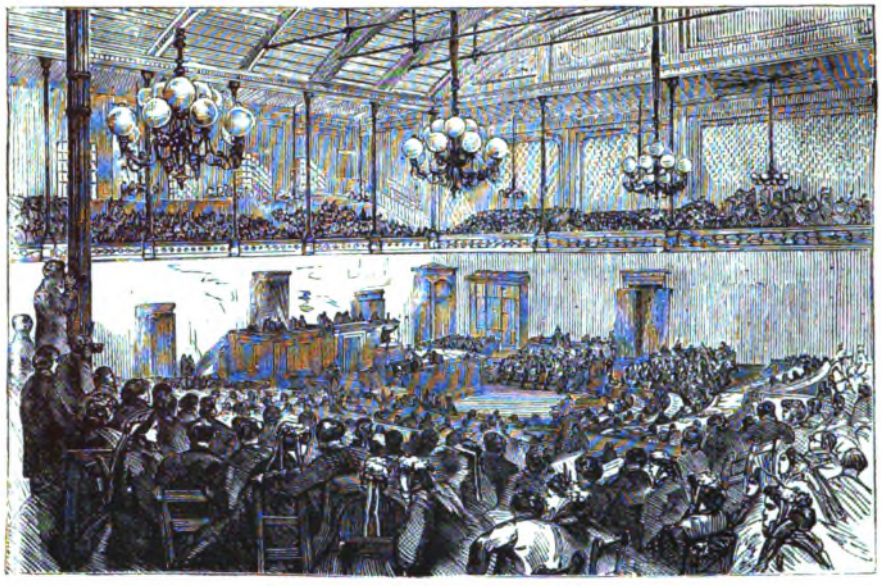
As for all written constitutions, he rejected the very idea with contempt. If there were anywhere people who found content in such, it was well enough for them; but, he asseverates, "No power on earth will ever succeed in moving me to change the natural relation between prince and people into something conventional or constitutional; and, once for all, I will never suffer a written sheet of paper to force itself in between our Lord God in Heaven and this people in order to rule us with its paragraphs, and to replace by them our ancient and time-hallowed trusty reliance upon each other."

As for a written constitution, three years had not passed before the king was compelled to grant one, to which, when the pressure was overpassed, he paid as little respect as might have been expeeted. Meanwhile, there is something not a little ludicrous in the monarch of a mushroom kingdom like Prussia appealing to divine right and time-hallowed sanctions. Men were yet living whose grandfathers could recollect when the Elector of Brandenburg was permitted, by grace of Austria, and at a heavy cost, to style himself King of Prussia; and how he was sneered at by the Order which he left, and flouted by that which he entered. The first Frederick became King of Prussia not two years before the first George became King of England; but the most stupid Guelph had in his veins some of the royal blood of the Stuarts and Plantagenets, while no Hohenzollern could claim a drop of such sacred ichor; and no one can transmit what he has not received. A wise man may ascribe sanctity to an image which he believes came down from heaven, although it were a very rude one; while he would hardly value one which had been carved before his own eyes, except for its own intrinsic worth. The century-and-a-half old Prussian monarchy had a value because it was useful, just as the six years' old German Empire has a value because it is useful and bids fair to continue.

The king struck the true note in defense of his claim to absolutism when he said that Prussia was not ripe for any other form of government. "It has pleased God," he said, "to make Prussia strong by the sword of war from without, and by the sword of intellect from within. As in the camp, unless in cases of the most urgent danger or grossest folly, the command can only be vested in the will of one. So can the destinies of this country, unless it is to fall instantly from its height, only be guided by one will."

Bismarck had hitherto apparently scarcely given a thought to political questions. But he was an absolutist by temper and by his very birth as a *Junker;* and as he then looked at the matter, the right divine to rule in Prussia lay only in the king, and in his first speech in the Diet he uttered his political creed: "The Prussian sovereigns are in possession of a crown, not by the grace of the people, but by the grace of God—an actually unconditional crown, some of the rights of which they have voluntarily conceded to the people." If for the sovereignty of the Crown, we substitute that of the State, in whatever hands vested, we shall have the creed to which he has ever been faithful. And if to this we add an intense patriotism, which led him in everything to look solely to the safety and aggrandizement of Prussia, we shall have the key to Bismarck's whole career, from the moment when political power came into his hands. Crowns quite as much given by the grace of God as that of Prussia were swept away without scruple, whenever Prussia could thereby gain an advantage—her boundaries be rectified or her

frontiers made more secure. Prussia would be stronger by the possession of Schleswig-Holstein, of Hanover, of Hesse Cassel, of Frankfort, of Alsace-Lorraine, and he took them when he had a chance, quite regardless of the protestations of kings, dukes, senates, or peoples.



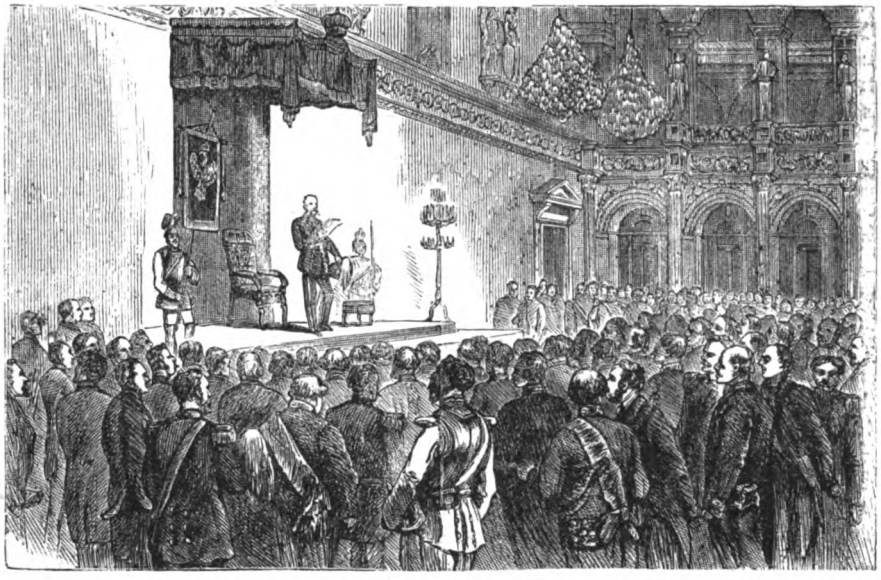
THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES IN BERLIN.

His theory of absolutism was soon destined to be rudely tested. The deluge of 1848 came. It seemed as though the windows of heaven were opened and the fountains of the great deep broken up. The waves swept over the continent and dashed against the walls of Berlin. Democracy was rampant there. For a time it seemed that Frederick William would tread the path of Louis XVI. He was forced to stand bareheaded while the bodies of the populace shot down by his soldiers were brought into the courtyard of the palace. "National property" was inscribed over the gate of the palace of his brother and heir-apparent. In spite of all that he had said, he had sanctioned a popular constitution, under which a diet was convened. Bismarck set himself to bring about a reaction. He organized clubs; was busy in beer-houses, through the press, and in the constitutional diet, where he soon found himself at the head of the *Junker* party, and was often called privately into the royal councils. It was the work of a politician rather than a statesman; but it was the only work then to be done, perhaps the only work which he was then capable of doing. His higher qualities had yet to be developed. Meanwhile the revolutionary flood was stayed in central Europe. Louis Napoleon grasped the reins of power in France; the shattered German Federation was reorganized, with its cumbrous Frankfort Diet, and in that federation Austria, so lately on the verge of ruin, had more than her old advantage over Prussia, for by her influence over the smaller States she could shape the action of the Diet, dragging Prussia, however unwilling, in her course. "The Federation," [illegible] years after, "has been for Prussia a noose around our necks, with the end of it in the hands of the enemy, who only waits the proper moment to pull it." The king, somewhat hesitatingly, proposed to Bismarck to go to the Diet as Prussian ambassador, asking if he could manage the duties. He replied: "Try me, for six months, and then, or sooner if you think proper, remove me." In 1851 he was sent thither, as Secretary of the Embassy, but with the understanding that he would soon be placed at its head.

It was not long before it was clear that Bismarck had at last found his right place. He held the position for eight critical years, in the course of which he was temporarily sent on several important diplomatic missions. His chief endeavor was to win for Prussia at least an equality with Austria in the Federal Diet. He mastered the craft of diplomacy, at which he laughed in private, styling it "the art of saying nothing in many words. . . . I write reports of many sheets which read as tersely and roundly as newspaper articles, but if any one can say what there is in them after he has read them, he can do more than I can. Each of us pretends to believe that his neighbor is full of thoughts and plans if he would only tell them, and at the same time none of us know an atom more of what is going to happen to Germany than of next year's snow. Nobody knows what quackery there is in this diplomatizing." But one thing he did know: Austria could hardly want anything which would not work harm to Prussia; and come what might, she must be closely watched. In the meantime Frederick William became incapable of wearing any crown, by God's grace or man's. His faculties decayed, men said, through drunkenness. He was known throughout Europe as "King Cliquot," and in 1857 his brother, now the Emperor William, became regent. He had learned to estimate Bismarck at his true value, and continued his confidence. When the Austro-Italian war

[illegible] RESIDENCE OF PRINCE BISMARCK.

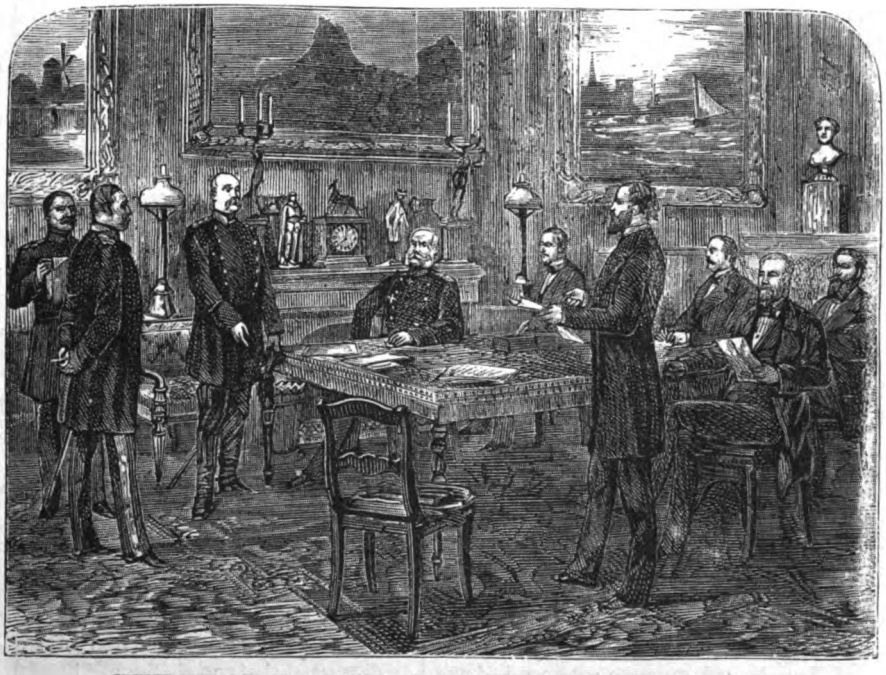
was imminent, with France as the ally of Italy, it seemed as though the Federation, and with it Prussia, would be dragged in, and the seat of war be transferred from the Po to the Rhine. Early in 1859 it seemed of paramount importance to secure perfect accord between Russia and Prussia, and Bismarck was sent as ambassador to St. Petersburg, from whence, after surveying the situation, he wrote: "If we fire one shot on the Rhine, the Italo-Austrian war is over, and in place of it we shall have a Prusso-French war, in which Austria, after we have taken the load from her shoulders, will only assist, and will assist just so far as her own interests are concerned. That we should play a very victorious part is scarcely to be supposed." As it turned out, the Federation kept aloof; the war was confined to Italy, and by the peace of Villafranca, Austria was stripped of most of her possessions on the peninsula, and the King of Sardinia became King of Italy.



THE KING OF PRUSSIA OPENING THE NORTH GERMAN PARLIAMENT IN 1867.

The vitality of Austria is the puzzle of the philosophic historian. Made up of a seemingly unnatural conglomeration of peoples differing in race and language, in manners and institutions, one would suppose that the fabric of the empire would fall at the first shock from within or without. But she came out of the seemingly disastrous war stronger than before, and without even a loss of prestige; for it was no military disgrace that she could not upon Italian soil cope with the united force of France and Italy. The loss of Lombardy was a real gain. Relieved from the necessity of keeping down a discontented people, she was able to bend her whole energy to strengthen her position in the German Federation.

Bismarck, in the meanwhile, after a brief embassy to France, had been recalled, and in September, 1862, was made by William, now king, Prime Minister of Prussia, with the special direction of foreign affairs. This to an onlooker was a hazardous step, for as a pronounced absolutist, Bismarck was thoroughly unpopular; in the Diet, the House of Deputies was dead against him, and he was forced to withdraw his first budget to prevent it being rejected. He had by this time began to meditate upon a Germany from which Austria should be excluded, or at least have only the weight in the Diet which belonged to her in proportion to her German population, exclusive of her other nationalities, which would leave her far below Prussia. "I see," he has written, "in our position in the Diet a defect of Prussia which we shall have sooner or later to heal *ferro et igno*." In the meanwhile the one thing to be done was to strengthen the army; or, in his own phrase, to "put Prussia in the saddle," and await the course of events, ready for any emergency. When the army was made truly formidable, then he said, "Prussian self-respect would speak perhaps with a more conclusive tone than the Diet. I should only then care to see the word 'German' instead of 'Prussian' inscribed on our standard, when we should have become more intimately and effectually bound up with our German fellow-countrymen than we have hitherto been." He never really recognized the German portion of the Austrians as truly German. As early as 1859 he had come to believe that, "were the Federation abolished this very day, without substituting anything for it, this negative acquisition would soon form better and more natural relations between Prussia and her German neighbors than have hitherto existed."



PRINCE BISMARCK, IN A COUNCIL OF THE EMPIRE, AT THE IMPERIAL PALACE.

It would be vain to attempt to unravel the tangled skein of intrigue which was carried on during the first three years of Bismarck's premiership. At first he endeavored, ostensibly at least, to come

to a solid accord with Austria; failing in this, he entered into accord with Russia, between whom and Austria there were growing discontents, and who were quite willing at least to stand neutral, and to see that the other great powers should do so, in case, as seemed probable, Prussia and Austria came to blows. Meantime Prussia and Italy had entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive, against Austria should either be assailed by her.

The impending war was postponed for a brief space, and then most unexpectedly hurried on by the "Schleswig-Holstein affair"—an affair which, even at this time, seems inexplicable, but which all men agree to have been a most unwarrantable scheme, in which Austria and Prussia undertook to despoil a weak neighbor, each hoping that, in the end, she would be able to secure all the advantage for herself. The duchies of Schleswig and Holstein were an integral part of the kingdom of Denmark, but their dukes were princes in the German Federation, and represented in the Federal Diet, which brought their territories, in a manner, into the Federation. The direct line of succession in both duchies seemed to be on the point of failure, and the King of Denmark undertook to settle it in a way prejudicial to the possible claims of other German princes, who appealed to the Diet for redress. The Diet directed Austria and Prussia to drive out the Danes. They made a gallant but unavailing resistance, and the King of Denmark was forced to yield the duchies to the Federation; whereupon Austria was directed to take temporary possession of Holstein, and Prussia of Schleswig. The duchies were contiguous to Prussia, who wanted possession of both. Austria wished Holstein made a separate State. Prussia objected, and drove the Austrian forces out of Holstein. Austria appealed to the Diet, which ordered the Federal force, with the exception of the Prussian contingent, to the field. Prussia demanded that the order should be rescinded, which was refused. She then averred that she had been attacked by Austria and the other States, who had virtually declared war against her, and called upon Italy to fulfill her treaty obligations by declaring war against Austria. This was done, and the war was opened in Germany and Italy.

In Italy the Austrians were successful; in Germany everything went against them from the first. Here the campaign, which lasted only seven weeks, was brought to a close by the decisive battle of Sadowa, fought July 3, 1866. On each side nearly 200,000 men were engaged; the Austrians were utterly routed, losing 40,000 in killed and wounded, and 20,000 prisoners, while the entire Prussian loss was hardly 10,000. The result was mainly owing to the greater rapidity of fire and the superior range of needle-gun with which the Prussian infantry had been quietly armed. The military supremacy of Prussia was clearly established. The Emperor of Austria abandoned the contest in Italy, formally made over Venetia, his only remaining possession on the peninsula, to the French Emperor, who transferred it to the King of Italy.

Prussia took relentless advantage of her success. Saxony, Hanover, and Hesse-Cassel had formally sided with Austria, and the Prussians took possession of their territories. The King of Saxony was allowed to retain his crown upon hard conditions. The blind King of Hanover was coolly set aside, and his kingdom annexed to Prussia. Hesse-Cassel shared the same fate. The German Federation was declared to be dissolved, and a new union, from which Austria was excluded, was formed, comprising all the German States north of the River Main, and styled the North German Confederation. This embraced a population of about 29,200,000. Prussia, with her new acquisition, had 23,600,000; Saxony, 2,300,000; twenty smaller States, 3,300,000. The North German Confederation was, in effect, Prussia under another name. The King of Prussia had supreme command of the army, the sole authority to represent the Confederation with foreign powers, to declare war and make peace, and to appoint a Chancellor who should preside in the Federal Council. Bismarck was made Chancellor.

The States south of the Main—Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, and Hesse-Darmstadt, with a total population of 8,500,000, were left at liberty to form a South German Confederation. Bavaria, whose population exceeds all the others, was disposed to enter into a close alliance with Prussia, with a view of soon joining the North German Confederation; Baden also favored this; Würtemberg wished, for the present, to stand aloof, and await the course of events.

Bismarck had now, in effect, reached the goal at which he had so long been aiming. There was a practical union of all Germany under the Prussian Crown, and of this Germany he was the virtual ruler, for William adopted all his views. He set himself vigorously at work to consolidate the new power, and, above all, to bring the army to the highest state of efficiency, and in this he was singularly fortunate in having the aid of Moltke and Von Roon, probably the greatest military organizers the world has ever known. It was at this time that Carlyle wrote the words which are cited at the beginning of this study.

The period from 1866 to 1870 was, in the main, fortunate for the designs of Prussia. Russia was altogether favorable. Austria, cut off from Germany, was too much engrossed in consolidating her shattered empire to give ground for apprehension. Great Britain desired to keep aloof from complications on the Continent. But France began to look with jealousy upon the sudden aggrandizement of her nearest neighbor. For almost a score of years it had seemed that Napoleon III. was the arbiter of Europe. His councils had seemed as though one had inquired at the oracles of God. It was now clear enough that he was no longer the man he had been. His throne rested upon the breath of the populace, and murmurings had begun to be heard against him. But, in the outset at least, a war is sure to be popular with the French, if it promises to add glory to France. Next to a war which should avenge upon Great Britain the disgrace of Waterloo, the most glorious for France would be one which should repeat over Prussia the triumph of Jena. Urged by all malign counsels, Napoleon made ostentatious preparations for war. Prussia more quietly, but far more vigorously, made counter preparations.

There seems to be little reason to doubt that Napoleon was bent upon war early in 1870; yet on the last day of June there was nothing which betokened an immediate outbreak, for it seemed unlikely that anybody out of Spain would care who should wear the Spanish Crown. On the 30th of June, M. Emile Ollivier, the French Prime Minister, officially declared in the Legislative Body that the peace of Europe was never more secure, for no one of the great powers—France least of all—had serious grounds of complaint against any other.

Just four days later, the Spanish Provisional Government proposed to the Cortes that the crown should be offered to Prince Leopold, of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, an obscure member of the royal family of Prussia. The French Government formally declared that the candidacy of a Prussian prince, agreed upon without consulting France, would be a blow at French honor and influence; and M. Benedetti, the French ambassador at Berlin, was instructed to demand that the King of Prussia should forbid Prince Leopold from accepting the proffered crown. The king refused, upon the ground that he had no right to give such an order to a prince who was of age; but at the same time, July 10th, the Prussian Government put forth an official declaration that it had no part in the selection of the prince. The Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs had just before assured the French Government that the choice had been made without consult-

ation with any foreign power whatsoever. Leopold also declined to be a candidate, and the difficulty seemed to be effectually put to rest. But, to the surprise of all men, the French Government was not satisfied, and insisted that the King of Prussia should, in an autograph letter to the Emperor of France, pledge himself that no prince of the house of Hohenzollern should ever in the future become a candidate for the Crown of Spain. Bismarck refused even to lay the demand before his sovereign. On the 13th Benedetti met the king in a public walk at the watering-place of Ems, and impudently reiterated the demand. William turned on his heel, and would not even give an answer; but in a few minutes sent word by a simple adjutant that he would receive no communication on the subject. On the next day the Prussian ambassador was formally withdrawn from Paris, and the French ambassador from Berlin.

On the 19th war was formally declared by France, for which three reasons were assigned: The insult offered by Bismarck to the French ambassador, and its subsequent sanction by the king; the refusal of the king to compel Prince Leopold to withdraw his name as a candidate for the Spanish Crown; and that the king still left the prince at liberty to accept the crown if formally offered to him.

Never was a great war undertaken upon such slight pretexts, and never in such hot haste. It was just nine days from the time when the grievance was first announced, to that when war was made inevitable, and only five days more until it was formally declared.

That 13th of July did for Bismarck the work of years. All the German peoples crystallized at once into a united Germany. On the 16th the Federal Council of the North German Confederation votes that the "arrogance of France" must be checked, and that the whole army should be mobilized. By special treaty, the forces of the South German States were to join those of the Northern Confederation in case war should be made upon it. Contrary to French expectation, Bavaria, Würtemberg and Baden were prompt to fulfill the treaty. Before a week had passed all Germany, from the Alps to the Baltic, from the Niemen to the Rhine, was aflame.

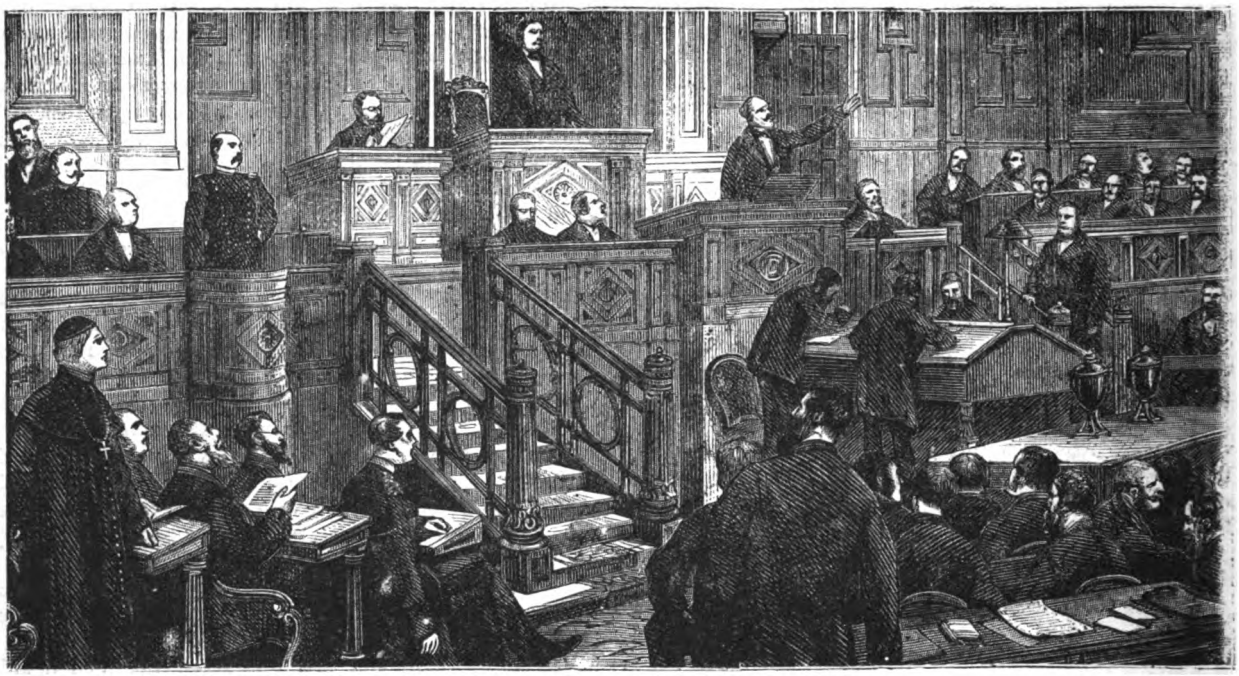
France was equally eager for the fray; or if any one had scruples he prudently kept them to himself. In the Legislative Body, the Duke de Grammont declared, amid universal applause, that the honor and dignity of France had been wantonly assailed, and that there was just cause for war. Emile Ollivier, in the name of the Government, demanded that the Garde Mobile should be armed, and an extraordinary credit of 500,000,000 francs should be granted for the army, and 16,000,000 for the navy. Hardly a vote was given against this demand. The Senate went in a body to St. Cloud to thank the emperor for his promptitude in vindicating the honor of France.

The British ambassador at Berlin proposed that England should mediate between the powers. Bismarck declined the proposal, unless France should first declare her desire for such mediation. Three days after the declaration of war, the Pope, "as the vicer on earth of God and of peace," offered his mediation. To the Protestant king he wrote: "My mediation is that of a sovereign whose small dominion excites no jealousy, and who inspires confidence by the moral and religious influence he personifies. May God lend his ear to my wishes." William responded courteously, but firmly, and in his letter we see the hand of Bismarck. Neither he nor his people, he said, had devised or provoked war. They had taken up the sword to defend the honor and the independence of their country, and were ready to lay it down the moment that end was attained. "If," he concludes, "your Holiness could offer me from him who has so unexpectedly declared war assurances of sincerely pacific dispositions, and guarantees against a similar attempt upon the peace and tranquility of Europe, it will certainly not be I who will refuse to receive them from your venerable hands, united as I am with you in bonds of Christian charity and sincere friendship." But no such assurances came from the Emperor of the French, who entered blindly upon that path which in sixty days was to lead him to Sédan. Every European power made haste to proclaim its neutrality. Both belligerents assured the neighboring States of Holland, Belgium and Switzerland that their neutrality should not be infringed. So all Europe stood by to witness the great duel.

Years afterward Bismarck declared publicly that the war was really brought about by the Pope, "a true member of the Church militant, who had thought fit to renew the ancient struggle between the Papacy and the temporal power, and more especially with the German Empire. He could prove, he said, that the war was the combined work of Rome and France; that Napoleon was dragged into it against his will by the Jesuitical influences rampant at his Court; and "that up to the very eleventh hour he was determined to maintain peace, but was finally overpowered by persons representing Rome." For our part, we do not give credit to this assertion. We do not find the slightest evidence for the charge; and everything is against it. We believe that the war was in every sense Napoleon's war.

The French Emperor had committed the fatal double error of over-estimating his own strength and under-estimating that of the enemy. He looked for one or two great battles, as many decisive victories, and then merely a military promenade. "We know the way to Berlin," he said to his soldiers. "It runs past Jena." At the beginning of the year the French army, on a peace footing, numbered on paper about 400,000 men, which would be doubled when placed on a war footing. When war was declared there were only 400,000 fit for arms, with a reserve of perhaps 100,000, and 150,000 in garrisons, in all 650,000 for every duty. Of these, not more than 310,000 were disposable for an immediate campaign on the Rhine. The actual armies of invasion scarcely reached 270,000. Germany had ready for the field fully 450,000, besides a first reserve of 190,000, which could be speedily mobilized, and a second reserve of 225,000; in all 875,000, behind which was still the *Landwehr*, or home militia, which in case of need could do garrison duty. Within a few weeks after hostilities began there were not less than 600,000 German troops on the soil of France. Besides the great numerical preponderence, the German troops were better equipped, better provisioned, better organized, and, as the event proved, far better commanded, than the French.

We can barely glance at some of the salient features of the war. The first blow, and the only one struck upon German soil, was given by the French. A strong column crossed the Moselle, August 2d, and drove back the little garrison of Saarbruck. The Germans almost simultaneously crossed into Alsace-Lorraine. On the 5th the French advance guard was attacked at Weissenburg and driven back to Wörth, where, on the 6th, was fought the first great battle of the campaign. The French under Bazaine were defeated, almost routed, and driven back toward Metz, where Napoleon had his headquarters. Hot fighting took place on the 14th and succeeding days, culminating in the 16th in the great battle of Gravelotte, where the French, outnumbered and outgeneraled, but not outfought, were defeated and forced to take refuge in the impregnable fortress of Metz, where half of the great army of invasion was shut up, watched by a competent force, while the bulk of the German armies was set free to operate against MacMahon, who had formed an intrenched camp near Chalons, ninety miles to the east. The camp was broken up on the 23d, and for a time it was uncertain whether MacMahon was retreating



THE RELIGIOUS QUESTION IN THE IMPERIAL REICHSTADT.

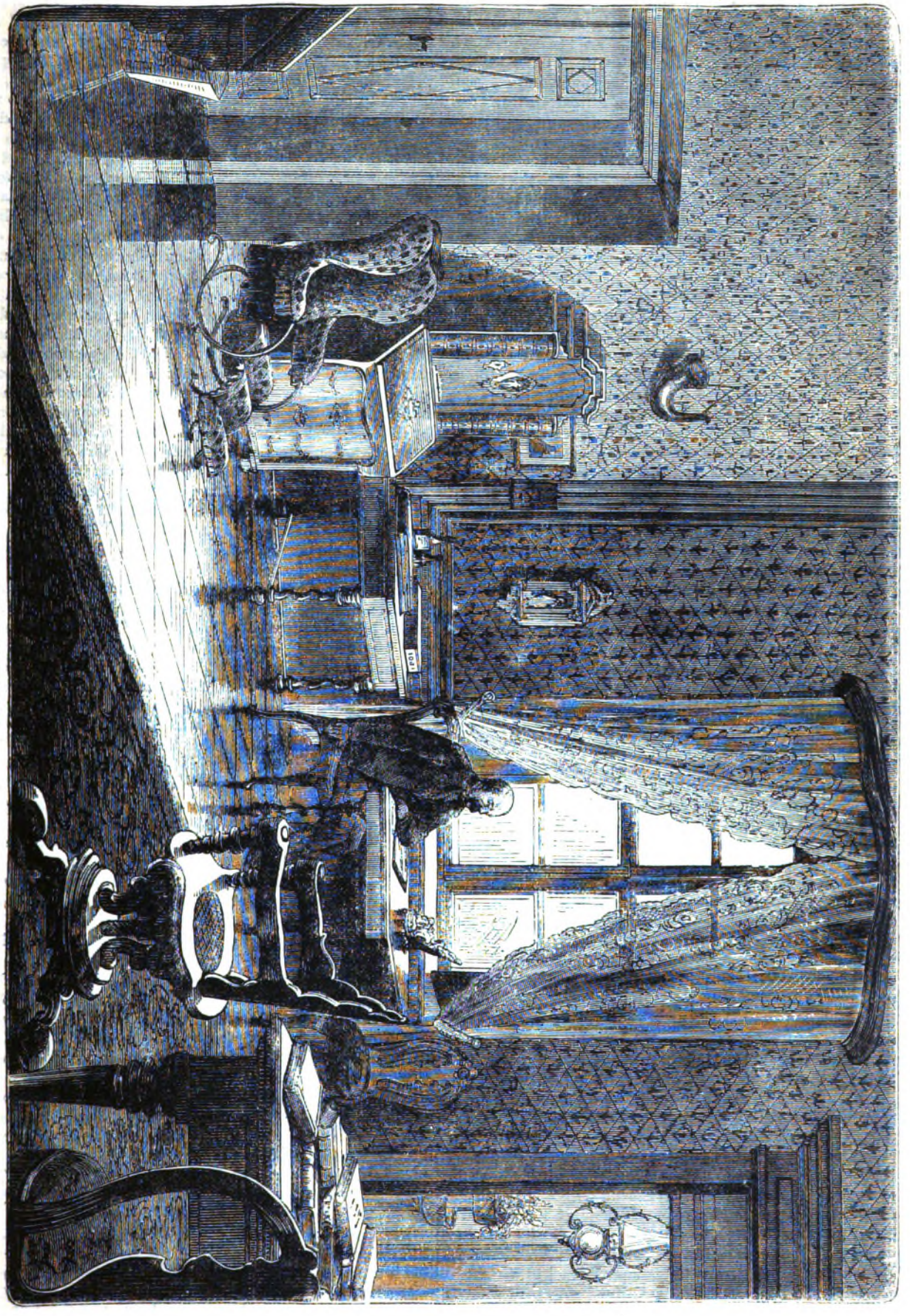
upon Paris, or was manœuvring for the relief of Bazaine at Metz. The former seemed probable, and Moltke, who from his quiet room directed every movement, sent a large part of the German force by forced marches to intercept the supposed retreat. It soon appeared that MacMahon was moving northward toward Sédan, with the evident purpose of turning sharply to the southwest, uniting with Bazaine under the walls of Metz, and crushing the besieging army by force of numbers. The German march toward Paris was countermanded, and directed upon Sédan, where the opposing forces came face to face, August 31st. Both sovereigns were with their armies. A battle was fought the next day. The French, vastly outnumbered, were defeated and driven into the town, which was incapable of standing siege for a day.

Napoleon, who had been in the thickest of the fight, sent a flag of truce with a letter to William. It read: "My Brother—Since it has not been vouchsafed to me to meet death in the midst of my troops, I lay my sword at the feet of your Majesty." William replied: "My Brother—I accept your sword, and ask you to appoint some one with whom negotiations concerning the capitulation of your army may be conducted." He appointed Bismarck and Moltke as his commissioners, with orders to insist upon an unconditional surrender of the French army, the officers only to be released upon their written pledge not to take up arms during the war, or to act in any way against the interests of the Germans. MacMahon had been wounded, and the command had devolved upon Wimpfen, who acted as his own commissioner, and swore that sooner than accept these terms he would blow up the fortress and himself. He was told that if the capitulation was not signed by nine o'clock the next morning the bombardment would begin.

Napoleon fancied that he might gain better terms by a personal interview with William, and rode out to seek him. He was met by Bismarck and Moltke, who told him that there could be no interview with the king until after the capitulation had been signed. Bismarck would not speak as to the capitulation; that, he said, belonged to Moltke; but he was ready to confer with the emperor upon the terms of a peace. Napoleon would not treat of this; the empress, he said, had been appointed regent, and peace could be made only by the regency. No mitigation of the terms could be gained. The capitulation was signed. By it 83,000 men laid down their arms; 50,000 had been previously captured. In killed, wounded, and prisoners, the French had in a few days lost 175,000 men, besides 400 cannon, 70 mitrailleuses, and an immense quantity of munitions of war. The prisoners were sent to the interior of Germany. The castle of Wilhelmshöhe was assigned as the residence of Napoleon, where he remained until March, when he was set at liberty, and allowed to go to England, whither the empress and their son had preceded him.

COUNT VON ARNIM, THE OPPONENT OF BISMARCK.

During the succeeding phases of the war the iron hand of Bismarck appeared. France had provoked the war, and must pay the penalty. Jules Favre, who had come to be the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, vainly urged that the empire, and not the French nation, was responsible; that the republic desired peace; and modestly suggested that the Germans should abandon the siege of Paris, and go quietly home; adding that in no case would a foot of French soil or one stone of a French fortress be given up. Bismarck replied that the French people had made themselves participants in the aggressive war upon Germany; the legislative body had clamored for it, and not an influential organ of public opinion had declared against it. And now "Germany must provide against any future attack from France." She



BISMARCK IN HIS STUDY.

must secure her southeastern frontier by advancing her boundaries, and by seizing and holding the threatening chain of fortresses. If it was a dishonor to France to give up a part of her territories, this was an ignominy which France had never scrupled to inflict upon other nations when the chances of war put it in her power, and an ignominy to which she had repeatedly submitted when the fortunes of war had gone against her. How much should finally be given up was a matter for negotiation; but in any case Paris must be formally surrendered. Gambetta whimpered that Germany wished to reduce France to the rank of a second-rate power; but that sooner than surrender, Paris would bury herself under her own ruins. Bismarck was unmoved by such rodomontade. A deputation from Paris offered a contribution of 200,000,000 francs by way of ransom. Bismarck replied, sneeringly: "Paris is quite too great a personage to be treated in such a shabby manner. Let us do her the honor to make it a thousand millions." His demands rose as the resistance was prolonged, and finally the cession of Alsace-Lorraine was enforced, with a war indemnity of 5,000,000,000 of francs—a thousand millions down, and the remainder, with interest, within three years; the German troops to be gradually withdrawn as the payments were made, the last body not to leave until the last franc had been paid up; and at the very outset a portion of the army should enter Paris in triumph. France, indeed, by an effort which has excited the wonder of the world, shortened her period of humiliation—perhaps one may say wholly effaced it. The fourth milliard of the indemnity was counted down in May, 1873, instead of in March, 1874, when it was due; in consideration of this and of the promises to pay the last milliard at the end of the year, Bismarck consented that the German army of occupation should in July evacuate all France with the exception of the single fortress of Verdun.

The triumph over France—far more the hereditary enemy of Germany than of England—had completed the work begun by the exclusion of Austria. It only remained that there should be, formally as well as actually, a united German nation; and it seemed fitting that this consummation should take place upon French soil. All the States of Germany, North and South, united in urging the King of Prussia to take upon himself the title and dignity of Emperor of Germany. This was done at the Palace of Versailles, in January, 1871. Bismarck, who had in 1865 been made a count, was raised to the dignity of prince, and made Chancellor of the Empire, retaining the premiership until 1873, when he resigned on account of the overwork which it involved. But still retaining the Chancellorship, and more than any other man ruling the empire.

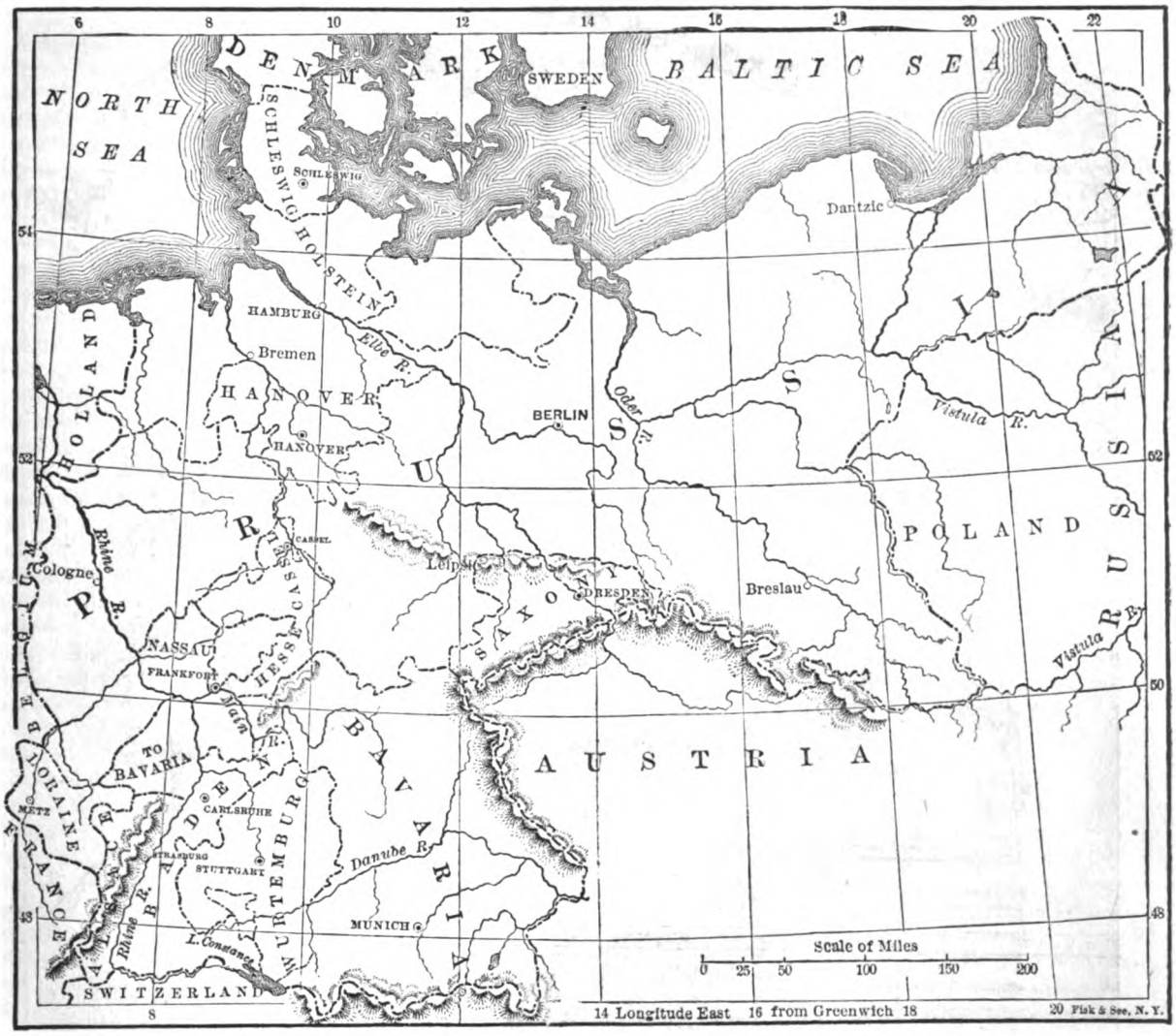
No easy task has he found it to steer the ship of state in what would at first sight appear to be calm waters. Most difficult of all is it to deal with the ecclesiastical claims of the Catholic Church. To Americans it seems as if there should be no conflict between Church and State. Not so in Germany, where the two come into collision at a thousand points, and upon matters in respect to which neither can yield to the other except under actual compulsion. In the view of the State, the Church, whether Catholic or Protestant, must be in all respects subject to the civil power. The Catholic holds that the Church has certain prerogatives and functions with which the State has nothing to do, and for the exercise of which the State has no authority to call the Church in question. Thus the Bishop of Ermeland recently excommunicated two learned doctors who publicly questioned the binding authority of the Vatican decrees. He was told that no religious denomination had a right to cut off from its communion any of its members without leave of the State. The bishop urged that as excommunication involved no civil rights, the exercise of this authority was not under State control. The Government thereupon deprived him of his salary. In the view of Bismarck, the Catholic Church is even now endeavoring to make itself an *imperium in imperio* in Protestant Germany, where she numbers three-tenths of the population. The following is the clearest statement which we find of his position, as viewed by himself: "I acknowledge it to be my duty to respect the dogmas of the Catholic Church as such, and I have never interfered with anybody for believing them. But if the infallibility dogma is so interpreted as to lead to the establishment of an ecclesiastical *imperium in imperio*, I am naturally driven to assert the supremacy of the State. We Protestants are under the conviction that the Kingdom of Prussia ought not to be ruled by the Pope, and we demand that you, the Ultramontane section of the Roman Catholic Church, respect our convictions, as we respect yours. Unfortunately, however, you are accustomed to complain of oppression whenever you are not permitted to lord it over others." As we look upon it, the Catholics have good reason to complain of some acts of oppression, notable among which is the suppression and expulsion of the Jesuits and other kindred religious orders who had become obnoxious to the Government. In July, 1874, a decree was issued by the king, and countersigned by Bismarck as Chancellor, by which all existing establishments of those orders were suppressed, the setting-up of new ones forbidden, and all Jesuits banished from the empire within a period not to exceed six months. This order applied to Catholic Bavaria as well as Protestant Prussia, and the King of Bavaria was unable to retain a member of his own household who belonged to the Order of the Jesuits.

Bismarck has certainly made himself greatly obnoxious to the Catholics, and has thereby exposed himself to the fate which befell Henry IV. of France, and William of Orange. On July 14th, 1874, a young fanatic named Kullman fired several pistol-shots at him in the most public street, aiming directly at the head, for he had been told that Bismarck always wore a shirt of mail under his garments. He did not deny that he meant to kill his victim, but justified it on the ground of Bismarck's hostility to the Church of Rome. His counsel contended that his naturally weak intellect had been overset by Ultramontane teachings, so that he was not morally responsible for his acts. He was, however, found guilty, and sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment.

Bismarck, though not sixty-one years of age, is really much older than his years—older, in fact, than William. He has long been subject to frequent and severe attacks of acute diseases. His public career must, in any case, be drawing to a close. The end only crowns the work. The work of Bismarck has certainly been a great one; but whether the German Empire, of which he, and not the Emperor, is the creator, will have a long continuance, no wise man will dare prophesy. To-day it looks firm enough, but not firmer than did the monarchy of Louis Philippe a month before its overthrow, or the French Empire two months before it fell.

The absolutism of Bismarck has certainly yielded much to the liberalism which has gained ground under the shadow of the empire, and he himself seems yet firm in the confidence of his sovereign and the great majority of the people. A few months ago a resolution of the Diet was looked upon by him as involving a declaration of want of confidence. He presented his resignation of the office of Chancellor. The king refused to accept it, and the Diet, by a majority of almost three to one, passed a special vote of confidence.

Bismarck owes little of his influence to eloquence, and little which he has said or written will go down to posterity. He is not a ready or fluent speaker, though as a debater he seizes the salient points in question, and can, upon occasion, give hard hits. As a diplomatist he is keen, and by no means over-scrupulous. He is master of the art of conceal-




PRUSSIA AND THE NEW GERMAN EMPIRE, SHOWING THE STATES ANNEXED TO PRUSSIA BY THE STATESMANSHIP OF BISMARCK.

ing his meaning, or rather of pretending to a meaning when he has none. If necessary, he certainly will not shrink from a falsehood, or will tell a truth which he does not want believed, in a manner to make every one suspect it to be a falsehood. He has never shown himself vindictive, and would much rather gain his ends by righteous than by unrighteous means. But however much he may change his means, he never loses sight of his end; and it may safely be said that his ends have always been good ones.

As a private man, his character is unquestioned. He is a good husband, a good father, a good citizen. From the great French indemnity he might have appropriated to himself just as much as he wanted. He only gained an estate moderate for his rank, and very moderate for his great and unquestioned services.

We have called him the most notable statesman of our day—it is far too early to pronounce him the greatest, or even a very great one. When to this we add that, measured by the common standard of men who have borne a leading part in troublous times, he deserves, upon the whole, a favorable judgment, which we think he will receive from after ages, we have said all that a survey of his whole career w: rants us in saying.

## THE SPANISH GYPSY.

THE gypsies are not generally favorites in this country or Northern Europe. Their shiftless, thriftless life falls under the stern ban of our civilization; and this strange race, who came no man knoweth whence, the homeless million, a nation without a city, king, or country, are looked upon as outlaws and vagrants. Stern laws have driven them away from England; and in this country, that great vortex where men of all races, climes, and ideas are absorbed to give in the next generation a new type, they seem to lose their individuality, and the bands scatter, break up, and melt away.

But while the northern calculating mind so strenuously opposes the vagrant life of the gypsy, Spain seems to have allured them by its climate, tolerated them by its customs, and retains them. Their untidiness and dishonesty, their apathy and licentiousness seem less than where the ban is upon them. They become elevated to a certain extent, and under the genial sun and inspiring surroundings become more picturesque and attractive than elsewhere.

Borrow, who made so attractive a work of his "Gypsies in Spain," would have simply filled us with disgust had he begun by the gypsies in England.

The young gypsy girls, especially in Spain, have a grace and beauty which in their dances gives them a peculiar charm; but age soon tells upon them, and nothing can be more hideous than the aged crone of the gypsy camp.

The contrast between the exquisitely molded form and limb of the girl and the gauntiness of age is strikingly shown in Doré's sketch of the gypsy girl's toilet. Murillo made Spanish rags poetic, and indeed the poverty of Southern Europe, gypsy or Christian, is free from the coarseness

THE TOILET OF A SPANISH GYPSY.—BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.—SEE PAGE 395.

and vulgarity which is peculiar to the lower classes of Anglo-Saxondom. There is poetry about a Spanish bandit with which no genius can invest an English cracksman or a New York rough.

## PIGTAILS.

"Look out, P——!" Such was the warning I received from Barney Prevost just as I was about to let fly both barrels of my fowling-piece into a flock of wild ducks, which were unsuspiciously disporting themselves on the rushy waters of the Shan-Ting-Kiang, a small tributary of the Tien-Tsin River.

PIGTAILS.—"WE KEPT STRAIGHT ON, FLOUNDERING THROUGH AS BEST WE COULD. OUR PURSUERS, ON THE CONTRARY, DIVIDED THEIR PARTY."

The trouble I had taken to gain an advantageous position for my intended shot passes belief; and I could scarcely resist the temptation to disregard Barney's admonition, the more especially as the ducks took advantage of it at once, and rose with a tremendous clatter; but attendant circumstances were ticklish, so I did refrain from drawing trigger, and looked for explanation in the direction of my comrade.

It was in the year 1858. The Anglo-French expedition to which I was attached had occupied Tien-Tsin (pronounced Tin-sin) as a preparatory measure to an advance on Pekin, if the diplomatic mission, then in active operation at the latter place, failed to obtain demanded concessions from the Celestial Government without recourse to *horrentia martis arma.*

The ways of diplomacy are proverbially "ways that are dark," and in this instance its tricks were decidedly vain; in addition, the negotiations were so tiresomely protracted, that a flotilla of gunboats was sent up from the fleet, off the Taku forts, with tents, and the troops went into quarters. An intrenched camp was formed, and time began to hang heavily on our hands.

At first plenty of amusement was found in the shooting and fishing the neighborhood afforded; but some serious affrays between sporting parties and bands of Braves—as those bands of natives are designated who unite the callings of guerrillas in war-time and marauders in all times—not always resulting satisfactorily to the sportsmen, led to the fulmination from headquarters of an order confining men and officers within the lines.

Had the adjutant-general spent all his leisure in penning orders, it is questionable whether he would have succeeded in inducing the ardent spirits in camp to submit to the monotonous inactivity prescribed.

If his orders said stay, the kwirr-kwirr of the red-legged partridges in the dewy evenings and the quack-quack of innumerable wild ducks by night, said come; and we went, stealing out of camp before light, dodging or cajoling outlying pickets, practicing ruses astute, and sometimes, I fear, a little unwarrantable.

The story about to be related proves that Nemesis condescends to take cognizance of peccadilloes sometimes.

When I turned my head, what I distinguished was Lieutenant Bernard Prevost, of my company, practicing quadrupedal movements.

Upon hands and knees he was progressing as rapidly as possible through the two-feet growth of rank sedges, where past experience had taught me the existence of a sufficient depth of inches of water to render such a mode of locomotion inconsistent with dry knees and wristbands.

I was likewise ambushed in the long blades of flowering rush and iris with which the river banks were fringed, but I had chosen a dry spot.

The ducks were by this time at a safe distance, so it was no use taking them into consideration.

Rising cautiously to my feet, I peered round in search of the cause that had motived Barney's warning to me and his own eccentric proceeding.

I was enlightened with disagreeable fullness by observing a large Chinese boat, full of infamously ill-looking Tartars, pulling directly toward where I stood.

The gestures they indulged in disclosed that I was observed then, if they had ignored my presence previously, which is doubtful; so, without more ado, I ducked my head and made

PIGTAILS.—"THE BRIDLE WAS HANDY. I GRASPED IT, AND HELPED THE CELESTIAL TO THE TERRESTRIAL BY TIPPING HIM OUT OF THE SADDLE."

tracks after my comrade. At least four miles of trying ground stretched between us and camp, thus every yard's start was of moment to us; but the soil was so treacherous and sticky, and the rushes impeded us so much, that, before we had widened our distance by a hundred yards, the glances we threw behind showed us our pursuers—for such they speedily displayed themselves to be—crowding out of the boat.

A Chinaman believes in Confucius, Buddha, and Laotze; as outer barbarians, we censured that belief. He likewise believes steadfastly in wooden-soled shoes, than which anything more inconvenient for running in cannot be imagined; and this last canon of his belief we did *not*, under the circumstances, quarrel with.

"Bad luck to every mother's son of them!" said Barney, who was Irish to the gristle of his ears; "it's a murdering pity Dacres and Prescott are not here with half a dozen of our fellows! Isn't it a bagful of pigtails we'd take home with us?"

"We will talk about that when we get to camp, Barney," said I, jumping right into the middle of a quagmire in my effort to avoid a wet-looking spot.

"Bedad, if that is a short-cut you are taking to it, I'll go the longest way round."

Pop, pop, pop!—the gingals of our enemies began to make unpleasant music in the rear, and the rush of the iron balls they were loaded with, as they shred the rushes, made words to it. So long as they aimed at us we were tolerably safe; a Chinaman always hits by accident.

Before we could reach good running ground we had to gain the higher land, which formed the true bank of the river during the Winter floods, when the channel is considerably widened. To win it, it was necessary to cross several brooks or springs drained from the more elevated surface.

We kept straight on, floundering through as best we could.

Our pursuers, on the contrary, divided their party, one set going east, the other west, by a detour that enabled them to sweep round each extremity of the marshy flat we were crossing.

The knowledge we had gained of the country by our frequent excursions taught us that they must purchase dry feet at the cost of giving us a start which, barring accident, would insure our safety; and something of bravado was engendered in us by this conviction.

"Here we are, by jabers!" said Barney, as we reached the commencement of solid ground. Who "jabers" may be, I do not know; Barney invoked him on every occasion. "And it's myself will light a cigar before I take another step. A traneen for those beggars, anyway, P——. You don't happen to have the least bit of a ball-cartridge about you, now, do you?"

"No, Barney, my boy; but I have a drop of brandy in this, and we will divide that between us."

I handed him my pocket-flask, and drained what he left in it, after which we clambered up the ascent, and—found ourselves confronted by just half a dozen mounted "braves," perched on their ill-conditioned ponies like monkeys, bristling with all the warlike pharaphernalia of celestial warriors.

Barney uttered a curse in pure Celtic, and in a tone of voice from which every trace of bravado was eliminated.

He was an uncommonly handsome, tall young fellow, brave as his race is, and with a very slippery hold of his temper.

"You think you've got us for sure, don't you, you cheating, sneaking spalpeens!"

He swung his gun round, and cocked both barrels, while he scanned the horsemen with a look of set savagery peculiar to him when his blood was up.

I knew that in a crisis such as that the first minute would decide everything; we must give, not accept, the initiative.

"Shoulder to shoulder, Barney," I said, feeling as if the words required more breath than usual in their manufacture. "Shoulder to shoulder, and dash at them. Do not fire if they let us pass; and, anyway, reserve one barrel for emergencies, if you can."

The Chinamen had not permitted our brief consultation to take place without demonstration on their part.

Beating their swords against the small round shield each wore on his left arm, they had commenced advancing on our position in a convex line, when, with all the impetus of a down-hill charge, we rushed for an opening between the second and third horsemen to the left of the line.

"Ah yah! Ah yah! Tzu pee wan!"

Not understanding Chinese, I cannot give the equivalent of what I have written phonetically.

*That* was what it appears to me a slantindicular-eyed specimen of ugliness (the terms are Barney's) shouted, as he rode at me with uplifted sword.

I spoiled his frontispiece for the book of ugliness by changing its appearance with the contents of my left barrel.

He obligingly dropped his sword, and I picked it up, thinking it might prove useful.

Before I had recovered the perpendicular, another Chinaman rode his pony over me, and a whole firmament of stars suddenly twinkled in my eyes.

Bang, bang!

No Chinese firearm ever emitted two such clear, clean rings as that, and, struggling up to my knees, I beheld my late assailant—*late* in the strictest sense—with pendent arms on either side of his pony's neck, rubbing his pug nose industriously in the animal's mane.

The bridle was temptingly handy. I grasped it, and helped the Celestial to the terrestrial by tipping him out of the saddle.

Half a dozen paces off was Barney Prevost, tooth and nail with an assailant whose twenty-inch-long mustachios dangled diabolically.

The Irishman had clubbed his unloaded gun, and was so cleverly dodging his antagonist's sword-cuts, that I believe he would ultimately have got the best of it had I not, thinking one good turn deserved another, cut into the game by riddling the former with a charge of No. 3 shot.

"Catch the pony, Barney, as you love your life!" I shouted. But the vicious little beast had a Chinese nature, and shuffled off after the other three "braves," who concluded to avoid close quarters, and, with cowardly prudence, unslung their matchlocks from their shoulders.

One hasty glance, to assure ourselves that the more numerous dismounted foes had not yet gained our side of the incline; one minute spared to insert fresh charges in the empty guns, and then away in the race for life.

Wisely or otherwise, I relinquished my captured pony.

The mulish creature appeared too astonished at the predicament of his former owner, at whose carcass it kept sniffing, to remember that nature had endowed it with four legs for the purpose of carrying out of disagreeable predicaments those who had only two.

"Keep yourself in, man! Keep yourself in!" ejaculated my comrade, taking a backward look. "It is a bad jockey that makes hard riding at the beginning of a race."

I felt I should have no wind to waste in words, so kept on at a somewhat easier pace.

Barney appeared to be blest with the bags of Æolus.

"Those beggars are coming after us now, but there are only three of them to crumple up. I wonder where the infantry is, bad scran to the whole bad breed!"

On, and still on, we raced over a level plain of deserted gardens, where rotting pumpkins, watermelons, cabbages,

and onions denoted at once Johnny Chinaman's industry and proclivity for the flesh-pots.

It was all deserted now; but the flowing water rills trickling in all directions, while they attested native intelligence, drew from each of our distressed respiratory organisms hearty maledictions.

The labor of leaping them added immeasurably to the exertions we were undergoing.

We had left the scene of our encounter upward of half a mile behind, when I noticed the conical straw hats of the dismounted Celestials rising over the crest of the mound-like bank that had hitherto masked them.

With what yearning gaze I looked at the ugly little tile-covered pagoda, fully two miles off, which, once gained, would afford a full view of the camp.

"I must pull up, Barney!" I gasped. "I am pumped out!"

My companion turned his head, and looked first to the rear, then to the right.

"Is it pumped out you are already?" asked he, reproachfully. "We'll jog along easy, then, but keep going. Those mounted blackguards mean heading us off. These drains bother them as much as they do us."

One glance told me he was right. The three horsemen were galloping as hard as the ponies could go along the slope of the river's bank, where their progress was unimpeded, and the footmen were straggling in a line nearly parallel with ours, but which inclined diagonally more and more to that we were proceeding in.

"Come, P——, blow up the organ again, and try another blast," said Barney, entreatingly.

I threw away shot-pouch and powder-flask to lighten myself, and once more took to running.

A wild chorus of yells greeted us from our dismounted enemies as soon as they observed this, and high over head the "whish" of their bullets.

Short as had been my rest, I had to some extent caught breath, and the effort to inspire was less painful.

I saw clearly that our safety depended upon our obtaining such a start upon the boat-party as would enable us to frustrate their manœuvre for an attack by the three mounted men, while the others were in supporting distance.

Moderate as was the pace we kept up, it was amply fast enough to sensibly widen the distance between us and the band on foot.

This fact became clear to the *cavalry*, and wheeling their ponies, they appeared determined to oppose our advance.

"Have you a puff left in you, P—— ?" asked Barney.

"Two or three, my boy, yet."

"Well, see, then; if we can only 'pot' these three fellows, the rest is easy. Those other spalpeens will never catch us if we get up on the bank, where there are no ditches. Tear an' ages! what's that?"

My companion stopped short, and stooped down.

"May I never breathe if those haythens haven't 'pricked' me with their bows and arrows!"

Sure enough, an arrow was sticking in his leg, just below the bend of the knee.

"Does it hurt much, Barney?" I asked, beginning to feel desperate.

"It won't come out—curse it!"

With a savage snap, he broke the arrow, leaving the head where it had lodged.

When he moved, I saw at once his running was ended; the first drain brought him to a standstill.

"If I could get the cursed thing out!" said he, passionately, "I'd go on for a fortnight; but I can't bend my knee. Ay, here you come now, you murdering, skulking thieves! but if I can't bend my knee, you'll find I can crook my

A wholesome dread of "barbarian" powder, however, kept the three cavaliers out of range; satisfied, seemingly, with our inactivity, they sat beating their shields and flourishing their swords.

Once more poor Prevost tried to advance, but the effort wrung more curses from him, and he sat down sullenly.

"I am done for, P——; it is folly in you to let them have us *both*. Quick, man, off with you; do not wait, I tell you!"

"Hold your tongue, Barney; we have one chance. Let us try to unseat that mounted fellow nearest to us. If we can get his pony, you shall ride it. Take my arm, and try to hobble."

He obeyed my suggestion, and tried to proceed with my assistance; but we had "reckoned without our host."

Engrossed in watching the enemy's "cavalry," the movements of the other branch of the force had not been sufficiently taken into account.

The sudden appearance of a dozen "braves" on the summit of the acclivity to our right, and at a hundred paces' distance, was a development of tactical skill we had not looked for.

"Just try and get this infernal thing out of my flesh, P——," said Barney Prevost, as steadily as though he were alluding to a thorn in his finger, and were speaking in a garden of roses. "I feel like fight; I do not know how *you* feel."

The pain I must have given that Irishman has frequently occurred to me; but I actually drew the arrow-head from his leg, although the barb having penetrated his thick leather gaiter, I was obliged to leave it in that.

Bending his wounded knee once, as if to see how far he could trust to it, my comrade discharged a "whoop" from his lungs that would have proclaimed his nationality anywhere.

"Now, P——, a run for life!" said he, bounding four feet, at least, in advance of me, and then as suddenly stopping short.

Neither of us spoke; delightful astonishment precluded speech.

In scattered disarray our pursuers were flying. The three cavalry, ignoring pumpkins and drains, were crossing country as only a Chinese pony performs that feat—by a series of cat-like jumps when puss is nervous about wetting her feet.

The dismounted force, on the contrary, went lumbering along like so many vivified willow-pattern-plate men, not heeding us, but pressing pell-mell in retreat along the way they had come. Half a minute made all clear.

Agile as squirrels, came from the other side of the mound a score or more of red-trowsered, gray-coated individuals, whose dress, so it appeared to me, harmonized picturesquely with the landscape.

I respected our allies before; my respect deepened materially from that day.

"Ah, ah! so it was you gentleman they were after. I am charmed to have disappointed them. Well, and your ducks? You have some ducks, eh?"

It was the officer in charge of the marching detachment who thus addressed us.

"No, sir, no ducks," replied Barney; "but I have *this*, if you will favor me by accepting it as a souvenir of your deliverance of two poor devils who were very nearly past praying for."

My comrade handed the Frenchman a long pig-tail, cut from the head of a Chinaman, whose need of one in this planet had ceased, thanks to a minie-rifle ball through the occiput.

Our gallant ally turned it over with a melancholy smile.

pigtail, I will keep it, and value it for your sakes, messieurs." Shrugging his shoulders, he murmured: "*Tout de même, ça ne se mange pas*"—(All the same, one cannot eat it).

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A London philosopher, going his first rounds in Paris, writes: Queer things I have seen in Paris, but a queerer sight than that which I witnessed on the Rue de la Paix it has rarely, if ever, been my lot to behold. In taking my morning walk, I met a large white poodle, shaved and clipped lion fashion (that is, I suppose, a Parisian idea of a lion), who wore a round, black velvet cap, coquettishly placed on one side of his curly head. In his mouth he carried a basket, to the handle of which a small écru silk parasol had been adroitly attached in such a manner that in carrying the basket the dog held the parasol over his head, and so shaded himself from the rays of the sun. It is impossible to describe my astonishment; I won't try.

THE RAVEN'S VOICE.—"IT WAS AN INSTANT OF TERROR, BUT I NEITHER SCREAMED NOR MOVED."

# THE RAVEN'S VOICE.

I WAS a very bold and fearless child, and my brothers and sisters often dared me to go into lonely places in the dark, or do perilous feats of various kinds, which challenges I never refused. Often they set out to play tricks on me, but it usually happened that they fell into their own traps, while I performed my part in safety.

Very possibly the consciousness that they were about to dupe me gave me more courage than I would otherwise have had, for any unusual noise or appearance would be attributed to one or another coming to frighten me.

But, night or day, I used to go straight up to and touch whatever seemed fearful, and finding the object of doubt resolved itself into very simple elements, I acquired an ease which stood me in stead in times of real danger.

We lived in a large old house built of English oak, and bearing its nearly two centuries very lightly. It opened to the South, and the two large parlors looked to the East and West.

The dining-hall and spacious kitchen formed the square of the house, while at the West and back was another large room, sometimes called the great porch, and at the East and back was the dairy and another porch.

There were three stairways leading to the upper rooms, and a garret, whose ample space was broken only by the great chimney in the centre.

We had a gay and lively house, and were used to a great deal of company and visitors, for my parents were greatly given to the old-fashioned virtue of hospitality.

The humblest wayfarer coming in at the porch was entertained kindly and bade God-speed, as well as the guest whose elegant carriage and span drove round to the front door on the Southern side.

I am not going now to tell you of my handsome "gentle" parents, or my brothers and sisters—only about myself.

There were a great many of us when we were all at home, especially in the Winter holidays, but at times we were nearly all away.

Boarding-schools, academies, traveling—all claimed us at various times. Yet it was rare indeed that one was ever at home alone.

It so happened, however, and to me.

It was a Summer day, and warm, bright, and beautiful. The morning promised a lovely day. Just after our early breakfast, a merry party came riding down the lane, in carriages and on horseback, and calling joyously for my father and mother to accompany them on a pleasure trip. They were accustomed to this mode of impromptu festivity, and gayly answered that they would soon be ready.

It was only the day before that my father had returned from the Australian gold fields, and had brought with him a bag of gold. I knew he had this, for I had seen him the night before counting some out of it, and putting it into another bag, and I badly wanted to ask him to give me one of the pretty coins, but was too well taught to interrupt or tease him.

Thomas brought the chaise to the door. Father's favorite black horse, whose coat looked like lustrous velvet, and who stepped so proudly, was pawing the ground impatiently as he appeared. He handed in my beautiful mother, and I stood looking on with childish pleasure at her beauty and rich dress that so became her. My father suddenly turned to me and said, taking his key to his iron-bound box:

"Run, Ann, and get me the little bag you saw me put away last night."

I was proud to be so trusted; but when I quickly returned with it, he was already in the chaise, and part way to the gate. He looked out and said:

"No matter, now, Ann; you may put it back again, for we are going another road, and I will pay Harris to-morrow. Take care of the key, my dear, and good-bye."

"Good-by, and a good time to you," I laughingly replied, and ran back to put the treasure in safety.

I hastened indoors again to see them wind down the private way that led through our extensive grounds, and half

wished I were old enough to go with them. Hearing a slight noise, I turned and saw a stranger, a figure not unusual, a man with a bundle hung on a stick.

He was leaning on the stone wall, and apparently looking after the carriages. He came forward in a moment, and asked if he might sit down and rest, and if I would kindly give him a drink of beer. Beer was free as water with us.

Of course I said yes, and with light steps soon had him a substantial lunch of bread, cheese, and beer, which he came into the kitchen to eat. Betsey and Hannah were busy, hurrying to finish their work, for they were going out to tea and to spend the evening. They talked gayly about their visit, paying little attention to the stroller, who was quietly eating. He had laid his straw hat on the floor, and I saw that his head was bald on the top, and the thinnish hair brushed up from behind over it.

He had prominent ears, low forehead, and large mouth with a retreating chin, where grew a stubbly beard, of grizzly black, like his hair. I did not know why I observed all this, or his eyes, small and hid under grayish brows, that seemed to glance furtively about him when no one appeared to be looking.

His voice was harsh and croaking, and had startled me when he first addressed me.

We were used to strollers of all kinds, as I have said. Perhaps I was mentally contrasting his repulsiveness with my father's noble and dignified features.

He seemed to me very ugly. I was glad when he had finished his meal, and risen to go.

He asked permission to light his pipe, which was readily granted. He went out directly, passing accidentally through the dining-room and out of the great hall, where he lingered for a moment or two.

He had thanked me civilly enough for his breakfast, but the girls laughed and nodded as he went out, and said they should think I had picked up a raven.

All that long, bright day I was busy and happy in the flower garden, or sewing, or reading; and when the girls left, looking very cheerful at their half holiday, I wished them a merry time, and told them not to hasten home, for Thomas should come for them.

I expected my father and mother soon after eight o'clock, and I told Thomas that he might go about that time, as they would soon be home, and it looked a little like rain.

Heavy clouds were gathering in the West, and the thunder rumbled sullenly.

He took the covered wagon and old gray, and, before he stepped in, said, respectfully:

"Miss Ann, I think you had better fasten the doors, as you may be all alone for a short time if I go so soon. Would not you rather that I should wait till your father comes!"

"Oh, no, Thomas; I don't mind being alone in the least, and you ought to go, lest it should rain hard, for it is more than two miles to ride, and they may not wish to leave in a minute. I expect father and mother every moment. Don't wait."

So Thomas left, and the wagon rattled merrily up the lane.

I bolted the doors because he had told me to, for otherwise I should not have thought of it.

It grew dark rapidly, and the thunder began to peal heavily, while the wind rose, and the flashes of lightning grew more vivid and frequent.

I went into the east parlor, and looked out to the south, but the sudden lighting up of the sky and the following darkness did not interest me long. I could not see out very well, either, as the honeysuckles covered the windows.

The large mirror reflected me as I turned away to cross the room, and I stopped a moment with a natural vanity, for I was young and fair enough to look upon.

I let all my hair fall loose, and wound it in long, shining, brown curls over my fingers. It certainly did look handsome, for it was very thick, and fell below my waist, and curled almost of itself as it fell.

There came a great flash of light, and I saw distinctly reflected in the glass a face looking in the window. It was an instant of terror, but I neither screamed nor moved.

The face could not see my face, and I kept my body still, and rolled the long, shining rings off my cold, white fingers. It was an ugly face, and I recognized it. I had seen it that morning, and I knew what lay before me. I prayed inwardly a brief prayer for help.

Turning from the glass, I went steadily toward a table that stood near that window, and on which I had left my candle. I moved steadily as usual, and took up the water-pitcher and looked in it, then took my candle and went toward the kitchen.

The lightning kept flashing, but the face did not come again. I dropped my candle on the kitchen hearth and put my foot on the wick. I set down the pitcher on the dresser, and with soft, light footfall hastened through the west room up the front stairs, into my father's chamber, and softly closed and bolted the door at the head of the stairs. I unlocked his box, took out both the bags of gold, relocked it, and made my way into the great chamber.

I heard voices; I heard the doors tried below. I knew it was not my father. I dared not tremble nor grow faint. I went through that room and two others to the garret stairs. I hardly breathed. I heard a window pushed up; more than one person came in at it. I felt about me in the dark. There was a sliding panel in the inside of the stairway. I pushed it and it rolled back. I entered into a long closet under the stairs, and slid the panel carefully into its place. I felt cautiously to see if all was safe. I pulled my dress close about me lest it might be caught, and the door not closed tight. Then I waited. I heard steps coming up the stairs. I heard a search through all the rooms below. My heart beat till I thought that each bound must be audible. heard voices—one voice, the Raven's. I knew that harsh croak. It told me nothing. The face had revealed all to me. The man had seen the bag of gold as he leaned over the wall in the morning, unnoticed by the gay group. It was all plain to me. He had gathered from the girl's talk that I might be alone. He had returned and watched. He had brought accomplices.

Very soon the steps and voices came my way. I could distinguish the words that were spoken. .

"Drat her! she must have seen you."

"No matter; we'll split the box open with this ax."

I knew the ax was in the little porch. Thomas had set it in when he had done chopping the brush, as it looked like rain.

I heard the steps and voices move away, a dull, crashing sound, and then stifled, angry tones. I knew they had opened the box, and found nothing but the papers. I knew they would now search for me.

I heard them as they looked into every room and closet, and came up the stairs separate. They all met at the foot of the garret stairs. A thick board was between us. I thanked God that the panel was close shut. I knew it, for no ray of light came through.

"She must be up here," said the Raven, "and we'll soon have her."

"I'll warrant she is here, and I'll wring her neck if she makes a noise about it."

But the thorough search was ended, and the voices grew very angry and full of frightful oaths and threatenings.

They sat down on the garret stairs to hold a parley. A spider ran across my face. A spider puts me in mortal fear. It was with a great effort that I kept from screaming.

"Come," croaked the Raven, "let us go and get the silver; that will be something—that will be something."

"Curse the silver. It's the gold I've come for, and I'll burn the house if I don't find the girl! So let her look out!"

A cold perspiration came on my forehead. Would they perform their threat?

"Good! Then the rats will squeak, 'Down drop the money-bags,' and we'll choke the girl to make her dumb."

"Hold your noise. The old man will be coming home. We'll be caught here. Be quick."

"Who cares for him! He's only one. A bludgeon will give him a handy little headache as he comes in."

"And his wife?"

They spoke low, hideous words that made my flesh creep. I almost was ready to call aloud, to open the panel, to give them the gold, and bid them go.

They got up, and the steps and voices went down. It was horrible there in the dark. I was stifling.

I moved the panel slightly. No light entered. I slid it softly back. My resolution was taken.

I would get out of the house, run down the road, and meet my father. I would save him.

I left the gold in the closet, shutting it in close. I stole down two steps into the chamber below. I knew there was a window open there. I crept across the room, listening keenly.

I lifted myself cautiously on the window-ledge, and caught a branch of the cherry-tree which grew close to the house.

Swinging myself lightly out, I hastily descended the trunk of the tree, and found myself on the ground safe.

No. The lightning flash betrayed me. The Raven's voice shrieked, hoarsely, "There she goes! Catch her! Quick! This way!"

Out at the front door came the pursuers, hardly ten steps from me.

I dashed toward the thick shrubbery to put them off the track.

Fortunately I knew the way, every step of it. They were guided solely by the sound and flashing light.

"Shoot her by the next flash!" cried one.

My flying feet struck loose boards.

I was passing directly over an old, unused well, very deep, and it gave back a hollow, resonant sound.

Almost the next moment I heard a crash, the report of a pistol, a heavy fall, oaths and a deep groan.

Shuddering, I sped on through the garden, up toward the cider-press, over the stone wall, down the hollow, up the hill-side, over the fields.

No steps followed; no voices shouted after me. I ran down to the second bars, and let them down.

It began to rain a few great drops, then fast, then it poured. I was wet to the skin.

I ran on, for I heard advancing wheels coming rapidly. I stood in the road and cried "Father! father!"

The chaise stopped. Another chaise behind stopped also.

It was our next neighbor's, who lived a quarter of a mile further on.

"Ann, my child. Good heavens! What is the matter? What has happened?"

I told the whole in a few words, amid eager exclamations of joy at my safety, of surprise, even of anger because Thomas had left me alone.

"Don't blame him, father; I insisted on his going."

A hurried consultation took place.

My father was very brave. Our neighbor was very timid. He proposed going on to his house and returning with weapons.

In the meantime I had got into the chaise and crouched down at my mother's feet, who was half crying, and wholly thankful to feel me there.

We rode on, and came to our gate under the willows. There were lights in the house, but all seemed still. Nothing moved. My father put the reins in my mother's hands, and opened the other gate that led up the lane.

"Will you go home with Nathan?" said he.

"And leave you here? No."

"Take your wife home, Nathan, if you will, and come back."

"We will stay by you."

"Let us reconnoitre, then, a little."

They got out, leaving us sitting still. The rain fell less heavily. They got something that would do for weapons from the tool-house. They went all round the house—all was quiet. They went in.

We sat still, speaking few words, my hand clasped in my mother's.

"Thomas is coming!" I exclaimed, eagerly. "I hear the wheels."

We called to him as he came to the gate, for he could not see us.

He drove through, and called out:

"What is the matter?"

We told him sufficient, and he left Betsey and Hannah, and went in at once, with only the heavy whip.

We did not sit long. Nathan came out directly.

"What have you found? Who is there?"

"Nothing. Nobody."

"Are they all gone?"

"Yes, with some of the silver, and a few things. We don't know what yet."

The horses were put under the shed, and we all went in.

My father said, calmly:

"We will take a lantern, Thomas, and look round out of doors a little."

I knew they would go to the old well. I stood and looked out of the window, and saw the gleam of the lantern as it moved.

In a very few minutes they came back.

"One of them is dead," said my father, "and the other lies at the bottom of the well, and groans. The third has escaped."

They laid boards across some barrels in the shed, and brought up the dead man and laid him on them. His comrade, who fell in the well, had shot him in the head as he plunged through the boards. His ugly face was still uglier.

It was the Raven.

That night my father's prayers were very solemn, and his embrace was close as he gave me my good-night kiss.

The robber in the well was bruised, but not seriously hurt. The law took him to punishment.

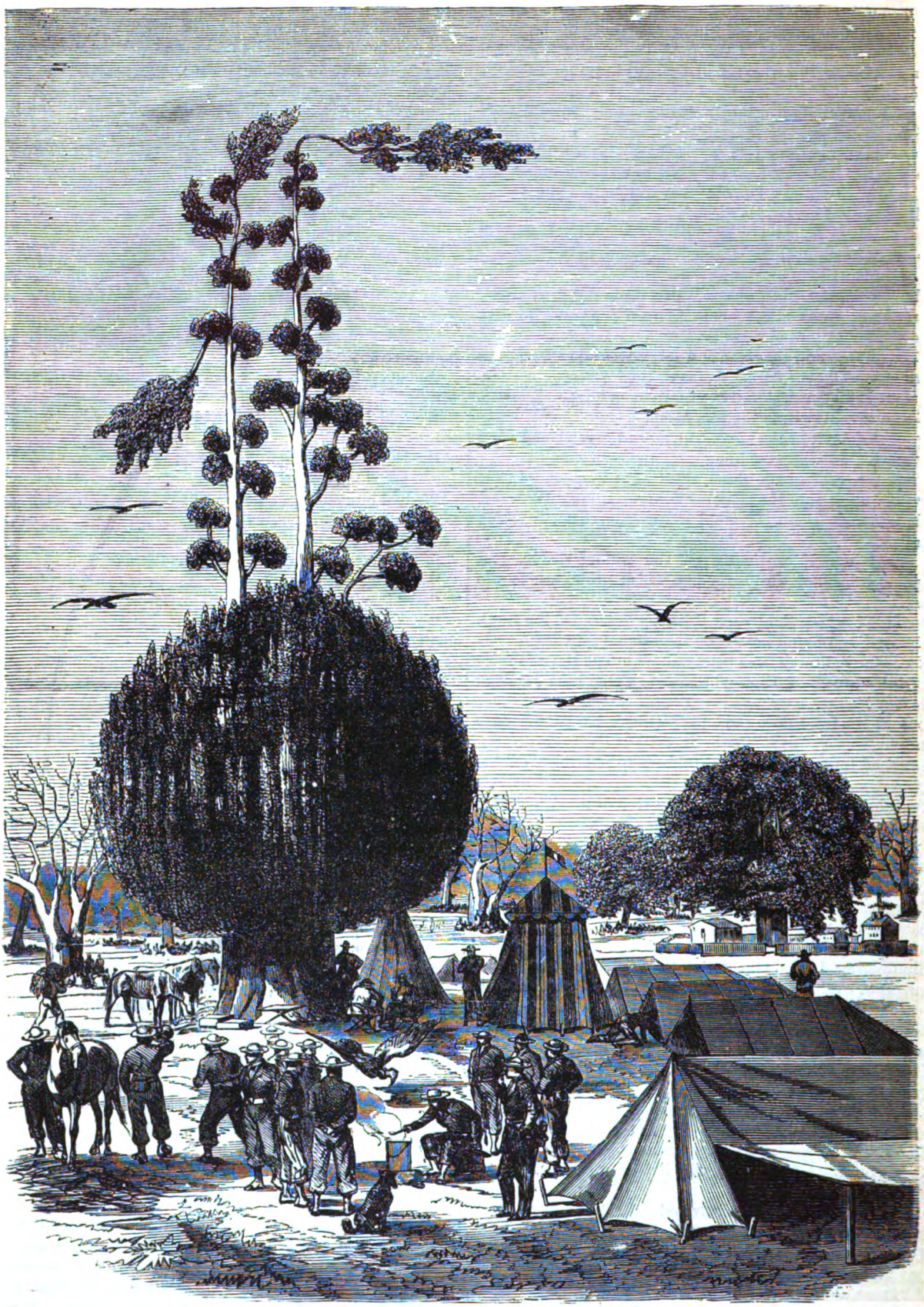
The third escaped to America, and afterward reformed.

I was never left at home again alone.

## A BOUL OR CHEESE TREE, NEAR THE FRENCH POST OF THIES, IN SENEGAL.

THE tree shown in our illustration is a curious combination. From the stout trunk below rises a mass of verdure almost in shape like a pineapple cheese, whence, probably, its French name; but from this rise two bare stalks, with irregular lateral branches ending in tufts of leaves. It is a very useful tree, as it is an evergreen, and the young shoots and leaves form excellent and appetising food for camels, and the height of the bare stalks is probably due to the daily clipping below by the camel-drivers.

The specimen shown in our illustration is nearly two



A BOUL OR CHEESE TREE, NEAR THE FRENCH POST OF THIES, IN SENEGAL.—SEE PAGE 403.

hundred feet high. It stands near a little French post established to keep in order the Diobass, a tribe of the Sérères negroes, who are the Apaches of Senegal, untamable, unrelentingly robbers and murderers, inhabiting a mountain district which gives them every advantage for ambuscading caravans or small parties. A tree of the same species overshadows the buildings of the fort, an outpost of civilization in that part of Africa.

## A RUSSIAN COOK OF THE OLD FAITH.

ONE day, while we were in Russia, my wife said to me, "'Tell me, my dear, what 'starrie verra' means?"

"Starrie, old, verra, faith—old faith. Why do you ask?"

"Because a woman has come for the cook's place, and she says she is a starrie verra, who will not steal. Shall I take her?"

"Certainly, by all means; an honest cook is a gold mine."

The woman came. She was of a staid, stern, even gloomy expression, about thirty-five years old, was clean, and had a cowl on her head which hid every hair. All the time that she remained with us I had no evidence that she was not entirely bald. From this maid's armpits to her heels were two straight lines, so that her waist was quite as mysterious as her hair. Except for the gloomy expression on her face, her features were good, and her eye, or I was much mistaken, showed a kind heart, spite of her grimness. She never smiled, jested, or even laughed; but we soon found that she was valuable.

Her work was always done to the minute, and done well. We became rather attached to Anastasia; and while keeping her grim gravity unrelaxed, she evidently softened to the younger members of the family. They, again, took amazingly to the stern old lass. Give me a child for finding out character covered up, whether in smiles or gloom. The children find it out; ay, and they bring it out.

A RUSSIAN COOK OF THE OLD FAITH.—"MUGS, JUGS, CANS, BROWN POTS, PLATES AND DISHES OF VARIOUS DIMENSIONS, SHE SMASHED INTO ATOMS, SAYING, 'UNCLEAN! UNCLEAN!'"

A terrific breaking of pots in the kitchen had taken place five minutes after Anastasia's first installation. Mugs, jugs, cans, brown pots, plates and dishes of various dimensions, she smashed into atoms at once, saying, "Unclean! unclean!" As this was a very likely fact, and the things were of little value, she was rather encouraged than otherwise in this new work of reformation. "A new broom sweeps clean," seemed true enough of her. Every article in the kitchen—iron, wood, and earthenware—had been horribly defiled, was *pooganie* (unclean), was smashed and thrown out. She asked nobody's leave, nor did she stand on the manner of doing it, but did it. A new outfit was obtained from the *econem*, and as her religion suffered her to eat with none of us, a complete set of dishes was got for her own individual use. No one durst lay a finger upon these on any pretense whatever. If touched, they were smashed the next moment. Nor would she for the world touch food out of any dish or vessel which had been used by another. If a dog got into the kitchen and put his nose (as dogs generally do) into a half dozen pots and dishes, whether these were her own particular vessels or not, they were smashed.

The following conversation ensued one evening upon hearing one of these dreadful smashing bouts in the kitchen:

"What noise is that, my dear?"

"Oh, it is Anastasia breaking a few dishes. Never mind her."

"Never mind her! I wonder you allow that old fanatic to go on so; she will ruin us in pots alone. And," assuming a fierce look, "I shall go and turn her out this moment."

"No, you won't. Listen! This woman is a jewel. She breaks a few dishes, it is true, but her religion seems to demand it. I suppose it also tells her to be honest, for she is so. You told me not to examine her trunk, but for all that I have done so many a time. She always leaves the key in it. It contained nothing but an old Bible, in the old church characters, which I could not read, and a few clothes. Not a vestige of my property could I ever find. That is not all. The other servants either don't or cannot steal by a hundredth part as much as formerly. Her breakage does not amount to a tithe of the old robberies. Now, say, shall she be turned out?"

"Certainly, I prefer the smasher to the thief."

"Now come to the kitchen; I hear she has gone out. I wish to show you something."

We went to the kitchen and there my wife pointed out to me that all the utensils in which any food was left or kept had a cross made of chips laid across the top. Bread was in course of making, and the sponge was set. On the top of the dough a cross was also drawn with a blunt edge.

"Now," said madame, "all this is to keep the witches out of the food. Yesterday she told me that during the previous night the cat had been very uneasy, and had gone about mewing for a long time. She got out of bed and drew the edge of a knife three times round the cat's head, after which it was quiet and went to sleep directly. She had cut the

throats of the witches which were tormenting the cat, and had fastened themselves round her head." When we got back to my own room, my wife continued: "That is not all; she is absolutely a darling of a griffin. She has so established your character for sanctity that in fact you are now supposed to be a priest in your own country, and she defends the interests and character of the family on all occasions. She does all my marketing now with the peasants, and that alone halves my expenses."

"But, my dear, how can she possibly have represented me as a priest, the last thing I wish to be thought?"

"Well, I was coming to that. Put up that book and listen patiently. I got it all from the countess to-day when I was there; and when I explained some things that puzzled her, she laughed immoderately. You know what kind of a character we all got because we did not go to church, nor have images to adore, nor cross ourselves. We were thought dogs, and worshiped no God at all; and you confirmed this impression by saying that you worshiped like the Athenians, to whom Paul preached an unknown God. I dare say our lives would not have been safe; but Anastasia has put it all right. I sent her among the peasants to buy provisions. They told her that we were dogs, and it was a shame for her, a *starrie verra*, to live with such dreadful people. 'Ah!' said she, 'you are a parcel of fools; you don't know them as I do. My master is a great priest in his own country. Don't I see him twice every week performing the services with robes, and dresses, and grand curtains, in the large room? Don't I see him reading and praying out of five large books full of saints and pictures every day? Don't they all sing and chant every evening before going to bed? Did ever any of you see them dance like you fools? Don't I break as many unclean pots as I like, and madame is never angry, but says, "That's right, Anastasia; keep them clean."' This counter-blast has been going on for some time, and now the countess says we are looked upon with different feelings; in fact, our cook has established you in the veneration and good opinion of the people. Besides, you know, just dealings with them may have had some effect also."

"But what does it mean? How do I perform the services twice a week?"

"Have you not, like a captain at the North Pole, been setting the children to perform 'King Alfred,' and recite pieces and sing? Have I not got dresses made for them? Have you not painted a scene—oh, how dreadfully bad!—and is not this our amusement every Tuesday and Friday?"

"And the five great books of saints from which I read and pray; can they be the four volumes of the *Illustrated London News?*"

"Yes; and the large Illustrated Family Bible. She has seen the pictures, and how carefully we handle them, not to spoil the great binding. So, what with acting, reciting, singing, reading, and family prayers, it is all settled in Anastasia's mind that you are a great good man; but particularly the book of pictures has fixed this conclusion in her mind.

A great sacrifice had yet to be made to the *starrie verra*. Cooking-pots might be made of the coarsest earthenware, or porcelain, it mattered not; if they were defiled, either they they must go or the cook would go; that was the fixed alternative.

We had given a party. Saunderson was there, Defour was there, Pins was there, the count and many others were there. Each gentleman had brought his favorite four-footed companion and protector. Some had two. These dogs were, during supper, lying about the room. In common hospitality, it was but right I should feed my friends' dogs, and I proposed to give them a great feast of broken victuals before they were taken from the room. No sooner said than done; plates, dishes, tureens—of the choicest Wedgwood, brought from England, and always kept with the utmost care—were filled with what dogs like, and put before our expectant neighbors.

It was delightful to see how the strong fellows wagged their tails and lapped their jaws, and crunched the bones, and relished the dainty feast; but in the midst of all, to our great grief, the *starrie verra* opened the door and looked in for some orders. She saw the defilement; her face assumed a more grim look than I had ever seen on it. In a moment I felt that my wife's pet crockery was tried and condemned past all reprieve. Dogs had defiled it.

Madame looked at me with a what-shall-I-do expression; and I replied with another look of take-it-easy-and-let-it-go. It was a sore struggle, but prudence triumphed over crockery. The servant was invaluable. It was not she but the crockery that might be replaced. But oh! is there a lady in America who does not sympathize with my poor wife as, immediately after the removal of the cloth, she heard the smash of her Wedgwood going on in the kitchen? She sat still, and winced hard, and pressed her lips together at each smash. Meanwhile, however, I had told her grief to our guests, and each crash was provoking laughter, in which she at length, catching the infection, joined long and heartily. The *starrie verra* remained with us until we left that part of the country. Then her grim countenance relaxed, and she cried bitterly at parting. She was the only honest servant we ever had in Russia.

## HANG UP HIS HARP; HE'LL WAKE NO MORE.

His young bride stood beside his bed,
Her weeping watch to keep.
Hush, hush! He stirred not—was he dead?
Or did he only sleep?

His brow was calm; no change was there,
No sigh had filled his breath;
Oh! did he wear that smile so fair
In slumber, or in death?

"Reach down his harp!" she wildly cried:
"And if one spark remain,
Let him but hear 'Loch Erroch's Side,'
He'll kindle at the strain.

"That tune e'er held his soul in thrall—
It never breathed in vain:
He'll waken as its echoes fall,
Or never wake again."

The strings were swept; 'twas sad to hear,
Sweet music floating there;
For every note called forth a tear
Of anguish and despair.

"See, see!" she cried, "the tune is o'er—
No opening eye, no breath!
Hang up his harp. He'll wake no more,
He sleeps the sleep of death!"

## ON THE BLACKWATER.

Two or three years ago, in the beginning of August, I was delightfully surprised, one fine morning, at receiving the following epistle:

"Mr. Wildfowler: Sir, the mullit is on, i have cot a good aul on em. please cum; sir, lots ov burds in the mashes. i am at Haybridge. Dick."

This was a letter from an athletic fellow, fisherman and wildfowl shooter, with whom I had, in the previous season, gone several trips, fishing and wildfowl shooting. He had served me well; had always showed me sport; had rescued

me from a muddy bath once or twice on the Blackwater; was a civil, honest man, passionately fond of his work, and perfectly mad for sport; so we two jogged along together comfortably, and we had always remained in pretty permanent communication.

That evening deposited me, safe and sound, with guns and lines and luggage, at the door of the Heybridge Inn. At the noise of the wheels, Dick, who was on the shore baling out his little boat, which he termed the dingey, called out a hearty greeting, and came up, ponderously crunching the pebbles under the thick heels of his mighty sea-boots.

I can never look at the worthy fellow's face without feeling happy and comfortable; for his presence alone brings back to my memory many dearly treasured incidents of sport, and the very air around him breathed of freedom and enjoyment.

"Now," said I to him, when our first warm greetings were over, "as we were bound to lay in a stock of provisions—for I mean to stop three days—I have brought a hamper full of good things from town."

Now, honest Dick, like most honest men, is rather fond of a good thing; and the way he smacked his lips when he shouldered the heavy hamper, made his friends and acquaintances laugh all round. Forthwith, two or three men took my gun-box, carpet-bag, etc., and we all went down to the shore. Dick took the sculls, gave us a preliminary shove, and we were off.

As soon as we were under weigh, I placed the gun-box on the seat by my side, unlocked it, took out my double gun, placed twenty rounds of ammunition in my pockets, and then I went forward, facing the bows, and looked out for birds, hundreds of which were evidently about, as we could hear them as plain as could be whistling on every side. Moreover, evening time is the best for that sort of sport, because the shore-birds turn out in strength, and thousands are to be seen then feeding on the flats. My first shot was a lovely miss, but with the second barrel I scored. Dick, who had stopped rowing when I had touched him (our usual signal), then gave two or three pulls towards the dead bird, and we picked it up. It was a redshank, in splendid condition, as well he might be, for the bird had, as yet, experienced anything but hard weather; and if plenty of food, a bright sun, and undisturbed feeding grounds cannot allow a bird to lay on fat, then all I can say is, nothing will. A little farther on, I saw a bunch of some twenty shanks and other shore-birds wheeling about over the water. I touched again my oarsman, who quietly kept the sculls ready for action, and meanwhile turned his head to have a look, too. Just as I was covering the leader, and was going to fire, "Look out, sir!" called out Dick; and casting up a glance skywards, I immediately beheld a mallard, going at the rate of sixty odd miles an hour, just crossing our stern. I fire; miss; fire again, and stop my bird by a green cartridge.

"That is better than shooting a redshank or two," quoth Dick, when he picked it up, and, smoothing its feathers, finally placed the bird astern under the seat. "I just caught a glimpse of him as he was passing over us," he went on. "Lucky you could turn in time. And now, sir, here is the sloop. We will go aboard, put your things there, have something to eat; then we will go for another row, or a sail, just as you prefer."

So saying, we bumped against the port side of the stout little craft that was to take us to our fishing ground. Dick's younger brother, John, turned up to lend us a hand; and in due course I found myself below, seated before a regal "spread," the service being well attended to by the two men, who are rare good hands at cooking fish and birds, and at pulling corks out of bottles. It was about eight o'clock when we reappeared on deck, and the tide was coming up fast then. There was no fishing possible, at least with the nets, as it would be dark soon. We could certainly have indulged in a little hand-line fishing, had we been so inclined, but we were not; and as the birds began their evening flights, we concluded that it was time to start, if ever we meant to. Re-entering the dingey, each man took an oar, and we started for a large creek on our starboard side. The sun was going down, and its rays were very dazzling when we faced the west on entering the creek, nevertheless I contrived to make a nice mixed "bag," a portion of which our junior undertook to pluck on our return, for our supper.

When we came back to the sloop, we set sail for the place where the men intended to put down their nets in the morning, and fortunately no other fishermen had turned up to try the spot. This made the two brothers as pleased as Punch; and we all turned in, at half-past eleven P. M., the men forward, and I alone in the cabin. The night was quiet and mild until two or three o'clock in the morning, when a rattling breeze began to blow; but by daylight the wind went down again, and when we turned up on deck at six, the day promised to be as lovely as could be wished. We were all very busy. I was getting my shooting paraphernalia in order, ready for work; Dick was overlooking the stop-nets which were going to be used; and his brother, forward, was deep in the mysteries of his cooking. We had fish, flesh, and fowl for breakfast; and a more merry set than the three of us when we left the sloop and rowed away in the dingey, could hardly have been matched anywhere, let alone on the Blackwater itself. The skiff contained the nets, ready folded for dropping; and I watched my companions with lively interest when they prepared to drop them. Mullet, it must be borne in mind, are a queer set of fish, which occasionally will take bait, but as a very general rule, decline so to do, notwithstanding the many varieties of bait with which the "hookers" may try to tempt them. This being so, the nets are resorted to; with what success the sequel will show.

We got to the mouth of a creek, where my companions declared that the mullet always congregated; and we remained waiting by the shore where the first end of the net had been fixed until the tide was almost high. When the flats were all covered with the brine, then it was time to set the nets. Dick took up his position on the starboard; I went forward, to be out of the way of the men; John took up the sculls, and he rowed us right across the mouth of the creek; whilst his brother, during the transit, dropped and arranged the nets. This done, we had only to wait for low tide; but there being, a quarter of a mile lower down, another likely creek, we went to the sloop to get the second net, and rowed with it to the second creek, where it was expeditiously and cleverly laid. At one o'clock we went aboard for luncheon, and at two we went to see what catches the nets might have made. The ebb tide had still two hours to run, but already the water was very low; and unmistakably we had fish, the water inside the net being in a perpetual turmoil from their efforts to escape.

"Them fish," said Dick, "is the rummest to deal with we ever comes across. They be like sheep, they be, them fish. If one of 'em finds out the way over the net and shows it to t'others, they all follows suit and bolts over; and *there!* sir, there be one going now!"

Rowing desperately towards the net our presence near it kept the mid-channel fish steady, but on both port and starboard sides a few kept on leaping, and one, to whose identity I could almost swear, jumped at least twenty times out of water, but fortunately missed the net. He was an enormous fellow, and very graceful withal, reminding me very forcibly of those elegant pictures in old angling books wherein the fishes hanging from the lines of the anglers are always depicted with their bodies in a semicircle. Altogether the sight of the "catch" was a very attractive one,

particularly so to the men, who were simply delighted, for mullet are nice fish, and a good catch of them is not by any means to be despised from a pecuniary point of view.

When the tide was low, my men proceeded to load their fish; but as I got terribly splashed about, I voted to be landed, and, gun in hand, went for a stroll after watching the fishermen a few minutes. The flat I then was on was moderately safe, but I did not like venturing too far; and, thinking I might do something in a minor creek close by, I went there and bagged two birds with a rattling right and left. Then, to my great surprise, I saw a large mullet jumping out of a large pool of water in the channel of the little creek, now almost dry and bare. I went down with some difficulty, the mud being very slimy and slippery, and secured the fish and my birds, with which I retraced my footsteps. The net was then picked up, and the men had about three scores of mullet in the boat. Returning to the sloop, we tumbled the lot, net and all, into the cockpit, there to be looked after at leisure on our return, and then we proceeded to draw the second net. Owing to the distance, the men had to make all speed, as otherwise the next tide would have bothered their operations. Indeed, as Dick expressed himself, "they had drawed it rather fine," for ere the fish were all in the flood began. Fortunately, the work was nearly done; and everything was satisfactorily taken up without any unlucky *contretemps* happening to mar the success of the undertaking. The catch there was about a score and a half.

"HANG UP HIS HARP! HE'LL WAKE NO MORE."—SEE POEM ON PAGE 406.

We then returned on board, and at once set sail to Heybridge, where the men took the fish ashore in baskets and boxes; and the said hampers and boxes were forthwith dispatched to Maldon Railway Station, *en route* for Baltimore. The next day we went again for another drop-netting operation; but we had poor sport. The third day, however, being somewhat rough, drove the shoals well up the estuary, and the result was a gratifying haul at low tide. Thus I spent three pleasurable days on the Blackwater. In the intervals of netting the mullet, I busied myself at crab and lobster fishing; or I went ashore shooting. What with sailing and rowing about, an occasional shot with the net, and an occasional raid upon the wildfowl, I have rarely spent three more entertaining days anywhere; and when I left Heybridge, and Dick, with the concluding grip of his large, horny, honest hand, asked me his usual question, "Enjoyed yourself, sir?" it was with heartfelt gratitude that I replied, "Never better anywhere, Dick, thanks to yourself and your brother." And thus we parted, mutually pleased with each other; and thus ended my August trip on the Blackwater.

## CANADIAN TRAVELERS LOST IN THE SNOW.

During the Winters in Canada, much of the travel is on the snow, by means of a peculiar affair placed on the foot to prevent a person from sinking. These are called in French *raquettes;* in English, snow-shoes. They get their French name from their resemblance to a kind of bat used in the game of ball called "racket" in English also. It consists of a long hoop of tough wood, with a network of sinews across it, leaving a small open space in the centre where the toe of the moccasin is tied on, the heel being left loose. The snow-shoes cannot be used with the ordinary boot. In this way the Canadians travel and hunt in Winter; and during the border wars between our colonies and Canada, in the old time, French soldiers came down from the St. Lawrence, through snow and ice, to the Mohawk — an army in snow-shoes.

In these journeys the great danger is what the French call a *poudrerie* — when the fine snow begins to whirl round and round. The traveler soon loses his direction, and can see naught to help him find it. As his strength fails, and the mind has less power over the body, the man will not use his left side so vigorously, and he will go around in circles, narrowing in till he sinks down and perishes.

At one time a clergyman—one of the early Jesuit missionaries—started to visit a fort on the Sorel, and enable the garrison to celebrate the Christmas holidays with due solemnity. He set out with a few companions on snow-shoes. They were overtaken by a storm, and he pushed on ahead to get relief for the rest. They reached the fort first, and, as the tracks showed, Father de la Noüe went several times around it, and at last sank down and froze to death.

TRAVELERS LOST IN THE SNOW.

# ALGIERS AND ALGERIA.

By Thomas W. Knox.

AT a time within the memory of many now living, the Algerine was regarded as the embodiment of cruelty. To denounce a man as "an Algerine pirate," was to accuse him of a long list of wicked deeds of whose commission he was easily capable. The Algerines came honestly enough by their bad name, if we may designate piracy, slavery, murder, and kindred performances as honest conduct. Piracy was a regular business among them, and enterprising men of all classes engaged in it. The Dey, or prince, had his private fleet, which was managed on a purely commercial basis, and every official who could raise the necessary funds for an outfit, had one or more ships in the business. Private citizens went into the enterprise of sending out corsairs to bring home the crews and cargoes of captured ships, just as the merchants of New York send vessels to China to bring home loads of tea and rice which can be sold at a profit.

When prizes were scarce on the sea, the pirate fleets would select some prosperous town on the coast of Spain, France, or Italy, for capture and plunder. The fleet would time its movements so as to fall upon the doomed place in the night and take it by surprise. Several hundreds of the inhabitants would be forced on board the ships, the houses and stores would be plundered, and in the morning the fleet would sail away with its booty. The men, women, and children would be sold into slavery, and the goods would find a market in the bazaars of Algiers. Sometimes the merchandise would be sold to traders from the countries whence it was stolen, and in course of time it might find its way back to the houses or stores whence it was taken. There are many romantic stories in connection with these sea-coast raids, and from them I select the following:

The town of Rapallo, on the coast of Ligeeria, was selected for plunder by the Dey Hassan (son of Kheir-ed-din), in the year 1549. On the 6th of July of that year, most of the inhabitants had retired to rest, and the lights were extinguished in nearly all the houses save in one close by the sea, where a festivity was in progress. A young couple had been married that day, and the bride's family had invited a large party to a supper and dance. About midnight, when the rejoicing was at its height, the music suddenly ceased, and the dancing-hall was invaded by a band of armed men in Algerine dress. A fight followed and speedily resulted in victory for the pirates. The bridegroom was left severely wounded and senseless, while the bride and all the other maidens, and the young men not killed or wounded, were hurried on board the ships. At the same time the other principal houses of the town were surrounded by other bands of freebooters, and the rest of the night was devoted to plunder. In the morning the fleet departed, carrying away five hundred of the inhabitants, nearly all of them young people of both sexes. A few of the wealthy citizens were taken, in the expectation of ransom, and the fleet made the best of its way to Algiers. All the younger people, including the beautiful bride, were sold into slavery. She was bought by an old Turk, who afterward married her.

The bridegroom recovered from his wound, and determined to find his wife. He sailed for Algiers, where he intended to pass himself as a convert to the Moslem faith, in order to prosecute the search for his bride. But he was captured on landing and sold into slavery, and for several years could obtain no information concerning the missing lady. One day a fellow-prisoner told him the whole story of her sale and marriage, and added that the Turk who had bought and married her was dead, and had left a son. Soon after hearing this the bridegroom was ransomed by his family, and then he sought the lady, with whom he returned to Italy.

Whether he lived happily with her or otherwise we are not informed, nor do we know if it were necessary for him to marry her a second time, in consequence of the irregularity which followed the wedding on the day she was made a prisoner.

The strangest thing about this piracy, which the Algerines conducted as a regular and honorable business, was its recognition, for more than three centuries, by the Governments of Europe. England, France, Spain, Italy, and other countries paid tribute to Algiers at various times to exempt their ships from capture, and occasionally ransomed such of their captive subjects as were unable, by themselves or their families, to buy their liberty. It is no wonder that the Algerines regarded Europe with contempt, and looked upon it as a legitimate object of plunder. Of course, the reader will understand that the United States never did anything of the kind. Not so fast, please, for the United States did, in the latter part of the last century, send presents to the Dey of Algiers to induce him to let our commerce alone. We were blackmailed by him just as other nations had been; we paid to him, personally, in 1795, $200,000, $100,000 to the treasury of the beylik or province, $200,000 for the ransom of slaves, and agreed to pay an annual tribute of $24,000! In addition to this we sent him a ship and a supply of ammunition of war; the Dey generally obtained his material for making war in the shape of presents from the nations against whom he expected to use it. In this respect he was not unlike the Indians of the Far West, who obtain from the Government agencies the rifles and ammunition with which to kill our soldiers. History often repeats itself.

Whenever the Dey wanted more money he repudiated his treaty with the country which he judged most likely to stand the repudiation, and demanded more. Every few years England was compelled to make a new treaty and pay an increased tribute, and the same was the case with other nations. The wonder was that they did not unite to wipe Algiers out of existence; but they were too jealous to combine even in a cause so necessary to the general good of humanity. The Dey naturally concluded that we would do like the rest, and so he demanded an increase of our subsidy. We declined to pay it, and he declared war; we sent a fleet there which soon made peace through the mediation of its guns and its commander, Admiral Decatur. England, about this time, found itself in the position of the man who was being kicked by a mule and found it monotonous after the fiftieth kick. She sent a fleet under Lord Exmouth; it co-operated with a Dutch fleet, and in a day's bombardment laid the forts and part of the town in ruins, and induced the Dey to partake of that article of pastry which bears the name of humble pie. The next morning the Dey complied with Lord Exmouth's demands, which were:

1. The abolition of Christian slavery forever.
2. The liberation and delivery of all slaves in the dominion of the Dey.
3. The repayment of all money received by him for the redemption of slaves during that year (1816).

Thus was Christian slavery ended in Algeria. Over 3,000 slaves were liberated, including subjects of nearly all the European governments. Though fifty years have passed since that event, it is not difficult to find individuals among the Algerines of to-day who hope and believe that the right of capturing ships and enslaving their crews will yet be restored to them. They are unable to see anything wrong in the business, and say that Algiers has never been so pros-

perous as in the days of piracy. And some of them give pretty sharp answers when remonstrated with on the subject, and advance theories not always easy to meet. "I presume," said an old Algerine one day, "that the Moslem's brain is duller than the Christian's, for I cannot see the difference between what my forefathers did in Europe and the Christian nations did in Africa at that time. They separated families and carried men and women to America to sell them into slavery, and some of the Christians are doing so now."

In 1830 the French sent an expedition which captured Algiers, after a brief campaign in which two severe battles were fought. The Dey surrendered on the sole condition that his person and property should be respected, and he was immediately sent out of the country. The French went to Algeria to stay there, and they were fortunate enough to find sufficient money in the treasury of the fortress to pay all the expenses of the conquest and have something over. The money was in a vast heap, where it had been thrown like potatoes in a bin; gold and silver coins of all nations were mingled indiscriminately, and the work of separation and counting was no small affair. The variety of coins typified the piratical operations of the Algerines, and showed that they made no discriminations. Fifty millions of francs ($10,000,000) actually reached the French treasury. How much adhered to the fingers of those who handled the money we are not informed. Evidently the Dey had found piracy profitable, and it is not surprising that he was reluctant to abandon it.

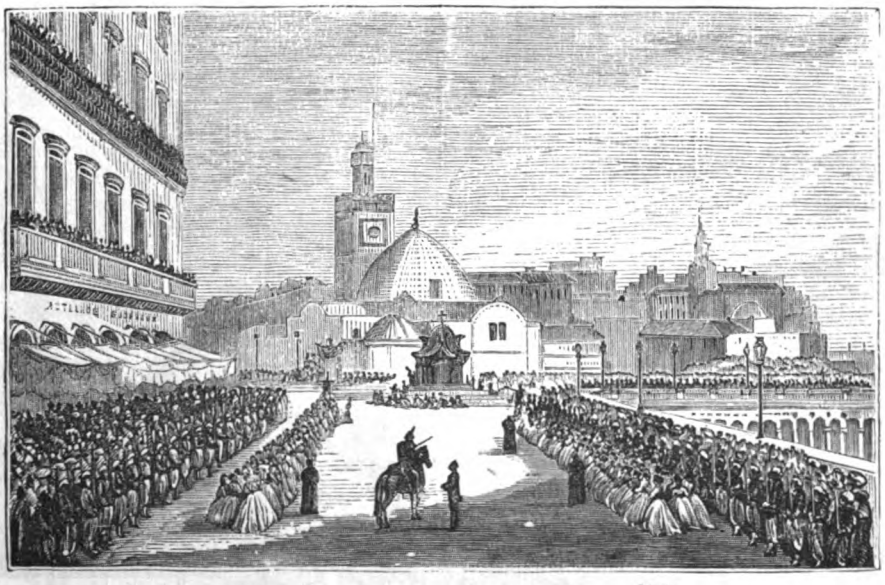
The conquest of Algeria was by no means ended with the capture of Algiers and the surrender of the Dey. The war was carried on in different parts of the country for many years, and even now scarcely a twelvemonth passes without an insurrection somewhere. The famous chief, Abd-el-Kader, fought the French in the most energetic manner until 1847, when he was captured and banished. He was required to take an oath on the Koran, never to make war against the French or endeavor to return to Algeria, and he has faithfully kept his promise. He went first to Egypt and afterwards to Damascus, where he has long resided. I saw him there in 1873; though now old and gray he walks erectly and with all the dignity of an Oriental prince. His eye is bright and clear, and in his whole appearance and bearing he is every inch a king. He wears the Algerine dress, and never appears without a burnous of snowy whiteness with its hood encircling his head. He visited Paris in 1867, and was the recipient of many attentions from the Emperor. His hostility to the French ceased long ago, and he now wears the decoration of the Legion of Honor, which he received from the hands of Napoleon III.

France has expended a vast amount of money in the development of Algeria. She has built carriage roads and railways; created harbors; established colonies; bored artesian wells; created markets for the products of the country; founded schools, churches, and hospitals; and has done, in short, all that she could to make Algeria prosperous. The enterprise is just beginning to pay expenses, and the expectations are that a few years more will show a revenue from the investment. Many of the Arabs are pleased at the change, but there are many others who look on sullenly and have no taste for the improvements that have been made. "We are worse off now than before the French came here," said an old Arab to me one day when I had drawn him into conversation. "A chicken costs three or four times as much as it did, and it is the same with vegetables and nearly everything else we wish to eat. We were satisfied with our old roads for camels and horses, and do not care for the French roads and railways. The steamships that run along the coast are a great deal faster than our *kebeks*, but we never want to hurry, and our boats will carry us as rapidly as we wish." And I suppose he might have added a remark about the advantages of Christian slavery, and sighed for the good old times when he could buy an Englishman or a Frenchman to keep his house in order and perform any task he might set before him. He saw nothing to praise in the new state of affairs, and much to regret in what was gone.

The city of Algiers occupies a very striking position. It is in a deep bay, surrounded by a crescent of hills covered from base to summit with verdure of a peculiarly dark-green color. The city is on the slope of one of these hills, and as you approach it from the sea, it presents the appearance of a triangular patch of white set against a background of luxuriant green. At first it is a white spot, which gradually grows more and more distinct; then it becomes covered with irregular lines which finally resolve themselves into zigzag streets and lanes and house-roofs, crowned by the *kasbah*, or fortress, which was the last stronghold of the Dey.

Above, and to the left of the city, is Fort l'Empereur, which was considered by the Algerines impregnable. But the French cannon breached its walls, its garrison fled to the kasbah, and then the Dey knew that the day was lost. Near us, and to the right, is the lighthouse, which marks the old harbor where the corsairs used to lie, and whence they sallied forth to prey upon the commerce of the Mediterranean.

Gone are the corsairs now, but we have in their place boats of the old pattern, with their pointed sails holding a great deal of wind and giving high speed to the craft they propel. Many of the sails are covered with fantastic stripes that add to the strangeness of their appearance. For the information of yachtsmen I will say that the Algerine sail is powerful; but it has great capsizing powers, cannot sail well into the wind, and is difficult to manage when tacking. For general uses it is far behind the ordinary



ARRIVAL OF A NEW ARCHBISHOP AT ALGIERS IN 1867.

VIEW OF ALGIERS.

sloop or "cat" rig, and other similar sailing vessels of New York and its vicinity.

We pass inside the low mole erected by the French, and come to anchor a hundred yards or more from the dock. Passengers must land in small boats, and so we pass down the gangway to where the boatmen are gesticulating wildly and shouting in a lingual hash composed of French, Italian, English, Arabic, Spanish, and Maltese—the first-named language predominating. There is a tariff fixed by law, but the boatmen try to evade it, and lead you into absurd bargains, as they do all through the Levant, and as those model gentlemen, the hackmen, sometimes do in New York. The boatmen are from different parts of Algeria and also from Malta, and sometimes these last are in the majority. Maltese boatmen are enterprising, and go long distances from home to find employment. You encounter them in nearly all the ports of the Mediterranean, on the Levant, from Marseilles to Constantinople, and from Algiers to Alexandria. They are a tough, hardy race, full of bravery and rascality in about equal proportions. The rascality is quite likely to be their leading characteristic, and they are generally ready for robbery when a shilling can be made by it. As for the small sin of lying, they can give an American political editor fifty points in the game and then beat him.

We pass the Custom-house with little difficulty, and then proceed up a stairway which leads to the Boulevard de la Republique, and thence to the Place du Gouvernment. This is a large square, paved with asphalt, and having on three sides modern buildings of French construction, while the fourth is occupied by a mosque and the rampart of the embankment looking toward the sea.

MOORISH WOMAN OF ALGIERS.

This mosque has a curious history. It is said that an Italian prisoner was offered his liberty by the Dey, on condition that he would superintend the erection of a mosque which should surpass in beauty all others in Algiers. He undertook the task, and was progressing finely when somebody happened to discover that the edifice was in the form of a cross. He told the Dey, and that worthy said nothing until the work was completed and the Italian asked for his liberty.

"You shall have it," said the Dey; "but before you go my officers have a word to say to you." They took the architect outside and beheaded him, and then the Dey said he might go home as soon as he liked; but I believe he didn't care to go.

Like other Moslems, the Algerian Arabs claim to say their prayers four times a day. The observance is reasonably exact in the rural districts, but in the cities the faithful are not over strait-laced. Frequently there will not be a dozen worshipers at prayer-time in either of the great mosques, and in the smaller ones none at all. At the stated hours the muezzin mounts to the minaret and summons the devout to assemble for divine worship. In the early morn, when the noise of commerce is hushed and the air is still, his voice can be heard for quite a distance, and its clear notes fall pleasantly on the ear. But in the busy hours of the day the hum of business drowns the call to devotion, and the muezzin is the only terrestrial listener to the summons which he utters with devout solemnity.

Just beyond the mosque is the place where the cadi, or Arab judge, holds court. The entire proceedings are in Arabic, and the decisions are in accordance with Arab law and tradition. Civil cases between Arabs are tried before the cadi, and so are quarrels and other small matters of a criminal nature where all the parties concerned are Arabs. But in higher matters the French authorities have complete jurisdiction, and dispense justice after the laws and manner of France. While I was in Algiers several arrests were made of a band of robbers, and quite a nest of them were broken up. The prisoners were French, Italians, and Arabs; all were tried in the French Court of Assize, and sentenced accordingly. The revolution of 1871 was followed by many trials and investigations, all of them held by French officials. All the accused in this instance were Arabs, and in many instances the witnesses were of the same nationality. Interpreters are always present to translate testimony or anything else, and their work is by no means light. These interpreters are nearly always Frenchmen, who are placed in the Arab schools when very young, and are required to attain absolute fluency in the language before they can graduate. I have met many of these officials who could speak French and Arabic with equal readiness and precision.

In the Place du Gouvernment a band plays twice a week in Winter, and military reviews are frequently held there. In the good old times for which the Algerians mourn, the Christian slave-market was held here, and many a captive has been sold and led away to labor unremittingly until death or ransom came to his relief. How different the scene of to-day, when the only merchants to be found here are those who deal in peanuts, matches, or sweetmeats, or the daily papers of the colonial capital. Vastly different was the reception of Christians in the days that are gone compared to that of the new archbishop a few years ago

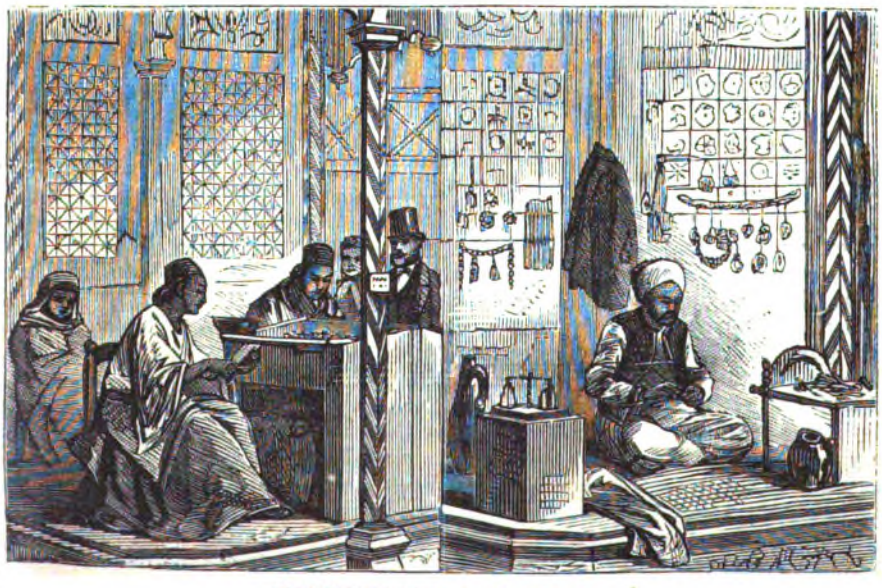
when French soldiers formed on both sides of the square, and the nuns and clergy, in robes of white, knelt at the approach of him who was to be their spiritual head. What a change from the old to the new!

Algiers is a city of contrasts. The lower part of it is almost entirely French; take away the mosque I have described, and the Arabs wandering about the streets, and you might readily believe yourself in Lyons or Marseilles. French signs hang over the doors and windows of the shops, and in these shops the visitor is waited upon by Frenchmen and women, who sell goods of European manufacture. The cafés are exact copies of those in French cities of the second or third class, and the frequenters are all from the other side of the Mediterranean. French tailors and bootmakers, milliners and barbers, booksellers and jewelers, abound everywhere, and you can be fed and clothed, bathed and *coiffed*, exactly as at Amiens or Rouen. But leave the Place du Gouvernment, cross the Rue Bab-Azoun, ascend a narrow street of steps, and in five minutes you have undergone a change into something rich and strange. You are in the Moorish quarter, and have left the French city behind you.

A CADI TESTIFYING BEFORE THE FRENCH AUTHORITIES AFTER THE REVOLT IN 1871.

We are among narrow lanes and little pathways, where you must hug the wall to allow another pedestrian to pass you. Here and there are vaulted arches that almost hide the way already darkened by the high walls that rise on either hand. Up, up, up we go, many of the streets being little else than stone stairways, rendered slippery by constant use for many long years. Grated windows frown down upon us, and now and then a low, narrow door presents itself and seems to tell us to move on. We are uncertain where to go, and so we follow a street at hazard. It winds and twists and winds again, but constantly ascends, and by-and-by it suddenly comes to an end, and we find ourselves in a *cul-de-sac* where a Moorish family is taking its breakfast out of doors. As we retrace our steps we think of the road somewhere in a Western State which began magnificently, and was bordered with a row of shade trees on either side. But it diminished as it proceeded, and finally it ended in a squirrel track and ran up a tree.

Here and there along the street we find shops where the tradespeople of Algiers ply their avocations. There are bootmakers and tailors, butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers, grocers, fruit-sellers, flower-dealers, and so on through a hundred different branches of business, some familiar to us and others scarcely known in America. The cork-tree is one of the products of Algiers, and the collection and exportation of its bark employs a great many men. One of the occupations of Algiers is the preparation of corks, and we may see the cork-cutters at work in their shops. With a sharp knife the workman whittles the article into shape with surprising rapidity, and with an exactness that compares favorably with the machines which Western civilization has invented and perfected for the same purpose. Near him may be seen a jeweler squatted on his carpet and engaged in the fabrication of ornaments which delight the eyes of the inhabitants of the harems, and not unfrequently those to whom the harem is unknown. We pass in front of cafés, where the patrons squat upon the ground, or on low divans, while sipping their coffee and smoking their pipes. The loud talking and the gesticulations heard and seen in a French café are unknown here. If the Moors talk at all they speak in low tones, but more frequently they are as silent and solemn as statues in an Egyptian temple. Sometimes they indulge in games to while away the time; one of their favorite amusements is chess, and they frequently spend hours over a single game, studying each move with the utmost care. Some of the Moorish chess-players have attained a skill of no mean order, and have competed successfully against French and English players who stand



ALGERINE CORK-CUTTER AND JEWELER.

ALGERIAN TYPES.

high at home. The Moors play some games of cards, but not many. Draw poker and seven-up are not known among them.

The great charm of Algiers is the sudden transition which one may make from the Occident to the Orient. You have here Paris and Damascus side by side; a minute almost will suffice to carry you from one to the other. You need no enchanted carpet like that we read of in the "Arabian Nights"; you need not even the steamboat or the railway, since a dozen steps will accomplish the journey. The two civilizations have been dwelling side by side for forty years, and yet they show no more readiness to mix than oil and water. True, the French learn Arabic and the Arabs learn French, but the races do not intermarry nor form business partnerships. With the exception that the names of the streets are painted in French you see nothing in the Moorish quarter to remind you that you are on French soil. And a few minutes' walk down the hill will bring you to where you must look very sharply about you to know that you are not in a city of old France and on the banks of the Seine or the Rhone.

The inner life of the Arab or Moorish population is carefully concealed from strangers. Admission to private houses is next to impossible except upon semi-public occasions, such as weddings, circumcisions, funerals, and the like. Wedding processions may be seen in the streets at times, and the dragoman of the hotel where you stop can arrange to take a party of half a dozen gentlemen to witness a circumcision on payment of a small backsheesh. A Moorish wedding consists of many elaborate ceremonies on the part of both bride and bridegroom. The former goes to the bath accompanied by her feminine friends, while the bridegroom goes to the mosque to say his prayers. There is a day of festivity at the house of the bride, and at the same time the future husband gives a party to his masculine friends. The most imposing part of the ceremony open to the public is the procession to escort the bride to the house, which is to be her home. Preceded by musicians, and wrapped in costly robes, she is accompanied by her family and friends amid the glare of torches and the songs of women hired for the occasion. There is little or no sentiment in an Arab marriage. The Arab seeks a wife in order that she may lighten his labors, if he is a poor man, and to solace his lonely hours, if he is a rich one. When he has gathered a sufficient amount of money to buy a wife he inquires in the neighborhood for a girl whom he can marry. When he hears of one, he seeks her father and negotiates for the girl very much as he might buy a horse. The father praises the girl and the youth deprecates her, and a great deal of talk must be indulged in before the bargain can be concluded. Finally they come to terms, assisted by the bridegroom's parents, if he has any, and the day is set for the wedding. Generally it happens that the bridegroom sees his wife's face for the first time when she is brought to his house and the marriage ceremonies are over. Very often he is disappointed, and the honeymoon becomes greatly diluted with vinegar and kindred liquids. Divorce is very easy under the Arab law, a man having little else to do than to pronounce the words "I divorce you," in presence of witnesses, and to pay her a sum of money sufficient for her support for three months, when she may marry again. In Algiers there is hardly an Arab who has not been divorced at least once, and many have undergone the operation half a dozen times. Some of the best families insist that their daughters shall be married after the French form as well as the Arab one, and when this is done and the marriage is registered at the Mairié the husband cannot put away his wife for a mere caprice, but is ever after under the control of the French courts.

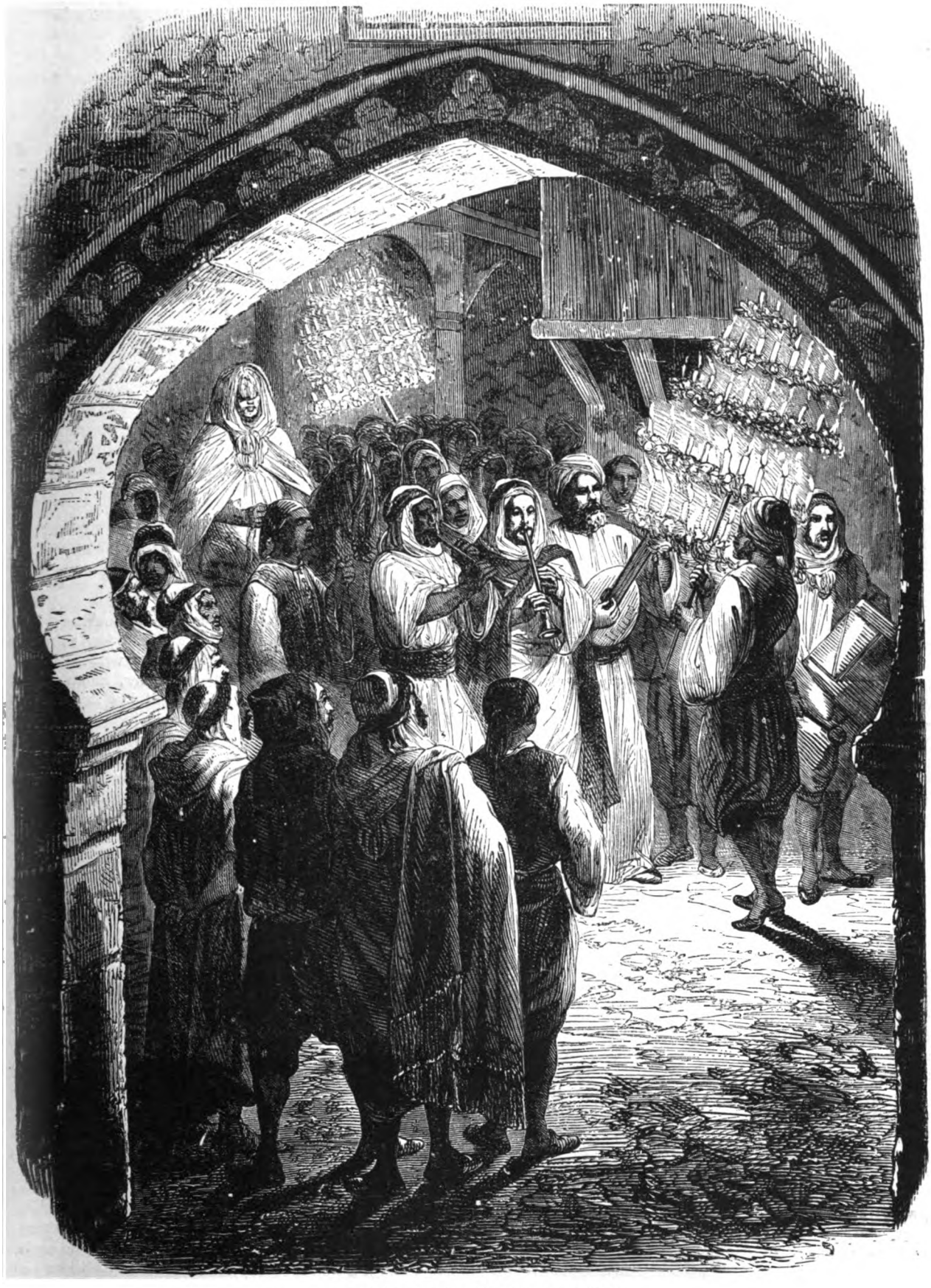
SHOPPING IN ALGIERS.

The top of the Arab house in Algiers is almost invariably flat. Here the women sometimes lounge in the afternoon, when the sun is near setting, or pass the hours of evening during the warm days of Summer. In the times when piracy prospered, the merchants used to get on their house-tops and watch for the return of their corsair ships and the prizes they had taken. When a vessel appeared in the offing all eyes were strained to make her out, and the enterprising owners were in a state of great excitement until the character and ownership of the craft was ascertained.

Under the Turkish Government the women alone had the right to go upon the house-tops in the afternoon, and they used to climb over the parapets to make visits to each other. No Christian male, with the exception of the consuls, was allowed to go upon his own roof between sunrise and sunset, and it was not judicious for a consul to do so very often. The houses rise in irregular terraces, one above the other, so that from a roof in the upper part of the city, one could get a view of all below him. The bay of Algiers presents a fine appearance when thus looked upon, and especially so when the wind has been blowing heavily from the north or east. The surf beats violently against the sea-wall of the harbor, and is often thrown to a great height, while the waves break in a long swell on the beach at the western side of the bay.

One of the sights open to a stranger is the performance of a religious sect known as the *Aissaoui*, somewhat analogous to the dervishes of Cairo and Constantinople. I had an opportunity of witnessing it a few days after my arrival, and went, in company with a guide, to the house where the ceremony was held. We climbed the streets of stairs until nearly out of breath, and then passed under an archway and through a narrow door with a winding hall about three feet wide. The hall led into a courtyard about twelve feet by twenty, paved with tiles, and surrounded on all sides by a colonnade four or five feet wide. We were seated on benches under this colonnade, while the centre of the court was reserved for the performers. The pillars supporting the roof of the arcade were about ten feet high, and crowned with Moorish arches; the roof formed the floor of the second story, where there was a similar colonnade, and sometimes in these houses there is a third story, but such is not generally the case. The rooms leading from the arcade on the lower floor are used as kitchens, store-rooms, baths, and general work-rooms, while the private apartments of the family are on the upper story. On the upper floor the pillars of the arches are supported by a light wooden balustrade, where one can lean over and look below; but there are no balustrades on the lower floor.

An English consular chaplain who was stationed at Algiers in the early part of the last century, illustrates many passages of Scripture by means of the Moorish house. He says that the "middle of the house," where Christ was accustomed to instruct his disciples, according to Luke v. 19, was



A MOORISH WEDDING PROCESSION IN ALGIERS.

ARAB DANCERS.

doubtless the courtyard I have described. Ropes are arranged so that a curtain may be drawn over this space when the rain is falling, or when the heat becomes severe during Summer, and this, he thinks, is what the Psalmist refers to when he speaks of "spreading out the heavens like a carpet." Many other passages are illustrated in the same way, and there is little doubt that the Arab or Moorish house of the present day is exactly like those in Bible lands at the beginning of the Christian era.

We had some tedious waiting before the performance began, and when it was under way we found it was more tedious than the waiting had been. Over and over, and over again, the musicians—of whom there were half a dozen—chanted a single line, and accompanied it with tambourines For the first few minutes it was well enough, this low, monotonous chant, but it soon became more monotonous than a steady diet of stewed clams or baked beans to a man in good health. Five, ten, twenty minutes it went on, and then for five, ten, twenty, and thirty minutes more. Imagine a party singing "Polly Johnson went a-fishing," and continuing that single line, without variation of word or note, for an hour. Being dragged to pieces by wild horses, or broken on a wheel, would be the height of pleasure in comparison to it. There was a fire in a large chafing-dish near the place of the musicians, and every few minutes one of them would warm his tambourine over the coals, holding it there so long that I thought the instrument would be burned up. One

NEGRO MUSICIANS AT ALGIERS.

performer was out of tambourine, but he had instead a large earthen jar, with a dried sheepskin over its mouth. He managed to torture this very effectually, and got some good music out of it—at least I suppose he thought it was good, as he appeared contented, and nobody interfered to stop him.

One of the devotees was a dark-brown Moor, with deep-sunk eyes, and a shock of hair that would have made an excellent mop; these fellows do not shave their heads like the regular Moslems, but let their hair grow long. Suddenly he gave a howl like a single stave from the matin song of a mule, and rose to his feet. Instantly three or four others gathered about him to strip him of his turban and the rest of his outer garments and throw a burnous like a nightshirt over him. All the time he howled and threw his hands back and forth, and when the disrobing and rerobing were completed he danced around the chafing-dish and in front of a box on which several candles were burning. The whisking of his burnous frequently extinguished the lights, and a tall, solemn Arab behind the box immediately relighted them. The music was quickened, more voices joined in the continuous chorus; another devotee went through the same performance as he of the sunken eyes, and in a little while three of them were up and at work.

Now came the performance of miracles. The three, whom I will call Rag, Tag, and Bag, made motions for something to eat during the pianissimo passages of their howling. Rag was accommodated with some pieces of glass and small pebbles, which were thrown into a tambourine and passed around so that everybody could feel and see them before they were served up. Rag was as impatient for his vitreous and lithic supper as a dog is for a bone, and while the tambourine was circulating he kept his eyes fixed upon it. When the instrument was turned over to him he seized the tempting morsels and thrust them into his mouth with great rapidity, smacking his lips and rubbing his stomach with apparent delight. A few nails were then given him by way of dessert, and these were devoured with the same avidity as he had shown with his *pièces de resistance.*

ARAB FIRE-EATERS.

While Rag was thus securing himself against immediate starvation, one of the attendants brought a red-hot poker to Mr. Tag. That gentleman seized it first by the cold and then by the hot end, over which he passed his hand several times, and then intimated that it was not warm enough. It was removed, and soon returned, and this time it evidently suited the performer's taste. He licked it with delight, passing his tongue over it repeatedly, and occasionally touching it to his lips. Then he flourished it in the air, sometimes uncomfortably near the musicians' heads, and all the time kept hopping about in what his friends probably called a dance. Then he was supplied with a sword, which he tried to swallow, but the thing curved too much, and he

gave it up as a failure. Next he tried to impale himself by resting the hilt of the sword on the ground and leaning the weight of his body upon the point, which rested against his abdomen. Unfortunately he did not succeed in this laudable effort, and then the sword was held up edgewise for him to lie upon. He balanced the middle of his body upon the edge of the sword; somebody jumped on his back to add to the weight, but again the effort was a failure. Tag next tried to bore his cheek with the point of the sword, then to gouge out his eyes, and do other outlandish things.

Bag next came to the front with some gastronomic feats. He was fed with two or three live scorpions, which he chewed and swallowed as though they were staple articles at his boarding-house, and he also made a small lunch off the leaves of the prickly pear. When these last articles were brought forward he was joined by Rag and Tag, and the three had a comfortable feast. Bag tied himself into a knot and danced around the fire as his friends had done, and he also devoured several coals out of the chafing-dish. I thought I had my money's worth before the performance ended, and so I went home. One of my friends who remained, told me that they were treated to some knife-swallowing, and also to the skill with which Mr. Rag could stand barefoot on the edge of a naked sword, without injury either to his feet or the weapon. I am glad the sword was not hurt.

The performance of these fellows is nothing, I believe, but jugglery, and there are about as many miracles in it as in an ordinary "Punch and Judy" show. Everything that I saw could be accounted for quite as readily as can the performances of any prestidigiateur who tells you beforehand that what he does is a succession of tricks and nothing more. And if I required anything to convince me of the jugglery the following would be sufficient:

While I was in Algiers, a gentleman of my acquaintance arrived there on a Monday with three or four friends, and was obliged to leave on the following Wednesday. As the regular performance of these fellows is on Friday, he could not see it; he tried to arrange a special show, and I brought him into communication with the dragoman of the hotel. The latter found the sheik of the sect and brought him to us, and it seemed that the only time to suit both parties was Wednesday morning. The sheik named over what they would do, but omitted the hot-iron trick. I called attention to this omission, and the sheik explained through the dragoman that the hot-iron miracle did not work in the day, but all the others did. If we would come in the evening it

ARAB RELIGIOUS MENDICANTS, WITH TAME LION, VISITING THE CITIES.

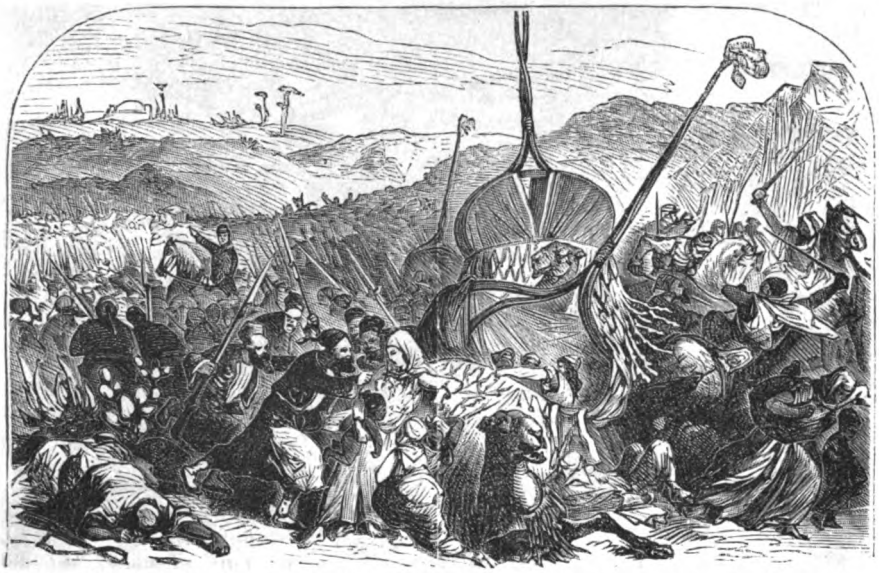
would be given, but they could not give it in the forenoon.

In the streets of Algiers one may see musicians who play upon drums and upon a species of castanets; they generally wear dark-colored haiks or cloaks over their dirty white burnouses, and thrust their feet into heavy shoes of the Arab pattern. Sometimes they are in pairs, and sometimes in groups, containing from three to a dozen persons; the larger groups are composed of both musicians and dancers, the latter being anywhere from ten to thirty years old. The music is furnished by drums beaten in the same monotonous manner as at the performance of the dervishes; the dancers throw themselves into a variety of postures, and flourish castanets somewhat resembling dumb-bells, as they consist of oval knobs connected by a stick eight or ten inches long. The rattling of these castanets is in time with the drum-beating, and makes the affair somewhat livelier than it would be with drums alone. The Arab drummers used only a single stick, which is considerably curved, and held in the right hand, while the left is occupied in keeping the drum in place. On a pleasant afternoon in Winter, these performances are sure of a crowd, in which several nationalities generally appear. One may see there French officers of the various branches of the service, soldiers and civilians who speak only the language of France, English, Americans, Germans, and others who have gone to Algiers for a restoration of health; and occasionally women of Algeria with their faces vailed and their forms enveloped in long white cloaks. The scene is a strange one in many respects. In the suburbs one may sometimes see a dance, which is a trial of strength not unlike wrestling. Two men dance about each other, throwing their feet in the air, and the effort of each is to overturn the other by means of a well-directed kick from the sole of the foot planted between his antagonist's shoulders. The men were stripped to the waist, and danced in a ring formed by the crowd standing or sitting in a circle. A referee

PEOPLE TRYING TO FRIGHTEN OFF LOCUSTS BY NOISE.

FIRE IN AN ALGERIAN FOREST.

INUNDATION OF THE PLAIN OF RELIZANE IN 1867, BETWEEN MOSTAGANEN AND ORAN.



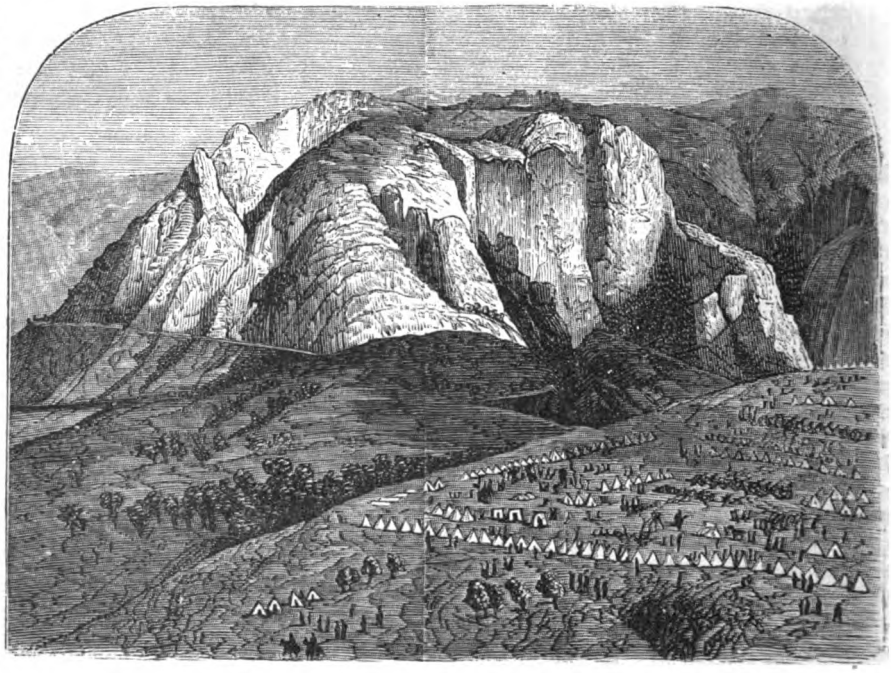
REBELS DEFEATED BY THE FRENCH, AND SURPRISE OF THE HAREM OF THE MARABOUT SI KADDOUR BEN HAMZA, IN 1872.

stands by to call the men to "time," and to see that there is no foul play.

Beggars are not numerous in Algiers, as the French law forbids mendicancy in the province, and nearly every city has its local laws against it. Some of the Arab tribes are very severe in its prohibition, and in some of the districts that are only nominally under French sway, the regulations are more severe than in Algiers itself. Among these tribes the poor can demand support from their relatives, and if they have none they must be cared for by their tribes or clans, and a special tax is collected for that purpose. The law against mendicancy is evaded just as it is in Paris by the exhibition of animals or other curiosities, or by the sale of small articles. Occasionally one may see in the streets of Algiers a party of Arab mendicants from the country south of the Atlas mountains, accompanied by a tame lion. They stand solemn and silent, while the beast crouches or walks before them and attracts the attention of the passers-by. Occasionally a few coins are tossed among them, and as their wants are few they manage to make a comfortable living. Boot-blacks, and peddlers of matches abound, and the former are quite as persistent in their search for employment as their kindred in other cities. They are particularly numerous in the neighborhood of the hotels, and the stranger who comes out for a promenade is sure to be assailed by a dozen of them. They have a small stock of English and French phrases which they are sure to use on every opportunity.

The stranger who visits Algiers in the season of the races should not neglect to visit them. They are held on a plain to the east of the city, and near the Botanical Gardens, which are among the attractions of the city. A motley crowd of several nationalities is sure to be assembled. You can find there French officers, soldiers, and civilians; English and American visitors, with possibly Germans, Italians, and Spaniards; Maltese and other waifs and strays from various parts of the Mediterranean; Arabs, Moors, Kabyles, and natives from all parts of the province and the adjacent territory, with a few nondescripts whom it is more difficult to place. The contests are exciting, as the horses are invariably of excellent quality, and either wholly or in part of the race for which Arab land is famous. The French have given great attention to the breeding of horses, and since their occupation of Algeria they have made great progress in the business. It has been found that the best animals for the race track are produced by crossing the Arab with English stock; but for endurance in the military or ordinary service, especially on long marches through the desert, the original and pure Arab is the best.

Since the French occupation the Government has held out many inducements to colonists in the shape of land grants, free transportation, and exemption from taxes for periods of from three to five years. Since the Franco-German war of 1870–1 there has been a considerable emigration to Algeria from Alsace and Lorraine, and settlements of these people may now be found in many parts of the country. They are thrifty, industrious, and energetic, and their efforts have been generally successful where the conditions of the soil were favorable. The great want of Algeria is water, and many parts of the country which might be very fertile are quite unproductive on account of their aridity. The channels of many rivers are dry for the greater part of the year, while at others they are roaring torrents which sometimes spread over the plains and cause great damage. In 1868 there was a series of great storms in the province of Oran, which covered the plain of Relizane, devastating farms



GENERAL L'ALLEMANT'S TROOPS ENCAMPED AT TIZI BOIRON IN 1871.

and carrying away many houses that were built on the low ground near the water-courses. The usual route of diligence between Oran and Mostaganen was obstructed for days, and the damages were not repaired until several weeks later. In the same year there was a famine in another part of Algeria nearer to the capital. Many persons died of hunger, and the French Government spent large sums of money in endeavoring to relieve their suffering. Supplies of food were sent to the destitute Arab tribes and distributed under the supervision of their chiefs, and many children whose parents had died in the famine were brought to Algiers, where they were adopted by the archbishop, and placed in the hospitals which the Government had established for their support and education.

FRENCH TROOPS IN A RAIN STORM.

The locust is a great destroyer of herbage in Algeria, and frequently devastates immense areas of country. These insects sometimes come in clouds that darken the sky, and after they have rested a few hours upon a field which was before luxuriant, not a blade of grass or any other green thing can be seen. The natives attempt to frighten them away by noise, and by invoking the aid of their saints. The whole population turns out with everything that can make a noise, and while the visitation lasts the din is absolutely deafening. Whether the locusts are in any way controlled by the tumult is a question not yet satisfactorily determined. Sometimes in the seasons of drought, particularly in Kabylia, the fields and forests are accidentally set on fire, and large areas are burned over. Occasionally the flames are borne by the winds in the direction of the villages, and the houses and barns of the inhabitants are speedily consumed. Very little is saved on such occasions beyond the live stock, which can be driven away, as the wind blows like a hurricane, and the dry roofs allow the flames to spread with great rapidity.

Hardly a year passes without an insurrection in some part of Algeria of sufficient magnitude to require the presence of troops. In the encounters with the rebels there is frequently some severe fighting, and the latter may occasionally win short successes. But the final triumph is sure to be for the French, who are steadily establishing a reputation for invincibility. They are obliged to undergo many hardships in the shape of rain-storms and sand-storms; long marches through arid wastes or among rugged mountains, deprived often of food and water for periods much longer than is agreeable to the human stomach; exposed to burning heats by day and piercing cold at night, and in other ways compelled to endure severe exposures and privations. The school is an excellent one for both officers and soldiers, and it is conceded everywhere in France that the Algerian contingent is the hardiest and most enduring portion of the army.

The French officers in Algeria understand the policy of making a victory as complete as possible, and when they strike a blow it is generally a heavy one. For example, during the operations of 1872 for closing up the insurrection, the troops on one occasion defeated one of the chiefs so effectually that his entire harem fell into French hands, together with the whole of his camp equipage and personal property. After the close of the insurrection, all the chiefs who had instigated the affair were executed, and many of the subordinates were punished in various ways. The whole country was occupied or marched over, and the Arabs were made to feel the weight of the French power. General L'Allemant, with a strong corps, took possession of the mountainous regions of Kabylia, and in a very short time subdued the insurrection, and sent most of the leaders to Algiers for trial. The tribes were compelled to pay heavy fines, and replace the property which had been destroyed in the French settlements, and all who had taken part in any attacks or massacres were punished

FRENCH EMIGRANTS FROM ALSACE ARRIVING IN ALGIERS.

DANTON IN THE TRIBUNE.

with severity. Some of the tribes made very prompt submission, and where their chiefs had taken part in the insurrection, new ones, appointed by the French, were chosen.

Elections in Kabylia are held in the open air, and generally around a large tree. The electors sit in a circle in solemn conclave, and after long debates, in which each man rises to express his opinions, the votes are taken by means of tellers, who pass around the circle, having previously sworn on the Koran not to report falsely.

South of the lines of the territorial government the French authority extends, in a nominal way, far into the desert. Military posts have been established at Boghari, Lagouat, and Biskra, in the desert, and a garrison is constantly maintained at each of these points. Beyond these stations the tribes are governed by their own sheiks, who have sworn fidelity to the French. They pay a small annual tribute to the Colonial Government, and in return they are guaranteed against attacks from other tribes, and have certain privileges of commerce. Their country is not occupied except in case of threatened or actual outbreaks, but it is occasionally found desirable to send exploring expeditions among the oases. One of the most noted of these was that of General Lam-

merz, which pushed southward in the Winter of 1871–2 as far as Ghardaia, the capital of the M'Gab country, and an important station on the road to Timbuctoo and the Soudan. It is a city of nearly 30,000 inhabitants, and has an extensive commerce, as the caravans from Central Africa make their halting places here, and exchange their goods for those of European manufacture. The commercial spirit is steadily gaining ground among the people of this region, and the French authorities are careful to encourage it. French colonization has already done much for the enlightenment of Africa, and will doubtless do more as the years roll on.

## ROBESPIERRE:

### A PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEM

By Henry Barton Baker.

Robespierre! Who, unless he be a Red Republican, can pronounce that name without a shudder? Amidst all, even of the foremost, of the human wolves of the Revolution—amidst all that band of assassins who wrecked its glory in a sea of blood—that name stands forth like the moon among the stars. Lives there a man who has not heard of him? To thousands the names of Hébert, Barrère, St. Just, Couthon, Camille Desmoulins—even of Danton and Marat—are scarcely known. To such the Reign of Terror had but one king, one creator—Robespierre. Truly an awful fame—an immortality of *murder!*

François Maximilian Joseph Isidore de Robespierre (this destroyer of aristocrats was entitled to the aristocratic *de* before his name) was born at Arras in the year 1758. He is supposed to have descended from an Irish family who settled in France in the sixteenth century, and it has been suggested that the original name of the first settler was Robert Spiers, which by French pronunciation would soon become "Robespierre." His mother died when he was very young, and a little time afterwards his father, who was an advocate, found it convenient to quit his home somewhat abruptly, leaving behind certain creditors whom in the hurry of departure he had forgotten to settle with. The remainder of his life was spent abroad. At ten years of age Maximilian had lost both his parents and was left with a brother and two sisters—the eldest, and virtually the head, of the family.

It would be infinitely interesting to trace the gradual growth of the mind of this strange being from boyhood to mature manhood; but not even in the loving memoir written by his sister do we find much material for such a study. Here is the only anecdote of his childhood's days that she has given us. He kept a number of pigeons of which he was very fond and very careful; his little sisters were continually importuning him to give them one, but fearful lest it should be neglected, or not treated with tenderness, he always refused. One day, however, the petitioners prevailed, and were made happy by the possession of one of the coveted birds. At first it was tended with the utmost care; but after a time its master's fears were verified; one stormy night it was left out in the rain and cold, and the next morning was found dead in the yard. Maximilian was inconsolable at this loss and could not be pacified for several days.

A NOYADE DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Such an anecdote would seem to be descriptive of an unusually tender-hearted child.

He received the rudiments of his education at the College of Arras, where he was noted for his laborious industry and his submissiveness to the masters, one of whom nicknamed him the "the Roman"—a very suggestive *sobriquet*. He won great scholastic honors and the favor of the bishop, through whose influence he obtained a burse in the College of Louis le Grand. And to Paris he went in the year 1770. Two of his fellow-students were Camille Desmoulins and Danton. What a strange coincidence, the meeting of that triumvirate! As the gay *noblesse* of Paris rolled by the quiet precincts of the college in their luxurious carriages, did no boding shadow ever darken their mirth? Could those perfumed wits, those syrens so lovely, so *débonnaire*, have been vouchsafed but one glance into the futurity of twenty years—have seen the streets of Paris streaming with their blood—their bodiless heads stuck upon pikes, to be gibed at by the mob that was *then* but the dust beneath their feet—could they have seen those three boys developed into the audacious Camille, the terrible Danton, the bilious Robespierre of 1791! What then! Had an angel from heaven unveiled such a vision to their eyes they would have laughed it to scorn. So the Great feasted and revelled in their *salons*. "As to-day, so will be to-morrow. The earth is ours, and the fulness thereof, and those who are not of us live but to minister to us." So spoke the hearts of the short-sighted fools. The writing was upon the wall, but they could not see it—no, not till the gleaming weapons and the bony fingers of the *sans culotte* pointed to the words of doom, and the warning and the destruction came locked in each other's arms!

Robespierre had little in common with his wild fellow-scholars; he mingled in no orgies, plunged into no dissipation; his drink was water, his food the plainest; his life most regular; and his bilious temperament inclined him to melancholy. His days and nights were spent among the literature of Greece and Rome—not with Homer, Horace, and Virgil, but with Livy, Seneca, and Plutarch. It was in the old Spartan stories of superhuman virtue that he chiefly delighted. That utter contempt for human sufferings and human life, when opposed to the abstract idea of virtue and patriotism; that fierce clinging to republican institutions which characterized the Greeks and the elder Romans—these stories charmed and fascinated him; upon these he modeled his mind. But that mind possessed none of the grandeur, the daring courage, the sublime self-sacrifice of those mighty men of old; it was mean, cowardly, and despicably egotistical; it could only assimilate their cruelty, it could not digest their nobleness—it was too weak.

Great as was the influence produced upon his character by these studies, it was surpassed by that of the writings of Rousseau, of which he was a devout student, and with every doctrine, theory, and hallucination of which his mind became saturated.

He completed his studies in jurisprudence at the *École de Droit;* after which he returned to Arras. There seems to have been few indications at this time of the future silent saturnine being into which he developed some years afterward; on the contrary, his temperament, although always thoughtful, appears to have been lively and agreeable; at least such is the impression produced by the reading of one or two letters written in his youth. In one he gives a humorous description of a journey into the country, a dissertation upon tarts, of which he was passionately fond, and to the inventor of which he breaks out into a mock heroic invocation in verse.

Imagine Robespierre writing anything humorous! His sister describes him as being "sociable, naturally gay, knowing how to jest and laugh even to tears." Picture "the sea-green Incorruptible" doubled up in a fit of laughter, with tears running down his cheeks! "When, however, cards were played," she tells us, "or the conversation was very frivolous, he would retire into a corner of the room and sit silent and thoughtful."

Maximilian cultivated poetry; some of his verses are still extant; he belonged to a certain poetical club at Arras called the *Société des Rosatis*, the members of which amused themselves by writing bad verses and crowning each other with roses to celebrate their badness. He was also in love, but the lady proved faithless and married another. He greatly distinguished himself as an advocate, and his old friend, the bishop, procured him an appointment in the criminal court. But so opposed was he to capital punishment that not long afterward, being compelled, in virtue of his office, to condemn a criminal to death, he was so painfully affected that, rather than again undergo the same infliction, he chose to resign the appointment. Does not this read like the wildest fable? It could not be hypocrisy, for what could he gain by it?—only the displeasure of his patron. Yet such inconsistencies, although not so striking, are common to all human minds.

Having made himself famous among the townspeople of Arras by a denunciation of *lettres de cachet*, and by a political pamphlet upon the *Tiers-État*, he was chosen their member for the States-General. And these few facts contain the pith of all that is known of the first thirty and odd years of the life of Maximilian Robespierre.

Out of the cloudless sky the sun pours down its floods of golden light, glitters upon the helmets and arms of the troops, glistens upon the gorgeous dresses of the court, gives a radiance to beauty, a brilliancy to the meanest objects. The hot air is filled with the strains of martial music, with the clangor of the joyous bells, with the acclamations of excited thousands. And all to welcome the States-General as they march on their way to the Church of St. Louis to ask a blessing upon their deliberations. There is one man in that crowd who is to achieve a more terrible fame, a mightier power, than any it looks down upon that day—a man destined to sign the death-warrants of hundreds—ay, thousands of hearts that beat blithely and proudly on that July morning. And yet, while necks are stretched and eager eyes wander to catch a glimpse of men whose names are now half forgotten, no one deigns a glance at him—for Paris has never heard his name. That man is Maximilian Robespierre.

A small, mean-looking creature, weak limbs, always palpitating with a nervous shiver, and a timid, irresolute gait. His dress is faultlessly neat and precise. Head powdered, not a single hair awry. Bright blue coat buttoned tightly at the hips, but open at the chest to display the spotless waistcoat; yellow breeches, white stockings, shoes and buckles. This costume is never varied, except that the shoes are sometimes exchanged for topboots. The face is sharp and peaky; the forehead projects over the temples, and is compressed at each side like that of a wild beast; eyes blue, deeply sunken, with heavy lids, and a latent, savage sparkle; nose small, straight, expanded at the nostrils; mouth large; lips thin and pallid, and compressed at the corners; chin small and pointed; complexion yellow, livid, cadaverous. Habitual expression grave, with a half sweet, half sinister smile. Every muscle of the face working with a ceaseless twitch. Over the whole an expression of concentrated purpose. When he speaks his gestures are awkward, his fingers work nervously; his voice is shrill and discordant; when agitated by rage or exultation, it sounds like the scream of a hyena.

So obscure was he when he first came to Paris, that in the earlier reports of the proceedings of the States-General his name is sometimes spelt Robert Pierre, and never correctly.

Yet he did not hide his light under a bushel; in spite of the contempt and laughter with which his speeches were received in the Assembly, he never lost an opportunity of speaking and thrusting himself forward. But Mirabeau's marvelous insight marked him. "That man will go far," he said; "he believes every word he utters."

Robespierre courted the notice and aspired even to the friendship of the great leader; he followed him about the street until he was nicknamed Mirabeau's ape; finding that his advances were met only by contempt, his adulation turned to hatred, and thereafter he never uttered his name save in terms of the most intense malignancy. After his death he demanded that his bust should be removed from the Jacobins.

"I had twice occasion to converse with Robespierre," says Dumont. "He had a sinister expression of countenance, never looked you in the face, and had a constant and painful winking of the eyes. Having once asked him for some information relative to Geneva, I urged him to speak upon the subject in the Assembly; but he told me that he was a prey to the most childish timidity, that he never approached the tribune without trembling, and that when he began to speak his faculties were entirely absorbed by fear."

When, after the destruction of the Bastille, Lally Tollendal made his speech against the revolt, and proposed that unlimited confidence should be placed in the king, Robespierre arose with flashing eyes and features convulsed with passion.

"What, then, has occurred," he cried, shrilly, "to authorise M. Lally Tollendal to sound the tocsin? He speaks of a right; that right, gentlemen, is liberty, Do not deceive yourselves, the combat is not yet finished. To-morrow, perhaps, will renew the dangerous project of the court, and who shall repel them if we begin by declaring rebels all those who arm themselves for our safety?"

These words were received with loud applause. They turned the current which was flowing back toward loyalty, and Robespierre had made his first impression in the Assembly.

Yet it still half despised the cadaverous Insignificance, and still frequently endeavored, although not effectually to put down his wearisome orations by murmurs and sarcasms. But in the meantime the Insignificance was laying the foundations of a power far greater than the approval of the deputies could bestow. From its first institution, he had been a member of the Jacobin Club, and had taken a prominent part in its debates. There, also, men had at first turned an indifferent ear to his orations, while eagerly expectant of the fiery eloquence of Mirabeau, or the fierce utterances of Danton. But there was a wondrous earnestness and power of conviction in those glistening eyes, those quivering nostrils, those clutching fingers, and in that shrill, screeching voice, that slowly but surely won their way into men's minds; so that as early as the Spring of 1790 he was elected president. The one great object, however, at which he aimed was the favor of the mob; every act, every thought, every speech, was directed to this point, and he was rewarded for his labors by being gradually recognized as the chief champion of the *sans culottes*. It being moved that martial law should be proclaimed against the incendiaries who were burning châteaux throughout the country, he violently opposed the motion. "Ought we to dishonor patriotism by calling it the spirit of sedition and turbulence?" he exclaimed. "Ought we to honor slavery by calling it love of honor and peace?"

As yet the word Republic had not been breathed, or, *apparently*, the thing even thought of, except by the Girondists. In the journal of the Jacobin Club a formal protest concluded with these words: "A great empire adopting republican institutions must become the prey of an usurper." Underneath was the name of Maximilian Robespierre. This man never abandoned an opinion which he had once deliberately adopted. After his death, in one of his papers written during the Reign of Terror, occurred this sentence: "*There must be but one will: that will must be republican or royalist.*"

Even as late as 1791 we find him hotly maintaining his old war against capital punishment. On a motion for its abolition, he exclaimed:

"I am about to pray the legislators, who should be the interpretors of those eternal laws which the Deity has implanted in the human heart, to efface from the code of the French those laws of blood which command judicial murders, and which our feelings and the new Constitution alike repel. I will prove that the punishment of death is essentially unjust; secondly, that it has no tendency to repress crime; and thirdly, that it multiplies offences much more than it diminishes them. In the eyes of justice and mercy these death-scenes, which are got up with so much solemnity are nothing less than base assassinations, solemn crimes, committed, not by individuals, but by nations, and of which every individual must bear the responsibility. When a legislator can strike criminals in so many ways, merciful yet terrible, bloodless yet effacacious, why should he ever recur to the hazard of public executions? The legislator who prefers death to milder chastisements within his power, outrages every feeling and brutalises the minds of the people. Listen to the voice of reason. It tells us that human judgments are never enough certain for society to condemn a man to death, those who condemn him being men, and subject to error. To take away from man the possibility of expiating his misdeeds by repentance, or by acts of virtue, is, in my eyes, the most horrible refinement of cruelty."

Even when advocating the king's execution, he said, "For myself, I abhor the penalty of death. . . . but a dethroned king in the heart of a republic not yet cemented . . . neither prison nor exile can give him a harmless existence. It is with regret I pronounce the fatal truth, *Louis must perish because our country must live.* . . . I vote for death."

When the Assembly was about to adopt Target's proposition that the government should be declared monarchical, he moved, instead, that every one should be permitted to freely discuss the nature of the government which should be given to France. When the hereditary succession to the crown was voted, he moved that all ancient formulas should be replaced by these words: "I Louis, by the grace of God and the will of the nation, King of the French, to all citizens of the French Empire. People, this is the law your representatives have made, and to which I affix my seal." But the motion was unanimously rejected.

When the king sent his answer to the Declaration of Rights, he objected to it as not being sufficiently explicit. "Is it," he said, "for the executive power to criticise the constitutional, from which it emanates? It is the right of no power on earth to raise itself above the nation and censure its wishes. . . . *You can only avoid obstacles by crushing them.*" Verily his opinions were advancing. The last words contain the first menace that had yet been uttered.

In the discussion upon whether the right of declaring war should rest with the sovereign or be transferred to the Assembly, he spoke of the king, not as the representative, but as the deputy, the delegate of the nation.

There was not a revolutionary measure brought forward which did not find in him an ardent supporter; so that with speeches upholding insurrection, speeches upon the rights of man, in favor of ecclesiastical appointments being made by the people, and of the marriage of the clergy; speeches against the veto and against capital punishment, he advanced apace in popularity, and in 1791 was appointed Public Accuser in the new Court of Judicature.

With the king's acceptance of the "Constitution" the labors of the Assembly came to an end. A biennial parliament, formed of 745 members, was to take its place. Robespierre proposed that no member of the Constituent Assembly should be eligible for re-election. The motion was carried, and increased his popularity enormously; the journals eulogized him in strains of the most fulsome flattery, giving him the title of "The Incorruptible."

Upon the day that the Assembly was dissolved an immense crowd gathered without the hall, and when Robespierre and Pétion came forth they were greeted with the most vociferous acclamations; crowns of oak leaves were placed upon their heads, and they were borne to a carriage, in which they were drawn through the streets by some enthusiastic *sansculottes*, amidst cries of "Behold the true friends of the people and the defenders of their rights!"

What a marvelous change in two short years! Where is the deputy bold enough to sneer at the cracked voice and long-winded orations now? Afar off he beheld himself elevated above the heads of applauding millions, a halo of light surrounding his form, while a deafening chorus of tongues from ocean to ocean hailed him the Virtuous, the Immaculate, the Incorruptible Philanthropist, the Universal Liberator of the human race!

He returned at once to Arras, where his arrival was celebrated by great rejoicings and a general illumination, every window being compelled to exhibit candles upon pain of demolition. At the end of seven weeks, having sold his small patrimony, he, accompanied by his brother and one sister, went back to Paris, to resume his duties as Public Accuser. His reception at the Jacobins was tremendous. Upon his entrance Collot d'Herbois, who was presiding, rose from his chair, saying, "I demand that the member justly styled 'The Incorruptible' shall now preside," and forthwith vacated his seat amidst thunders of applause.

Robespierre was now the divinity of that terrible Society which rose with him, fell with him, and is indissolubly connected with his name. At first he had been overshadowed by the splendid Mirabeau, by the colossal Danton, the Aristophanic Camille; but Mirabeau was no more, and Danton and Camille, and many other men of eloquence, had passed over to the Cordeliers; so that by constantly speaking upon every subject discussed, and by always taking the *popular* side, Maximilian had gradually wriggled himself into a foremost position, and ultimately became the worshiped oracle of the club.

Let us glance at his domestic life. He is very poor—so poor that when the Assembly decrees that all its members shall go into mourning for the death of Franklin he has not wherewithal to purchase a black coat, and so is obliged to borrow one of a man much taller than himself, the tails of which almost drag the ground as he walks. He takes no amusement, frequents no society; he lives in a meanly furnished garret in the Rue St. Honoré. A volume of Rousseau is usually lying open upon the table. One glance at the room reveals the leading feature of its occupant's character. On the walls, on the table, on the shelves, in every nook, are portraits and busts of himself. Whichever way he turns, *Ego, Ego, Ego* is before him. They are so many little crucifixes at which he worships. His habits are austerely simple and frugal; even in the days of his greatest power his mode of life will undergo no change; he well merits the title of "The Incorruptible."

In the same house lives the family of Duplay. He is engaged to the eldest daughter Eléonore, and she adores him. But, then, was not the filthy Marat adored by a beautiful woman who gave up husband and home for him? They, Maximilian and Eléonore, are to be married when the troubles are over; that time will never come; but to her dying day he will be her noble hero. Her youngest sister, who lived into the middle of the present century, *although he destroyed her own husband a few months after their marriage, never ceased to speak of him as the purest, most virtuous, and the greatest of men!* Among his letters were found epistles from a lady of birth and fortune couched in almost idolatrous terms, and offering half her wealth to forward his principles. He is said, also, to have been much loved by his male friends, and to have been considered in society a pleasant and amiable man.

When not at the Jacobins, he passes the evenings reading some tragedy of Racine to the Duplays. Sundays and holidays are spent in delightful trips into the country, where he wanders through the woods and meadows, talking poetry or philosophy to Eléonore, who leans upon his arm a rapt and devout listener. What a picture of calm simplicity! Can this Robespierre and the bloody Dictator of the Commune be one and the same man? Strange, incredible as it seems, it is even so.

After the flight to Varennes he openly declared republican opinions. He was one of the chief organizers of the petition of the Champ de Mars drawn up to force the king's abdication; he was one of the leaders of the mob on the fatal day appointed for its signature; but when the troops appeared he displayed the most abject cowardice, took to flight and hid himself where, not even his best friends could discover. But, the storm past, he was again in the tribune of the Jacobins denouncing royalty and aristocracy more passionately than ever.

He held aloof from the movement of the 10th of August, and from the September massacres. On the night of the second, he passed the hours, until daybreak, pacing up and down his chamber, listening fearfully to the terrible summons that rang forth from the belfries, and to the confused din of the slaughter that filled the air. (St. Just and Danton slept tranquilly.) He feared that the Revolution was going too fast; such bold expedients struck fear to his craven heart, although he always eagerly profited by their results.

Upon the dispersal of the Legislative Assembly he was elected one of the members of the Convention. Already the once despised and derided Deputy of Arras is suspected of aspiring to be Dictator of the Republic. He has sounded Barbaroux upon the subject; he has been accused by the Girondists of such an ambition; and Louvet, the only really brave man of the party, now openly denounces him from the tribune. He makes no immediate reply; he never does, for there is no soul in the creature, and therefore no spontaneity of utterance; he is a mere reasoning machine, and Reason is not a ready speaker; so he requests a week to prepare his defence; it is granted; and at the end of that time he reads a long, written oration, reiterating the services he has done the State, interspersed with eulogies upon his own incorruptibility, which is received with tumultuous applause by the Jacobins. The Girondists, ever timid and irresolute, afford no support to his accuser, and Robespierre is triumphantly acquitted. But from that hour he vows their destruction, and seizes every possible opportunity of denouncing them. One such occurred after the assassination of Marat. "The best way to avenge Marat," he says, "is to prosecute his enemies with relentless vigor. The vengeance which is satisfied with funeral honors is soon passed, and loses itself in useless pomp; renounce then these useless discussions, and avenge him in a manner alone worthy of his name." The would-have-been abolisher of capital punishment, upon every trial, whether the culprit be king, queen, aristocrat, or Girondist, votes death. Nearer and nearer of realization comes the dream of Dictatorship; royalty is swept away; there are still many obstacles, but they also may be swept away.

Danton brings into being the Committee of Public Safety,

and almost immediately retires. Robespierre is now one of the nine Inquisitors, and, with his creatures, St. Just, Couthon, Billaud Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, and Barrère, rules the Committee; the Committee rules the Convention, subjugates it so that it dares not murmur at its decrees. But he still fears to take that step from which there would be no retreating, which must be either success or death. No, Danton must go; Hébert must go; France must be purged of aristocrats and *suspects;* the guillotine must do much work yet before he can *with safety* crawl to *that.* Like Marat and Danton, and probably most of the extreme party, he conscientiously believed an absolute unit, whether called king, dictator, or other name, indispensable to France; but each thought in his heart that he should be the man.

the present, hurrying him on with the fury of a demoniac. Sweep away king, sweep away queen, nobles, every enemy, every rival of Maximilian Robespierre!

But this gigantic programme grew in his mind only by degrees. His *coward* nature would have shrunk appalled, even on the very eve of its realization, at the vision of the Reign of Terror. With the shortsightedness of all great criminals, he thought he could stay his hand at any moment. The king removed, the nobles swept away, and the bloody work was done. How small a sacrifice for so great an end! But it was the old fable of the Hydra, in this case multiplied a hundredfold; for every head cut off, two sprang up in its place, which doubled and quadrupled, until he was heard to cry in his solitude, "Nothing but blood—how much more—

THE PROCESSION OF THE GODDESS OF REASON.

Now supreme greatness was within his grasp; he might become the founder of the republic of his dreams, establish the idolized principles of Rousseau, be the creator of a new order of things, the great philanthropist of all ages. He had of late been brought into contact with every phase of greatness—greatness of soul, of intellect, and of station; conscious inferiority humiliated him, and in such a mind envy grows in proportion with humiliation.

Although still a believer in the *principle* of the abolition of capital punishment, that principle became dwarfed into insignificance beside the mightier one that now burned within his mind, filling him with fanaticism, blinding him to

when will it end?" But it was not the cry of humanity, but of impatience for *the end;* of humanity he possessed no particle; human suffering touched him not at all, to that he was wholly insensible. *Amidst all the frightful butchery he lived through, he never once raised his voice to save a human life.*"

With the establishment of the Committee of Public Safety and of *la loi de suspect* began the Reign of Terror. But even yet heads do not fall fast enough. The Tribunal is hampered by forms, its powers are too limited, it cannot reach many conspirators and aristocrats who are plotting against the republic; it must be unshackled and pursue its work

with more vigorous energy. Thus argues Robespierre as he moves that twelve judges and fifty jurors shall be selected from the staunchest Jacobins; that whatever the tribunal may consider dangerous shall be considered a capital crime; that if the judges think fit, they may convict any person, without examining a single witness; and that the only punishment which the court can inflict shall be death.

Such propositions take away the breath of the Convention; murmurs arise; the members demand consideration, and adjournment for six weeks. Barrère springs into the tribune. "It is impossible," he cries, "that there can be any difference of opinion among us as to a law like this, a law in all respects so favorable to patriots, a law which ensures speedy punishment to all conspirators. If there be an adjournment, I insist that it shall not exceed three days." The Convention is awed into silence and assent. But from that hour hatred and fear fill every bosom against Robespierre and his janissaries, and every man in self-defence begins to revolve the means of destroying a tyranny more despotic than was that of the worst of the Cæsars.

"By the aid of my machine I will make your head spring off in the twinkling of an eye and you will suffer nothing," said Dr. Guillotine, when recommending his machine to the notice of the Convention. Its powers were destined to be tried to the utmost, and were at length found wanting—it would not work fast enough. Six thousand men and twelve hundred artillery sworn to execute the laws of the Committee of Public Safety—that was La Terreur. Seven thousand two hundred anthropophagi scattered over France. In Nantes, Carrier; in Brest, André; in Bourdeaux, Tallien; at Arras, Lebon; the six Dictators of Paris masters of all. The janissaries exceed even their employers in barbarities. At Nantes they guillotine little children and pregnant women, guillotine until the executioner sinks down exhausted, declaring that "human muscles can do no more." Upon which they draw up the prisoners in lines and despatch them with grape-shot. Lyons has rebelled against the republic; therefore Lyons shall be razed to the ground and the plow shall pass over its site. Couthon is carried about in a litter with a hammer in his hand, and each house he strikes is doomed to demolition. But what is this to the human demolition that goes on? Two hundred men are placed upon a raft on the Rhône, and shot so that their bodies may fall into the river and save the trouble of burial; this is continued until the waters throw back the corpses on the shore again. After which the victims are marshalled upon the edge of a long, narrow dyke, into which they fall as they are shot, and the earth is heaped upon them, dead and alive. Toulon has rebelled, has been conquered, and thousands of masons are despatched to level that also with the ground. At another place prisoners are crammed into the holds of barges, which are drawn into the middle of the river and then scuttled. But these traitors are not worthy the sacrifice of a boat; tie their hands, throw them over the sides. It is so done; and men, women, and children are hurled into the river and fired upon as they struggle in the stream. At some places they flay the corpses, and a tannery is established at Meuden for human skins, which are used for breeches and other purposes, while a large traffic is carried on in the hair of the female victims.

Listen to this description of Riouffe, who passed through all the horrors—save the final one—which he describes. He tells us how the myrmidons, not satisfied with the death-warrants issued by their masters, "frequently fabricated some, in a fit of gayety, while drinking with the turnkeys. Wives have heard their warrants dictated in the midst of laughter; '*Let us join her with her husband,*' would they cry, with a drunken roar; and the victim was sure to suffer. The *ci-devant* Duchess of Biron, among others, ascended the scaffold under a death-warrant which had been intended for her steward. The furious rage of these monsters was seconded from without. Never had a body of cannibals more zealous or more numerous providers. New victims were incessantly arriving. It seemed as if their blind fury was particularly directed against the weakest and most amiable. The loveliest, the youngest, and the most interesting females were dragged in crowds to this receptacle of misery, whence they were led by dozens, to inundate the scaffold. They were dragged from prison to prison, their hands loaded with irons. Some had collars round their necks. Some fainted on their entrance, and were carried in the arms of the turnkeys, who laughed at their terrors; others wept, and some were in a state of stupefaction, which deprived them of the use of their senses. Within the last month, particularly, the work of destruction went on with dreadful activity. The bolts were at work both night and day. Sixty persons arriving in the evening on their way to the scaffold, and were replaced on the following day by a hundred others, who met with the same fate. . . . They began by heaping fifteen persons together in the fatal cart. They soon put thirty, and at length went as far as eighty-four; and the day that the death of Robespierre rescued the human race from their fury, they had everything prepared for sending a hundred and fifty persons together to the place of execution. An immense aqueduct had already been dug in the Place St. Antoine, for the purpose of carrying away the blood, and—I tremble as I mention the dreadful fact—the blood of the unfortunate victims was spilled each day in buckets, and four men were occupied, at the moment of execution, in emptying them into this aqueduct. . . . It was about three o'clock in the afternoon that these long processions of victims generally came down from the examination hall, and crossed, with slow steps, through the long vaults, in the midst of the prisoners, who ranged themselves in a line to see them pass. I have seen forty-five magistrates of the Parliament of Paris, and thirty-three of the Parliament of Toulouse, walking forth to death with the same air with which they formerly followed in the public processions. I have seen thirty farmers-general pass by with a firm and calm step; and five-and-twenty of the first manufacturers of Sedan, who, while marching to the scaffold, lamented over the thousands of laborers whom they were going to leave without food. I have seen Beyseer, the terror of the rebels of La Vendée, and the numerous generals whom victory had just crowned with laurels—yes, I have absolutely seen these men led forth to the scaffold, like droves of cattle to the slaughterhouse. Not a single complaint issued from their mouths; they advanced in silence, and seemed to avoid looking up to heaven, lest their countenances should express too much indignation."

To be the most distant relative of anyone who has been connected with the aristocrats, or even of a person who has been guillotined, not to express unbounded satisfaction at the executions, to utter one word of pity, nay, to cast one pitying look upon the condemned, is to render yourself *suspect*, is sufficient to procure your arrest and condemnation. The *suspects* are no longer confined to aristocrats, or even *bourgeoisie;* the humblest artizan or needlewoman is as liable to arrest as a prince or duchess. *La Terreur* descends even upon the mob, whose authority it has been created to uphold. Blood is everywhere; the pavements are dyed with it, and red footprints are stamped upon the thresholds of homes; assassins fill their pockets sportfully with human ears, adorn their hats with dead fingers; the bonnet rouge, sabots, and dress of the *sans-culotte* is the only costume permitted. And yet, with all this, famine is as rife as ever, and the old monotonous cry of "Bread, bread" never ceases. From morn to night the air reverberates with the roll of the tumbrils, with the agonized cries of fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives, husbands, children, as they behold

their loved ones borne to death. From morn to night around the guillotine are heard the sharp chop of the knife, the dull thud of tumbling heads as they fall into the yawning baskets, a horrible splash and drip, the wild hoarse voices of furies and assassins howling the Marseillaise or *Ça Ira*, and the beat of their sabots upon the stones, as they whirl in the frantic dance of the *Carmagnole*. And yet, in the midst of horrors, death sitting upon every hearth, no man's life worth an hour's purchase, Paris amuses itself at twenty-three theatres, where patriotic plays are represented by patriotic actors, and sixty dancing saloons, where citoyens and citoyennes gyrate, and laugh, and revel, as though there were no *mère Guillotine* to threaten her embraces.

All that has been must cease to be; the old chronology, the names of the days, weeks, months, years are changed. To talk of Sunday, of January, of 1793, would be to expose yourself to certain death. Churches are robbed, vestments and Bibles burned, and the Christian religion forbidden to be practised on pain of death. Vice is worshiped under the name of Reason.

On the 9th of November, 1793, is celebrated the Feast of Reason. All Paris is astir to inaugurate the new religion. A procession moves to the sounds of bands of music and patriotic hymns towards the Convention. Chaumette enters the Hall first, leading by the hand a beautiful and notorious courtezan; a group of prostitutes gather about her as attendant divinities, and seat themselves upon the benches of the deputies. When all is ready for the ceremony, Chaumette removes the blue veil in which her form is enveloped, and displays the nude beauty of "the goddess" to the gaze of the multitude. "Mortals," he says, "recognize no other divinity than Reason, of which I present to you the loveliest and purest image!" Then he bows his head in sign of adoration, and the President of the Convention and the multitude follow his example. After which the procession is reformed, and the lady borne in a litter, amidst shouts and strains of music, to Notre Dame, where she is seated upon the high altar, and a hymn to Liberty, composed by Chénier, sung in her honor. After which there is great feasting and rejoicing; the body of the church of St. Eustache being laid out with food and drink of all kinds. After the feast follow wild dances by half-naked figures, and such revelry as might have graced the mysteries of Isis.

A few even of the most fanatical Jacobins, Robespierre among the number, were disgusted with this hideous absurdity; and on the 8th of June in the following year, the Hébertists being swept away, Robespierre caused the Convention to *decree* the existence of a Supreme Being, and the immortality of the soul! After which it decreed that a fête should be held in honor of the *Être Supreme* on the 8th of June, or on the 20th Prairial as they styled it in their new jargon.

Paris, always ready for a fête, crowds to the new raree show as eagerly as it did to the last. Behind the Tuileries has been erected an immense amphitheatre, with a tribune in the centre for Robespierre, in front of whom is ranged a group of huge figures representing Atheism, Selfishness, Annihilation, and Vice. The deputies, all dressed in blue coats with red facings, seat themselves upon the steps of the circus. Then arises a hymn, also composed by Chénier, which is chanted by thousands of voices, young girls scatter flowers in the air, young men draw their swords and gasconade enthusiastically, old men rapturously bless their children. Then Robespierre descends from the tribune, and applying a torch to the figures, which are composed of combustible materials, sets fire to them amid shouts of applause; and, as they burn up, by a pantomimic trick, a statue of Wisdom rises in their place. After which, the members of the Convention following him *at some distance*, as though to prepare men's minds for the coming *Unit*, he, attended by symbolical groups and young girls clothed in white, and linked together by parti-colored ribbons, takes his way to the Champ de Mars, where there is more mummery, and then the *Fête de l'Être Supreme* comes to an end. It would be diffiult to decide which was the most absurd and profane of the two exhibitions.

The enemies of religion and Robespierre—what a strange combination, and yet a real one!—who desired to throw ridicule and suspicion upon this gallimaufry, soon found the means in the shape of a crazy old woman named Catherine Théot, a sort of French Johanna Southcote, who called herself the mother of God, and who fancied that she was gifted with the power of prophecy. She gave forth that Robespierre was the chosen of God, the Regenerator of the earth and of religion—a new Saviour. "It is all a plot," cried the enemies; "he would fain be a god as well as a dictator."

Paris pondered over these words.

This was the beginning of the end. "Thou borest me with thy *Être Supreme*," muttered Collot d'Herbois. Others growled, "Now we have destroyed our tyrants, this man would set a god over us."

Paris begins to be aweary of executions, and to discover that although it lives under a republic, its rulers are infinitely worse despots than its old masters. Having been taught the sacred right of slaying tyrants, it begins to ask itself why it should not slay these. A man named Lamiral snaps a pistol at Collot d'Herbois. A young girl named Cécile Rénault presents herself at Robespierre's house, desires to see him, and, being importunate, is seized upon. In a basket she has left at a shop near at hand are found some garments and two knives. This is all; but upon this evidence she is cast into prison and guillotined, together with every person who can claim kinship with her, however distant; her brothers, who are upon the frontiers and have bled for their country, are brought to Paris loaded with chains; sixty persons whom she has never seen, many of whom have been in confinement for six months, accompany her to the scaffold, clothed in red shirts, as accomplices. The house, nay, the entire street in which she lived, is directed to be razed to the ground.

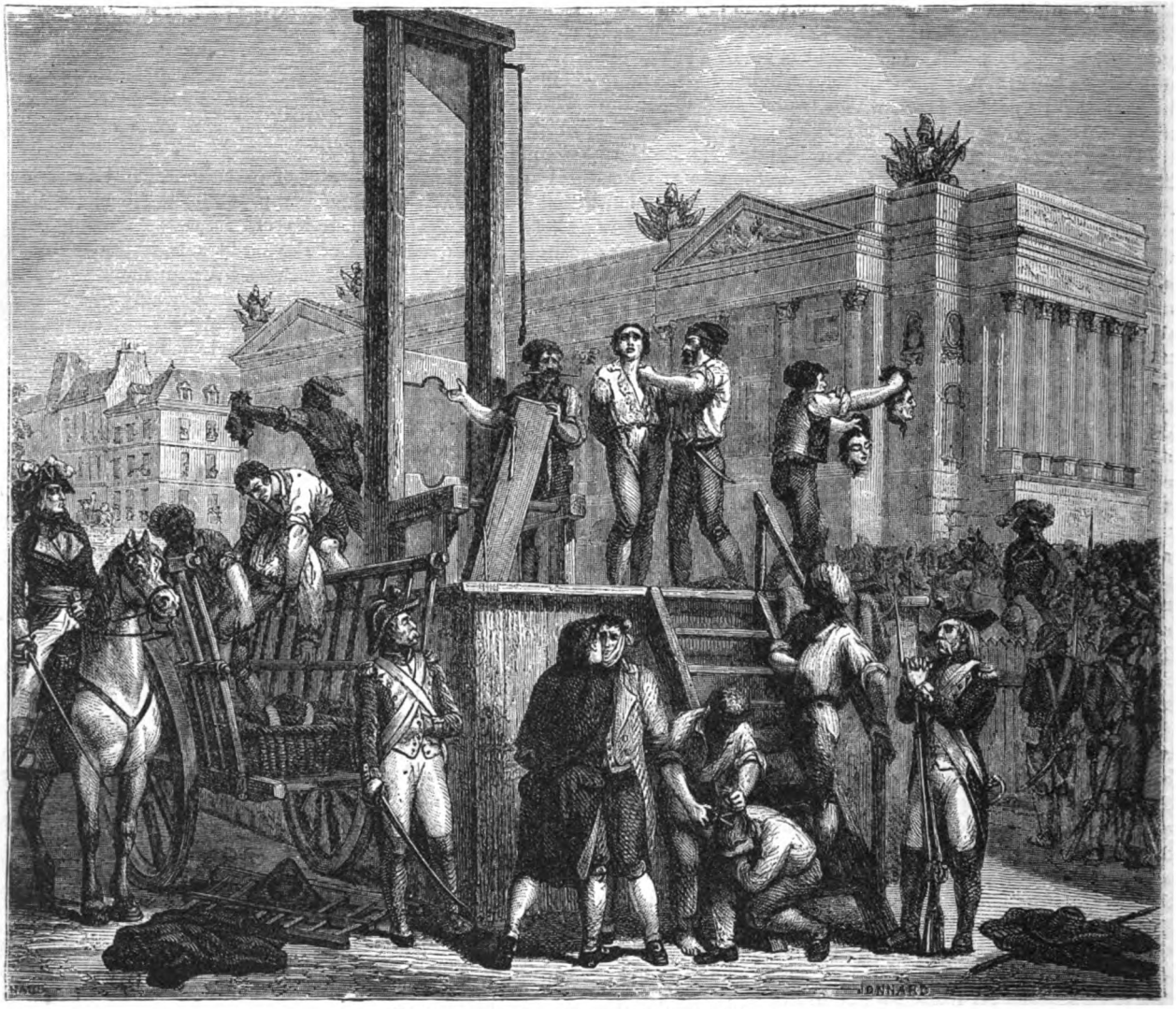
Faster and faster goes the guillotine; there are now eight thousand prisoners in the jails of Paris. This is the period of the "*batches*." Daily the enemies of *La Terreur* grow more numerous; daily does Robespierre receive annonymous letters threatening his life. St. Just openly urges him to declare himself dictator, but the gloomy looks of the Convention scare him.

Fear stimulates him to further acts of despotism; to more proscriptions, more bloodshed. His own colleagues, all except St. Just, Couthon, and Lebas, grow suspicious of him, fearful for their own heads. The gloom grows deeper and deeper; no man, not even though he be of the Convention, or even of the Omnipotent Committee, knows but that his own name may be already upon the list of *suspects*. The gloom, the sombre air of suspicion, the threats of assassination, and his own torturing irresolution, affect the arch miscreant with bodeful apprehensions. His house is guarded by Jacobins, he never stirs abroad unaccompanied by armed men, he absents himself from the Convention, from the Committee; he leaves the death-warrants to be signed by his myrmidons, who, ever zealous for the honor, exceed even his numbers; he receives no one except his janissaries; writes no more, but reads much; he avoids meeting the Duplays, especially Eléonore; he takes long excursions into the country, wandering entire days among the woods of Meuden and St. Cloud. He usually carries a book with him, Rouseau, Bernardin St. Pierre, or some sentimental religious poet, such as Gesner or Young! With death and horror around him, with but two fixed ideas in his soul—the Dictatorship—the Guillotine—this man can wander

among the calm peacefulness of nature and read religious poetry.

One day Carnot accidentally finds a paper in Robespierre's handwriting, upon which is inscribed a list of forty names for proscription: his own among them. Tallien's Theresa has been arrested, but contrives to get letters conveyed to her lover, urging him to strike against the tyrant who, otherwise, will one day strike him down. These two events form a nucleus round which gathers a conspiracy. Wild reports are whispered abroad that the Catacombs are being dug out for a wholesale slaughter; that the whole of the Convention is to be butchered while sitting. Midnight meetings are held, plots discussed with 'bated breath how to rid themselves of this ghastly fear. But who is there bold enough to denounce the Man of Terror? All shrank from that, for should they fail——. There is one man among them who is swayed by two passions—fear and love, while the others only fear—he is the man who shall do it.

On the 26th of July, 1794, Robespierre suddenly reappears in the Convention—from which he has absented himself some time—to deliver himself of his solitary meditations among the woods of St. Cloud and Meudon, of his musings upon religious poetry. And what has he gathered from these musings and meditations? That too much mercy has been shown to the enemies of the republic; that the guillotine must work faster. The deputies receive his speech in dead silence, until one rises and moves that it be printed and sent to all the departments; that is the signal for opposition and confusion, which ends in the speech being ordered not to be printed. Robespierre understands his peril, and goes that night among his Jacobin wolves, for of late he has forsaken even them; but he is still their adored divinity, they swear to protect him—to die with him! "I will drink the hem lock with thee!" cries the brutal David. Fierce plans are discussed. The Convention shall be attacked by an armed force, the deputies taken prisoners, and he shall be proclaimed dictator. But even then his coward heart fails him; at the last moment he refuses to head the movement—he has not even the courage of a wolf brought to bay. His friends grew impatient, but they resolve to carry out the insurrection.



EXECUTION OF ROBESPIERRE AND HIS ASSOCIATES.

The next morning he presents himself in the Hall; but, ere he can open his lips, Billaud swoops down upon him like a tiger, and, in a fiery speech, reveals the Jacobin conspiracy. Fierce and indignant murmurs break from every mouth, swelling each moment, until they rise into a roar of "Down with the Tyrant!" Up springs Tallien, crying in a voice of thunder, "I was present at the Jacobins; I heard the plot for the formation of the army of this second Cromwell, and I armed myself with this dagger, to pierce his heart if you have not the courage to order his arrest!" And he makes a movement as though he would stab the culprit, who shrinks

and cowers before the glittering steel. Other speakers take up the strain of denunciation, and louder and fiercer rise the cries of "Down with the Tyrant!"

With livid face, and features distorted by rage and terror, with hyena-like screams for a hearing, he rushes from place to place—to the benches of the Gironde. "That was Vergniaud's seat," cries a voice. He recoils, shuddering. He springs upon the benches of the Mountain; "The shades of Danton and Camille repel you!" shout a score of voices. He rushes to the President, shrieking, "President of assassins, will you hear me?" Fists are shaken in his face; he supplicates, grovels, yells with the agony of fear, rushes from one to the other. He is driven back with curses and deafening howls. His voice cracks and fails him. "*The blood of Danton chokes you!*" cries a chorus of voices. His arrest is decreed amidst shouts of "*Vive la Republique!*"

In the meantime the Jacobins are up and doing. As the gensdarmes bring forth their prisoner he is torn from them, *agains his will*, and carried off to the Hôtel de Ville. Fear has paralysed him. He will not present himself to the people; he will not proclaim himself dictator; he will not sign a paper calling on the people to revolt; he will not even countenance revolt; he is in a coma of terror.

At the news of the rescue the troops of the Commune muster quickly. Drunken Henriot, at the head of his soldiers, dashes through the streets of Paris calling the people to arms; but they are weary of the worship of their bloody Moloch, and his own men turn their cannon against the Hôtel de Ville, throw down their arms, and disperse.

THE PIRATE OF THE SABANAC.—"A BROAD LIGHT BLAZED FORTH, KINDLING THE BLACK SCENE INTO WEIRD, WILD LIFE, WHILE A VOICE RANG OUT, 'SURRENDER, ALL OF YOU!'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Within a dimly-lit apartment of the Hôtel de Ville, sit Robespierre and his brother, St. Just, Couthon, Lebas, Coffinhal, and others—the wolves are caged at last. The death-knell of *La Terreur* is ringing. St. Just and Lebas look bold and defiant; Couthon, with his angel face and silvery voice and withered limbs, anxious, but resigned; the sickly rays of the candle fell full upon the hideously cadaverous features of Robespierre. He has a loaded pistol and poison before him; but this worshiper of Roman virtues cannot imitate the old heathen heroism, and die with his fortunes. With shaking limbs and twitching face he listens to the murmurs, the momentarily increasing stir, the surge and howl of the multitude without. The sharp report of a pistol rings through the room—Lebas has shot himself through the heart, and falls dead. Henriot rushes in to cry that all is lost; Coffinhal, with an epithet of disgust, hurls him out of the window into the court below, where he lies a lifeless mass. The soldiers are battering at the door; it gives way with a crash, and in they rush. A shot is fired, and Robespierre's head falls upon the table; he is not killed, but his jaw is broken. All the conspirators are captured and dragged away amid tumultuous exultation.

The cold, ghostly light of the dawn is just breaking as the senseless, bloody form of the Incorruptible is borne out into the streets upon a litter. It is carried to the Tuileries and laid upon a table, while the Convention in the next room decides his fate. As the day advances, crowds flock to the Tuileries and fill the chamber wherein lies the once terrible King of *La Terreur*—terrible no longer, but an abject, revolting-looking object. He lies upon his side. From the broken jaw, which he has tried to bandage, the dark blood oozes out, and creeps over the livid face. His hands still convulsively grasp a pistol—his glassy eyes speak, but his lips are silent. And the foul mob—to gain whose favor and applause he has shed torrents of blood—does it commiserate him, weep over him, attempt to soothe his anguish? It spat upon him, mocked his groans, and pricked him with knives; there was not a hand that would raise the cup of water which stood beside him to his burning, cracking lips!

A form of trial is gone through, and then all are tied down in a cart and jolted off to *la mère guillotine*. Paris is frantic with joy. Before the cart dance the women, shouting and singing with demoniac glee. As it passes through the streets the friends and relations of his dead victims troop out to meet it with yells of frantic joy, to curse its ghastly burden, body and soul, and to pray God to cast him into hellfire. As he mounts the scaffold the executioner tears off the bandage from his face; the shattered jaw falls, and there leaps from his throat an unearthly yell, as though the fiends had already their claws upon his soul. He looks down, shuddering, upon the sea of heads; it waves and surges, as though it would sweep away the scaffold, and up from its cruel depths rises a howl of execration. Ferocious joy is upon every face; every mouth gapes for his blood. No look of pity; all merciless—*as himself*. He has sown the dragon's teeth, and beheld

the harvest! The knife falls, and the head of Maximilian Robespierre rolls into the basket. Then such a shout of jubilee rends the air as though all the fiends of the bottomless pit had received tidings of salvation; a shout that echoes and re-echoes from the universal throat of France, aye, of the world, for the reign of terror has passed away.

That man is the creature of circumstances, that his character, his outward and inward life are determined by *events*, has never been more fully illustrated—proved—than in the case of Maximilian Robespierre. To him the world contained but two things worthy of consideration, *Maximilian Robespierre* and Maximilian Robespierre's *idea*—these were the embodiments of *perfection*, a divinity and a divine attribute to which it was lawful to offer up whole hecatombs of men. Above Maximilian Robespierre there was nothing; his *Être Supreme* was simply a colleague, for was it not *he* who re-established *Être Supreme* worship, was it not *he* who set fire to atheism and all the vices?

He was not a hypocrite. When he advocated the abolition of capital punishment he was thoroughly sincere; perhaps, incredible as it may sound, he was *theoretically* opposed to it unto the end. Human life was sacred in his eyes until it stood in the path of the *idea*—should be sacred to all other things, but when weighed against *this* it was insignificant.

One of the most singular facts connected with this great criminal's life, and to which reference has already been made, was the sentiment of admiration, of esteem, even of love, with which he appears to have inspired those with whom he associated. Again, his ideas were so elevated, his honesty so incorruptible, his life so pure, that those who came in contact with him only in his private life could not realize the atrocities of his public career, to which cause must be added the glamor of his sublimated republicanism, which vailed the eyes of his admirers from the sight of his atrocities.

Had he been gifted with the audacity of Danton, he would have easily seized upon the dictatorship. Had he possessed personal courage and a more expansive political career, he might have become a wise, though still despotic, ruler; but lacking these qualities, he was only a human scourge, the most wholesale murderer, the most atrocious fanatic, the most revolting, cowardly, contemptible criminal of ancient or modern history.

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# THE PIRATE OF THE LOWER SARANAC.

By Alfred E. Street.

"It's the strangest thing I know of!" said Bat Beltny, an old guide, one evening, to a group in the bar-room of a little log-tavern, at the outlet of the Lower Saranac Lake, "the way things have been going on for a month past. They say as soon as a boat comes to the point opposite here, a long, ugly rifle is shot out, and a voice calls out to 'Land and deliver, or you are a dead man!'"

"And they say there's no end to the rifles, and pelts, and venison, and trout, and whisky even, he's taken from the hunters and trappers," said Will Lasher, a boatman.

"Well," said Jem Konkus, the keeper of the tavern, "I think it's the strangest piece of business I ever heard of. I'm determined soon to leave the place. I don't like the neighborhood."

"Who has any experience in this matter?" said Joe Elting, a river-diver.

"I have!" said young Clapboard, a half-Indian guide.

"Well, tell us about it, Jack," said Bat.

"Well, you see, men, I had just been down to Big Tupper's, 'twas about a week ago, and had got an all-fired lot of venison and fur—and first-rate too—mink and sable and one or two beaver-pelts, with the inside skins as white as snow almost. I had trapped on the stream to the left of Bog River Falls, Bat, going up; it heads close to Mount Morris, and enters into Eagle-beak Bay in old Tupper. Well, as I was saying, I was rowing along, and had got abreast of the point of the outlet here, when I heard a terrible big voice call out, 'Come to, and land here, or I'll blow your brains out!' and looking up, what should I see but a great long rifle, with its muzzle grinning right into my eyes.

"Well, I really didn't know what do. My rifle was in my boat, but I felt certain if I made a motion toward it I was a dead man. So I did what I think all of you would have done. I came down, or rather I came out; and as I did so, a tall, strong man, with a black beard covering nearly all his face, went to the boat, took my rifle and my load of fur, and then, with his rifle again pointed to my head, told me to clear out in quick time. You may be sure I did clear, about as quick as my oars could carry me. It's queer who he is, anyhow."

"I do think it very queer, don't you, Rob?" said the landlord to his assistant, who had a little while before entered from the stable.

"Well, I do!" responded Bob. "It only shows what one rifle will do, even against hunters and trappers, that ain't supposed to fear anything."

"One rifle can keep a dozen men afraid," returned the landlord; "neither one knows which one might be hit."

"That's true," said Clapboard; "and so the pirate has it all his own way."

"The strangest thing is, that he seems to know all about us," said Bat. "He always picks out the best hunters and trappers. And not only that; he seems to know when they're expected to come along from the waters they go for their game. Now, it's happened to me, two or three times lately, that I've never let out to any one where I was going, nor when I was coming back, except maybe I might have mentioned it here; for liquor, you know, kinder warms up a man, and makes him tell things he wouldn't if he was fairly himself. But that's of no consequence, anyway. We're all friends here, and if I should tell, where's the harm? But it turns out so, every time."

"Well," said Clapboard, "I hope the pirate won't hear of the trapping-time we're to have at Big Tupper's this week," swallowing a glass of whisky handed him by Bob. "Me and Bat here, and Joe Larkins, and Will Sweet, and Jack Crummels."

"How's that?" asked the landlord, placing the stump of a candle in a lantern. "Here, Bob, you and I must go pretty soon and see the colt. He's a little restive to-night, and requires looking after. How is it again, Clapboard, about the Tupper's Lake matter?"

"I hardly dare tell. I'm afraid the pirate will hear me," returned Clapboard, laughing.

"Nonsense, Clap!" said the landlord. "There's no pirate here, you know. So let's hear about it all. Maybe I'd like to go along."

"Well, you see, we five mean to start to-morrow for a fortnight or three weeks' bout. It's November now, and the fur's prime, the inside white as the sand of the big spring, near Jenkins's, in old Tupper. Now, you mustn't tell, boys, one and all, for that durned pirate seems to have eyes and ears all about. We mean to come through the Lower Lake at night, for we expect to have lots of fun. We're going to new places round Dead Creek and Horseshoe Pond, and I shouldn't be surprised if we got beaver, and considerable many pelts, too."

"Will you come through the outlet?" said the landlord, carelessly; "come, take another drink at my expense," handing Clapboard a glass of pure spirits.

"Well, no, I kinder think not," said Clapboard, drinking the spirits; "this durned pirate hunts this place like a mink round a frog-pond. I rather think we'll push right along between the islands to the foot of the lake, and make the carry to Harrietstown."

"Will you be all together?" said the landlord, dusting his bottles; "we'll be choked up with dust soon, I do believe."

"I don't know about that," answered Clapboard. "As it'll be night, it won't matter much. The pirate won't, I suppose, be looking out all night, as we'll come through about midnight. And 'twill be dark, too; no moon three weeks from now, and the stars won't make it light enough to do a great deal of harm. Besides, we'll paddle through, and make no more noise than if floating for deer. So the durned pirate'll get cheated this time, or my name ain't Clapboard."

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed old Bat. "Won't the durned pirate be cheated; and sich a load of fur! Why, we expect to make our fortunes most. I shouldn't be surprised if we got nigh about two thousand dollars worth."

"More!" said Clapboard; "more. Fur at the settlements now is scarce and high. A good beaver-skin, let alone a sable or black fox, is worth money now, I tell ye; and I know a place where I wouldn't ask any man to guarantee me three or more black foxes, or if not, a dozen."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the landlord. "Won't the pirate get cheated this time!"

"Yes, yes! he, he, he!" chuckled Bob, and the whole bar-room burst into a roar of merriment at the thought.

Weeks passed. Every day or two a hunter or trapper would relate at Harrietstown, or even as far as the villages of Upper and Lower Jay, how they had been stopped and robbed of their venison and pelts by the Pirate of the Lower Saranac.

At length came the night which ended the three weeks of the Tupper's Lake expedition. It was black with clouds, but breathless, and the five boats, clustered together, skimmed with noiseless paddle down the sable lake. The islands—black mounds—lay still, as if their quiet had never been broken; the shores, vast, frowning barriers, held a silence so profound as to be oppressive. It was midnight when the boats arrived at the cluster of islands which lie around the outlet of the lake.

"The plaguey pirate'll be cheated this time," whispered old Bat to Clapboard, his next neighbor.

As he said this, a broad light suddenly blazed forth, kindling the black scene into weird, wild life. The confused island along which they were gliding, leaped out, rocks, bushes, hemlock-plumes, spruce-steeples, all sharply drawn in the red background, while a voice of hoarse thunder rang on the night air:

"Surrender, all of you, or we'll blow you to the devil!"

Simultaneously two double-barreled rifles were thrust through the foliage, while in a crimsoned nook showed the dark muzzle of a swivel.

"Confound it!" said Clapboard, and "The deuce take him!" said Bat, while all rested on their oars.

At once Clapboard and Bat leaned toward their rifles; but the click of gunlocks from the bushes warned all resistance as hopeless.

"Come, hurry up with your fur and your venison, if you know what's good for yourselves!" said the disguised voice again. "Just lower that muzzle a little more. You can rake 'em all at the first fire."

"Oh, the blood-thirsty rascal!" groaned Bat. "But we've got to come to it, and we might as well do it now. So here goes with my pelts, and fine red, fat saddles!" tossing out his load.

"And here goes mine, curse him!" said Clapboard.

"No swearing in this place! We don't allow no such doings," said another disguised voice.

"Um!" said Clapboard. "Come, boys, empty your fur and your venison."

"And be quick about it!" added the first feigned voice. "We can't stay here all night for nobody, and we won't. Here, lower the swivel!"

All the trappers, sorely against their will, began to unload, and shortly the island-bank was heaped with the spoils of their three weeks' work.

They were then allowed to depart, two scornful laughs ringing after them as they went.

The next day the trappers of the region round met at the bar-room of the log tavern.

"We'll stand it no longer!" said Clapboard.

"That we won't!" said Bat.

"Let Joe Elting be robbed by the pirate to-night, and then we'll break cover and capture the durned vagabond!"

"But the rifles!" said the landlord.

"And the swivel!" added Rob.

"Dang the rifles and the swivel. We've got rifles, too, and we'll capture the place so soon there won't be time to fire the swivel," said Clapboard. "At all events, we ain't afraid of their rifles or swivel. A man can't die but once, and we're determined to clear the rascals out, if half of us die for it!"

That night the landlord and Rob were missing, and nothing was heard, after their disappearance, of the Pirate of the Lower Saranac.

## MRS. MYRTON'S MURDERER.

MRS. ALICE MYRTON was one of the prettiest women in the town of Sing Sing, was a wealthy widow, about twenty-two years old. She was a small, slightly formed blonde, with dark blue eyes that lit up with a roguish smile on the slightest provocation, a delicately outlined face framing a smiling mouth and aquiline nose, and a profusion of shining hair, which she wore circled around her head in such a manner as to reveal what is amongst the distinguishing beauties of her sex—the sloping curve at the nape of the neck.

At the time of my story, she had commenced to weary of her state of single-blessedness, and had come to the conclusion that, if it be not good for man to live alone, it is worse for a woman, besides being often inconvenient.

Of course, there was no lack of aspirants for her hand; but, having sagely determined that she needed the protection and experience of one much older than herself, a certain Mr. Huggins was the gratified recipient of the greater part of such favors as she chose to bestow upon embodied masculinity.

This gentleman was the local magistrate, commonly called "Square," and being of the ponderous build and order of intellect, passed as a wise man, for pretty much the same reason that a big book is supposed to be very learned.

Naturally, he was, after his custom, placidly pleased at the marked preference shown him by Mrs. Myrton, and on one balmy Summer day mustered up sufficient palpitating courage to formally declare himself her lover, begging permission to encircle her forefinger with the usual diamond-ring.

This permission was neither given nor withheld, the pretty widow saying that she was opposed to all rings, but adding, with a bewitching smile, that "he might hope."

Matters were in this condition, when one morning, in the soft, delicious weather of October, Mr. Eben Huggins received a faintly perfumed note, inviting him to lunch on the morrow with "yours, very sincerely, Alice Myrton."

For one moment he so far forgot his dignity as to chuckle volubly, and then dispatched an instant eager acceptance, determined that, come what might, the momentous morning should so change his present position as to either raise him to the heights of unutterable bliss, or hurl him downward to the realms of bottomless despair.

The luncheon was to take place in a small two-story building some short distance from the house, which had formerly been used as a gardener's residence, but had recently been transformed into a pleasant little summer-house, with the advantage of doors and windows.

About twelve o'clock in the day a prolonged, deep-drawn, steady yawn resounded through the upper story of the edifice, popularly supposed to be deserted.

Spirits, however, had nothing to do with the yawn, for it emanated from the lungs of a young man lying stretched at full length upon a lounge. He was fairly good-looking, with keen black eyes, and dark hair cut short, rather well-dressed, though with that indefinable air about him which proclaims as plainly as spoken words, "hard up."

Scarcely awake, he sprang to his feet, aroused by a knock at the door, and a voice saying:

"It's me—Mary."

He immediately unlocked it, and admitted her.

"I hope you slept well, Mr. Phillips?"

"Yes," he replied, carelessly, "about as well as usual. It's three weeks now since I have slept in a bed."

"You can sleep in one to-night, for I am obliged to turn you out of this."

"Turn me out? Why?"

"Because Mrs. Myrton is going to have luncheon here to-day, and there would be a fine time for me if she knew that I had been letting you stay here. There is a very good hotel in the village."

"Do you suppose that I would go to a hotel, where everybody can see me?"

"Why not?"

"Oh—well—ah—no particular reason. But then I should not see her any more?'

"Who?"

"Mrs. Myrton, of course," said Mr. Phillips, impatiently. "Only last night I watched her for more than an hour, while she was walking in the garden, going from flower to flower, pensively inhaling their fragrance, she herself sweeter than the rarest. Is she not lovely?"

"They all say so," answered Mary, with a side glance toward a mirror.

"I had almost," continued Mr. Phillips, pursuing his own thoughts, "forgotten civility, prudence even, and should have fallen at her feet——"

"Through the window?"

"Pshaw! Give me the newspaper. Hullo! here it is!" and he read aloud from the previous evening's *Post:*

"'Nothing has yet been discovered which would lead to a clearing-up of the mystery surrounding the atrocious murder that a short time ago so agitated the public. Mr. Julian Henry, the finest figure-painter in the city, has been missing for over three weeks, and the most energetic searching has hitherto failed to discover his body—(Glad of it!) He had just completed one of the best pictures which even his fertile genius had ever undertaken, and left the studio building at precisely half-past twelve on Thursday, the 4th instant. Since then no trace of him has been found, except a bit of linen stained with blood—(Vermilion). By a fatal coincidence, one of our most desperate criminals, known as Double-brain Johnny, had the day before escaped from Sing Sing As Mr. Henry was going in that direction, for the purpose of sketching, it is, unfortunately, only too probable that the ruffian has added a new offense to his long list of crimes. The detectives are working up the case —(Of course!) Meanwhile the friends of the talented young artist have collected all the paintings left in his studio, even to the slightest sketch, and have put them up at auction. This interesting collection will be sold to-night, and all desirous of securing real works of art will not fail to attend. We understand that the owners of our most prominent private galleries have signified their intention of being present in order to secure, if possible, a relic of the lamented artist so unfortunately cut off in the prime of his genius."

"Three cheers for Double-brain Johnny!" concluded Mr. Phillips.

During the reading, Mary had been setting the table. As he finished, she stopped short, horrified.

"What, sir! do you know him?"

"Not a bit; but the victim was one of my best friends;" and he began to sing "Champagne Charlie."

"You are a bad man, to be glad because your friend is dead."

"A great artist never dies, Mary. Now that he has been murdered, people will rush to buy his pictures at big prices, and will recognize the talent for which they would never give him credit before."

"Mrs. Myrton did I know, for I saw her crying over this paper. She is very fond of pictures; the house is full of them."

"Is that so?" he exclaimed, eagerly; and, tearing a leaf from a memorandum-book, he wrote rapidly:

"MADAME: Since I have caused you grief, I feel sorry for what I have done. I killed Julian Henry, but can bring him to life again if you really wish it. I love you. Give me five minutes, and if I should read hope in your eyes——"

He waited a moment for further inspiration, when the luncheon-table caught his sight.

"Two plates!" he exclaimed. "I am not to lunch with her?"

"No," said Mary; "you are not, but Mr. Huggins is."

"Who's Mr. Huggins?"

"Only the man she's engaged to marry."

"The deuce she is! Huggins—beastly name! No woman of true taste would think of such a man! Good-by!"

Tearing the note in two, he threw a portion of it upon the floor, and rushed indignantly from the room.

The discriminating reader has doubtless perceived that this young gentleman was very impetuous.

It was time that he went, for, in a short while after his departure, Mr. Huggins entered the summer-house, followed by the village constable.

"Tell Mrs. Myrton, Mary, that business detains me here for a few moments," said Mr. Huggins; resuming, when he and his companion were alone: "Now, Jenkins, this is a fine opportunity for you to distinguish yourself. Are you sure that you have seen Double-brain Johnny in this neighborhood?"

"Yes, your honor," replied Mr. Jenkins—a short, corpulent man, swollen with the dignity of his office.

"You have his description?"

"Two of them, your honor."

"How, two?"

"Yes, sir. Here they are. No. 1—height five feet eleven inches and a half; age, forty-nine; light hair, low forehead, large mouth, turn-up nose, and projecting chin. No. 2—average height, dark hair, ordinary forehead, ordinary mouth, ordinary nose, ordinary chin, and with no particular marks."

"You ought to find him without trouble. Are the men placed throughout the grounds as I directed?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Tell them to stop every man they see, and if he disobeys to fire at him."

"Yes, your honor."

Further talk between the justice and the constable was cut short by the appearance of Mrs. Myrton, and Mr. Jenkins betook himself to search for the escaped criminal.

After the usual preliminary conversation, the widow and her guest sat down to lunch, though Mr. Huggins was so occupied with his hope of catching the celebrated Double-brain Johnny, that he was but a dull companion.

Quite positive of making the capture, he had already determined what he should state to the shoal of "interviewers" he expected to call upon him the next day. Suddenly, much to Mrs. Myrton's surprise, he leaped up from the table, upsetting his chair in so doing, and pounced upon a piece of paper.

"I have it! I have it!" he cried, exultingly.

"You have what?" exclaimed Mrs. Myrton, seriously alarmed for his sanity.

"The confession of the murderer!" And he read aloud: "'I feel sorry for what I have done, but . . love you——' Ah! there never yet was a crime committed without a

MRS. MYRTON'S MURDERER.—"ALL AT ONCE SHE WAS AROUSED BY THE REPORT OF A PISTOL OUTSIDE, AND THE ABRUPT ENTRANCE INTO THE ROOM OF A MAN THROUGH THE WINDOW."—SEE PAGE 435.

woman's being at the bottom of it. If I could only find the other part of this letter!"

With that, he hurried downstairs, to give fresh advice to his subordinates.

"He is crazy!" said Mrs. Myrton.

"More jealous than crazy," corrected Mary, with the privileged freedom of a trusted servant.

"Absurd; he has not feeling enough, and, besides, of whom could he be jealous?"

"Of that young gentleman who always looks at you so when he passes you on the road—Mr. Phillips is his name, I believe."

"Ridiculous."

"At all events, I thought he would kill himself when I told him that you are to marry Mr. Huggins."

"Poor fellow!"

"Well, he wrote that letter which Mr. Huggins was reading."

"Did he dare to write to me?"

"But since he did not send it, what harm is done?"

"True."

"A little more and he would have thrown himself in the river."

"Poor fellow!" she repeated, musingly. "You may leave now, Mary; I wish to be alone."

Her head rested on her hand as she sat quite still, thinking of this young fellow. She had seen him but a few times, and yet had become strangely interested in his manner and appearance. Then her thoughts returned to Huggins, and she resolved that he should change his name, if she had anything to say about it.

All at once she was aroused by the report of a pistol outside, and the abrupt entrance into the room of a man through the window, who fell at her feet, and in whom she recognized the romantic stranger.

"What folly!" she exclaimed, starting up. "Are you wounded?"

"No; I had to come in that way because it's the only one not watched; there are men all around the house."

"Were you not afraid?"

"No; quite the contrary. Yesterday, when I was here alone, admiring you; when you, also alone, were walking in the garden, when there was no one near to prevent me from saying, 'I love you!' then a foolish timidity kept me silent. But now that all endeavor to separate us, their efforts only serve to inspire me with courage. Let them come now, though; let the whole world be witness of our love!"

"Really, sir," said Mrs. Myrton, sarcastically, "I admire your assurance. You are not even acquainted with me. I do not know your name; yet you fall at my feet like a rocket-stick, and talk of mutual love as if we had sworn fidelity to each other from childhood."

"You say that I do not know you—I do. You are a wonderful combination of all nature's perfections, dignity joined to grace, and glorified by beauty. You are——"

"Enough," she interrupted, with some of the dignity of which he had spoken so glibly. "Were I to say that I disliked you, I should hardly be speaking the truth; but if you imagine that your private theatricals—excellently acted, I admit—can turn my head, I should be the first to laugh at your folly—even were I free."

"You are not married!"

"No, but engaged to be. Hark! Some one is coming."

Mr. Phillips ran to the window to escape as he had entered, but Mrs. Myrton held him back, and motioned to the door which led into a small ante-room.

She had but just closed the door behind him, and withdrawn the key, when Mr. Huggins came up the stairs, hot, excited, and out of breath. He had been unsuccessfully chasing the escaped murderer.

"I am convinced," he said, without other preface, "that Double-brain Johnny is hidden in this building."

"Here?" asked Mrs. Myrton, astonished.

"Yes;" and he tried the door she had the moment before locked. "Give me the key!"

"You forget, Mr. Huggins, that you are not yet my husband."

"This has nothing to do with marriage. As a justice, I ask you for the key."

"All the more reason why I should refuse it. I might submit to jealousy in a lover, no matter how absurd the cause, but will never bow to other dictation."

"Be careful, Mrs. Myrton," said Huggins, becoming irritated, "that you do not offend the law."

"And do you be careful," she retorted, "that you do not offend me."

"There is a man concealed in that room."

"Well!" she said, coolly, as if that were the most natural thing possible.

"If you are so led away by compassion as to harbor a criminal, I shall be obliged to break open the door."

"A criminal?"

"Yes, one of the worst sort."

"You mean one of the worst sort for you. What do you want of him?"

"I want to have him hanged."

"Nothing more than that! But, seriously," she continued, "you should be calmer. Remember your position."

"That's just what you are trying to make me forget!" cried Huggins, provoked at what he considered her malicious "chaffing."

"Besides," she resumed, "the poor fellow is not so guilty as you think."

"Poor fellow—bah!" he snorted, angrily.

"I should say that his error——"

"His crime!" ejaculated the justice.

"His crime, then—is one that anybody might commit!"

"I'll commit him," growled Huggins, perpetrating his first and only joke.

"You yourself are not without faults."

"By Jove, this is too much," and springing to the bell, he rang a tintinnabulating peal.

Mary arrived, running at the top of her speed.

"Tell the constable to come here with two men," said Huggins.

"I forbid you to stir, Mary."

"I order you in the name of the law."

"I'll dismiss you if you obey him."

"I'll put you in prison if you don't," shouted the justice.

Mary waited for no more contradictory commands; but, clapping her hands over her ears, fled rapidly.

"That is sufficient," said Mrs. Myrton. "Here is the key; but if you open that door, all is over between us."

"When you know better who this man is, you will thank me for having saved you."

Saying this, he melodramatically unlocked and flung open the door, half expecting that the ruffian would at once attack him; but, greatly to his surprise, the room was empty. He turned around, crestfallen.

Mrs. Myrton divined that her eccentric admirer had again risked life and limb by escaping through the window rather than subject her to any annoyance on his account, and commenced to think that such an unreasoning devotion was, perhaps, better than the chuckle-headed jealousy of a Huggins; for she had no other idea of what he meant by his talk about some mysterious criminal.

She had ample time in which to pursue this train of thought, for Huggins immediately hurried off, and did not reappear for fully twenty minutes. At their expiration he came in, followed by the constable, and an assistant—all

having in their hands revolvers which, were subsequently discovered to be unloaded—dragging between them the gentleman called Mr. Phillips.

"Here he is!" cried Huggins, in exultation, as Mrs. Myrton started up from her seat.

"What is the meaning of this!" exclaimed Phillips, indignantly, shaking himself free, while the two guards took their places near the door.

"*I* will ask all needful questions," said Mr. Huggins, assuming his sternest aspect of judicial gravity. "What is your name?"

"Never mind."

"Where do you live?"

"Where I please."

"Where were you on the 4th of this month?"

"Absurd," said Mrs. Myrton. "Can't you see that he has some particular reason for not answering you? I am no judge, but still I am certain that he is innocent of whatever he is charged with."

"I thank you for your confidence," said Phillips, bowing, "and can assure you that it is not misplaced."

"Then, I will tell you who you are," said Huggins, severely. "You are John Sart, *alias* the Crib Cracker, but more commonly known as the Double-brain Johnny. One year ago you were sent to Sing Sing——"

"My dear sir," said Phillips, "I must beg you to be somewhat clearer. You seem to think that I have been guilty of doing something wrong."

"You have."

"I should very much like to know what I have done."

"On the 4th of October, 1871, you murdered the celebrated painter, Julian Henry."

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from Mr. Phillips, in a roar of laughter. "Oh, this is rich! This is capital! And you are a justice of the peace! Ha, ha, ha!"

"This shameless effrontery only aggravates your crime. Here is part of a letter—did you write it?"

"Yes," said Phillips, carelessly glancing at the paper held toward him.

"And in this letter," pursued Huggins, "you say, 'I killed Julian Henry.' You shall be committed for trial without delay. Notice, Mrs. Myrton, how villainy always overreaches itself. This ruffian murdered a poor artist for the sake of a few paltry dollars, while, had he waited until after the auction of his victim's pictures, which netted over seventeen thousand dollars——"

"Seventeen thousand dollars!" cried Phillips. "Is it a fact?"

"Yes."

"Hurrah, then! 'Off, ye lendings.' I live again—I am Julian Henry. Yes, the celebrated painter himself."

Huggins was staggered at this unexpected revelation, and, of course, demanded proof. This was soon furnished by the other half of the compromising letter, which the artist had fortunately stuffed in his pocket.

Not many sentences were needed to inform Mrs. Myrton that the murder was a little dodge to enable the painter to realize a good round sum by taking advantage of a factitious public excitement. She readily forgave what small amount of deception had been practiced upon her.

"However," said the artist to me, when finishing the story, "it was a murder, after all; for, before Christmas, Mrs Myrton no longer lived, though somebody very much like her survives in the person of Mrs. Henry."

I never heard whether the real Double-brain Jonnny were really captured.

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THOSE who are surly and imperious to their inferiors are generally humble, flattering and cringing to their superiors.

## THE THEINKIRCHE AT PRAGUE.

THE people of Prague are proud of this church as containing, in their eyes, a treasure far beyond gold or gems; it is the tomb of the great astronomer, Tycho Brahe, bearing the simple inscription, "*Esse potius quam videri*"—"To be rather than to seem."

It is, however, in itself a most interesting pile, founded in 880. It is the parish church of the rich Altstadt, with its gloomy streets and forty thousand people. The Virgin Chapel is adorned with modern statues of St. Cyril and St. Methodius, the apostles of Bohemia; the altar-piece is by Skreta, and there is a fine canopy over the tomb of Bishop Lucian. The three naves are separated by high Gothic pillars. In this church George Podrebrad was crowned in 1458, and it was he who erected the two spires, which rise gracefully from square towers.

Such is this almost milennial church. Prague is divided by the Moldan, which is here spanned by the massive Charles bridge, dating back to the fourteenth century, and notable for the statue of St. John Nepomucan, the martyr of the Confessional, who was drowned at this place.

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## THE STOLEN DEEDS.

IT was in Autumn, in cold, gloomy weather, that I was shut up in a dingy city house, nursing old Mr. Tredgold, the lawyer. He had been stricken down with a fit, which left him so weak and ill that there was little, if any, chance of his recovery.

I disliked my task in one respect, and one only, for I was well paid and well fed; and if he was terribly fretful and impatient, why, I was too much used to people's ways in illness to be much troubled at that; but whether I'm a sick nurse or a monthly nurse, I do like to see the fear of God before His creatures' eyes, and to be able to sit down sometimes with my Bible. But it seemed out of character in Lawyer Tredgold's room, and his oaths and blasphemies often made me wish myself away.

The old woman, who was the only servant he kept, was dirty, careless, and so addicted to drinking, that things were seldom done decently, unless I did them myself; and, among other annoyances, the door-bell used frequently to remain unanswered until I could attend to it; and a sore heart it often gave me to see the anxious faces that waited patiently there while I took notes and messages to the lawyer, never returning with what I considered a satisfactory reply. It was always that the cause was going on very well, or they must call next week, or they should hear from him soon; and, as his senses grew clearer, he would sometimes have his clients to his bedside and tell them this himself, while I stood by, wondering as much at their weak readiness to believe him, as at his craft and heartlessness, and often wishing for courage to ask him if he guessed how fast the end of his life was approaching, and what good deeds his soul could cling to in that awful hour.

One day—I well remember it—toward the close of the afternoon, a gentleman, young and handsome, but with the troubled look that every one wore who came there, urgently begged admittance, and my master ordered me to show him up, although I objected, for his clerk had been with him and he was almost exhausted. On the arm of the gentleman leant a young creature, deeply vailed, who sank wearily on a chair, but kept her hand fast in her husband's.

They were in deep mourning, and I learned from the first few words that passed that they wore it for the father of the gentleman.

THE THEINKIRCHE, AT PRAGUE.—SEE PAGE 439.

THE STOLEN DEEDS.—THE LAWYER'S DEATHBED.—SEE PAGE 439.

"I am sorry to intrude upon you at a time when business must be fatiguing," said the stranger; "but the affair is of too much importance to me and mine to admit of delay.

Mr. Tredgold's reply was snappishly spoken.

"I can't understand why you come to me at all," said he. "I am your brother's solicitor, Mr. John, not yours."

"Not mine!" repeated the young man. "You speak as if I contemplated a suit for the restoration of my rights; but you are mistaken. It is not a litigious spirit that actuates me, but the necessity of providing for those dependent upon me."

"Ah, I dare say," said the lawyer, indifferently; "if I may presume so far, I should advise you to see your brother, and try to make terms with him."

The gentleman bit his lip.

"You bandy me from pillar to post!" he exclaimed. "I have been to my brother, and received his assurance that he has nothing to do with it—that his affairs are entirely in your hands. Now I hasten to you, and am mocked with a similar tale. And yet—what do I ask?"

"A tolerable slice of your brother's property, is it not?" sneered the lawyer.

The lady pressed the hand she held, with an entreating whisper, and her husband paused a moment ere he replied.

"No, Mr. Tredgold," said he, "I do not demand any part of Richard's rightful inheritance; he is my elder, and I grudge him nothing the law of primogeniture bestows; but he is well aware—and I believe you are also cognizant of it—that the little fortune of my mother was invested for my benefit, and I demand the writings concerning that investment."

"Your proofs, sir, your proofs," said Mr. Tredgold, shrugging his shoulders.

"What proofs can my brother require of me?" demanded the young man. "Had he not long known our father's intentions?"

"Pshaw!" said the lawyer, rudely; "this goes for nothing. The late Mr. Norris left no will, and who can prove that he contemplated such a division of his property?"

"Is my word as a gentleman——" commenced the young man, but the raised hand of the invalid checked him.

"My good sir," said he, "the law will not recognize your unsupported assertions."

"But I saw those papers," was the vehement reply—"saw them in his possession a few days previous to his decease."

"Well, and if so, where are they?" asked the lawyer. "Can you affirm that they are in existence? Is it not probable that your father, of sound mind and body up to a few hours before his unexpected demise, destroyed them himself?"

Mr. John Norris shook his head incredulously, and stood deep in thought, while my master turned uneasily on his pillow, and the lady's deep sigh evinced her strong though silent interest.

"It is impossible!" cried the young man. "My poor father knew so well how little kindness we should receive from Richard that he would not leave us penniless. I say 'we,' Mr. Tredgold, for my young sisters have no other home than mine, and if Richard persists in withholding my father's gift, we are penniless."

His voice trembled with emotion, and his wife pressed closer to his side.

"This is nothing to me," murmured Mr. Tredgold; "it does not concern me to know this."

"It concerns you so far as this," was the prompt reply; "I have with much difficulty extorted from my brother an avowal that he has intrusted to you all my father's papers, and that it is from you I must seek those I claim."

He waited breathlessly for an answer, whilst Mr. Tredgold changed his position deliberately.

"I can look them over if you wish it," said he. "I have no objection to going over them again; but as told you before, unless you can bring proofs that such writings are in

THE STOLEN DEEDS.—"IS IT A GHOST?"

existence, your case, Mr. John, is really not worth carrying on."

"But may I depend upon your forwarding them immediately?" inquired Mr. John, eagerly; "you will not leave me in suspense a moment, will you?"

"They are not found yet," said the lawyer, with a smile so crafty that it drew a passionate exclamation from the wronged man, who, now galled beyond endurance, scrupled not to call Mr. Tredgold and his brother a pair of designing villains.

The excitement of this scene was too much for Mr. Tredgold, who, calling for wine, querulously requested his visitors to depart.

"I am not your legal adviser," he said, with a feeble effort to raise himself, and shaking his shriveled hand at them; "you know you never liked—you never tolerated me. It was through your influence with your father that he refused me his countenance when it would have been valuable. Take your scruples and your honesty elsewhere; you are nothing to me. Nurse! nurse, I say, come here, you hag! will you let me lie here and die?"

While I was busy about the fainting man, the disappointed couple turned to depart, and I heard the husband say:

"You must acknowledge now that I was right, dear Jane; I will, however, make one more effort to arouse Richard's better spirit, although, I fear—— Ah, love, if it were not for you and the orphan girls who lean upon us——"

The voice died away as they left the chamber, and I grieved at my master's requiring all my care, for I longed to follow them, and to whisper a comforting word to the poor young lady, who, it was evident to my experience, would so soon be a mother, that she was wholly unfit for the agitation of such an interview.

After some time, Mr. Tredgold becoming calmer, I proceeded downstairs for something or other, I forget what, but on reaching the hall I found the servant parleying with another gentleman, who, from his likeness to our preceding visitor, I should have guessed to be Mr. Richard Norris, if the woman had not accosted him by that name.

Disregarding my assurances that my master was too ill to see him—that he must call on to-morrow, and so on, he rudely pushed me aside, and ascended the stairs. When I followed him into Mr. Tredgold's chamber, he was arousing the drowsy man with angry exclamations.

"You have deceived me—sold me, Tredgold! I know that my brother has been here—closeted with you for an hour. You are cruelly deceiving me!"

"Bah!" said my master, peevishly; "are you always watching and suspecting? Suppose he has been here, what then?"

"You were not compelled to admit him," retorted the other. "Who knows what admissions he has drawn from you?"

"Am I a fool?" demanded Mr. Tredgold. "Would it be to my best interest to further your brother's views?"

Mr. Norris gazed at him searchingly, but he met the scrutiny without flinching. He made an attempt at apologising, which was heard in silence, and I hoped that the unwelcome guest would now take his departure; but, drawing a chair close to the bed, he desired me to withdraw.

"No, no," exclaimed Mr. Tredgold, "I cannot do without her! I am not fit to be left without her assistance! Besides, she is deaf."

He had imbibed this belief from the silence with which I passed over the oaths and bitter speeches I hated to hear, and had no other way of repressing.

"Not fit to be left!" repeated Mr. Norris, with sudden interest. "You do seem rather queer."

"Worse than you think for, worse than you think for," cried my master, piteously. "I am ill—very ill. If you had seen my sufferings an hour ago—they were dreadful, dreadful!"

The visitor swayed backward and forward in his chair, and asked, carelessly:

"Do you think you shall get over it, eh?"

"Yes—no," was the hesitating answer. "How can I tell? Do I look very bad?"

Mr. Norris nodded, and the sufferer writhed and moaned at this confirmation of his worst fears.

"So very ill as you really are, Tredgold," said Mr. Norris, drawing closer to the bed, "wouldn't it be wise to hand those writings over to me? If anything happens to you, we don't know whose busy fingers may be at work; there is no harm in making sure."

"No harm at all," replied my master, quietly.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Norris, with a satisfied air; "and they would be as safe with me——"

"Perhaps safer," interposed the lawyer; "they might now meet the doom from which I rescued them before; once on the fire—eh, Norris? Look you," suddenly changing his jeering tone to one of passionate contempt, "while I live you shall never have them! I know you too well to trust you. Frown and stamp as you will, I have your secret, and intend to hold it."

"I thought you knew me better," said Mr. Norris, controlling his anger with an effort. "I am quite satisfied for them to remain in your care; but if anything should occur——"

"For old acquaintance sake they shall be restored to you, Norris," said Mr. Tredgold; "nay, to ease your mind still more, as soon as you hear the welcome news you can fetch them. They lie in the drawer of a bureau in the adjoining closet."

His voice was now so faint with exhaustion that Mr. Norris had to stoop forward to catch his words.

"But the key, the key!" said he. "Rouse up, friend; you have not told me where to find the key."

With an effort Mr. Tredgold drew a bunch of keys from beneath his pillow, and held up one of peculiar make, immediately restoring them to their hiding-place, with a distrustful look at his visitor, who rose, in compliance with my broad hint that I only waited his going to administer my patient's nightly composing draught.

"Well then, I'll be off," said Mr. Norris. "Good-by, old fellow!—you'll be all right again in a few days."

Mr. Norris extended his hand, but my master did not appear to perceive it, as he significantly asked, "Are you satisfied with me?"

There was a pause—a hesitating "Yes."

"And with yourself?" was the next query.

"Why do you ask?" exclaimed Mr. Norris; "I do not comprehend you. No one knows better than yourself how completely this course has been forced upon me. With my affairs so fearfully involved, what could I do?" he asked, now fairly working himself into another angry fit. "Why do you turn round on me in this manner? Have you not been my adviser? It was a most unjust thing for my father to contemplate. Am I not his heir? What on earth should make you espouse John's cause, unless——"

He looked suspiciously at my master, who, in a sudden burst of passion, called him "a fool! a weak, credulous fool!" and bade him go, lest he should be tempted into the course he was suspected of pursuing; but Mr. Norris still lingered, bent on justifying himself to his companion in wickedness.

"John is younger than I am," he continued; "better able to earn his living; and with his education is sure to do well. And as for the girls, I fully intended, as I told you before, to act handsomely by them; but they have taunted me with John's excellencies and John's wrongs, till a saint must have quarreled with them."

"I wish you would leave me," moaned Mr. Tredgold. "You have worn me out; I feel so much worse."

"I can't go," Mr. Norris replied, moodily; "but I should like to have your word that you will not part with those papers to any one but myself."

"I promise," was the almost inaudible reply.

With this assurance he departed, flinging me a shilling as he went, and as the door closed my master beckoned me to him.

"Nurse," he said, "don't let that man—don't let either of them—come here again; or if they force their way in, don't leave me alone with them. They hate me, and might rob and murder me. Do you hear what I say?"

It was long ere my promises calmed him; and I bitterly reproached myself for permitting these scenes, as I heard the half delirious mutterings of the sick man, who long wrestled with the stupifying effect of the opiate, so strongly was his mind impressed with the strange fears he had conjured up.

I am not more superstitious than most women of my age and station, but uneasy sensations crept over me as I sat with my fingers in the grasp of my charge, on whose pinched and ghastly features an awful change was gradually stealing. A thought of summoning the servant once crossed me, but I knew she had been drinking freely, and would be peevish and troublesome, so I kept my place by the bed, listening to the noise of the rats, which made a home behind the wainscot, and the hollow sighing of the wind in the wide chimney, till my limbs were cramped, and I could have fancied a faint breathing mingled with my own, and that low sighs burst from other lips than the livid ones I was moistening. At last Mr. Tredgold seemed to doze; and gladly changing my position, I drew a chair to the fire, where I sat warming my chilled feet and musing on the events of the day, until fatigue overpowered me and I fell asleep.

The room was in darkness when some slight noise aroused me, and, shivering and yawning, I endeavored to renew the fire, and remembered where I had left burning the lamp we ordinarily used.

It was on a small table near the foot of the bed, and wondering at myself for leaving it in so unusual a place, and murmuring half aloud my surprise that it had gone out although so carefully filled, I was proceeding to relight it, when Mr. Tredgold called me—so strangely, so sharply, that, hastily putting it down, I ran to know what ailed him.

The bright flame of the wood I had heaped in the grate enabled me to discern that he was trembling violently, and that his face was distorted with terror. He childishly clung to me, entreating that "I would send it away. For God's sake to send it away!"

"Nonsense!" I answered, lightly; "you have been dreaming, sir; there is nothing to send away."

"Nothing!" he repeated, pointing to the opposite side of his couch. "Do you call that nothing? Speak to it, woman, I dare not!"

Following the direction of his glaring eyes, I saw with unspeakable alarm that a dark figure really stood there, half hidden by the folds of the dingy curtains. It neither moved nor spoke; and I had not courage to approach or accost it, for all the presence of mind I generally boasted had forsaken me; but Mr. Tredgold broke the terrible silence.

"A light, nurse—a light!" he cried. "It is getting dark, darker; must I die with this dreadful presence about me, unseen?—make haste, make haste!"

I strove to obey, and, without turning my back, was slowly retreating toward the place where I had left the lamp, when the object of our terror suddenly sprang toward me, and catching a momentary glimpse of a white face with glistening eyes and arms extended as if to seize me, I fled from the chamber, loudly crying for help as I went.

Hurriedly groping my way down the broad staircase, I reached the hall, stumbling at every step, and defeating my endeavors to get out of the house by the frantic manner in which I shook the complicated fastenings of the heavy door. When I was almost in despair, the chain fell, and I was in the act of stepping across the threshold, when a hand upon my shoulder, a breath upon my cheek, deprived me of the little sense remaining, and I fell insensible on the floor.

The night wind blew freshly in my face, and a wondering policeman leant over me when I recovered. To his question, I could only give confused answers, and beg him to accompany me to my master's room, for I dared not return alone.

We found Mr. Tredgold unhurt, but so near death that, after making, with the policeman's assistance, that careful search of the premises I considered to be prudent, I awakened the grumbling servant, and made her remain with me until my charge passed away. It happened soon after dawn, but so silently, that it was not possible to ascertain the exact moment life fled.

As soon as Mr. Tredgold's death was known, Mr. Norris came, and slipping a sovereign into my hand, reminded me of the deceased's promise respecting some papers in the third drawer of a desk in the adjoining closet. He was prepared to increase the bribe if he found me as unscrupulous as himself; and I certainly hesitated, though not from the motives he suspected.

Knowing what I did, I felt unwilling to give up the papers. But how refuse? I was an ignorant woman, with no one to counsel me, for the lawyer had died without a will, and no relations appeared to claim his property, or follow him to his grave.

While I stood, endeavoring to put my objections into shape, Mr. Norris thrust another gold coin upon me, and seizing the keys I had unwillingly produced, led the way to the inner chamber or closet, and opened the old-fashioned bureau, its sole piece of furniture.

The third drawer proved to be empty. Then, after a long search through dusty, worm-eaten documents, ending in disappointment, he turned furiously upon me, and denounced me as a thief. This, of course, I indignantly denied, but it was not until he had plied me with bribes, threats, and entreaties, that, becoming convinced of my innocence, he cursed the memory of the dead, expressing his conviction that Mr. Tredgold had actually sold the missing papers to his brother John in the very hour he had vowed to hold them safely as long as he lived.

This I could have contradicted, but was too well pleased at his loss. I often wondered if my ghostly visitor was connected with it, but as I was discharged directly after the funeral, and the house shut up, I heard no further tidings of the lawyer's clients.

About two years after this occurrence, a medical gentleman, who knew me well, recommended me to fill the place of one of our sisterhood, who had been compelled to leave it suddenly by illness. I learned that my patient was a young lady, rejoicing in the birth of a healthy daughter, and progressing so favorably that my services were scarcely necessary; but her family were more than commonly anxious about her, from the fact that her first infant had been born prematurely, and her life endangered for some weeks.

It was evening when I reached their pretty villa at Dulwich, and the lady, fatigued with the effort of leaving her room for the first time, was already in bed and asleep. But her husband's pretty young sisters graciously received me, and I had been introduced to the most charming babe in the world, and installed in the lady's chamber for some time, when she awoke and drowsily asked for some tea.

Filling up a cup from the teapot before the fire, I stepped

quietly toward the bed; but, ere I reached it, the invalid started up with a cry of surprise and alarm, while I, equally startled, dropped the cup, and stood speechlessly staring at her, for there I beheld the white face and glittering eyes of the apparition at Mr. Tredgold's.

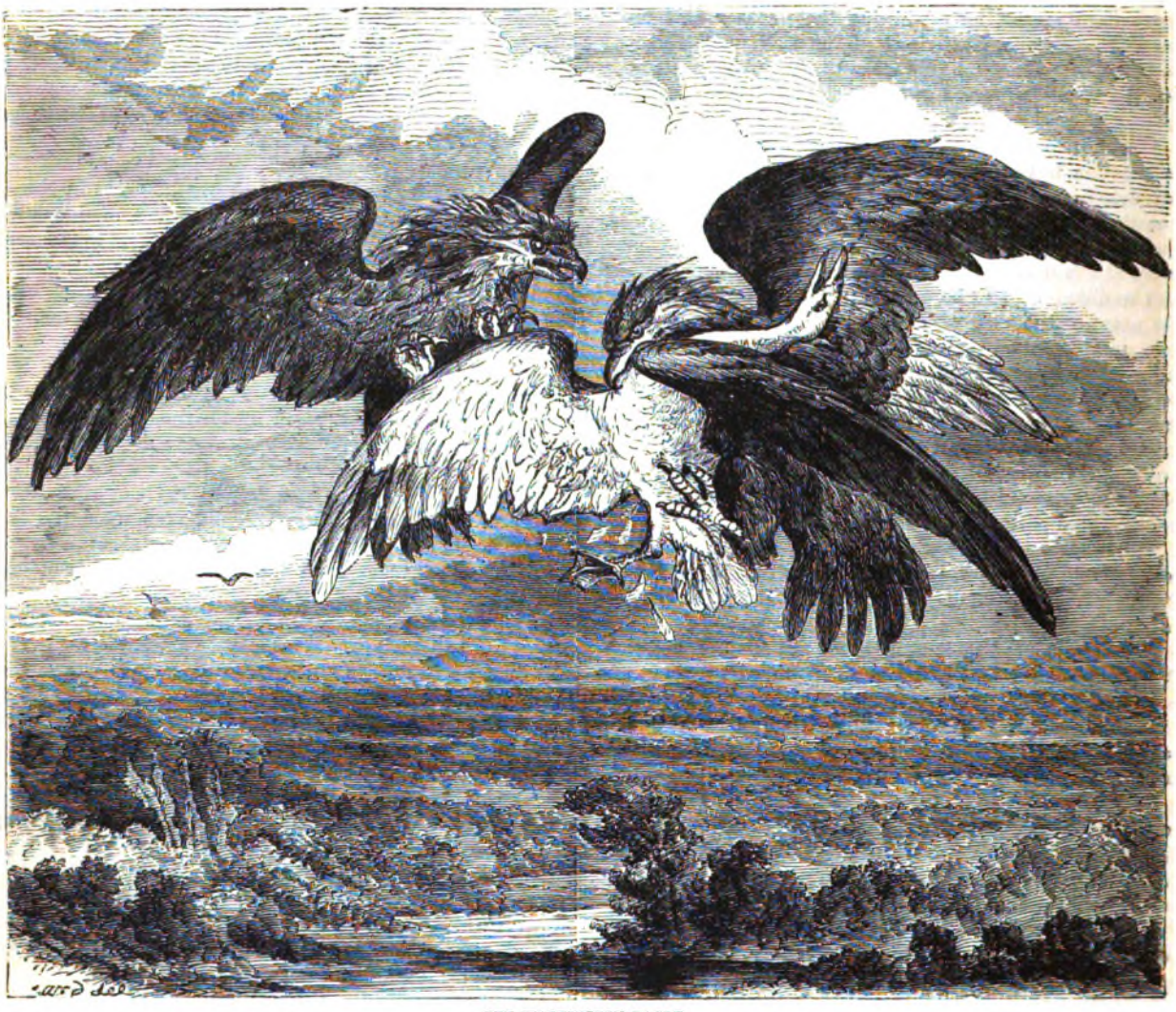
"I know you," she gasped; "you are the nurse. Oh, don't betray me! don't tell any one! It has never been known—never suspected; you will not tell, good nurse, kind nurse, will you?"

"If you don't lie down and be calm," I replied, "you will compel me to call for assistance. I have no wish to repeat anything you want to conceal; besides, I know nothing, or at least——"

"As we descended the stairs together, I begged him to let me go back and try a woman's pleadings with the cruel lawyer; I knew that an old grudge steeled his heart against John; but to me he could have no personal antipathy.

"It was a faint hope, nurse—a very faint one; but I prevailed upon him to depart without me, promising not to attempt the journey home alone, but to pass the night at the house of a friend in an adjoining street.

"With an inward prayer I returned to Mr. Tredgold's chamber, but he was too ill and you too busy to notice my entrance. I quietly stepped round to the other side of the bed, and seated myself in a low chair at the head, where the heavy curtains concealed me from a casual observer.



THE WASHINGTON EAGLE.

"You know enough to make you wonder at me," she said, hurriedly. "Let me tell you all about it."

"When you are stronger," I said, soothingly. "If I do feel a little curious, I can wait till then."

"No, no!" she cried; "I must tell you now. It will not harm me half as much as to lie here and watch you as you move about, and fancy you are thinking worse of me than I deserve. Fasten the door and sit close to me, nurse, so that I can whisper to you.

"You remember my coming to Mr. Tredgold's that day, don't you, and how my poor husband begged for his own? I saw your pitying looks when we left the room, and have often thought of you since; but then I was troubled for my poor John—deeply troubled; for anxiety was preying upon him, and I feared he would be goaded into madness.

"Here I sat endeavoring to compose myself, and to frame such appealing words as should invoke his sympathy; and as soon as your retreating footsteps gave me the desired opportunity I arose, but the invalid was sinking into a slumber, from which pity for his sufferings made me hesitate to arouse him.

"While I lingered, my husband's bad, heartless brother burst noisily into the room, and shrinking back to my hiding-place, I listened with sinking spirits, and with Mr. Tredgold's final promise to Richard, lost all hope of returning home the delighted possessor of those papers.

"For some time after his departure I sat half stupified. It seemed vain to struggle against such wickedness; and I began to think that there was nothing to be done, but let the stream carry us where it would. But oh, nurse, I did so

dread going home :—to see the dear faces there eagerly seeking consolation from mine, and to know that there was not the faintest chance of recovering our rights. Again and again I debated the possibility of making use of what I had overheard, but, alas! how vague it was!

"Then, as the night deepened, and the difficulty of departing, unquestioned, pressed on me, came the temptation to remain till nurse and patient slept, and possess myself of the documents. At first the deed seemed too desperate; but the remembrance of my husband's inevitable ruin nerved me to look upon it as feasible. After all, it was but taking what they were not justified in withholding; and the danger of detection—what was that compared with the anguish of witnessing John's dreadful struggle with the poverty already creeping upon us!

"Perhaps, nurse, my brain was somewhat excited just then; indeed, it must have been, for I often wonder now that I summoned up a false courage, and keeping the thought of home steadily before me, waited till the moment arrived for the attempt.

"I tremble and pant now as I recall the brushing of your garments against me as you arranged the sick man's pillows, the long watch by his side; and when, at last, both slept, the uneasy movement of the dying, as, breathlessly, I slipped my hand beneath his pillow, and possessed myself of the keys!

"Again I feel the guilty awe with which I kept my face toward you as I seized the lamp and stole to the closet where I knew the papers lay. But with them in my bosom, thief as I felt myself to be, the worst was over, and lightly and quickly I returned to Mr. Tredgold's side to replace the keys where I found them.

"Too hastily closing the door, my lamp was extinguished. This was a real trouble, involving, as it did, my departure in darkness; but I succeeded in groping my way back to Mr. Tredgold's pillow, although in the agitation of the moment I must have replaced the keys more carelessly than I supposed, for he awoke, perceived the dim outline of my shrinking figure as the firelight played across it, and I stood paralysed with fear.

"Nurse, you know the rest. Seized with a frantic dread that you would recognize and denounce me; perhaps call in others, and imprison me as a guilty creature, I sprang forward to implore your pity and confess the motives and extent of my sin. But you remember how wildly you fled, and I vainly sought to form my parched lips into sounds that should check your hasty footsteps, until, the door being reached, and my hand laid on your shoulder entreatingly, you sank (poor nurse!) insensible at my feet.

"Afraid to delay, I hurried into the street, and seeking the nearest cab-stand, was soon in the arms of my husband, and comparatively safe. In the joy of receiving the papers, and the alarm evoked by finding me ill, he asked but few questions, and to this day believes that my importunities won them from Mr. Tredgold.

"I have never revealed the truth to any one. I cannot; and until we were so strangely brought together this evening, good nurse, I hoped it would remain undiscovered. But you'll never tell, will you? If you knew how often and how fearfully the memory of that night comes back, and how I lay wrestling with the nervous fever that followed the loss of my baby! But you will keep the secret as long as I live, nurse, won't you?"

I gave the required promise, and kept the secret for several years; but death has since dissolved the promise.

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PRUDENCE is a necessary ingredient in all the virtues, without which they degenerate into folly and excess.

## THE WASHINGTON EAGLE; Or, ÆRIAL GARROTERS.

THIS noble bird is the especial property of J. J. Audubon, by right of discovery. He says: "The name I have chosen for this new species of eagle, 'The Bird of Washington,' may by some be considered as preposterous and unfit, but as it is indisputably the noblest kind of its genus that has yet been discovered in the United States, I trust I shall be allowed to honor it with the name of one yet nobler, who was the savior of his country, and whose name will ever be dear to it. To those who may be curious to know my reasons, I can only say, that as the New World gave me birth and liberty, the great man who insured its independence is next my heart. He had a nobility of mind and a generosity of soul such as are seldom possessed. He was brave, so is the eagle; like it, too, he was the terror of his foes, and his fame, extending from pole to pole, resembles the majestic soarings of the mightiest of the feathered tribe. If America has cause to be proud of her Washington, so has she cause to be proud of her great eagle."

It is to be regretted that this bird, rather than the bald-headed eagle, was not chosen as the emblem of our country. It is not found elsewhere than in the United States, and is a rare kind everywhere. Its habits are very much like those of the bald eagle, for the young of which it is often mistaken. Like that bird, it is rather slow of wing. It is a popular mistake to suppose that those birds which have the longest wings are the swiftest of flight. The great buzzard, for example, with a spread of wings that measures six feet four inches, is the slowest flyer among American birds, and the golden eagle, though he sustains himself long upon the wing, has a tardy, clumsy motion, that alone would never enable him to overtake his prey. The tactics of these birds are somewhat different from those of the hawks, which chase or run down their prey, as grayhounds do. Rather, like the panther, they lurk about in concealed places, and at the approach of their prey, soar to an immense height, from which they *swoop* down, shutting their wings against their body, and literally falling upon their victim. It is supposed that the rustling noise made by the wind passing through the long terminal feathers of their wings and tail in their descent terrifies their prey and renders it unable to exert itself to escape.

They have other means also of obtaining game; they rob the fish-hawk of his hard-earned fare, and sometimes deign to go mousing with the owl.

The Washington eagle has a scheme for entrapping his prey, which I do not know is shared by any other of his genus. For this he needs the assistance of his mate.

From their aeries in the rocks their preternaturally keen sense of vision discerns, far, far away in the distance, a dark spot rising against the sky in the extreme horizon. It is a mere mote, a speck in the illimitable atmosphere, but well they know its meaning and character, well they know the rapid sustained flight of the smaller of our two American species of wild swans, the Trumpeter. With a harsh cry, the male spreads his ample wings, and, with measured and laborious flight, seeks the upper air, where he is lost to sight.

Soon, however, the distant shape painted upon the horizon's verge mounts upward, and grows more distinct, and becomes a line with a black point at its extremity representing the head and neck of the bird, with a heavy body and triangular wings that seem appendages to the prolonged point in front.

It will not take long for the swan to pass, for the *cygnus buccinator* is so swift of wing that it is reckoned by the best authorities that it flies at the rate of one hundred miles or more an hour.

Rapidly approaching as it is, however, the Washington

eagle awaits until it is nearly up to the rock wherein she sits before making her attack. At the right moment, with a succession of screams harsher than those of the male, she rises in the air and confronts her victim. The affrighted swan wavers in its flight, and, confounded by so terrible and sudden an apparition, endeavors to escape by doubling and circling, trusting to its strong and swift wings to baffle its enemy. And this it would probably be able to do, but that the other eagle, from the unseen heights to which it had attained, with its longer range of vision, takes note of all that is transpiring, and, falling like a thunderbolt, darts upon its prey, and soon ends its struggles for liberty or life.

It is said these eagles only mate once in their lifetime, and, like the bald eagle, are ever faithful to the memory of their dead nest-mates.

It has been held by some pseudo, closet naturalists, that the Washington eagle is a myth of Mr. J. J. Audubon's invention, but any one who has had the good fortune to see the living, or the dead bird either, would need no further confutation of the conceited statement that our distinguished American ornithologist had mistaken the young of the bald eagle for a new species. Let those who have a greater practical knowledge of the subject presume to criticise the acumen or motives of Mr. Audubon.

## SILK IN THE UNITED STATES.

More than one-half of the silk products consumed in this country during the year that has just closed were of native manufacture. The fact is probably a surprise to most people, and may well draw attention to a branch of industry which, within a decade and a half, has made astonishing progress.

Repeated attempts to found silk factories in the United States had been prosecuted with skill and capital, but these, for the most part, proved unremunerative up to the outbreak of the civil war and the high tariff regime which followed. The necessity of importing the raw material was a disadvantage, but the relative high price of labor seemed to present a more insuperable obstacle to the success of the undertaking, A larger proportion of handiwork was, and still is, indispensable in twisting and weaving silk than in other textile industries. Much of this, undoubtedly, may be done by women, but they could rarely be hired for less than $1 a day, or ten times the sum paid to silk throwers in China, and from three to five times the stipend of female operatives in Italy and Southern France.

American ingenuity, however, had contrived to measurably neutralize these drawbacks by improved mechanical appliances. Before 1840 Nathan Rixford patented a silk reel of his own invention, which was a material advance on the Piedmont instrument. A number of these reels were soon afterward sent to China, and although their introduction was attended with some difficulty, the desired change was at length effected, and Shanghai and Canton silk, rereeled by Rixford's process, is now regularly consigned to manufacturers in the United States. A more decisive improvement on European apparatus is presented by the so-called throwing machines built at Paterson, New Jersey, it being, of course, understood that the technical word comprehends the various processes of winding, cleansing, doubling, twisting, rewinding and reeling the raw silk. The adoption of this and other ingenious inventions has enabled American manufacturers, under the tariff of 1865, to offset the excessive cost of labor, and compete successfully with foreign fabrics. Thus, their demand for raw silk twenty years ago fell short of $1,000,000, whereas this country at that date paid more than $30,000,000 for the products of Chinese and European looms. By 1875, however, their consumption of the crude material had nearly quintupled, while the importation of manufactured silks had shrunk to less than $24,000,000. The aggregate value of the silk fabrics produced in the United States during the last year is computed at $27,000,000, of which a fraction was actually exported. We may add that, although our manufacturers are working under a tariff of sixty per cent. ad valorem, yet, owing to the strong competition at home, the price of certain goods, for example, dress silks, ribbons, and sewing silks, was never so low as now.

The market for the last-named product is mainly controlled by domestic manufactures. Our sewing silks and machine twists are considered in some respects superior to the foreign article, and we may mention that the substitution of spools for skeins was started in this country. It may be, however, that the remarkable evenness and freedom from kinks secured by stretching machines—an American invention—are offset by a certain loss of strength and elasticity. The Italian staple rarely needs artificial correction of this sort, but its high cost substantially prohibits its employment in our twist factories. The relative excellence of American twists and sewing silks seems to be generally acknowledged, since, during the last four years, they have been exported in increasing quantities. Ribbons and millinery silks likewise constitute important features of this industry, their combined annual valuation exceeding $7,000,000. What is more noteworthy, because an exceptional amount of handwork is required in the production, the demand for braid and fringes is largely supplied by native fabrics. Even gros grains have lately been made with profit, but it must be said in general that for broad goods and the heavy grades of dress silks the outlook of American manufactures is not favorable.

When we consider its beginnings and impediments, the present state of our silk industry may well appear remarkable. It gives employment to 18,000 operatives, two-thirds of whom are women. It represents an invested capital of $18,000,000, of which a fifth is credited to New York, somewhat more to Connecticut, and a third to the City of Paterson, N. J., which, in a modest way, might be called the Lyons of America. The town was recommended by its water facilities, and, being already the seat of factories, could offer in the wives and children of its operatives the precise quality of labor requisite in silk works at a minimum rate of wages. Among other manufacturing centres may be named South Manchester and Mansfield, in Connecticut, the latter place being intimately associated with the history of American silk culture.

Silk culture, indeed, should not be wholly overlooked, although in the Atlantic States it has ceased to engage much attention. Yet it long held a much larger place in the hopes of English settlers than the cotton crop, and James I. studiously endeavored to supplant tobacco by the mulberry-tree. The growth of the white mulberry and the breeding of silk-worms in Virginia were encouraged by large premiums; and about the middle of the seventeenth century a member of the House of Burgesses said he had 70,000 mulberry-trees on his estate. The cocoons, however, proved so much less profitable than tobacco, that their production rapidly declined, although it was no infrequent occurrence down to the time of the Revolution, for a delegate to the Colonial Assembly, or a great lady appearing at a Colonial Governor's reception, to wear garments woven of native silk.

During the eighteenth century, Georgia and South Carolina made conspicuous progress in silk culture, the export of the raw material to England in 1759 having exceeded 10,000 pounds from the former colony alone. In quality the staple seems to have been equal or superior to the Italian, and it is recorded that Mrs. Pinckney, a lady of Charleston, took with her to London some admirable silk which she had grown and raised on her estate, and presented dresses woven

of it to the dowager Princess of Wales and to Lord Chesterfield.

With the development of cotton planting which followed the Revolutionary war, silk culture disappeared in the Southern States, but it was subsequently revived in Connecticut, and carried on with considerable spirit during a part of the present century. In the town of Mansfield, for instance, between the years 1820 and 1830, the silk growers are said to have received, mainly in barter, about $50,000 per annum.

The production of cocoons in the United States culminated with the *Morus multicaulis* mania, having attained the astonishing valuation of $1,400,000, or almost one-third of the sum invested in material by our factories the past year. Those figures will be appreciated when we remember that our total crop of raw silk in 1875 was not worth $100,000. Yet the climate of certain States, and especially of California, is admirably adapted to the white mulberry tree and to the finer species of silkworms; and nothing hinders our production of a staple far stronger and whiter than the Chinese but the want of cheap labor. In China or Japan a good reeler will run off from the cocoon a pound and a half or two pounds of silk in a week, and be satisfied with 8 or 10 cents a day. In California the same workman would demand $1. Whether it is possible to contrive a machine which can be intrusted with the manipulation of so frail a thing as a silk cocoon is one of the most important problems propounded to American invention.

## THE WEALTH OF BRAZIL.

All intelligent travelers who have visited Brazil speak in the most glowing terms of the country, Professor Agassiz regarded it as the most productive and interesting country on the globe.

Some who have sailed up the Amazon declare that a vessel can be loaded with Brazil nuts at an expense of only a few cents per bushel. These constitute a valuable article of commerce, while the oil extracted from them is very desirable. All the tropical fruits are produced in Brazil almost without cultivation. The soil in many parts of the country will produce twenty successive crops of cotton, tobacco, or sugar cane, without the application of manure.

No country in the world approaches the land of Dom Pedro in the variety of its forest productions. Professor Agassiz states that he saw 117 different kinds of valuable woods that were cut from a piece of land not half a mile square. They represented almost every variety of color, and many of them were capable of receiving a high polish. One tree furnishes wax that is used for candles; another a pith that is used for food; and still another yields a juice which is used in the place of intoxicating liquor. There is a single variety of palm from which the natives obtain food, drink, clothing, bedding, cordage, fishing-tackle, medicine, and the material they manufacture into dwellings, weapons, harpoons and musical instruments.

Doubtless the day is not distant when the valuable woods of Brazil will be used for various useful and ornamental purposes. Brazil is not only "a wooden country," but a country that produces the most beautiful woods in the world.

## THE AGE OF A PYRAMID.

Modern scholarship seems destined to win its most signal triumphs through the application of a careful scientific method to its researches into the past history of our race. It multiplies its aids, extends the range of its evidences, and, by looking far beyond the field of the old chroniclers, is at last able to correct their discrepancies. Where the records of earth are at variance, it consults the unerring stars, and fixes the chronology of events more wisely than the historian who wrote only a few generations after their occurrence. The German astronomer, Hansen, was one of the first to determine the day and hour of an ancient battle by calculating the eclipse of the sun which occurred at the same time; and now the French Egyptologists, profiting by the remarkable astronomical knowledge of the old Egyptians, are applying the same methods of verification, with wonderful success, to the hierogylphic records.

At the meeting of the French Academy of Inscriptions, on the 7th of April, M. de Sauley read a paper in regard to a discovery by the scholar Chabas, which for the first time introduces a positive date into the oldest Egyptian history. Hitherto the distinguished Egyptologist, M. de Rougé, has only succeeded in establishing three dates with absolute certainty—the years 1300, 1240, and 962 B. C., the last of these being that of the taking of Jerusalem by Sheshonk I., the Shishak of the Bible. But two or three months ago M. Chabas was fortunate enough to succeed in reading a doubtful *cartouche* (royal name enclosed in an oval figure) in the famous Ebers papyrus, a fac-simile of which was published last year. It proved to be the name of the Pharaoh, Menkeres, the Mycernius of the Greek historians, and the builder of the third or smallest pyramid at Gizeh. Attached to the *cartouche* was an astronomical note, stating that the heliacal rising of the star Sothis occurred in the ninth year of the reign of Menkeres.

The ancient Egyptians had the habit of signalizing important political events by some contemporaneous astronomical phenomenon. Many of the latter could scarcely be identified or determined now; but, since we know that their Sothis is our star Sirius, we are easily able to fix the rare periods of the heliacal rising. This is the astronomical term used when a star, after being in conjunction with the sun and invisible, emerges from the light sufficiently to be seen just before sunrise. M. Chabas immediately took his discovery to the astronomer Biot, who made the necessary calculations, whence it appears that the heliacal rising of Sothis, in the ninth year of the reign of Menkeres, must have taken place between the years 3007 and 3010 B. C. M. de Sauley stated that he had made the calculation independently, and with precisely the same result; he was entirely convinced of the correctness of the date. As the first assured step toward establishing, if only in its general outlines, the chronology of the ancient Egyptian empire, this discovery is of incalculable importance. It fixes the age of the third pyramid of Gizeh at about 4880 years, and antedates by fully 1770 years the earliest accurately ascertained point in ancient chronology.

These detached epochs are like so many solid piers in the flood of Time, and, though still too far apart to be bridged, they furnish secure resting-places for the historian. It is not too much to expect, that when the aid of astronomy is called to the investigation of the Assyrian as well as the Egyptian records, we may restore the chronological charts of both empires from the silent testimony of the heavens.

Grape-Seed Oil.—Grape-seed oil is said to be used for burning in Italy; it is extracted principally in Modena. In the Levant and parts of Germany the pips or seeds have long been utilized for this purpose. From 30 pounds of seed 3 quarts of oil may be obtained, or about 18 per cent. The seeds of white grapes are less rich in oil than those of black grapes, and those from old vines yield less oil than the seeds from young vines. Those from Roussillon, Aude, and Herault vines give 2 per cent. more oil than those from Bordeaux. The oil is of a golden yellow, and loses about one-fourth in purifying.

## DAY AND NIGHT.

By Amanda T. Jones.

One eve my Margery and I
Sat watching—blissfully alone—
The splendor creeping down the sky,
The darkness climbing to its throne.

The sun was somewhere in the West:
We knew it by the jets of light
That leaped against the evening's breast:
But he was sunken out of sight.

And as we marked the gleams that gave
To twilight transient hues of dawn,
The Night, that painter pale and grave,
Brushed out the lines that Day had drawn.

On lake and landscape, cloud and sky,
With violet shades blurred all the parts:
Until we felt—my love and I—
An evening in our very hearts.

And so I said—her hand in mine.
Her head against my shoulder laid—
"Wise nature oft inscribes some sign,
Which, to interpret, makes afraid.

"While sunlight, Margery, always fair,
Is symbol, sweet, of what thou art,
This hour, that darkens all the air,
Portrays my own sad counterpart.

"Day dies with the approach of night;
Thus do I read the fateful sign—
Thy life, with its transcendant light,
Will perish, if 'tis linked with mine."

Straightway she answered, while a glance
Of radiant meaning lit her eye,
"The shades of life its lights enhance,
And I, for love of thee, would die.

"Yet Day dies not; but being drawn
Beyond itself (so love is given),
Makes for the night a silver dawn,
And gains a twilight glimpse of Heaven!"

## SAMOAN AND CHINOOK HEAD-FLATTENING.

The Samoan mother lies on her couch of mats, with her head supported by a piece of bamboo about three inches in diameter, and standing on four short legs, and nurse is there engaged in the strange occupation of chewing cocoa-nut, and afterward straining it through a shred of rag. But where is baby? Guided by its mother's eyes, you discover, lying by the wall, three smooth, flat stones, arranged something like the brick-bat trap contrived by European juveniles for the snaring of birds, and beyond this your astonished eyes are greeted by the sight of a naked little black body and a pair of chubby legs, quite hearty and promising, and much more lively than one might expect of legs belonging to a head hidden under a heap of stones.

It is, however, not a case of infanticide; the stones form but the customary cap worn for a season by the Samoan baby, and to the end that its head may be of a 'good shape.' It may suit some folks very well to be content with just whatever shaped cranium nature may please to assign them, but the Samoan is not so easily pleased; his notion of a perfect head is one that is flat from the forehead to the crown. As soon as the child is born, it is at once laid on its back, and the top and sides of its head are walled in with stones, heavy enough to impede the development of the skull. This necessitates some other than the natural mode of feeding, and so we come at the mystery of the nurse and the cocoa-nut chewing. For the first three days the infant was fed with the juice of the chewed kernel of the cocoa-nut, expressed through a piece of native cloth, and dropped into the mouth. On the third day a woman of the sacred craft was sent for to examine the mother's milk. A little was put into a cup with water and two heated stones, and then examined. If it had the slightest curdled appearance, she pronounced it bitter and poisonous. This process she repeated two or three times a day for several days, until it was drawn off free from coagulation, and then she pronounced it sweet and wholesome, and the child was forthwith permitted to partake of its proper nourishment.

The Samoans are not the only savage nation that seek to improve the shape of their heads by purely artificial means. The Chinooks of our northwest coast also flatten their children's heads. The child is placed on a board, to which it is lashed with strong thongs. The back of the head is supported by a pillow of moss or rabbit-skins, and an inclined piece of wood is so placed over the forehead that, being fastened with cords and tightly pressed down, it gradually flattens the head to the required shape. This bandage is so fastened that it is attended with very little torture to the unconscious infant—the pressure being very slight at first, but it is gradually increased. The length of time required to complete the flattening operation is from five to eight months. During this time the infant is never taken out; the bandages are repeatedly removed for the purpose of cleansing, but the head and the shoulders are carefully kept in one position. When the infant requires the breast, the outer end of the lever that comes over the nose is loosened, and the cradle, occupant and all, is lifted up and turned aside, so that the infant may come to the breast without disengaging itself, or disturbing the arrangement.

SAMOAN AND CHINOOK HEAD-FLATTENING.

THE PUZZLED VILLAGE DOCTOR.

# A WOMAN'S WAR.

By the Author of "Repented at Leisure," "Lady Gwendoline's Dream," "Redeemed by Love," Etc., Etc.

## Chapter XLII.

(Continued.)

Margarita took out the great rolls of paper, then the numerous jewel-cases, laying them carefully on the floor, then the rolls of bank-notes and bags of gold. She placed them all on the floor. Her trembling hands held the will at last, and another great gasping sigh came from her lips.

"The Last Will and Testament of Bernard, Baron of Rylestone."

She took it out of the safe, and crouched down on the floor that she might read it by the taper's dim light.

She read on, and presently the dawn of a great horror came into her eyes, her face growing livid in its anguish. She knew the secret of the will at last. She read that the vast fortune—the fortune which would have enabled Allan to live at Walton Court, and to have held his own with the magnates of the land—would have been his if he had married Adelaide Cameron. She was so stunned, so dazed, so bewildered, that at first she did not, she could not, think. She could only read and re-read those fatal words; and then, with a sudden impulse of passionate despair, she flung the will into the depths of the iron safe, and crouched with her face in her hands on the floor.

How long she lay there she did not know; life, hope, love, were all over for her; the bitterness of death was on her. She knew the secret at last, and it burnt her heart, it distressed her soul, it gave her tortures of which as yet she had never even dreamed.

She knew now what Allan's love for her had cost him. She understood all the mystery—why he so seldom spoke to her of Miss Cameron, and what they meant by speaking as they had of the will. She saw that she had come between him and his fortune—that through his love for her he was in poverty and exile. In her anguish and despair she took a morbid view of everything. She forgot how dearly he loved her, and that his love made his life bright and happy. She only remembered that if he had never seen her he would never have lost his fortune.

She had always dreaded standing in his light, and now she found out that she had done so. She remembered how Adelaide loved him, and she believed that she had been like a curse to him, that she had dragged him down from the height on which he should stand.

She was jealous, despairing, half mad; she forgot that he prayed for her love as he would never pray for anything else; she only remembered his sorrow on the day that he came to tell her his story. She fancied she could see it all now. He had asked her to be his wife, and because he was a man of honor he would not go back from his word; but she did not doubt now that, if he could have freed himself from his promise, he would have done so, and would have married Lord Rylestone's heiress.

As she lay there, bewildered, half mad with the smart of her pain, the only wish that came to her was for death.

"If I might but die!" she moaned.

It was a hard trial for a sensitive woman to bear. She

had meant her love to crown him—to make his whole life bright. She had given him her proud young beauty, her fair womanhood, her passionate love; and these gifts, which she had intended to crown him, had simply plunged him into the depths.

"He must hate me," she said to herself; "although he is too noble and generous to show it, he must hate me, for I have clouded his life with poverty, I have stood between him and fortune. The best thing for me would be to die and set him free. If I were dead, he could marry her, and then the evil would be undone. Oh, my love, I have ruined you! I have ruined you," she repeated, and then words seemed to fail her—the over-wrought brain grew confused, the over-strained nerves relaxed.

She was unconscious for some minutes, and then a strange light flashed over her and she heard strange sounds. She raised her head, and saw Mr. Beale and Mrs. Grame standing looking at her.

"You crafty thief!" cried the housekeeper. "So, this is what you wanted my lady's keys for! I mistrusted you from the first."

Mr. Beale took Margarita by the arm, but he started back when she raised her face to his; it was the face of a woman dazed by some terrible grief—not that of a thief caught in the very act of plunder. If she had had the copy of the will in her hands—if it had been anywhere near—perhaps he might have had some faint glimmer of the truth; but she had flung it back, and there was nothing near her but jewel-cases and money.

"What can have possessed you to do this," cried Mr. Beale, "you most unhappy woman."

Bewildered and dazed as she was, she saw it all. They thought that she was stealing—that she was there for the purpose of taking the miserable money!

Should she clear herself? Should she tell them not to dare to touch her, for she whom they believed to be a thief was Lord Rylestone's wife? Should she tell them that she was there for no other purpose than to read the will? Should she tell them to fetch Miss Cameron, and then, when the girl who preferred honor even to love stood before her, should she tell who she was, what she had done, and why she had done it?

She shrank back with a shuddering cry; she could not look into Miss Cameron's fair, pure face and tell her sorrow. No; she had injured Allan enough—she had done him harm enough—she had deprived him of a noble fortune and a high-born, lovely wife. She would not disgrace him. They might suspect her of theft if they would; they might accuse her, and do as they would with her; but she would never clear herself by using his name. Perhaps she might be thrown into prison and there die. Let it be so; death—her death—would clear a way for him to fortune.

"Let me reap as I have sown—let me suffer for my sins," she said, and, still crouching before those witnesses, she vowed to herself that she would not clear herself by so much as one word. It was the very insanity of despair—the very madness of self-abnegation.

"Thank Heaven she is found out!" said Mrs. Grame. "This woman came here in disguise months ago—came to peer about the place and lay her plans. Ask her if she can deny that she came here under the false pretense of wishing to see the place."

"Do you deny this?" asked Mr. Beale.

He never forgot the awful pallor of that face raised to his.

"I do not deny it," she replied.

"Because she cannot," said Mrs. Grame. "I tell you, sir, she came here for a bad purpose; she knows it—she does not offer to deny it. The night before last she tried to get my lady's keys, but I baffled her—last night for a time she baffled me. I am quite sure that she came here to steal my lady's jewels—see, she has them!"

Margarita raised her head with a sudden passion that almost startled them.

"I did not come here to steal," she said, slowly. "I do not deny that I came into the house for a purpose of my own. It was not to steal. I am not a thief."

"If you had no wish to steal," asked Mr. Beale, "why have you obtained possession of Miss Cameron's keys—why have you opened the safe? What are you doing here at this hour of the night with these bank-notes and all this gold about you?"

"I never intended to take them," she said, wearily.

"That is a lame story. Where a person is caught in the very act of crime such a defence is useless. If you did not intend to take them, why did you open the safe?

He saw the indignant flush die from her face, and the startled horror return.

"Answer me," he said. "If you did not want the jewels, why have you come down like a thief in the night to the safe?"

"I have nothing to say," she moaned—"I have no answer to give."

"Look at her," cried Mrs. Grame—"see how she is dressed, so that no one should see or hear her. I watched her. When she crept down here, I crept after her; when she thought she had locked the library-door, I looked in and saw her at the safe. While she emptied it I fetched you, sir. Mercy or pity in her case would be out of place."

"Have I ever done you any harm?" asked Margarita, raising her despairing face.

"Yes, you have," was the reply; "you duped me—you made me the victim of your fraud."

"You are pitiless," said Margarita.

"Yes, to such as you—you, who have stolen into the house, and have deceived my mistress—you, who have won her confidence only to injure her—you, who would steal her money and her jewels if you could. I am pitiless to such as you, who plan and manœuvre and deceive."

"Let me see Miss Cameron," said Margarita.

"No," refused Mr. Beale, "you shall not see her. You have deceived her quite enough—you shall not impose on her again. I take it upon myself to refuse you all access to Miss Cameron. I shall give you in charge for attempting a robbery. Mrs. Grame, we will not have these things touched; we will have a detective here the first thing in the morning, and he shall see for himself."

She made no effort to stop them. She asked for no pity, no compassion, no mercy. She fell with her face on the ground, and lay there motionless and still.

"Has she fainted?" asked Mr. Beale.

"Not wishing to be too hard upon her, I should say, sir, it does not matter whether she has or not, after using my mistress so."

"But we must have common humanity," observed Mr. Beale; and he went back to Margarita. "I—I hope you are not ill?" he said.

She did not raise her face.

"I wish I were dead," she replied—"I wish I were dead!"

"Come away, sir," requested Mrs. Grame; "this woman can act any part; and they went, leaving her to her despair.

Through the remaining hours of the night she lay crouching there, fighting over and over again the battle in her own mind. Should she own who she was? Should she tell all to Miss Cameron, or should she let them punish her as they would?

"They would not believe me," she said to herself. "Let the worst come, I will not hold up my finger to save myself."

All the jealousy, the bitterness, that had lain dormant in her heart rose into active life now; and with it there came sullen defiance—angry gloom.

"They may say what they will—do what they will—but I will utter no word."

Meanwhile Mr. Beale and Mrs. Grame discussed what, under all the circumstances, it was best to do.

"Don't you go near my lady, sir," said the housekeeper; "she is young, and easily imposed upon. She would be for letting this woman go free. It would not be just. She would let her go, and say nothing. She must be punished. Take my advice, sir—lock the door, and send Gregson off early in the morning, and give her in charge."

The housekeeper's advice was taken; the library-door was locked, and early in the cold bleak dawn of the September morning Mr. Beale sent to Lutdale for a detective.

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### Chapter XLIII.

IT was not quite light when Mr. Beale opened the library-door and showed the detective into the room. He was a hard-faced man, who had grown callous and indifferent because for long years he had seen only the worst side of life; but even he, accustomed as he was to sin and misery of all kind, looked with something like compassion on the prostrate figure of the beautiful woman.

"It is all play-acting," said Mrs. Grame; "do not let yourself be imposed upon, Mr. Beale."

But John Boyns did not think it was "play-acting"; he had seen a great deal, but he had never witnessed anything like the despair in the drooping face before him. Margarita never looked at him; she did not even appear to listen when her accuser told her story of how she had been caught there, how she had introduced herself into the house under false pretences, how she had stealthily taken possession of Miss Cameron's keys, and how she had been discovered at the safe with the jewels and money all round her.

"I am afraid it looks like a plant," said Mr. Boyns, regretfully. "Was anything found in her possession?"

"Not perhaps positively in her possession; she had them all here on the floor."

"That is a point in her favor," observed the man.

Mr. Beale stepped forward.

"I give this woman in charge," he said, "for obtaining illegal possession of Miss Cameron's keys, and for attempting to steal. I will go with you to Mr. Layston's," he continued. "I will order a closed carriage; there is no need for making more parade than we are obliged."

And then he turned to the despairing woman.

"Miss Avenel," he said, "I am very sorry this has happened. I hope it will prove a lesson to you. You must pause in your career. I am grieved to think that you have chosen a bad instead of a good one. You must go before a magistrate and answer for what you have done."

"That is not the face of a thief," remarked the detective, involuntarily, as the white, despairing, death-like features met his gaze. He was accustomed to such scenes, but his practised eyes detected no trace of guilt in Margarita's face.

"That remains to be seen," said Mr. Beale; and then, turning to the housekeeper, he added, "Mrs. Grame, you are an important witness. You must go with us."

For the first time, the white lips moved.

"Will you let me see Miss Cameron?" she asked, in a faint low voice. Then, looking up at the detective, she asked, "What will they do to me?" Will they send me out of the country?"

"No—the case is not so bad as that," he replied, wondering at the half-admission of her guilt.

"I wish they would," she murmured; and in her heart she thought the next best thing to death would be exile for her.

"We had better be going," said John Boyns; and again she turned to Mr. Beale, her dark eyes so full of persuasion and piteous pleading that he looked hastily away.

"Will you let me see Miss Cameron?" she again asked.

"No," he replied, "I will not. It would only pain her, and could do no possible good."

And then Mrs. Grame came back to say that the carriage was at the door.

"You will have the good sense to go quietly with us, Miss Avenel, I am sure," said Mr. Beale.

She looked up at him with dim, dazed eyes, as if she did not perfectly understand, and the detective made a step towards her. He put out his hand, as though he would touch her arm; and the glance she gave him made him quickly withdraw it again.

"Do not touch me!" she cried.

"All right!" he said. "I have no such thought if you will come quietly. Is the lady to go as she is?" he added, turning to Mr. Beale. And then for a few moments they stopped and looked at her.

The long black dress that she had chosen for its safety fell in graceful folds around her, her face was marble white, her dark hair, all unfastened, fell like a vail around her, her dark eyes were full of untold sorrow and untold fear. They never forgot her as she stood before them then.

"Will it make any difference," she asked, in a low voice, "if I swear that I had no thought—Heaven pardon those who have misjudged me!—of stealing?"

"It will make no difference," replied Mr. Beale; "appearances are against you."

Something of half-scornful defiance flashed in the dark beauty of Lady Rylestone's face.

"I might clear myself," she said. "A few words would shame you out of your false and wicked judgment. Those words I will not speak. You have found me here, and have chosen to believe that I must be here for the sake of stealing. The time will come when you will know no greater shame than this—that you have misjudged me."

Mr. Beale could not tell how it was, but the calm, strange words made him uncomfortable.

"If you can clear yourself by a few words," he said, "speak them—let me hear them."

"I will not," she returned, "because you have called me thief."

"All play-acting," said Mrs. Grame. "It will not impose upon a magistrate; it does not impose upon me."

John Boyns turned an impatient face to her; he was inclined to believe the beautiful woman who seemed to him more desperate than wicked.

"The lady cannot go in that fashion," he said. "Get her a bonnet and a shawl. Yours are womanly hands, fit to touch her; fasten up that long hair of hers—she looks as though she were dazed with grief, or bewildered in some strange way."

She stood mute and passive while the housekeeper did as she was told—fastened up the long hair, and put on her bonnet and cloak. She shrank a little when the unkindly hands touched her, and then she said to herself, "What does it matter? If I could only die, so that I might no longer stand in my husband's light!"

The terrible secret she knew at last. It had closed round her heart like a burning fire; it had destroyed the sweet life with all its hopes, love, and fair promise; it had hardened her into stone. No matter what happened now, nothing could restore her happiness to her. There was a kind of

half-savage satisfaction in suffering and humiliation — a something that seemed to appease her.

She uttered no word when Mr. Beale said something about the carriage waiting; but with her beautiful white face she looked more like an accusing spirit than did those who had undertaken to punish her.

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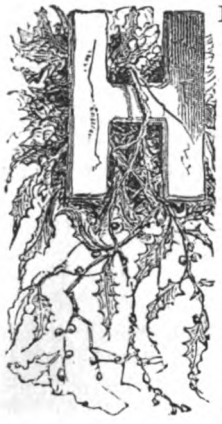
### Chapter XLIV.



HENRY LAYSTON, Esq., was an intelligent county magistrate. He never sent a child to prison for gathering a flower, but, if a man ill-treated his unfortunate wife, Mr. Layston knew how to punish him for it. The county papers had nothing but praise for him—they called him a wise and upright magistrate. It was to Layston Park that Mr. Beale, with the detective, his prisoner, and the witness, drove in the cold, clear September morning, which had dawned with a gray mist.

He had chosen a closed carriage, that Miss Avenel might be spared the shame of exposure as much as possible. It was all lost trouble. To outward appearance she was dead to all care for her character and fair name. The minutes and hours as they passed only plunged her into deeper grief; the longer she dwelt upon that terrible secret the more awful it became—the more she believed herself to have been the bane of her husband's life.

If she could only slip quietly out of the world! "I will not take my own life," she said to herself; "it would be base and cowardly—it would be wicked. I will not die a coward; but if I could slip quietly out of the world—if I could go somewhere where no one would know me, see me, or notice me!"

In her strained, morbid train of thought Lady Rylestone began to imagine that her husband would be relieved if he were never to see or hear of her again.

Through the gray September mist she and her companions drove in silence.

When Mr. Layston looked at her, he started back in amazement at the cold, dark loveliness of the once brilliant face—it was more like a mask than a face.

"They shall not see my heart bleed," she said to herself, "these, my foes, who have hunted me down."

She was taken to the magistrate's room, in Mr. Layston's own house.

"Of what is this lady accused?" asked that gentleman; and the answer startled him as her cold, impassive beauty had done.

"It is not the face of a thief," he thought to himself. "Whoever says so judges wrongfully. The woman is half mad with some great sorrow."

Opposite the table where she stood was a tall window of stained glass. The sun shone through it now, and made the white hands crimson. He saw her rub them as though they were stained with blood—rub them with a frightened expression—and again he said to himself:

"She is mad with some great sorrow."

And then he took his seat, and the official investigation began. He listened to the charge—listened to the witnesses—and saw how entirely indifferent she appeared.

"She does not feel it," he thought; "neither the shame nor the sorrow that follows the detection of crime."

Mrs. Grame told her story—and a telling one it was against the prisoner—how she had come first in disguise under the pretence of seeing the Court — how she had returned again as Miss Cameron's companion—how she had manœuvred to get the keys, and how, suspecting and mistrusting her, she had watched her, and caught her in the act of plundering.

The magistrate's voice was full of pity as he asked the prisoner had she anything to say. The dark dazed eyes were raised slowly to his face, and she answered, "No."

Then Mr. Beale told his story, and it was against her. Again the kindly pitying voice asked her had she nothing to say — no explanation to give — and the answer again was "No."

John Boyns revealed her half-admission of her own guilt, but the magistrate was shrewder than any of the three arrayed against her.

"It is sorrow, not crime," he said to himself. "I know not what led her to the safe, but I am quite sure she did not wish to steal from it, although she was found with the jewels and money on the floor. If she goes to prison, there will be no justice in the land," he thought.

"Was anything found in her possession?" he inquired.

"No."

"Was anything missing from the safe?"

"No."

And then the magistrate conversed for some little time with Mr. Beale. He told the lawyer his opinion that there was some mystery about the case, and that Miss Avenel had some other design in doing what she had done. He looked up suddenly.

"What is kept there," he asked, "besides jewels and money?"

"Documents of all kinds—private papers belonging to the Rylestone family."

"Then you may rely upon it," said the magistrate, "that it was something of that kind she wanted to see. If she had only cared to steal jewels or money, she has had many opportunities."

"But who is she?" cried Mr. Beale, startled by this new view of the case. "What can she want to see the Rylestone papers for?"

"That I cannot explain. Every family has its own secrets. I can form no idea of what she wanted to see; but I will stake my professional judgment and reputation that I am right—it was papers and not jewels that brought her to the Court."

Mr. Beale looked anxious. Still, think, ponder as he would, no idea of the real truth, or even of anything approaching to it, ever dawned across him.

Mr. Layston was shrewd enough to see something else. Miss Avenel apparently did not care what happened to her—she would not mind however severe the sentence might be that he passed upon her—she would not care if he acquitted her. He spoke in an undertone to Mr. Beale.

"I think we must take everything into consideration," he said. "She has stolen nothing—nothing has been found upon her—nothing has been missed. As a matter of course, after losing her situation and her character, the ruin of her worldly prospects must follow; and that, I think, will be punishment sufficient. Whatever wrong may have been contemplated, none was actually done; but the social ruin that will follow is certain. I think the justice of the case will be met if the prisoner be discharged."

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### Chapter XLV.

Miss Avenel was discharged. The charge of theft was withdrawn. The magistrate, looking into the white drawn face, spoke a few words of kindly caution to her; she did not hear or heed them. She was free to go where she would; the freedom was of no use to her. The cruel accusation that had darkened her life was withdrawn; the

withdrawal gave her no satisfaction. She was like a woman changed to stone.

Mr. Layston, if he had followed his own impulse, would have detained her in his house—would have soothed and calmed her, and have won from her the story of her grief; but propriety forbade all such kindness. He could only repeat, looking at the white face and wide-open frightened eyes:

"You are free to go wheresoever you will, Miss Avenel. You should thank Mr. Beale for his leniency. He would not press the charge."

He saw that it was quite useless speaking. She did not in the least comprehend. Mr. Beale went up to her. The dark eyes looked at him but did not see him.

"I am truly sorry, Miss Avenel," he said, "that you placed yourself, by your own folly, in this terrible position. I hope what has passed this morning will prove a lesson to you. You would like to return to Walton Court, and get everything belonging to you? You will not think of living there again?"

Return to where she had suffered? Go back to the place where the will lay with its secret—back to the home of the husband she had disgraced? No, never! She would die a hundred deaths first. She would go far away. She would go where never a familiar face was to be seen—into the world of strangers. She looked at the lawyer. Keen and shrewd as he was, he seemed to become insignificant as the beautiful face, with its calm expression of despair, was turned toward him.

"You have charged me with theft," she said. "I told you I was innocent. I swore to you that I was not guilty. You would not believe me. You have done that which will cloud my whole life and darken it. I will hold no communication with you, I will speak no further with you; but I pray Heaven to judge you as you have judged me."

Her voice was calm and passionless, but there was something in the tone which thrilled the very hearts of those present.

Mr. Beale held up his hand with a warning gesture.

"Hush!" he said. "These are terrible words. I have acted for the best—I have done what I thought right."

She did not repeat them. Mrs. Grame turned to her.

"I will attend to all your things," she said. "If you do not like to return to the Court, I will have them all prepared, and send them to you."

Margarita made no reply, but her dark eyes lingered for half a minute on the housekeeper's face, leaving in that estimable lady's mind a conviction that she was not considered of the least importance, and then Miss Cameron's companion turned away.

Mr. Layston spoke to her—she did not hear or heed. The door was opened, and she went slowly out. They watched her with an uncomfortable feeling.

"It is hard for her if we have been mistaken," said Mr. Beale.

"How could any one be mistaken who saw her at the safe?" asked Mrs. Grame, indignantly. "She is guilty enough, but she has more effrontery than most people."

In silence Margarita walked out of the house, and, as she passed over the threshold, she said to herself:

"This is my tomb. Here I have left my youth, my love, my hope, my fair name—here the best part of me has been killed."

She went on through the park without any definite idea as to where she was going. She was beginning to lose the power of connecting her thoughts. The one idea that haunted her was that after this disgrace Lord Rylestone could never own her as his wife.

"I have brought it all upon myself," she said; "but I was acting for him."

The sun was shining now in its full noontide splendor; great clusters of blackberries were on the hedges; the Autumn morning was fair and pleasant, but she walked through it without glancing around her. Once she did wonder whither she was going—whither her uncertain, trembling footsteps would lead her; she could not tell. Never would she return to Walton Court, where the beautiful heiress lived who had her husband's money, and who loved him—never would she return there again.

She would walk on, she said to herself, until, from sheer fatigue, she fell and could walk no further. So she proceeded along through the highroad and over the fields, past quiet little homesteads where the rooks were cawing in the trees, and the gleaners were busy in the cornfields; and as she walked, the burning pain that seemed to hold her head like an iron crown, grew worse. Presently a red mist came before her eyes; there was a murmur as of rushing waters in her ears; and then she turned aside from the highroad into a green lane that in Summer was filled with wild roses and woodbine. She never remembered very clearly what followed. The earth and sky seemed to meet. She caught at the trunk of a tree, and tried to steady herself, and then she gave a great frightened cry—the shadows of evening were falling, she was all alone, and death seemed so near—a cry that pierced the silence, and then she fell with her face hidden in a heap of fallen Autumn leaves.

* * * * * * *

When the lawyer and Mrs. Grame returned to the court, dire tribulation awaited them. Miss Cameron was standing up, very pale, proud, and stately. Mr. Beale told the young heiress what he had done, and she overwhelmed him with reproaches. It was in vain that he unlocked the library-door, and showed her the valuable contents of the safe on the ground—she would not hear one word against her companion. She broke out into a most generous defence of Margarita, and then added:

"I am sorry to speak harshly to you, Mr. Beale," she said; "but I consider you have taken an unwarrantable liberty. You have presumed upon what you believe to be my inexperience."

"But, my dear young lady," cried the lawyer, eagerly.

"Sir!" interrupted Miss Cameron.

"I beg your pardon, my dear Miss Cameron. Pray listen to reason. That young woman was deceiving you."

"I do not believe it," said Adelaide.

"Her coming here was only a scheme—a plan to rob you."

"I do not believe it," repeated the heiress, scornfully. "I would rather trust to my womanly instinct than to all the lawyers and detectives in the world; and my instinct tells me that as regards Miss Avenel you have made some terrible mistake."

"What mistake could I make when I saw her myself on her knees here, the safe opened with the keys she had taken from you, and the jewel-cases, money, and other things spread round her? How could I be mistaken when I saw that?"

"I cannot tell how, but I know you are wrong. I love Miss Avenel. I cannot tell what she was doing at the safe—I do not understand why she went there; but I am quite certain it was with no thought of robbing me. You are a poor judge of character, Mr. Beale, if you think Miss Avenel would steal. Anything romantic would suit her highly-strung temperament; but, as to robbery, you might as well accuse a butterfly of drawing a plow."

"What else could I have done when I saw her at the safe?" he asked, humbly.

"You should have sent for me," said the young heiress, with a burst of pride. "I am mistress here. I have heard

all you have to say, and my answer is that I will stake my life that you are wrong, and Miss Avenel is innocent. Again—even if it were not so, even if she had robbed me of all I valued most, I would have spared her because I love her." And the generous heart beat with anger, the sweet voice thrilled with passion. "I love her," continued Miss Cameron. "What should you, who have spent your life amongst law-books, know of such women? They are beyond your comprehension—grand, passionate, noble women, who could not live in the narrow grooves you would assign them."

"My dear Miss Cameron, you are too severe. Answer me one question satisfactorily, and I will own that I am wrong. What was she doing at the safe?"

"I do not know—I do not really care. I only repeat and affirm that she was doing nothing wrong. And, Mr. Beale, I think you took a liberty in acting as you have done without asking my consent."

"I merely tried to save you from being imposed on," he returned. "If you are angry, I am sorry for it. I thought that I was doing my duty."

"I am sure, madame," interposed Mrs. Grame, "you were being robbed—imposed upon—and no one can say how it would have ended. I do not think your life would have been safe."

"That is enough, Mrs. Grame," said Adelaide, with a scornful laugh. "I shall not easily forgive you for what you have done. You also have taken a very great liberty."

"Very well, my lady, since it pleases you to say so, I submit humbly. I am sorry that you should be angry with me. I have served you faithfully and well. My only fault is that I could not stand by in silence to see you robbed."

The pain in the voice and in the quivering old face touched Adelaide. She could not be angry with her faithful old servant, whose only fault was that she had been over-zealous.

"I forgive you," she said; "but you must never repeat the offence."

"I hope never to have the chance," she replied, leaving Miss Cameron's presence with much show of dignity.

"You were both blind—worse than mad—to treat Miss Avenel in that fashion," resumed Miss Cameron, after the housekeeper's departure. "I must have all possible amends made to her."

But the opportunity for that never came. Day by day and night by night Miss Cameron waited for tidings of Miss Avenel; she made all inquiries, longing for her return; but to the house whence she had been driven as a criminal Margarita Rylestone returned no more.

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## Chapter XLVI.

THE exile was over, the two years had passed, and Lord Rylestone stood once more on English soil. How long that journey over the sea had seemed to him! There were whole days when he never left the deck of the ship, feeling inclined to count the minutes as they passed by, blessing each one because it brought him nearer to her whom his soul loved best.

He smiled to himself as he wondered how he had borne parting from her. It was over now, thank Heaven—there would be no more parting for them. From the beautiful dark-eyed wife, with her face of wondrous Southern loveliness, he should never absent himself again. He knew she was well and happy—her letter said so; but of late he had fancied there was something more sad than usual in them, a pathetic undercurrent he could not tell of what. It would be all over soon. His dark-eyed darling, who was so unwilling to part with him, who was so troubled at losing him, would be all his own soon. He remembered the flower-wreathed window and the darkly beautiful, tender face that smiled at him from it. There would be no flowers on his return; they would be dead, and the long bare stalks would be drooping. But the longed-for face would be there—the red lips with their radiant smile, the dark eyes with their passion of welcome.

How slowly the vessel seemed to make her way! If he could but fly to Margarita—if he could but cleave through the air and find himself by her side! He gave a great, longing sigh, and then controlled himself and thought of the window where Margarita's face, bright as a star, would be awaiting him.

He telegraphed to Marpeth as soon as he landed, "I am in London, and shall be with you in twelve hours."

He knew that was best; it would give her time to prepare for him—to get all ready; above all, she would remember his parting words, and she would be there by the window to greet him.

How did he control his impatience? The Earl of Barton laughed at him; the porters, servants, railway officials—every one with whom he came in contact—thought he was desperately hurried. His strong frame trembled, his hands burned, his whole soul seemed swept by a fiery tide of longing impatience. He tried to calm the fever of his longing, but he was so near home, how could he help it?

He was in the train at last, and the train had started for Marpeth. Steam was powerful and quick, but not so powerful as the passionate love of his passionate heart—not so quick as his fast-flying thoughts. The express seemed to him to crawl. His darling would be standing at the window waiting for him. He pictured the tender curves of the lovely lips, the fire in the dark eyes, the dusky coils of shining hair; he saw her grand in her perfect womanhood; and then he started to find himself weeping like a child, and thanking Heaven that he had been spared to see her again. He heard the porter crying "Marpeth!" and before the train had stopped he was out on the platform. No, she was not there. He had wondered if she would come, half hoping she would not, for he had fixed his whole heart on seeing her at the window.

The afternoon was drawing to a close; there was a soft, tremulous mist that grew colder as the night advanced. The air was bleak, the sky gray, save where in the dark blue a few stars were seen. Lord Rylestone walked home, leaving directions for his luggage to be sent after him—walked through the chilly, silvery mist, looking at the bare trees as he passed—walked with rapid steps, thinking only of his wife.

There was the well-known spire, there were the green lanes that he had seen a thousand times in his dreams, and there was the home where his darling was waiting for him. He stood for a few moments by the little gate, and the big brave man, who was beginning to make for himself a better name even than the one he had inherited, grew faint and sick with the intensity of his own joy. He raised his head reverently.

"I thank Heaven for its goodness!" he said; and then, opening the gate, he entered the grounds.

Margarita did not come hastening to meet him and to greet him, light and swift as a bird, because he had asked her to be at the window, and he knew she would be there.

"Patience!" he said to his beating heart. In one more minute he would see the window—see her. He knew the path; and then, as a pilgrim who had journeyed hundreds of weary miles, he raised his eyes to the window—those

loving, eager eyes that pierced the chill November mist, that would almost pierce the clouds if she were beyond them. A sharp cry of pain and fear came from his lips. She was not there!

The shock of the disappointment made him grow faint. He seemed to lose sight and hearing.

"My darling," he cried, stretching out his hands to the empty window—"where is she?"

A foreboding that had in it the bitterness of death came to him, and then he roused himself, and went forward quietly. He rapped loudly at the door, a warm sweet hope flushing his face and making his heart beat.

She would open it, beautiful dark-eyed Margarita! No—it was opened slowly by some woman who looked hesitatingly out into the night. Lord Rylestone recognised her as one of the servants who had been there when he left home, and at the same moment the girl recognised him.

"Mr. Estcourt!" she exclaimed. "I am very sorry, sir. I did not know you at first."

"But you expected me?" he interrogated.

"No, sir," she replied, holding the door open for him to pass, "I did not expect you; but I am glad you are come."

He was standing in the hall then, looking round with a blanched face and trembling lips. There was no Margarita—no wife. He spoke slowly.

"Where is your mistress?" he asked; and the girl raised a frightened face to his.

"Do you not know, sir?" she said. "My mistress is not here. She went away very soon after you left home, and she has never returned."

He did not cry out. A great dumb passionate sorrow seemed to have overtaken him. There was a chair near, and he sat down upon it, echoing the words slowly:

"She went away soon after I did, and she has never returned. How can that be? I have received letters from her from here—Marpeth. What do you mean?"

He spoke in a strange gasping fashion; he was bewildered. And then the girl told him all—how her mistress had found the place dull, and had gone with some friends to the seaside.

"What friends?" he asked, brusquely.

Ellen Smith did not know. She told him how all his letters had been forwarded to the General Post-office, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London; how Mrs. Estcourt every month had sent them money for all expenses; how she always spoke of returning early in November—and he listened like one in a dread.

"I was getting very anxious and unhappy," continued Ellen. "It is six weeks since my mistress wrote or sent anything. The other servant who was left with me would not stay any longer. She said she was quite sure that all was not right. I would not go."

He did not know what to say to her. He had not the faintest clue to account for Margarita's conduct. He was bewildered, and the girl looked at him with a pitying face.

"You expected to find my mistress at home, sir?" she said. "She may come to-morrow. She knows of course when you were to return?"

"Yes," he replied; "she knew the day and the hour." And then he asked about the telegram, and the girl brought it to him.

"I took it in, sir," she said, "but I did not open it."

He tore it into shreds, the telegram that he had hoped would fill Margarita's heart with joy—tore it, and trampled it under his feet—and then he sat still, as one stunned by some terrible blow. He did not know how long he had been there when Ellen returned and said to him:

"Will you come into the drawing-room, sir? I have lit the fire and the lamps."

He followed her into the pretty room, where he had spent such happy hours with Margarita. A low cry of intense pain came from his lips. As his eyes fell on the familiar objects he trembled like one seized with a deadly chill. Silently and thoughtfully the girl brought refreshments, and set them before him. He could not touch them. He poured out some brandy and drank it.

"Will you bring me all the letters that you have received since your mistress went away?" he asked.

In a few minutes the girl returned, bringing a small bundle of Margarita's letters in her hand. She laid them down by his side.

"I hope, sir," she said, wistfully, "that there is nothing the matter?"

Even in that hour of bewilderment and pain he was careful of her reputation.

"No," he said, trying to speak cheerfully. "There must have been some mistake—and by reading these letters I may find it out."

Ellen went away, leaving him with the letters in his hands.

He read them carefully, but they did not contain the least clue to the mystery. The only source of comfort was, that in them he recognized a great love of home. The directions given to the servants were minute, and he noted that they often had reference to himself—everything that he prized must be attended to; and the letters of the latest dates all referred to her coming home, and to what was to be prepared. Evidently, in her mind, there was not the least intention of staying away. Nevertheless there was no mention of where she was staying or what she was doing. An intense love of home was revealed on every page, but the only allusion to herself was:

"Send any letters that may arrive, as usual, to the General Post-office, London, and be careful to post the enclosed."

Lord Rylestone sat puzzled, bewildered, almost inclined to think that he must be in some dreadful dream. He called Ellen in, and made her repeat every word that had been said over and over again.

He was as hopelessly in the dark as ever. Whither or why his wife had gone away was incomprehensible to him; he could not even ever so faintly account for it. He did not know what to do. He opened his pocket-book and took out the letters that she had written to him. Not one of them contained the name of a third person; they were filled with loving words to himself, and with earnest prayers for his return, but not one word hinted at her leaving home—yet few of them had been written at home.

She had deceived him! He could not deny that; he avowed it to himself with deepest pain. She had purposely and wilfully misled him; she had written those letters purporting to be sent from home, and she had not told him that she intended being absent.

What was he to think? Why had she gone? He thanked Heaven afterward that no doubt as to her fidelity had ever occurred to him. Her absence was a terrible mystery, but it would some time or other be solved. Perhaps she had not felt quite sure about the date of his return; it might be that she would be there on the morrow.

"Margarita," he said to himself, softly—he wanted to hear the sound of her name—"Margarita, where are you?"

The wind sighed and the bare branches rustled. There came no other answer. The chill of the November mist seemed to enter his soul. He sat all night in the drawing-room, saying to himself that she would come on the morrow—that she would surely come.

But that morrow, and many others, came and went without bringing any news of her—without bringing either word or letter. Nor, try as he would for information, could he

obtain more than this, that shortly after he left home his wife was absent two days. She then returned, it appeared, and made preparations for a longer absence, carefully concealing from every one whither she was going, and not even trusting her servants with her address. He could discover no more than that. He knew that she had no relatives, no friends, and he could not imagine where she was. She seemed to be well; her letters were firmly and plainly written. He waited day after day until he grew sick at heart; but no news came of her.

"I shall go mad," he thought, "if this lasts much longer." He had grown thin and pale, and had dark shadows round his eyes from long and weary watching.

He went to London, and he found, from inquiries that he made, that his last letter was lying unclaimed. He grew seriously alarmed; if Margarita were living and well, nothing would have prevented her from sending for that letter. A thrill of keenest anguish shot through his heart. What could have happened to her? It must be some serious accident or death.

People who met Lord Rylestone during those two days in London, hardly recognized him; the handsome face had changed as a blight changes a flower. He went twice to Mr. Beale's office, but that worthy lawyer was absent. He was at a loss what to do—what steps to take in order to learn something of his lost wife. He had sent advertisements to all the leading daily journals; they did not bring him a reply. While he was debating within himself what to do, a letter was forwarded to him from his club, and it proved to be from Miss Cameron. She asked him to go over to Walton, if only for a day, as there was something wrong about John Leech's lease.

That letter seemed to rouse him as from a dream. He had forgotten Walton Court, Adelaide, and all else in his absorbing distress about his wife. He decided to go; and he said to himself that, if he could find an opportunity, he would tell his story to Adelaide, and ask her advice.

He went. It was almost the last day of November when he reached the Court, whither he had hoped to take Margarita as his wife. Miss Cameron had not engaged another companion. Mr. Beale had spoken to her about it once, and her answer was that she should wait until Miss Avenel returned; after that Mr. Beale said no more.

It was now some weeks since Margarita had departed from Layston Park, and Miss Cameron had heard nothing of her. Her clothes had been packed and were ready, but no one either came or sent. Every hour of the day Adelaide thought of her, and hoped for some intelligence of her.

"She is angry and indignant, but, when her anger cools, and she remembers that I have had nothing to do with the matter, she will come back to me," said Miss Cameron.

Days and weeks went by, but they did not bring her or any news of her; and then, hearing that Lord Rylestone had returned, Adelaide thought less constantly of her. She could not think of much else—Lord Rylestone was back, and she should soon see him.

But he did not write. He gave no sign of any intention to visit Walton; and, if John Leech had not threatened a law-suit about his lease, the chances were that he would not have gone, and the mystery of his wife's absence would never have been solved. As it was, when he reached the Court, Adelaide, in the flush of her beauty and strength, looked at him half horrified.

This haggard, care-worn, thin, pale, despairing man—this could not be the Lord Rylestone from whom she parted on a sweet June night over two years back; those worn, hollow eyes were not surely the same eyes which looked so kindly on her then. There was pity, almost awe, in the glance she gave him. Her warm, soft fingers tightened round his cold, nerveless hand.

"Lord Rylestone," she asked, "are you ill, or have you worked yourself to death in Canada?"

He smiled as he answered her, and she turned away with a cry.

"That is the ghost of your old smile," she said. "What have you done with yourself?"

"I am very unhappy," he replied; "and I am in desperate trouble."

She looked at him. He did not see the soul of love shining in her eyes.

"You are unhappy?" she said, gently. "Tell me why, that I may help you."

"You can help me; but it is a long story, and I want to recover myself before I tell it to you. I want to forget and to remember—to grow strong. Pardon me, I am not quite myself, Adelaide."

He sank into the nearest chair and hid his face in his hands. She knelt down by his side, and tried to take one of his hands in her own. Sorrow had brought them nearer together than they had ever been before.

"I wish you would let me do something to help you," she said, in a low, gentle voice. "I would do anything—I would indeed—and I am quite sure that I could help you."

It was well for him that he did not see the intensity of expression, the tenderness, the devotion on the girl's face.

"I would do anything to help you," she continued, in her low, soft voice, tender as the cooing of a ring-dove; "do forgive me, but we have been friends now for a long time, so I may speak freely to you. Is your trouble money?"

He felt grateful to her for her kindness—it touched his heart—and he thought to himself that by-and-by he would tell her his story; but she could not relieve his deep, boundless sorrow. Do what she would, nothing could remove that.

"It is not money," he replied, slowly; "I do not think money will ever trouble me. I am unhappy, and I will tell you why—but not to-day; I feel now as though I could not speak of my sorrow. To-morrow I shall feel better, and then I will tell you."

"You will let me help you if I can?" she interrogated.

He assented, and told her he should be grateful for any help she could give. And then she rose from her knees in confused haste—some one was tapping at the door.

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## Chapter XLVII.

ORD RYLESTONE and Miss Cameron dined together alone, and after dinner the latter gave orders that the picture gallery should be lighted, in order that Lord Rylestone might see the alteration she had made in the hanging of some pictures.

They walked to the gallery together. Outside lay the damp chill of the November night; the sky was dark and stormy, the wind wailing through the trees. Inside, the picture-gallery was one glow of warmth and beauty. The long gallery, with its carpet of deep crimson, white statues, rich tapestry, choice pictures, was brightly lighted; warmth and brightness seemed to pervade the whole place.

"I have placed the Murillo here," said Adelaide, standing by his side, "because I thought the glowing colors would contrast so well with the transparent tints of the Greuze."

"You did well," he allowed—but she saw that his thoughts were not with her, or the picture either.

Presently they sat down on one of the crimson velvet

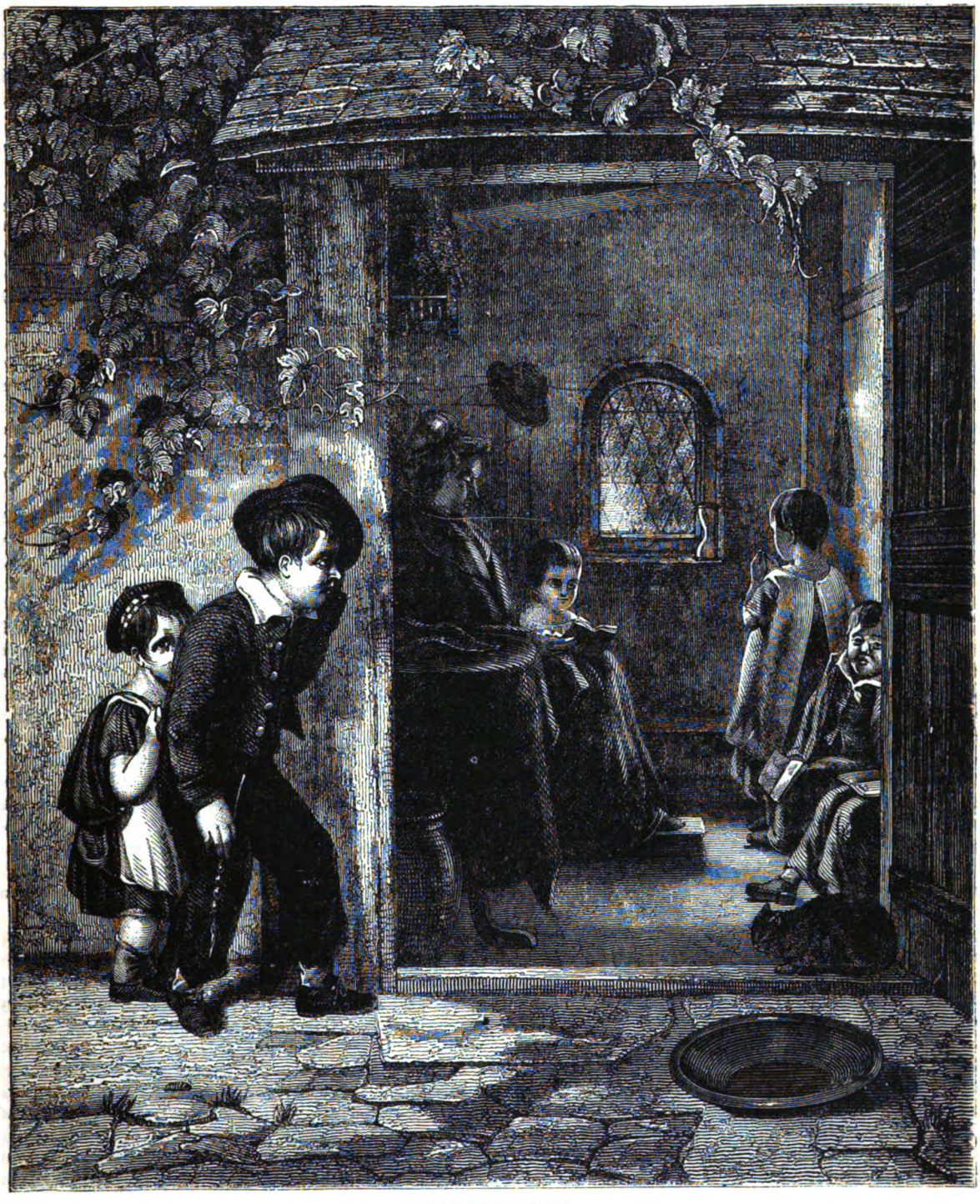
seats, and he looked round with a dreary sigh. Just then his eyes fell upon an old Spanish painting, the picture of a dark-eyed woman dreaming over a crimson rose; and something in the artistic *pose* of the figure, in the statuesque beauty, in the exquisite coloring, reminded him of Margarita —Margarita as he had seen her so often bending over flowers.

"I do not think he would have consented," she said. "Mr. Beale and I are not good friends."

He looked up with a faint show of interest—just enough to give her confidence to continue.

"We are not upon speaking terms even. I do not think that I can ever forgive him for what he has done."

It mattered little what Miss Cameron was saying, Lord



THE LITTLE TRUANTS.

"Did you call to see Mr. Beale when you were in London?" asked Adelaide, suddenly.

"Yes, but I did not find him at home," replied Lord Rylestone. "I did not think of it, or I might have asked him to come down here to see me."

Adelaide smiled.

Rylestone's thoughts ran always in the same groove. Where was Margarita, and why had she left him? That thought was always paramount in his mind; even now, as he listened to Adelaide, it was there.

"What has Mr. Beale done to offend you?" he asked, gravely.

"He took a great liberty, Lord Rylestone, and I shall never like him again."

He did not feel sufficiently interested to ask her what it was, but Adelaide was determined to draw him away from his melancholy thoughts.

"You remember, perhaps, my telling you that Madame de Valmy had left me, and had gone to Paris? I had a companion after that, not finding it pleasant to live alone."

He made no comment, and Adelaide continued, growing warmly earnest:

"I do not wish you to think that I am exaggerating, Lord Rylestone, but my companion and friend was one of the most beautiful women I have ever beheld—something after the style of the Spanish picture there. Her name was Miss Avenel."

He was scarcely interested.

"I loved her very much," continued Adelaide. "She was one of those exceptional women whom the world does not always understand. She was not like any one else whom I have ever known. She was given to dreaming, and had the most poetical ideas. I always fancied that there was some pathetic story connected with her life; if so, she never told it to me."

Still he evinced no interest. His eyes were riveted on the Spanish picture. The light flashed in the rubies on the white neck, and the flush deepened on Miss Cameron's fair face. She would persevere, no matter how indifferent he seemed.

"Mrs. Grame, the housekeeper, said that this lady, who afterwards came to be my companion, came here to Walton Court once to see the place."

"There would be nothing strange in that," observed Lord Rylestone; "so many visitors used to come."

"No, there would be nothing unusual in it, but she never mentioned having been here—it seems strange that she should have kept it a secret."

His eyes had gone back to the Spanish picture, his thoughts to Margarita. Adelaide resolved to make him look at her and speak to her again.

"I cannot tell you," she continued, "how happy I was with her. She had such great artistic taste, and we were always busy over some scheme or other. As the weeks passed on I noticed a change in her. She grew sad and silent, like one who had some great trouble hidden from human eyes. That made me kinder to her—it made me love her more. Mr. Beale came down from London the second or third week in September, and he brought with him some papers belonging to you, some documents of mine, and a copy of the will."

Her voice faltered over the last few words, her face flushed, the light trembled in her jewels; but he might have been a statue for all the effect those words produced on him.

"It is really a strange story, Lord Rylestone," she said; "do listen."

He looked away from the Spanish picture that had Margarita's dark tender grace; his eyes wandered listlessly around, but they did not fix themselves on the golden-haired girl by his side.

"I am listening, Miss Cameron," he said, gently.

"One evening this lady, my companion, seemed to linger near me—it was the last evening of Mr. Beale's visit. We talked a great deal, and she went to my room with me. She said that she wanted to remain with me, and she talked about my hair—of the beauty of it;" and Adelaide smiled faintly.

He offered no comment.

"She did not stay with me," Miss Cameron went on: "and it appeared afterwards that all the nonsense she had talked was but a pretext for remaining with me, until she could find an opportunity of taking my keys. The morning after I did not go downstairs until late, and then it seemed to me that there was strange confusion in the house. The library was locked, and I was told that Mr. Beale had the key. I asked for him—he was gone out. I inquired for Mrs. Grame—she was out. And then I asked for my companion, and the servants looked strangely at each other. I insisted upon knowing what it all meant, and then they told me the strange story."

He showed more interest now, for he was looking at her.

"Mrs. Grame suspected that the unhappy young lady wanted my keys, and she mistrusted her. On that night she watched her. She saw the girl steal down from her own room in the silence of night—she watched her go to the library, procure a light, and with my own key, which she had taken from my room, open the safe."

"Then she was a thief," put in Lord Rylestone.

"I will never believe it. Listen, Lord Rylestone. Mrs. Grame watched her take jewel-cases and money out of the safe; and then she went quietly up to Mr. Beale's room, and brought him down. Mrs. Grame tells me that when she returned the jewels and the money were lying all round her, but that she herself was crouching with her face on the floor. Behavior like that seems to me more like the behavior of a woman who has received a mortal blow than of a thief. Of course Mr. Beale and Mrs. Grame accused her of stealing; she denied it—she offered to swear that she was innocent. They would not believe her; and Mr. Beale sent for a policeman and gave her in charge. He went himself to Mr. Layston's, but Mr. Layston discharged her; she left his house, and has never been seen since."

"But, my dear Miss Cameron," he said, "of course if she was caught with the safe open, with money and jewels around her, she must have intended theft, however unwilling we may be to think so."

"I do not believe it. You do not know her. If you had seen her face only once, you would know how impossible it was. Her face was noble and sweet and true. I am afraid you will think me romantic, Lord Rylestone, but I cannot help imagining it was rather the papers in the safe that she wanted to see than that she was there to steal."

"How could your papers interest a stranger?" he asked.

"That is the puzzle. But, if she had wished to rob me, she could have done it weeks before. 'I have a strong recollection,' Mrs. Grame said, 'that, when she came here first under the pretext of seeing the Court, she asked some strange questions about the late lord's will.'"

There was no need to request his attention now. His eyes were riveted upon her face; he hung breathlessly upon her words, and a curious whiteness came over his lips.

"The will!" he exclaimed.

"Yes; and I cannot divest myself of the idea that it was the will she wanted to see. I would stake my honor that she was no thief. They found neither jewels nor money in her possession. I feel sure the will was the object of her search."

She saw the handsome face grow suddenly flushed. He stood up, he looked round him eagerly; he drew his breath with a deep, gasping sigh, and then he caught her hand in his.

"I am losing my senses," he said. "Miss Cameron, I believe, before Heaven, the lady of whom you are speaking is my wife!"

Miss Cameron had risen when Lord Rylestone clasped her hand, and they stood for some minutes looking at each other in silence.

"Your what?" asked Adelaide, at last.

"My wife," he repeated; and she shrank back as though he had stabbed her to the heart.

She could not hide her secret then—she did not think of

hiding it; she forgot the need for concealment in the bitterness of her pain.

"Your wife!" she echoed—and the words fell from her lips like a knell. She retired farther and farther, the color died from her face, her lips grew lividly white, and sprang apart as though she were gasping for breath. It was impossible to hide her secret, and he read it now in the intensity of her sudden pain.

He was as generous as he was noble, and he knew how grieved she would be afterwards if she remembered that he came to her rescue.

"No wonder that I have frightened you," he said. "I am so thoughtless, so abrupt. Of course you do not know the story of my marriage. Do forgive me. I should have remembered that so sudden an announcement would startle you. Sit down, and let me tell you the history."

With gentle force he placed her on the chair, and stood by her side. He would not look at the white, anguish-stricken face; he knew that she would recover soon—and then—— But, quietly as he stood for the next few moments, he was stunned by the discovery that Adelaide Cameron loved him.

She recovered slowly, a faint color returned to her lips, the maidenly pride and purity of her character came to her aid.

"You did startle me," she said; "you frightened me—for a few minutes."

But the voice in which she spoke was not hers; it was too full of pain even to be human in its sound; it was like the wail of a lost hope.

"Now tell me."

"What was the lady's name who lived with you?"

"Margarita Avenel," she replied.

"And she was tall, with a figure something like that figure there, with a Southern face, all fire and passion and sweetness; she had eyes like heart's-ease shining through dew, and a mouth like a cloven rose?"

"You have described her," was the grave admission.

"She is my wife, my darling, idolized wife—my Margarita, whom I have loved and lost! Help me to find her, Miss Cameron, and I shall owe you more than my life."

"Your wife!" repeated the sad, sweet voice—"Margarita Avenel your wife? What, then, brought her here?"

In his eagerness to speak, to tell her all, he knelt at her feet; and the white face shone down upon him as he did so.

"Your wife," she repeated, softly—"Margarita Avenel Lord Rylestone's wife! Why, we spoke of you, we talked about you! She wrote to you—it was she who wrote that lost letter."

"If she wrote it, then she destroyed it. She must have regained possession of it—she would not send it to me."

Quick as thought the remembrance of the scene passed through Adelaide's mind; she remembered how the other letter was written, and that Margarita had hastened after the man to give it to him. She saw it all now, and wondered that she had not suspected it before.

"Tell me the story of your marriage," she said, quietly, "and then I can judge better."

She had quite recovered now—her face was still white, and her lips trembled, but she had regained her self-control.

Kneeling by her side, and looking up into her face as though life or death were to come from her lips, he told the story of his passionate love for the lovely young governess, and of her generous resistance.

"She would never have married me," he said, "but that I forced her to do so. She pleaded always that such a marriage would be greatly against my interests—that she was poor and unknown—poor, with the beauty and grace of a queen for her dower! I made her marry me, and for her sake I loved the fortune that was to be mine. It was because I loved her so dearly that I felt disappointed about the will—I could not lavish gems and jewels upon her. I went to her at once when I knew the truth, and told her. She was more unwilling than ever to marry me. She said I ought to study myself—I must not burden myself with a penniless wife. My generous darling! She argued against herself, but I prevailed. I could not bear the thought of seeing her seek another situation, and I persuaded her to marry me secretly, simply because I had not just then the means of placing my wife in the position that belonged to her. We were married, and we lived very happily for some time in a little villa at Marpeth. I dare not think of the time. Then an offer was made to me to go abroad. She was unwilling to agree to this at first, but afterward she said no wish of hers should stand between me and fortune. I went, and I corresponded with her constantly. She answered my letters, but no word was ever said of her leaving home. I returned expecting to find her. She was not there; and from the servant I received the intelligence that she had left home soon after I did, and had never come back."

Even if a shadow of doubt had remained on either mind, it would have been dispelled now. When Adelaide told how she had first seen Margarita at Lady Davenant's, he cried out:

"My darling, my darling, I have traced you at last!"

"But," said Adelaide, "I cannot understand why Lady Rylestone should do this—why she should steal disguised into the house where she ought to have been, and should have been if I had known, received and welcomed as mistress."

"The only solution of the mystery," returned Lord Rylestone, "that comes to me is this—I never told my wife the secret of the will, and she was always more or less curious about it. I dared not tell her, she was so morbidly frightened at the idea that my love for her had injured me—that she had stood between me and my fortune—that she was a drawback and a burden to me."

"Did she suspect the truth?" asked Adelaide.

"She must have done so. Whenever she asked me any questions about the matter, I evaded them. I never told her why the money was not left to me, although she asked me a hundred times. I never told her the secret condition of the will—I carefully and studiously kept all such knowledge from her. I felt sure that it would destroy all hope, all chance of happiness for her, if ever she knew it, even if it did not kill her."

"She must have suspected something," said Adelaide.

"I am afraid so; she must have resolved to find out for herself the secret that I had kept from her. It could not have been anything else. We spoke of you sometimes—not often—for she, my darling, loved me so well she was hardly just to you; she was not disposed to like you, but we talked of you sometimes, and I remember that I told her to read your letters."

"Did you? Then that explains the mystery, for in them I referred, I am sure, to the secret of the will."

He looked, as he felt, grieved at the oversight.

"I had forgotten that," he said, "when I gave them to her. They were filled with such interesting details about Walton that I thought they would please her, and that she would learn to love the place better and to know it well by reading them."

Adelaide Cameron gave no sign of the pain that his words caused her. She had hoped once that he liked those letters because she wrote them.

"It must have been so," he said. "She came, no doubt, across that expression in your letters—'the secret of the will'—and resolved to find out what it meant."

And then they looked at each other—the man to whom honor was the breath of life, and the girl who preferred it to life—and that glance was Margarita's condemnation.

"I am sorry," he murmured. "My poor darling! She must have been beside herself when she planned this."

"I am sorry, too," said the clear, low voice. "I am sorry that she acted so foolishly."

"It was not worthy of her," declared Lord Rylestone, "to plan and to scheme, to manœuvre, to plot, to deceive—it was unworthy of her, and unlike her. I can only imagine that her great love for me misled her and overcome all scruples."

And then Adelaide repeated to him the conversation that she and Margarita had held about the end justifying the means. He listened intently.

"Adelaide," he said, calling her for the first time by her Christian name, "will you try to love my wife?"

All the nobility and generosity of her nature came to the surface then. With a grave, tender smile, she raised her fair face to his.

"I will love her as though she were my own sister," she replied; and he clasped her hands in his own, as a seal upon the words.

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## Chapter XLVIII.

O half-measures contented Lord Rylestone. He sent a telegram at once, summoning Mr. Beale; and when that astonished gentleman arrived his lordship told him the truth.

"You cannot blame me," said the lawyer. "I acted in Miss Cameron's interests, and I acted, as I honestly believed, for the best."

"You have driven her to her death, I am afraid," declared Lord Rylestone; and then he sent for the housekeeper.

"The innocent lady you arrested—the innocent woman whom you hunted down and drove out into the world—was my wife," he said; "the mistress of this house and all it contains."

"Then, my lord," rejoined the dauntless old lady, "the blame is yours for not letting the world know that she was your wife." And Lord Rylestone was candid enough to own the truth of this.

Mr. Beale listened to all the explanations.

"It is a strange thing, Lord Rylestone," he said, "but Mr. Layston had some faint idea of this. I am very sorry; I will do what I can to atone. It was natural enough that your wife should wish to see the will; but it was unfortunate for her own peace of mind that she should discover anything about it."

Lord Rylestone insisted that the whole household should be informed of the truth.

"Not the faintest shadow shall rest upon her fair name," he said. "Let all the world know that she is my wife—that I kept from her a certain testamentary secret, and that she came here to find it out; let them know that it was to read a will that she opened the safe, but that she would not justify herself lest I should be blamed."

So complete justification of Margarita ensued, and, from being looked upon as a criminal, she became a heroine. They could remember her beauty then, and the grandeur of her graceful manner; they could say then that she was a lady—that they had always been sure of it. They could remember a thousand graceful, gracious qualities now that it was all too late.

Where was she? No one could answer.

From the moment she walked out of Mr. Layston's house, cold, impassive, a woman turned to stone, no one had seen Lady Rylestone, no one had heard of her. Miss Cameron had made inquiries—they had been useless; and the first thing now to be done was to find Lady Rylestone. It was more easy to say than to do, but her husband never rested.

As the days passed on he began to despair.

"I fear the worst," he said one day to Mr. Beale. "If she had been living and well, she would never have omitted to send to the Post-office for my last letter. My heart is sick with fear."

There were some grounds for it. More than six weeks had elapsed since the fatal morning when Lady Rylestone had passed out of their sight. Inquiries were made in every possible manner at the railway stations, the towns and villages near, but no information was gained. Lord Rylestone had offered large rewards for intelligence, but none came. He had not remained at Walton Court—he was staying with Mr. Beale at the "Rylestone Arms"; but, go where they would, stay where they would, no news came of his wife.

One cold, dull, bleak day the head waiter at the hotel asked to speak with Lord Rylestone. He came into the room where his lordship and Mr. Beale were seated.

"You are looking for a lady, my lord, who left Walton Court at the latter end of September?"

"Yes," replied Lord Rylestone, his face flushing hotly; "and I will make you a rich man if you can tell me anything about her."

"I have a sister, a widow, who lives at a little farm called Nettlebank, fifteen miles from here—it is a lonely farmhouse standing in Nettlebank Lane."

"Well," said Lord Rylestone, "speak quickly."

"The last week in September, my lord, my sister's two little children were out at play, and, running through Nettlebank Lane, they found a lady lying on the ground at the foot of a tree. She was lying with her face to the earth, and they thought at first that she was dead. They fetched my sister, and my sister, when she came, raised her from the ground and gave her water to drink. When she recovered, my sister, Mary Meadows, took her to her house. The lady, my lord, seemed very ill. She said to my sister:

"'I am in great trouble, and you will oblige me very much if you would let me stay here quietly for some few weeks.'

"My sister was quite willing. The lady took out her purse and paid handsomely; and then she asked my sister to give her a room where, night and day, she would be quite alone—where no one should see her or hear her, or be allowed to approach her.

"'I shall get better,' she said, 'if I am left quite alone.'

"My sister thought it very strange, but she acted as requested, and for three whole weeks, by night and by day, the lady sat alone; she never read, worked, or walked out, but she sat always by the same window looking out at the bare, leafless trees. One night, just as my sister was going to bed, the lady cried out loudly, and when they went into the room she stood in the middle of the floor, her face burning red, her eyes all aflame.

"'Quick, quick,' she cried; 'it is November now, the leaves have fallen from the trees! Quick! I must go, for it is November, and he is come!'

"And then, my lord, she fell with her poor face on the ground. They picked her up, and sent to Chelverton for a doctor; he said it was brain-fever, and—I am sorry, my lord, but they do say she is dying now."

"You shall have the reward!" cried Lord Rylestone, rising hastily. "Now see that I have a carriage and a pair of good horses. Mr. Beale, I am going to this Nettlebank Farm, and I must take Miss Cameron with me."

"Heaven grant that you may find your wife, and find her alive!" said the lawyer, rather ashamed of the moisture that dimmed his eyes; and shortly afterward, without further

word or comment, Lord Rylestone drove away, ordering the coachman to drive as he had never driven before, and reached Walton Court with the horses covered with foam.

"I have found her!" he said to Adelaide. "Do not wait for explanations; come with me."

Quietly and composedly she obeyed him, hardly waiting for a bonnet and shawl; and, as they drove rapidly along, he told her the head-waiter's story.

"It is just what I should have fancied," she said. "I can imagine that she walked on and on until she fell. Poor Margarita, it was a mercy that she fell there!"

They reached Nettlebank at last. It was a small house, and Mary Meadows herself answered the door.

Lord Rylestone lost his self-control.

"Is she living?" he cried. "For Heaven's sake, speak quickly!"

"Living, and that is all," was the brief reply; and then they entered the house.

The doctor had just gone, and he had given no hope. He said the patient might last two or three days, but no longer.

"You can go in, sir," said Mrs. Meadows; "she will not know you; she will never know any one in this world again."

He went in. There was no mistake; one look at the white, wan face on the pillow, and, with a cry that those who heard will never forget, he knelt down by the bedside.

It was a small room, neat and clean, with pretty curtains at the windows. The bed, with its white hangings, stood in a small recess; and there, like a lovely, broken lily, lay Lady Rylestone.

Adelaide went up to her, and, bending down, kissed the white, unconscious face. The dark eyelashes never stirred; the pale lips did not move.

"Margarita!" cried Adelaide. "Margarita!"

But no sound reached Lady Rylestone's ears.

"She must not die!" cried Lord Rylestone. "She cannot die! She is my own! Heaven would not surely take her from me! Margarita—my own!" He looked up at Adelaide. "She told me once that she loved me so dearly that she believed, if she lay buried, and I called her name above her grave, she should hear me."

Adelaide's thoughts flew back to the ballad of "Evelyn Hope."

"You will wake, and remember, and understand.

"She will not die, Adelaide. It seems to me that my great love must keep her alive."

He clasped his arms round her; he kissed the white eyelids, the white lips. He called her by every endearing name, by every loving word; he kissed her with passionate kisses, burning tears falling from his eyes. She must not leave him for his great love's sake—she must come back; and the white face never moved, never changed at the passionate cries.

"You are not in the unknown land yet, my darling," he said. "Come back to me, Margarita—come back, or take me with you!"

The dead calm was broken—the passionate cries pierced the dulled brain. There was a quiver of the white eyelids, a tremble of the pale lips.

"Margarita!" he cried again, hardly daring to believe his senses; and then the dark eyes opened slowly, and in them Lord Rylestone saw the dawn of recognition.

"She will live!" he said. "Adelaide, seek for help!"

In less than four hours Nettlebank farm was transformed. Servants, nurses, physicians, and everything that science could suggest or money could pay for were there. One of the first physicians in London had been sent for, and, after a long and careful watch by Lady Rylestone's side, he said that there was just the faintest shadow of hope—that it was just possible she might live. Her life hung upon a thread; extreme quiet, extreme care might save her.

He went away, and Adelaide came to the rescue. No hired hands should touch Lord Rylestone's darling—no mercenary care should be hers.

"I have promised to love her as though she were my own sister," she said, "and I will keep my word."

She sent away the useless crowd. She showed all that woman's noblest nature was capable of. She worked with courage, patience, and determination, doing her best to preserve the life he valued—to save Margarita for him.

"If I could change places with her, and die for her, so as to give her back to you, I would do it," she said one day to Lord Rylestone, and she was quite unconscious what deep love for himself those words betrayed.

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## Chapter XLIX.

The noonday sun was shining over Nice, the warm sweet air was laden with the breath of flowers, birds were singing melodiously in the trees, the lemon-trees and sweet syringas were in full bloom, there was a sound of music, sweet, sad, and soft.

A beautiful villa stands on the outskirts of Nice, and on the flower-wreathed balcony there was one of the prettiest and saddest groups that was ever seen. A pretty chair, made expressly for an invalid, was there, and on it sat, or half reclined, Lady Rylestone. It was not the shadow of the vine that gave the strange expression to her beautiful face—something darker was brooding over her, and by her side, watching each breath, listening to each word, sat Lord Rylestone. She was looking with pitiful, wistful eyes at him—he might think she was recovering, he might delude himself with hopes as fair as they were false, but she knew.

The story she had told him in the farmhouse was so pathetic, so sad—she longed to know the secret of the will, not for her own curiosity's sake, but from the fond false hope that she might be able to help him.

"I loved you so well, Allan," she said, when this sad confession was made; "and I thought that no one else in all the wide world could be so acute where your interests were concerned as myself. I quite believed, when I read Miss Cameron's letter, that I should find out something that had not been found by others—that I should see some way of restoring to you your lost fortune which had not occurred to them or to you. It was not vanity which made me think so, but love—love sees so far, and so plainly. My disappointment was almost greater than I could bear, Allan, when I read the will, and knew for certain what your love for me had cost you. I could not bear the weight of the burden. It was as nothing to me that they caught me, as they believed, stealing; it was as nothing that rude hands touched me, and angry voices cried out about my wickedness. I remembered only that I had ruined you. But for me you would have married Adelaide, you would have kept your fortune. I hated myself because I had won your love. I never cared to live one moment after I had read the will; it destroyed the life in me. I wished that I had been living in a land where suspicion of theft was punished with death. I would have died to free you from myself. Allan, I believe that I was mad; yet how could I forget your tenderness, your love? You had chosen me, and I should have been content. I longed to die, but I would not kill myself—I was not coward enough for that. I remember leaving Layston Park, and deciding that I would walk on until I dropped down—I was quite indifferent where or how—then I must die, and I should not have killed myself. I found myself here in this little farm, and I thought I would hide myself here until I died. You rescued me, Allan."

"Why, my darling," he exclaimed, "how could you think that money would outweigh my love for you?"

"I cannot tell," she answered, dreamily. "Allan, the will was my death-warrant; it was very cruel, dear."

"And very stupid," added Allan.

They had talked for some time after that, until at last Allan understood how it had all happened.

And then, when Lady Rylestone was able to be removed from the farm, she had been taken to Walton Court. She shuddered as she was carried past the library door, and turned to her husband.

"That is the room where the brightest and best part of me died," she whispered; and he, though he tried to cheer her, knew it was true.

After that, for long months, Lady Rylestone had lain between two worlds. Clever physicians came to her, and after long consultations it was decided that if she could be taken to Nice there was just a chance for her life. So, when the Spring came round, Lord Rylestone took Margarita to Nice. Previously to leaving England, he asked Adelaide to remain at Walton Court.

"Through all these scenes of trouble you have grown to be like a dear sister," he said, "and I want you just for a little longer to take care of my house." So Adelaide remained at Walton, and Lord Rylestone took Margarita to Nice.

For some short time there was a marked improvement in her health. The bloom returned to her face, the light came back to her dark eyes, the mouth grew once more like a rosebud, and Lord Rylestone was as happy as a child.

"You will live, Margarita," he said one day. "We shall be happier, darling, than if we had never suffered."

He never forgot the sad smile that came over her face.

"Whether I live or die," she said, "I do not care now. I have been happy. I have lived and loved, Allan; now let me die."

"You will be happy for many long years," he said; but she shook her head mournfully.

"I am always tired now," she replied, "and I have been so happy that I am willing to die."

If tenderest and most passionate love—if most untiring devotion—if most watchful care could have saved her, she would have lived; but she had told the truth when she said that she had had her death-blow.

Day by day the beautiful face grew more shadowy; day by day the health and strength seemed to fade from her. The graceful figure grew thin, the white hands whiter.

One morning, carried from her room to the balcony in those faithful, tender arms that never tired, while she lay watching the sun, the birds, and the flowers, she turned suddenly to her husband.

"Allan," she asked, "will you send for Adelaide? I should like to see her again before I go to the unknown land."

"I will send for her, darling," he replied. He knew no greater happiness than to gratify her every wish.

She lay silent for some minutes. Suddenly she stole one white arm round his neck, and drew his face down to hers.

"Allan," she said, quietly, "do you know that Adelaide loves you?"

His face flushed. He remembered the scene in the picture-gallery, and he was at a loss what to say.

"I found it out," continued Margarita, "quite by accident. She had told me that she loved a shadow, and that, for this love's sake, she was willing to give up the whole world. I found out that you were the shadow."

"I need hardly tell you, Margarita, that not one word of love has ever passed between Miss Cameron and myself."

"No, I am sure of it—she told me so; but none the less she loves you."

He knew then that she was so near death as to have lost all a woman's jealousy, and his heart sank within him.

"I have never given one thought to any woman but yourself," he said, "and you know it, Margarita."

"Yes, I know it, dear; you have been like Douglas, 'tender and true.' You will send for Adelaide? I love her very much—all the more, I think, that she loves you. The time is coming when I shall 'wake and remember and understand.' Those words haunt me, Allan—they are from a ballad that Adelaide loves. Ah, when I am dead, dear, shall you come and 'watch by my side for an hour'? Oh, Allan, love, I am living now, and your warm hands clasp me, your warm lips touch me! You will spare me a little thought, a little love when I am gone?"

For the first time since her terrible illness had begun, she burst into passionate tears—for the first time she realized that death meant leaving him.

"Allan," she cried, in her paroxysm of sorrow, "I shall be all alone, love—all alone! I am frightened at the shadow and the great deep calm."

He took her in his arms as he would have taken a child. He kissed the white eyelids and the quivering lips, he tried his best to soothe her; but she would not be comforted.

"I know I have to die," she said, mournfully; "that will, with its secret, was my death-warrant. Allan, in the years to come you will love some one else—it is the common order of things. When you have forgotten me just a little, and all the needs and wants of life are pressing on you, some one else will fill my vacant place. Ah, my darling, do not love her the best! Let me be buried near you, where sometimes, when the moon is shining and the dew lies on the grass, you can come to see my grave. 'Poor Margarita!' you must say, 'she loved me so well that her love killed her.' And when another fairer head lies on your breast as mine lies now, when fairer lips than mine, dear, caress and bless you, say, 'Margarita loved me just as well.' Oh, Allan, how hard it is to give you up!"

What could he say to her?"

"When you think of me, it must not be as of the unhappy woman who sinned for your sake—who sinned because she thought the sin would save you; it must not be as of the jealous dying woman whose feeble arms tightened their hold of you, but of the girl who used to steal out and meet you, dear, in the dewy mornings, the girl who loved you as no one else ever will or can."

From that hour she seemed to grow weaker, but there was always a smile on her face; and at length the day came when her last wish was gratified, and Adelaide Cameron stood once more by her side.

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### Chapter L., and Last.

Lady Rylestone died one bright, sunshiny morning, calmly and sweetly as a child falls to sleep. They had placed her, as she wished, on her favorite couch by the window; and for some time she lay watching the blue sky. Then she called Allan, and he listened to her. She did not seem to recognize him. He heard her repeat:

"Sweet is all the land about, and sweet the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to all that long to go."

"Margarita," he said, quietly, "you called me, love, and I am here."

She looked at him like one awakened from a deep sleep.

"I have heard the angels call, Allan. It is time for me to go."

He fancied that she was wandering, she looked on that fair morning so unlike death. She was thin, wan, and white, but her face was exquisite still.

"Take me in your arms, dear," she said, "and hold me fast."

He clasped his arms round her, and Adelaide, kneeling, said the prayers that Margarita had lisped at her mother's knee. Something of calmness came to her then; and, taking in her wasted hands the white hand of Adelaide Cameron and the strong, kindly hand of Lord Rylestone, she held them together.

"After I am gone," she said, gently, "Allan, you will not forget—I shall wait for you, love—I shall wait beyond the grave, dear. You will be mine, all mine, for you loved me first and best."

And then, holding both the hands she had clasped, she died as a child falls asleep, and when he knelt by her death-bed Allan Rylestone knew how he had loved her.

She retained her marvelous beauty even in death. As was the custom of the country, those who prepared her for her last long rest crowned her with flowers and placed flowers in her white cold hands.

They took her home to England and laid her to rest in the pretty churchyard of Lutdale, in a green grave on which the flowers blow, the rain falls, the sun shines, the dew lies like tears, and the leaves drop in Winter.

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The funeral was over, and once more Lord Rylestone and Adelaide Cameron were alone together—no longer strangers, but dear friends. He knew her goodness now and appreciated it. She was standing alone by the great western window in the library when he entered the room; he went up to her at once.

"Adelaide," he said, abruptly, "I shall leave England to-morrow, never to return."

Her sweet face grew a shade paler.

"I am not surprised," she returned, gently, "not in the least."

"I knew you would not be; you are so kind, so good. I must go; my heart lies buried in Margarita's grave. I cannot stay here."

He spoke with a sorrowful, passionate bitterness that grieved her. She tried to comfort him; she laid one hand on his.

"It is only natural," she said, quietly. "Change of scene and travel will be best for you."

"I am ashamed of myself," he continued, "but I cannot help it, Adelaide; my love is stronger than I. I cannot forget her. I see the beautiful face, the dark eyes, the sweet lips; I hear the voice sweeter than earth's sweetest music. What shall I do? My sorrow never sleeps."

"Time will heal it," answered Adelaide; "nothing else can."

"Adelaide," said Lord Rylestone, "you have been like some dear sister to me. I shall never forget your goodness. Be kind to me still. I shall never return now to live at Walton. Will you remain here and take care of it for me?"

"I will," she replied—and the simple words meant more from her than strongest protestations.

"I am ashamed to ask you to take my place—to ask you to fulfil my duties; but I cannot remain, for my heart is in Margarita's grave."

"I will take your place," she said, gently; "but I have faith in you, Lord Rylestone. You will not let sorrow master you. You must suffer for a time, but you will rise again braver, nobler, better for the fight; and until that time comes I will take your place."

So they bade each other farewell, and soon afterwards he left England, and Adelaide lived on at Walton Court with the dream of her life unfulfilled.

Her name soon became famous. Nearly the whole of her large fortune was spent in works of charity. She built churches, alms-houses, and schools; she relieved the sick and the poor; she never turned from a prayer, she never refused assistance to the needy. For miles around her name was followed by blessings and tears and prayers.

Her sweet and noble womanhood seemed to have grown complete; as the years passed, the beautiful face grew more lovely; time added to its charm. There was perhaps a deeper sheen on the golden hair, a deeper light in the eyes, and a firmer expression round the lips; but Adelaide Cameron was nearly at the prime of her superb womanhood then.

She had had lovers in plenty. Some of the proudest in the land had laid title and fortune at her feet; she heeded them not.

"My shadow-love," she said to herself, with a mournful smile, "is dearer to me than any other can be, and I shall die as I have lived—true to it."

She heard at rare intervals from Lord Rylestone, but she had ceased to hope or to think that he would ever care for her; his heart lay in Margarita's grave. There was no more beautiful trait in her character than that evidenced by the great care she took of Margarita's grave. No one could see it without thinking that loving hands tended it. Rarest flowers bloomed there, and scarcely a week passed without her visiting it.

If she was kinder to one than another, it was to the woman whose charity had preserved Margarita from death—Mrs. Meadows. Lord Rylestone had settled a handsome annuity upon her. It had been one of his pleasures to find out all who had been kind to Margarita and reward them.

So time passed, and Adelaide smiled when her twenty-sixth birthday came.

"I wish my face would grow old," she said. "My heart, I think, has never been young."

* * * * * * *

Before six years had passed Lord Rylestone had made for himself a name and a fortune. As Adelaide had predicted, he lived down his sorrow, and he rose from it a nobler, better, braver man. He traveled for some little time, and then accepted another appointment in Canada.

He managed this so well, he behaved with such skill, such energy and resolution, that his conduct was universally approved; and then he was offered an appointment at home, and he returned to accept it.

He did not go to Walton Court at once, for he had imperative business in London. He had been there four months before he found time to return home.

He reached the Court one evening in May, when the air seemed full of the perfume of lilac and the song of nightingales; and, before he wended his steps thither, he paid a visit to Margarita's grave. What loving hands had tended it! Sweetest flowers bloomed there—love seemed to surround it. He was the better for that visit—it seemed to remove the weight of sorrow. After all she was at peace.

And then he went to the Court. He found Miss Cameron in the grounds, and a little child, one of her *protégées*, was with her.

Perhaps she was not much surprised to see him; he was so continually in her thoughts that it was only one of them realized. She dropped the white lilies that she had gathered, and advanced with outstretched hands to meet him.

"You are at home at last," she said, leaving her hands in his.

His heart seemed to go out to her—she had been so loving, so good, so true—she was so fair; and he knew that her youth, her love, had all been given to him.

"I want you to make it home for me, Adelaide," he said, gently. "I have something to say to you."

They walked down the broad path, she forgetting the little lame child, who looked after them with a sigh.

He did not plead to her as a heart-broken man, nor as one

whose heart lay buried and whose hope was dead, but like one who had suffered bravely, and had borne his pain.

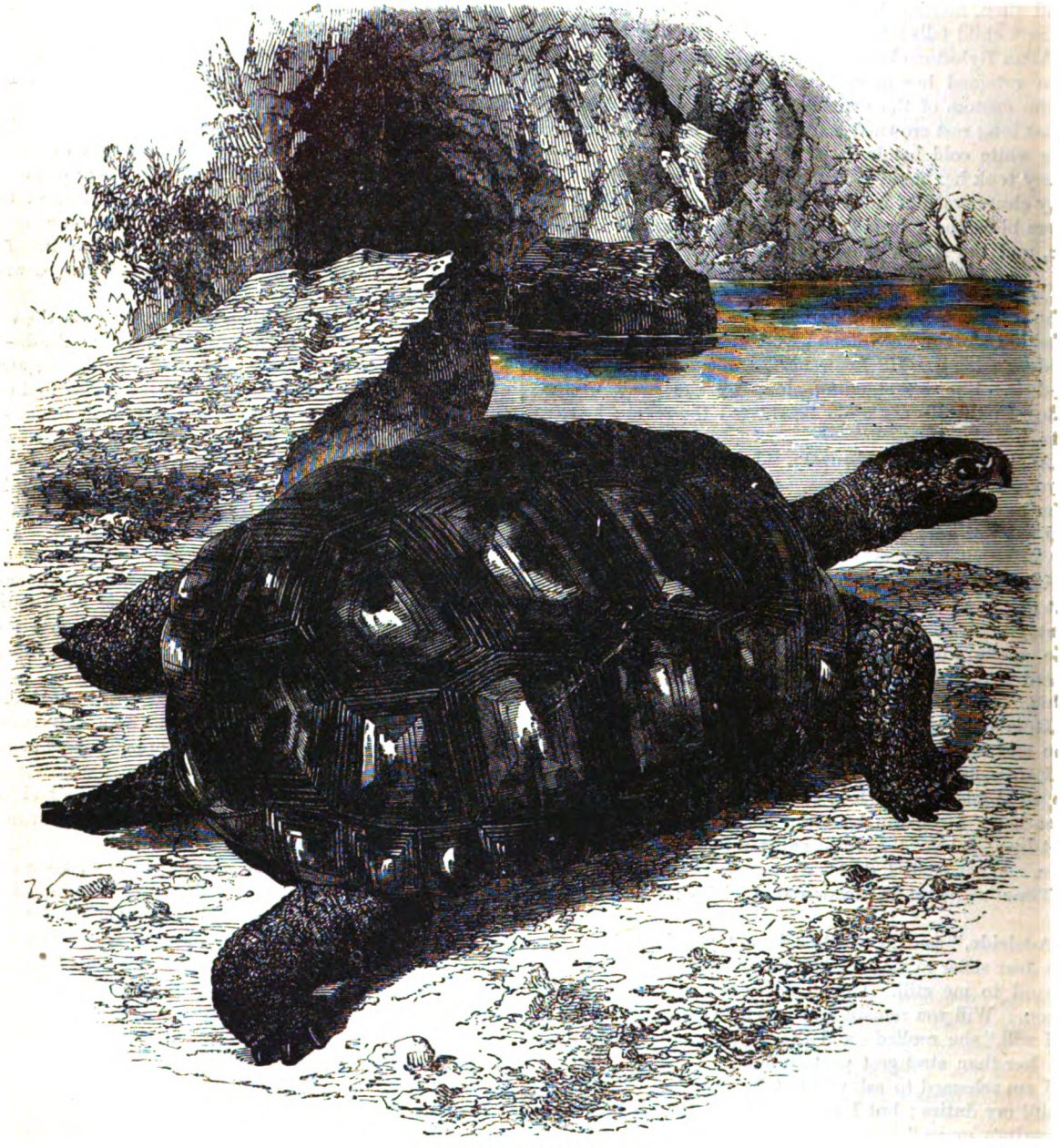
"It is not my first love that I have to offer you, Adelaide," he said—"that, the impetuous, fervent boy's worship, was Margarita's—but I do offer you the whole true, deep, tender love of a man."

She did not accept it at once; she wanted him to be sure of himself; but at last, almost in despair, he pleaded to her with such passionate earnestness that she could not refuse.

softer light. A grave, half-sad smile comes to his wife's lips when he, weighing past and future, calls his child Margarita.

Adelaide finds him sometimes standing before the Spanish picture, looking at the richly-colored face and dark, tender eyes; and then she rises above the level of womanhood, and says sweet words to him of the buried love, and leads him gently away.

They are very happy. Fame and fortune smile upon



THE GIANT TORTOISE.

They were married in the Summer-time, and no happier husband and wife live than Lord and Lady Rylestone. She is too noble and too liberal-minded to be jealous of the dead, but there are times when she steals nearer to him and clasps her white arms round his neck, remembering Margarita's last words.

The voice of children now make music in the Court. If Lord Rylestone has a favorite, it is his eldest daughter, a dark-eyed girl, whom he calls Margarita; and his voice takes another tone when he speaks to her, and his eyes have a

them; the poor bless them; fair children bloom around them; Heaven lavishes richest gifts upon them. Earth has no more to give them.

## THE GIANT TORTOISE.

MADAGASCAR furnishes the largest known varieties of the tortoise, one of which we illustrate. Two of these have recently reached England.

The male tortoise, which is much the larger of the two,

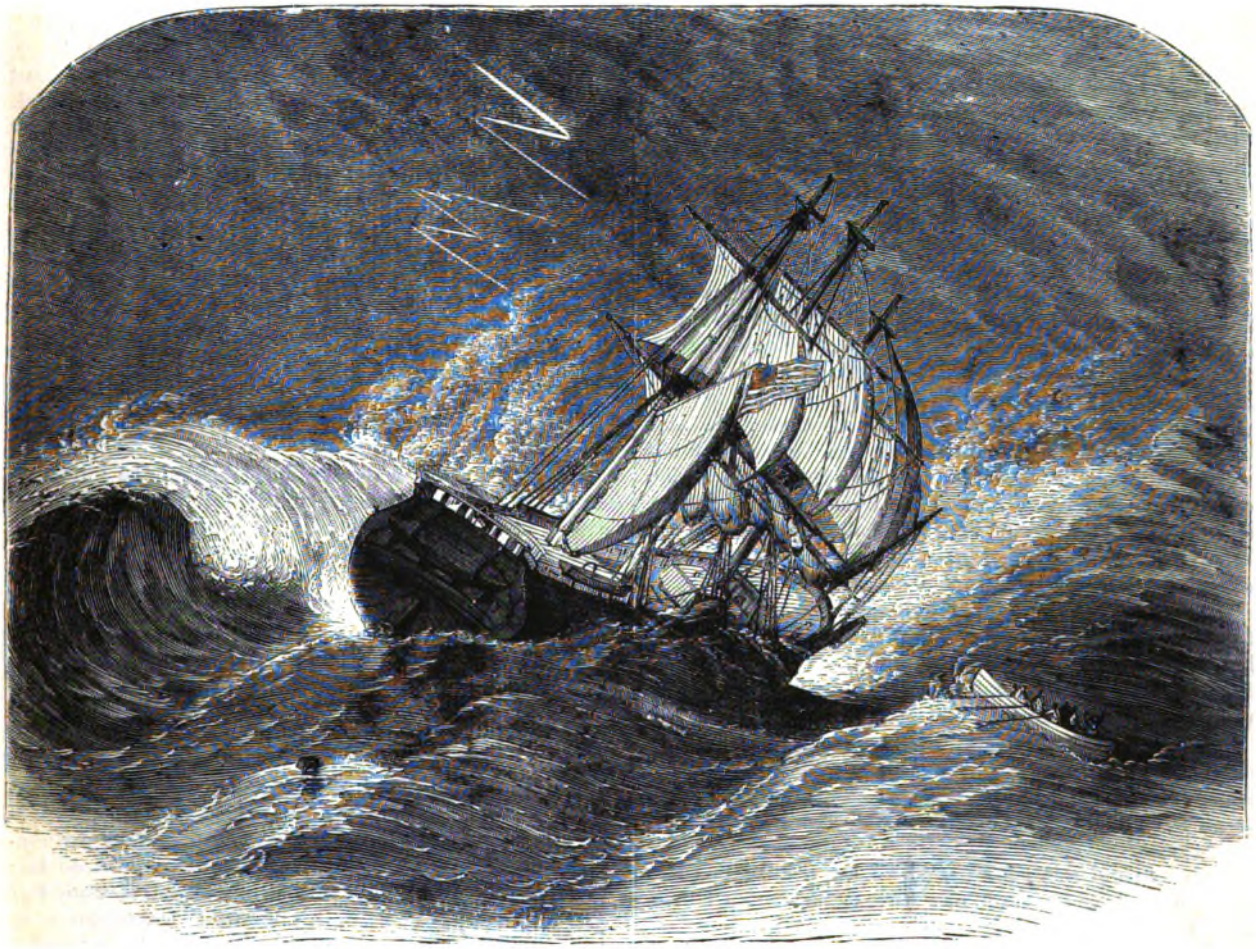
measures 5 ft. 5 in. length of the upper shell, and 5 ft. 9 in. width of that shell; the head and neck, when fully thrust out, are 1 ft. 9 in. long; the body is 8 ft. 1 in. circumference. The weight is about 800 lbs. The head, 6 in. broad and 7 in. long, somewhat resembles that of a boa constrictor. The feet are 6 in. or 7 in. diameter, with nails 2 in. or 3 in. long. This tortoise was brought to the Seychelles Archipelago about seventy years ago; being then small, he could be put into a coat pocket. He has been in the Calais family ever since, sometimes residing in the island of Silhouette, another time at Mahé, but latterly at Cerf Island, the property of Mr. Calais, Sr. This animal is capable of growing to twice his present size, being yet adolescent.

The Aldatra tortoises live to a vast age, and grow very slowly; but the breed is becoming rare, especially the large specimens. This is much the largest specimen of its kind now extant. In order to bend the head downward the animal has to incline to the right or left, but he cannot bend it much. He will eat any vegetable food, dried leaves, banana leaves, bread-fruit, and pumpkins. He chews and swallows by jerks, and drinks by sucking up a good deal of water through the nostrils. He sleeps always with the fore part of his upper shell jammed against something hard. He never moves in the night from the posture he takes up to repose in, but lies down two hours before sunset, and does not stir till an hour after sunrise. He objects to be in the direct rays of the sun for more than half an hour. No weight put on his back seems to affect his walk, which is slow and clumsy. It is believed he could carry a ton weight; but he is very fat, and gets blown after walking twenty or thirty yards, and stops and rests awhile.

The female tortoise is younger, but is already full grown, which is known by the shell. The male has much regard and affection for her, and is annoyed when she is disturbed and made to move on. She has been seen to carry him on her back. Her dimensions are as follows: Circumference at greatest girth, 5 ft. 4 in.; length of shell, 3 ft. 4 in.; breadth of shell, 3 ft. 10 in.; fore foot, 4½ in. in diameter. It will be seen that her form is rounder than the male.

The Seychelles Islands, from which these specimens come, noted for their salubrity, their picturesqueness, the fine anchorage of the chief harbor, Port Victoria Mahé, and the good quality of the fresh water, are situated in the Indian Ocean, three or four degrees south of the Equator, and sixteen degrees east of the African continent. They are a favorite place for the men-of-war from the Zanzibar coast, as the crews here landing can have fresh provisions and a run on shore without risk of fever.

The islands are outside the circle of hurricanes; they are extremely fertile, and are now getting populated. More than 400 liberated Africans were landed at Mahé in 1874. The inhabitants number, altogether, about 14,000, a third of whom are white, the others African, or of mixed race. The language is a patois founded on French. The cocoa de mer grows on the island of Praslin.



A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE AT SEA.

## A HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE AT SEA.

The following incident—no romance, but a most thrilling reality—was related by the captain of a New England ship, not many years ago, to a passenger who made the passage

around Cape Horn with him, and not many miles from the point where the providential rescue had been accomplished. It illustrates (as shown in the illustration with which we accompany it) not only the terrible perils of sea and storm combined, but also the possibility of endurance beyond expectation when rescue has grown to be apparently a thing beyond hope.

A few years previously, when bound home from the Pacific, off Cape Horn, the captain's ship was caught in a violent gale, which lasted near a fortnight with uninterrupted violence. With ship dismasted, torn sails, and crew worn out by watching, the gale broke, but with a terrific sea running, and a dim, murky atmosphere, which circumscribed the vision. He was moodily pacing the deck, debating within himself whether or not the ship would not lie better on the other tack, when his attention was drawn to his carpenter (an old, gray-headed Scot), who, although it was his watch below, was standing looking intently at the horizon. Calling him to him and asking him what he saw, he replied that he had seen nothing, but that he had heard the sound of human voices. The captain (a humane man), fearing that, from want of rest, he had become temporarily deranged, argued with him as to the improbability of such being the case. If a vessel were at hand she could easily be seen, and no boat could possibly live in such a sea.

But again the man started, and shouted:

"Dinna ye hear it? Dinna ye hear it?"

Confirmed in his opinion as regards the man's temporary insanity, he ordered him to call all hands and put the "ship about." Then the stern old Scotchman, falling on his knees, invoked him, by all that he held dear, to wait, and not put his ship about, for if he did he would leave behind him the poor souls who were crying to him for assistance. Startled by the man's earnestness, and having sea-room enough not to care very much whether or not the vessel changed her course immediately, he resolved to humor the old fellow, and promised that he would not go about until eight o'clock. It was then four o'clock in the afternoon, and the night fast closing in.

Coming on deck again at half-past seven, the captain found the night looking very wild, the wind with that peculiar wail which portends its increase, and the lightning flashing with lurid glare through the murky atmosphere, lighting up at intervals the impenetrable darkness.

As he hurriedly paced the deck, a low, dismal, weird-like shout came up from out of the gloom—a human cry, full of agony! All that he had ever heard of the supernatural was in an instant present to him, as his blood seemed to freeze in his veins.

Five hundred miles from any land, the gale roaring and the seas breaking around him, whence could come a human voice?

Yes, there it was again—more wild, more agonizing! A flash lit up the blackness of the night, and for an instant revealed a boat full of men, close alongside, and then—all was dark again; but faint voices were distinctly heard begging for a rope. In less time than it takes me to relate it, a rope was hove, the boat dropped astern, and with great difficulty and danger eight living beings (one of whom was a woman) were got on board and the boat cut adrift.

Every means were taken to restore the sufferers, who were in a state nearer dead than alive, three of whom, however, died shortly after they got on board. Their captain (as he proved to be) was the first who was able to give an account of himself.

His vessel had gone down fifteen days before, and he had barely time to launch his boat and get into her his wife and crew; a bag of bread was thrown in, which was all they had to eat, and the wife in her fright had caught up an umbrella and thrown it into the boat, which proved a great instrument of their salvation, for, not having any water, they must rely upon the rain which they caught in the inverted umbrella.

For fifteen long days and nights had they been tossing about in the stormy ocean, suffering torments indescribable, and on the tenth day the captain's wife gave birth to a child.

During the narrative she had been lying in a state of semi-sensibility, but no sooner did she hear the word "child," than she sprang up in frenzy, wanting to know what they had done with her baby? The father then, for the first time, realized that the babe had not been saved, and rushed out on deck, followed by his wife, to jump into the boat; but the boat had been cut adrift an hour before, and was now miles astern upon the dark and stormy ocean. A marvelous rescue had been accomplished, but not a rescue for *all!*

## THE ARTILLERYMAN AND THE ELEPHANT.

THE remarkable intelligence of the domesticated elephant has been exemplified so frequently as to become proverbial. If he possessed the power of speech, he would be almost more than human; as it is, he often puts to shame the higher pretensions of his lordly masters.

Our illustration represents a corroborative fact. A battering train, going to the siege of a town in India, had to cross the sandy bed of a river, that resembled other rivers of the East, which have, during the Summer season, but a small stream of water running through them, though their beds are mostly of considerable breadth, very heavy for draught, and abounding in quicksands. An artilleryman who was seated on the tumbril of one of the guns, by some accident fell off in such a situation that in a minute or two the hind wheel must have gone over him.

The elephant, which was stationed behind the gun, perceiving the danger, instantly, without any warning from its keepers, lifted up the wheel with its trunk, and kept it suspended till the carriage had passed clear of him.

# A DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

## AN ACTOR'S STORY

### CHAPTER I.

LOTILDE was in her element that night, for it was a Spanish play, requiring force and fire in its delineation, and she threw herself into her part with an *abandon* that made her seem a beautiful embodiment of power and passion. As for me I could not play ill, for when with her my acting was not art but nature, and I *was* the lover that I seemed. Before she came I made a business, not a pleasure, of my profession, and was content to fill my place, with no higher ambition than to earn my salary with as little effort as possible, to resign myself to the distasteful labor to which my poverty condemned me. She changed all that; for she saw the talent I neglected, she understood the want of motive that made me indifferent, she pitied me for the reverse of fortune that placed me where I was; by her influence and example she roused a manlier spirit in me, kindled every spark of talent I possessed, and incited me to win a success I had not cared to labor for till then.

She was the rage that season, for she came unheralded and

almost unknown. Such was the power of beauty, genius, and character, that she made her way at once into public favor, and before the season was half over had become the reigning favorite. My position in the theatre threw us much together, and I had not played the lover to this beautiful woman many weeks before I found I was one in earnest. She soon knew it, and confessed that she returned my love; but when I spoke of marriage, she answered, with a look and tone that haunted me long afterward:

"Not yet, Paul; something that concerns me alone must be settled first. I cannot marry till I have received the answer for which I am waiting; have faith in me till then, and be patient for my sake."

I did have faith and patience; but while I waited I wondered much and studied her carefully Frank, generous, and deep-hearted, she won all who approached her; but I, being nearest and dearest, learned to know her best, and soon discovered that some past loss, some present anxiety or hidden care, oppressed and haunted her. A bitter spirit at times possessed her, followed by a heavy melancholy, or an almost fierce unrest, which nothing could dispel but some stormy drama, where she could vent her pent-up gloom or desperation in words and acts which seemed to have a double significance to her. I had vainly tried to find some cause or explanation of this one blemish in the nature which, to a lover's eyes, seemed almost perfect, but never had succeeded till the night of which I write.

The play was nearly over, the interest was at its height, and Clotilde's best scene was drawing to a close. She had just indignantly refused to betray a state secret which would endanger the life of her lover; and the *Duke* had just wrathfully vowed to denounce her to the Inquisition if she did not yield, when I, her lover, disguised as a monk, saw a strange and sudden change come over her. She should have trembled at a threat so full of terror, and have made one last appeal to the stern old man before she turned to defy and dare all things for her lover. But she seemed to have forgotten time, place, and character, for she stood gazing straight before her as if turned to stone. At first I thought it was some new presentiment of fear, for she seldom played a part twice alike, and left much to the inspiration of the moment. But an instant's scrutiny convinced me that this was not acting, for her face paled visibly, her eyes dilated as they looked beyond the *Duke*, her lips fell apart, and she looked like one suddenly confronted by a ghost. An inquiring glance from my companion showed me that he, too, was disturbed by her appearance, and fearing that she had overexerted herself, I struck into the dialogue as if she had made her appeal. The sound of my voice seemed to recall her; she passed her hand across her eyes, drew a long breath, and looked about her. I thought she had recovered herself and was about to resume her part, but, to my great surprise, she only clung to me, saying in a shrill whisper, so full of despair, it chilled my blood:

"The answer, Paul, the answer; it has come!"

The words were inaudible to all but myself; but the look, the gestures were eloquent with terror, grief, and love; and taking it for a fine piece of acting, the audience applauded loud and long. The accustomed sound roused Clotilde, and during that noisy moment a hurried dialogue passed between us.

"What is it? Are you ill?" I whispered.

"He is here, Paul, alive; I saw him. Heaven help us both!"

"Who is here?"

"Hush! not now; there is no time to tell you."

"You are right; compose yourself; you must speak in a moment."

"What do I say? Help me, Paul; I have forgotten everything but that man."

She looked as if bewildered; and I saw that some sudden shock had entirely unnerved her. But actors must have neither hearts nor nerves while on the stage. The applause was subsiding, and she must speak. Fortunately, I remembered enough of her part to prompt her as she struggled through the little that remained; for, seeing her condition, Denon and I cut the scene remorselessly, and brought it to a close as soon as possible.

The instant the curtain fell we were assailed with questions, but Clotilde answered none; and though hidden from her sight, still seemed to see the object that had wrought such an alarming change in her. I told them she was ill, took her to her dressing-room, and gave her into the hands of her maid, for I must appear again, and delay was impossible.

How I got through my part I cannot tell, for my thoughts were with Clotilde; but an actor learns to live a double life, so, while Paul Lamar suffered torments of anxiety, *Don Felix* fought a duel, killed his adversary, and was dragged to judgment. Involuntarily my eyes often wandered toward the spot where Clotilde's had seemed fixed. It was one of the stage-boxes, and at first I thought it empty, but presently I caught the glitter of a glass turned apparently on myself. As soon as possible I crossed the stage, and as I leaned haughtily upon my sword while the seconds adjusted the preliminaries, I searched the box with a keen glance. Nothing was visible, however, but a hand lying easily on the red cushion; a man's hand, white and shapely; on one finger shone a ring, evidently a woman's ornament, for it was a slender circlet of diamonds that flashed and scintillated with every gesture.

"Some fop, doubtless; a man like that could never daunt Clotilde," I thought. And eager to discover if there was not another occupant in the box, I took a step nearer, and stared boldly into the soft gloom that filled it. A low, derisive laugh came from behind the curtain as the hand gathered it back as if to permit me to satisfy myself. The act showed me that a single person occupied the box, but also effectually concealed that person from my sight; and as I was recalled to my duty by a warning whisper from one of my comrades, the hand appeared to wave me a mocking adieu.

Baffled and angry, I devoted myself to the affairs of *Don Felix*, wondering the while if Clotilde would be able to reappear; how she would bear herself; if that hidden man was the cause of her terror, and why? Even when immured in a dungeon, after my arrest, I beguiled the tedium of a long soliloquy with these questions, and executed a better stage-start than any I had ever practised, when at last she came to me, bringing liberty and love as my reward.

I had left her haggard, speechless, overwhelmed with some mysterious woe; she reappeared beautiful and brilliant, with a joy that seemed too lovely to be feigned. Never had she played so well; for some spirit, stronger than her own, seemed to possess and rule her royally.

If I had ever doubted her love for me, I should have been assured of it that night, for she breathed into the fond words of her part a tenderness and grace that filled my heart to overflowing, and inspired me to play the grateful lover to the life.

The last words came all too soon for me, and as she threw herself into my arms she turned her head as if to glance triumphantly at the defeated *Duke*, but I saw that she again looked beyond him, and with an indescribable expression of mingled pride, contempt, and defiance. A soft sound of applause from the mysterious occupant of that box answered the look, and the white hand sent a superb bouquet flying to her feet. I was about to lift and present it to her, but she checked me, and crushed it under foot with an air of the haughtiest disdain.

A laugh from behind the curtain greeted this demonstration, but it was scarcely observed by others; for that first bouquet seemed a signal for a rain of flowers, and these latter offerings she permitted me to gather up, receiving them with her most gracious smiles, her most graceful obeisances, as if to mark, for one observer at least, the difference of her regard for the givers.

As I laid the last floral tribute in her arms I took a parting glance at the box, hoping to catch a glimpse of the unknown face. The curtains were thrown back and the door stood open, admitting a strong light from the vestibule, but the box was empty.

Then the green curtain fell, and Clotilde whispered, as she glanced from her full hands to the rejected bouquet:

"Bring that to my room; I must have it."

I obeyed, eager to be enlightened; but when we were alone she flung down her fragrant burden, snatched the stranger's gift, tore it apart, drew out a slip of paper, read it, dropped it, and walked to and fro, wringing her hands, like one in a paroxysm of despair. I seized the note and looked at it, but found no key to her distress in the enigmatical words:

"I shall be there. Come, and bring your lover with you, else——"

There it abruptly ended; but the unfinished threat seemed the more menacing for its obscurity, and I indignantly demanded:

"Clotilde, who dares address you so? Where will this man be? You surely will not obey such a command? Tell me; I have a right to know."

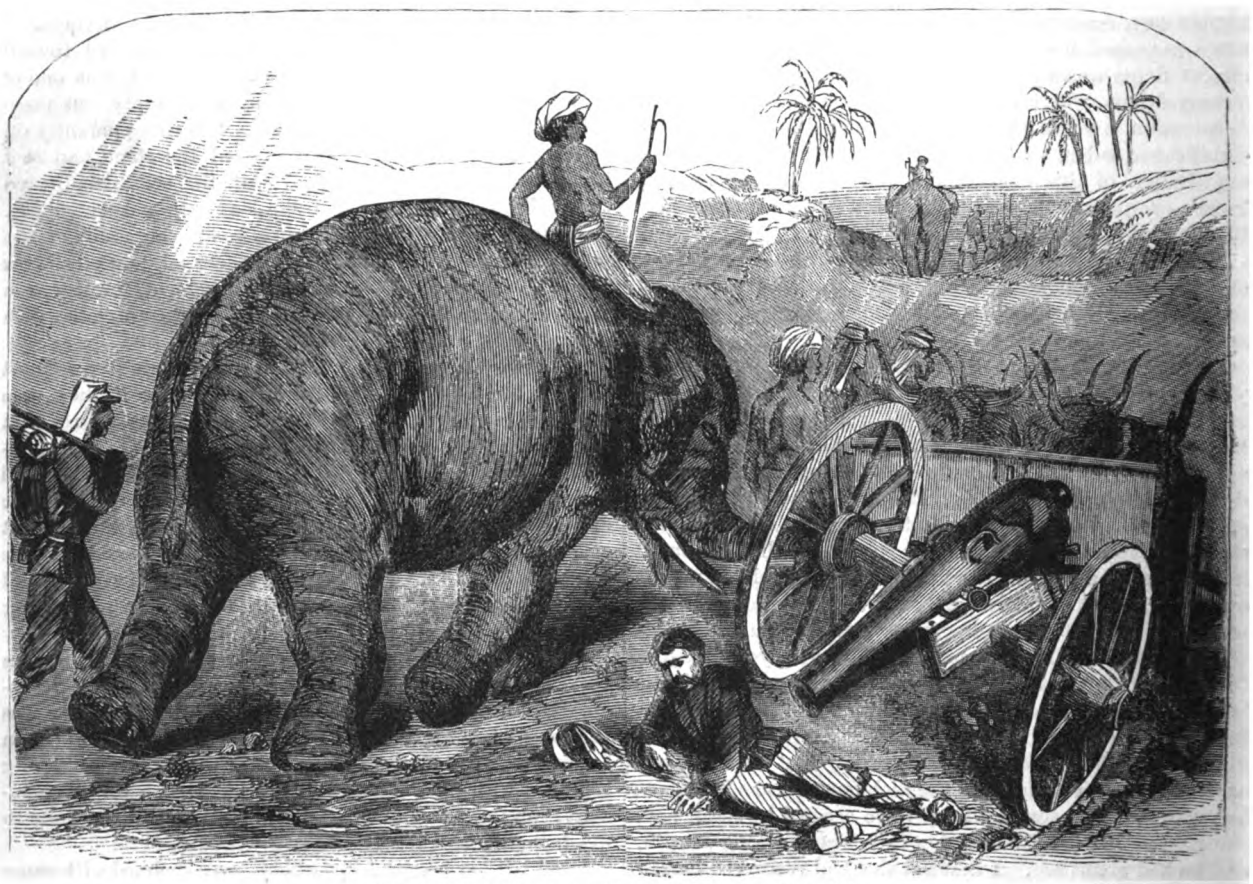
"I cannot tell you now; I dare not refuse him; he will be at Keen's; we *must* go. How will it end! How will it end!"

I remembered then that we were all to sup, *en costume*, with a brother actor, who did not play that night. I was about to speak yet more urgently, when the entrance of her maid checked me. Clotilde composed herself by a strong effort.

"Go and prepare," she whispered; "have faith in me a little longer, and soon you shall know all."

There was something almost solemn in her tone; her eyes met mine imploringly, and her lips trembled as if her heart were full. That assured me at once; and with a reassuring word I hurried away to give a few touches to my costume, which just then was fitter for a dungeon than a feast.

When I rejoined her there was no trace of past emotion; a soft color bloomed upon her cheek, her eyes were tearless and brilliant, her lips were dressed in smiles. Jewels shone on her white forehead, neck, and arms, flowers glowed in her bosom, and no charm that art or skill could lend to the rich dress or its lovely wearer had been forgotten.



THE ARTILLERYMAN AND THE ELEPHANT.—SEE PAGE 466.

"What an actress!" I involuntarily exclaimed, as she came to meet me, looking almost as beautiful and gay as ever.

"It is well that I am one, else I should yield to my hard fate without a struggle. Paul, hitherto I have played for money, now I play for love; help me by being a calm spectator to-night, and whatever happens, promise me that there shall be no violence."

I promised, for I was wax in her hands; and, more bewildered than ever, followed to the carriage, where a companion was impatiently awaiting us.

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## Chapter II.

We were late; and on arriving found all the other guests assembled. Three strangers appeared; and my attention was instantly fixed upon them, for the mysterious he was to be there. All three seemed gay, gallant, handsome men; all

three turned admiring eyes upon Clotilde, all three were gloved. Therefore, as I had seen no face, my one clue, the ring, was lost. From Clotilde's face and manner I could learn nothing, for a smile seemed carved upon her lips, her drooping lashes half concealed her eyes, and her voice was too well trained to betray her by a traitorous tone. She received the greetings, compliments, and admiration of all alike, and I vainly looked and listened till supper was announced.

As I took my place beside her, I saw her shrink and shiver slightly, as if a chilly wind had blown over her, but before I could ask if she were cold, a bland voice said:

now all my interest and attention was centred in him. Keenly, but covertly, I examined him, and soon felt that in spite of that foppish ornament he *was* a man to daunt a woman like Clotilde. Pride and passion, courage and indomitable will, met and mingled in his face, though the obedient features wore whatever expression he imposed upon them.

He was the handsomest, most elegant, but least attractive of the three, yet it was hard to say why. The others gave themselves freely to the enjoyment of a scene which evidently possessed the charm of novelty to them; but St. John unconsciously wore the half sad, half weary look that

A DOUBLE TRAGEDY.—"MY COMRADES SURROUNDED ME WITH ANXIOUS INQUIRIES."—SEE PAGE 466.

"Will mademoiselle permit me to drink her health?"

It was one of the strangers. Mechanically I offered her glass; but the next instant my hold tightened till the slender stem snapped, and the rosy bowl fell broken to the table, for on the handsome hand extended to fill it shone the ring.

"A bad omen, Mr. Lamar. I hope my attempt will succeed better," said St. John, as he filled another glass and handed it to Clotilde, who merely lifted it to her lips, and turned to enter into an animated conversation with the gentleman who sat on the other side.

Some one addressed St. John, and I was glad of it; for

comes to those who have led lives of pleasure and found their emptiness. Although the wittiest, and most brilliant talker at the table, his gayety seemed fitful, his manner absent at times.

More than once I saw him knit his black brows as he met my eye, and more than once I caught a long look fixed on Clotilde—a look full of the lordly admiration and pride which a master bestows upon a handsome slave. It made my blood boil, but I controlled myself, and was apparently absorbed in Miss Damareau, my neighbor.

We seemed as gay and care-free a company as ever made

midnight merry; songs were sung, stories told, theatrical phrases added sparkle to the conversation, and the varied costumes gave an air of romance to the revel. The *Grand Inquisitor*, still in his ghostly garb, and the stern old *Duke*, were now the jolliest of the group; the *Page* flirted violently with the *Princess;* the rivals of the play were bosom friends again, and the fair *Donna Olivia* had apparently forgotten her knightly lover, to listen to a modern gentleman.

Clotilde sat leaning back in a deep chair, eating nothing, but using her fan with the indescribable grace of a Spanish woman. She was very lovely, for the dress became her, and the black lace mantilla, falling from her head to her shoulders, heightened her charms by half concealing them; and nothing could have been more genial and gracious than the air with which she listened and replied to the compliments of the youngest stranger, who sat beside her and was all devotion.

I forgot myself in observing her till something said by our opposite neighbor arrested both of us. Some one seemed to have been joking St. John about his ring, which was too brilliant an ornament to pass unobserved.

"Bad taste, I grant you," he said, laughing, "but it is a *gage d'amour*, and I wear it for a purpose."

"I fancied it was the last Paris fashion," returned Keen. "And apropos to Paris, what is the newest gossip from the gay city?"

A slow smile rose to St. John's lips as he answered, after a moment's thought and a quick glance across the room:

"A little romance; shall I tell it to you? It is a love-story, ladies, and not long."

A unanimous assent was given; and he began with a curious glitter in his eyes, a stealthy smile coming and going on his face as the words dropped slowly from his lips.

"It begins in the old way. A foolish young man fell in love with a Spanish girl much his inferior in rank, but beautiful enough to excuse his folly, for he married her. Then came a few months of bliss; but madame grew jealous. Monsieur, wearied of domestic tempests, and, after vain efforts to appease his fiery angel, he proposed a separation. Madame was obdurate, Monsieur rebelled; and in order to try the soothing effects of absence upon both, after settling her in a charming château, he slipped away, leaving no trace by which his route might be discovered."

"Well, how did the experiment succeed?" asked Keen. St. John shrugged his shoulders, emptied his glass, and answered, tranquilly:

"Like most experiments that have women for their subjects, for the amiable creatures always devise some way of turning the tables, and defeating the best laid plans. Madame waited for her truant spouse till rumors of his death reached Paris, for he had met with mishaps, and sickness detained him long in an obscure place, so the rumors seemed confirmed by his silence, and madame believed him dead. But instead of dutifully mourning him, this inexplicable woman shook the dust of the château off her feet and disappeared, leaving everything, even to her wedding-ring, behind her."

"Bless me, how odd! What became of her?" exclaimed Miss Damareau, forgetting the dignity of the *Princess* in the curiosity of the woman.

"The very question her repentant husband asked when, returning from his long holiday, he found her gone. He searched the continent for her, but in vain; and for two years she left him to suffer the torments of suspense."

"As he had left her to suffer them while he went pleasuring. It was a light punishment for his offence."

Clotilde spoke; and the sarcastic tone, for all its softness, made St. John wince, though no eye but mine observed the faint flush of shame or anger that passed across his face.

"Mademoiselle espouses the lady's cause, of course, and as a gallant man I should do likewise, but unfortunately my sympathies are strongly enlisted on the other side."

"Then, you know the parties?" I said, impulsively, for my inward excitement was increasing rapidly, and I began to feel rather than to see the end of this mystery.

"I have seen them, and cannot blame the man for claiming his beautiful wife, when he found her," he answered, briefly.

"Then he did find her at last? Pray tell us how and when," cried Miss Damareau.

"She betrayed herself. It seems that madame had returned to her old profession, and fallen in love with an actor; but being as virtuous as she was fair, she would not marry till she was assured beyond a doubt of her husband's death. Her engagement would not allow her to inquire in person, so she sent letters to various places asking for proofs of his demise; and as ill, or good fortune would have it, one of these letters fell into monsieur's hands, giving him an excellent clue to her whereabouts, which he followed indefatigably till he found her."

"Poor little woman, I pity her! How did she receive Monsieur De Trop?" asked Keen.

"You shall know in good time. He found her in London playing at one of the great theatres, for she had talent, and had become a star. He saw her act for a night or two, made secret inquiries concerning her, and fell more in love with her than ever. Having tried almost every novelty under the sun, he had a fancy to attempt something of the dramatic sort, so presented himself to madame at a party."

"Heavens, what a scene there must have been," ejaculated Miss Demareau.

"On the contrary, there was no scene at all; the man was not a Frenchman, and madame was a fine actress. Much as he had admired her on the stage, he was doubly charmed with her performance in private, for it was superb. They were among strangers, and she received him like one, playing her part with the utmost grace and self-control, for, with a woman's quickness of perception, she divined his purpose, and, knowing that her fate was in his hands, endeavored to propitiate him by complying with his caprice. Mademoiselle, allow me to send you some of these grapes, they are delicious."

As he leaned forward to present them he shot a glance at her that caused me to start up with a violence that nearly betrayed me. Fortunately the room was close, and saying something about the heat, I threw open a window, and let in a balmy gust of Spring air that refreshed us all.

"How did they settle it, by duels and despair, or by repentance and reconciliation all round, in the regular French fashion?"

"I regret that I'm unable to tell you, for I left before the affair was arranged. I only know that Monsieur was more captivated than before, and quite ready to forgive and forget, and I suspect that Madame, seeing the folly of resistance, will submit with a good grace, and leave the stage to play "The Honey Moon" for a second time in private with a husband who adores her. What is the mademoiselle's opinion?"

She had listened, without either question or comment, her fan at rest, her hands motionless, her eyes downcast; so still it seemed as if she had hushed the breath from her lips, so pale despite her rouge, that I wondered no one observed it, so intent and resolute that every feature seemed under control—every look and gesture guarded. When St. John addressed her, she looked up with a smile as bland as his own, but fixed her eyes on him with an expression of undismayed defiance and supreme contempt that caused him to bite his lips with ill-concealed annoyance.

"My opinion?" she said, in her clear, cold voice, "I think that Madame, being a woman of spirit, would *not* endeavor

to propitiate that man in any way except for her lover's sake, and having been once deserted would not subject herself to a second indignity of that sort while there was a law to protect her."

"Unfortunately there is no law for her, having once refused a separation. Even if there were, Monsieur is rich and powerful, she is poor and friendless; he loves her, and is a man who never permits himself to be thwarted by any obstacle; therefore, I am convinced it would be best for this adorable woman to submit without defiance or delay—and I do think she will," he added, significantly.

"They seem to forget the poor lover; what is to become of him?" asked Keen.

"*I* do not forget him;" and the hand that wore the ring closed with an ominous gesture, which I well understood. "Monsieur merely claims his own, and the other, being a man of sense and honor, will doubtless withdraw at once; and though 'desolated,' as the French say, will soon console himself with a new *inamorata*. If he is so unwise as to oppose Monsieur, who by the by is a dead shot, there is but one way in which both can receive satisfaction."

A significant emphasis on the last word pointed his meaning, and the smile that accompanied it almost goaded me to draw the sword I wore, and offer him that satisfaction on the spot. I felt the color rise to my forehead, and dared not look up, but leaning on the back of Clotilde's chair, I bent as if to speak to her.

"Bear it a little longer for my sake, Paul," she murmured, with a look of love and despair, that wrung my heart. Here some one spoke of a long rehearsal in the morning, and the lateness of the hour.

"A farewell toast before we part," said Keen. "Come, Lamar, give us a sentiment, after that whisper you ought to be inspired."

"I am. Let me give you—The love of liberty and the liberty of love."

"Good! That would suit the hero and heroine of St. John's story, for Monsieur wished much for his liberty, and, no doubt, Madame will for her love," said Denon, while the glasses were filled.

Then the toast was drank with much merriment and the party broke up. While detained by one of the strangers, I saw St. John approach Clotilde, who stood alone by the window, and speak rapidly for several minutes. She listened with half-averted head, answered briefly, and wrapping the mantilla closely about her, swept away from him with her haughtiest mien. He watched her for a moment, then followed, and before I could reach her, offered his arm to lead her to the carriage. She seemed about to refuse it, but something in the expression of his face restrained her; and accepting it, they went down together. The hall and anteroom were dimly lighted, but as I slowly followed, I saw her snatch her hand away, when she thought they were alone; saw him draw her to him with an embrace as fond as it was irresistible; and turning her indignant face to his, kiss it ardently, as he said in a tone, both tender and imperious:

"Good-night, my darling. I give you one more day, and then I claim you."

"Never!" she answered, almost fiercely, as he released her. And wishing me pleasant dreams, as he passed, went out into the night, gayly humming the burden of a song Clotilde had often sung to me.

The moment we were in the carriage all her self-control deserted her, and a tempest of despairing grief came over her. For a time, both words and caresses were unavailing, and I let her weep herself calm before I asked the hard question:

"Is all this true, Clotilde?"

"Yes, Paul, all true, except that he said nothing of the neglect, the cruelty, the insult I bore before he left me. I was so young, so lovely, I was glad to be loved and cared for, and I believed that he would never change. I cannot tell you all I suffered, but I rejoiced when I thought death had freed me; I would keep nothing that reminded me of the bitter past, and went away to begin again, as if it had never been."

"Why delay telling me this? Why let me learn it in such a strange and sudden way?"

"Ah, forgive me! I am so proud I could not bear to tell you that any man had wearied of me and deserted me. I meant to tell you before our marriage, but the fear that St. John was alive haunted me, and till it was set at rest I would not speak. To-night there was no time, and I was forced to leave all to chance. He found pleasure in tormenting me through you, but would not speak out, because he is as proud as I, and does not wish to hear our story bandied from tongue to tongue."

"What did he say to you, Clotilde?"

"He begged me to submit and return to him, in spite of all that has passed; he warned me that if we attempted to escape it would be at the peril of your life, for he would most assuredly follow and find us, to whatever corner of the earth we might fly; and he will, for he is as relentless as death."

"What did he mean by giving you one day more?" I asked, grinding my teeth with impatient rage as I listened.

"He gave me one day to recover from my surprise, to prepare for my departure with him, and to bid you farewell."

"And will you, Clotilde?"

"No!" she replied, clinching her hands with a gesture of dogged resolution, while her eyes glittered in the darkness. "I never will submit; there must be some way of escape; I shall find it, and if I do not—I can die."

"Not yet, dearest; we will appeal to the law first; I have a friend whom I will consult to-morrow, and he may help us."

"I have no faith in law," she said, despairingly, "money and influence so often outweigh justice and mercy. I have no witnesses, no friends, no wealth to help me; he has all, and we shall only be defeated. I must devise some surer way. Let me think a little; a woman's wit is quick when her heart prompts it."

I let the poor soul flatter herself with vague hopes; but I saw no help for us except in flight, and that she would not consent to, lest it should endanger me. More than once I said savagely within myself, "I will kill him," and then shuddered at the counsels of the devil, so suddenly roused in my own breast. As if she divined my thought by instinct, Clotilde broke the heavy silence that followed her last words, by clinging to me with the imploring cry:

"Oh, Paul, shun him, else your fiery spirit will destroy you. He promised me he would not harm you unless we drove him to it. Be careful, for my sake, and if any one must suffer let it be miserable me."

I soothed her as I best could, and when our long, sad drive ended, bade her rest while I worked, for she would need all her strength on the morrow. Then I left her to haunt the street all night long, guarding her door, and while I paced to and fro without, I watched her shadow come and go before the lighted window as she paced within, each racking our brains for some means of help till day broke.

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### Chapter III.

Early on the following morning I consulted my friend, but when I laid the case before him he gave me little hope of a happy issue should the attempt be made. A divorce was hardly possible, when an unscrupulous man like St. John was bent on opposing it; and though no decision

could force her to remain with him, we should not be safe from his vengeance, even if we chose to dare everything and fly together. Long and earnestly we talked, but to little purpose, and I went to rehearsal with a heavy heart.

Clotilde was to have a benefit that night, and what a happy day I had fancied this would be; how carefully I had prepared for it; what delight I had anticipated in playing *Romeo* to her *Juliet*; and how eagerly I had longed for the time which now seemed to approach with such terrible rapidity, for each hour brought our parting nearer! On the stage I found Keen and his new friend amusing themselves with fencing, while waiting the arrival of some of the company. I was too miserable to be dangerous just then, and when St. John bowed to me with his most courteous air, I returned the greeting, though I could not speak to him. I think he saw my suffering, and enjoyed it with the satisfaction of a cruel nature, but he treated me with the courtesy of an equal, which new demonstration surprised me, till, through Denon, I discovered that having inquired much about me he had learned that I was a gentleman by birth and education, which fact accounted for the change in his demeanor. I roamed restlessly about the gloomy green-room and stage, till Keen, dropping his foil, confessed himself outfenced and called to me.

THE STREET SWEEP OF PARIS, BY GAVARNI.—SEE PAGE 475.

"Come here, Lamar, and try a bout with St. John. You are the best fencer among us, so, for the honor of the company, come and do your best instead of playing *Romeo* before the time."

A sudden impulse prompted me to comply, and a few passes proved that I was the better swordsman of the two. This annoyed St. John, and though he complimented me with the rest, he would not own himself outdone, and we kept it up till both grew warm and excited. In the midst of an animated match between us, I observed that the button was off his foil, and a glance at his face assured me that he was aware of it, and almost at the instant he made a skillful thrust, and the point pierced my flesh. As I caught the foil from his hand and drew it out with an exclamation of pain, I saw a gleam of exultation pass across his face, and knew that his promise to Clotilde was but idle breath. My comrades surrounded me with anxious inquiries, and no one was more surprised and solicitous than St. John. The wound was trifling, for a picture of Clotilde had turned the thrust aside, else the force with which it was given might have rendered it fatal. I made light of it, but hated him with a redoubled hatred for the cold-blooded treachery that would have given to revenge the screen of accident. The appearance of the ladies caused us to immediately ignore the mishap, and address ourselves to business. Clotilde came last, looking so pale it was unnecessary for her to plead illness; but she went through her part with her usual fidelity, while her husband watched her with the masterful expression that nearly drove me wild. He haunted her like a shadow, and she listened to him with the desperate look of a hunted creature driven to bay. He might have softened her just resentment by a touch of generosity or compassion, and win a little gratitude, even though love was impossible; but he was blind, relentless, and goaded her beyond endurance, rousing in her fiery Spanish heart a dangerous spirit that he could not control. The rehearsal was over at last, and I approached Clotilde with a look that mutely asked if I should leave her. St. John said something in a low voice, but she answered sternly, as she took my arm with a decided gesture.

"This day is mine; I will not be defrauded of an hour," and we went away together for our accustomed stroll in the sunny park.

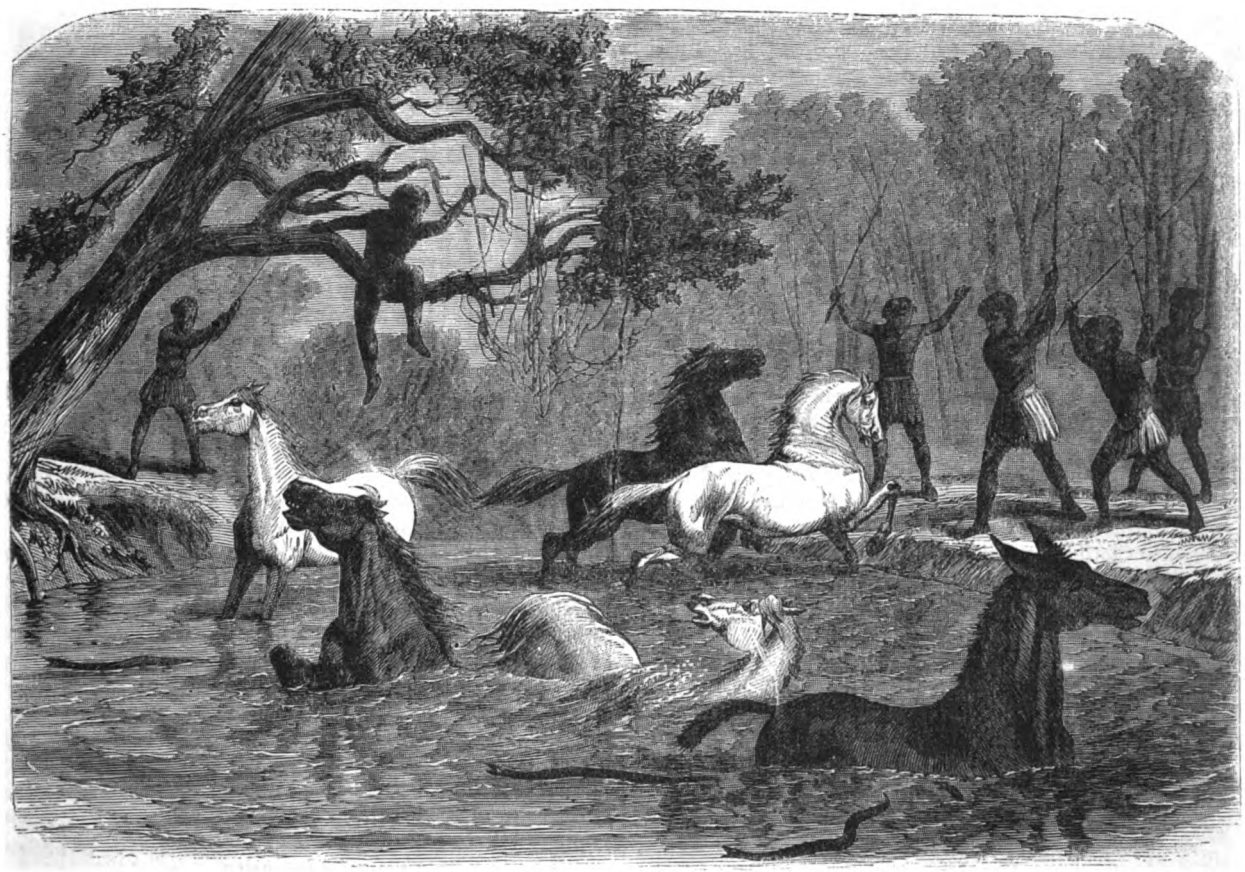
A sad and memorable walk was that, for neither had any hope with which to cheer the other, and Clotilde grew gloomier as we talked. I told her of my fruitless consulta-

tion, also of the fencing match; at that her face darkened, and she said, below her breath, "I shall remember that."

We walked long together, and I proposed plan after plan, all either unsafe or impracticable. She seemed to listen, but when I paused she answered with averted eyes:

"Leave it to me; I have a project; let me perfect it before I tell you. Now I must go and rest, for I have had no sleep, and I shall need all my strength for the tragedy tonight."

All that afternoon I roamed about the city, too restless for anything but constant motion, and evening found me ill prepared for my now doubly arduous duties. It was late when I reached the theatre, and I dressed hastily. My costume was new for the occasion, and not till it was on did I remember that I had neglected to try it since the finishing touches were given. A stitch or two would remedy the defects, and, hurrying up to the wardrobe room, a skillful pair of hands soon set me right.



THE ELECTRIC EEL.—"THE MULES, DISABLED BY THE FREQUENCY AND FORCE OF THE SHOCKS, DISAPPEAR UNDER WATER."—SEE PAGE 476.

As I came down the winding-stairs that led from the lofty chamber to a dimly-lighted gallery below, St. John's voice arrested me, and pausing, I saw that Keen was doing the honors of the theatre in defiance of all rules. Just as they reached the stair-foot some one called to them, and throwing open a narrow door, he said to his companion:

"From here you get a fine view of the stage; steady yourself by the rope and look down. I'll be with you in a moment."

He ran into the dressing-room from whence the voice proceeded, and St. John stepped out upon a little platform, hastily built for the launching of an ærial car in some grand spectacle. Glad to escape meeting him, I was about to go on, when, from an obscure corner, a dark figure glided noiselessly to the door and leaned in. I caught a momentary glimpse of a white extended arm and the glitter of steel, then came a cry of mortal fear, a heavy fall; and flying swiftly down the galley, the figure disappeared. With one leap I reached the door, and looked in; the raft hung broken, the platform was empty. At that instant Keen rushed out, demanding what had happened; and scarcely knowing what I said, I answered hurriedly:

"The rope broke and he fell."

Keen gave me a strange look, and dashed downstairs. I followed, to find myself in a horror-stricken crowd, gathered about the piteous object which a moment ago had been a living man.

There was no need to call a surgeon, for that headlong fall had dashed out life in the drawing of a breath, and nothing remained to do but to take the poor body tenderly away to such friends as the newly-arrived stranger possessed.

The contrast between the gay crowd rustling before the curtain and the dreadful scene transpiring behind it, was terrible; but the house was filling fast; there was no time for the indulgence of pity or curiosity, and soon no trace of the accident remained but the broken rope above, and an ominous damp spot on the newly-washed boards below.

At word of command from our energetic manager, actors and actresses were sent away to retouch their pale faces with carmine, to restoring their startled nerves with any stimulant at hand, and to forget, if possible, the awesome sight just witnessed.

I returned to my dressing-room, noping Clotilde had heard nothing of this sad, and yet, for us, most fortunate accident, though all the while a vague dread haunted me, and I feared to see her. Mechanically completing my costume, I looked about me for the dagger with which poor Juliet was to stab himself, and found that it was gone. Trying to recollect where I put it, I remembered having it in my hand just before I went up to have my sword-belt altered; and fancying that I must have inadvertently taken it with me, I reluctantly retraced my steps.

At the top of the stairs leading to that upper gallery a little white object caught my eye, and, taking it up, I found it to be a flower. If it had been a burning coal I should not have dropped it more hastily than I did when I recognized it was one of a cluster I had left in Clotilde's room because she loved them. They were a rare and delicate kind, no one but herself was likely to possess them in that place, nor was she likely to have given one away, for my gifts were kept with jealous care; yet how came it there? And as I asked myself the question, like an answer returned the remembrance of her face when she said, "I shall remember this." The darkly-shrouded form was a female figure, the white arm a woman's, and, horrible as was the act, who but that sorely-tried and tempted creature would have committed it.

For a moment my heart stood still, then I indignantly rejected the black thought, and thrusting the flower into my breast, went on my way, trying to convince myself that the foreboding fear which oppressed me was caused by the agitating events of the last half hour.

My weapon was not in the wardrobe-room; and as I returned, wondering what I had done with it, I saw Keen standing in the little doorway with a candle in his hand. He turned and asked what I was looking for. I told him, and explained why I was searching for it there.

"Here it is; I found it at the foot of these stairs. It is too sharp for a stage-dagger, and will do mischief unless you dull it," he said, adding, as he pointed to the broken rope, "Lamar, that was cut; I have examined it."

The light shone full in my face, and I knew that it changed, as did my voice, for I thought of Clotilde, and till that fear was at rest, resolved to be dumb concerning what I had seen; but I could not repress a shudder as I said, hastily:

"Don't suspect me of any deviltry, for heaven's sake. I've got to go on in fifteen minutes, and how can I play unless you let me forget this horrible business."

"Forget it, then, if you can; I'll remind you of it to-morrow." And, with a significant nod, he walked away, leaving behind him a new trial to distract me.

I ran to Clotilde's room, bent on relieving myself, if possible, of the suspicion that would return with redoubled pertinacity since the discovery of the dagger, which I was sure I had not dropped where it was found. When I tapped at her door, her voice, clear and sweet as ever, answered, "Come!" and entering, I found her ready, but alone. Before I could open my lips she put up her hand as if to arrest the utterance of some dreadful intelligence.

"Don't speak of it; I have heard, and cannot bear a repetition of the horror. I must forget it till to-morrow, then——"

There she stopped abruptly, for I produced the flower, asking as naturally as I could:

"Did you give this to any one?"

"No; why ask me that?" and she shrunk a little as I bent to count the blossoms in the cluster on her breast. I gave her seven; now there were but six, and I fixed on her a look that betrayed my fear, and mutely demanded its confirmation or denial. Other eyes she might have evaded or defied, not mine; the traitorous blood dyed her face, then fading, left it colorless; her eyes wandered and fell; she clasped her hands imploringly, and threw herself at my feet, crying in a stifled voice:

"Paul, be merciful! that was our only hope, and the guilt is mine alone!"

But I started from her, exclaiming with mingled incredulity and horror:

"Was this the tragedy you meant? What devil devised and helped you execute a crime like this?"

"Hear me! I did not plan it, yet I longed to kill him, and all day the thought would haunt me. I have borne so much, I could bear no more, and he drove me to it. To-night the thought still clung to me, till I was half mad. I went to find you, hoping to escape it; you were gone, but on your table lay the dagger. As I took it in my hand I heard his voice, and forgot everything except my wrongs and the great happiness one blow could bring us. I followed them, meaning to stab him in the dark; but when I saw him leaning where a safer stroke would destroy him, I gave it, and we are safe."

"Safe!" I echoed. "Do you know you left my dagger behind you? Keen found it; he suspects me, for I was near; and St. John has told him something of the cause I have to wish you free."

She sprang up, and seemed about to rush away to proclaim her guilt but I restrained her desperate purpose, saying, sternly:

"Control yourself and be cautious. I may be mistaken; but if either of us must suffer, let it be me. I can bear it best, even if it comes to the worst, for my life is worthless now

"And I have made it so? Oh, Paul, can you never forgive me and forget my sin?"

"Never, Clotilde; it is too horrible."

I broke from her trembling hold, and covered up my face, for suddenly the woman whom I once loved had grown abhorrent to me. For many minutes neither spoke or stirred; my heart seemed dead within me, and what went on in that stormy soul I shall never know. Suddenly I was called, and as I turned to leave her, she seized both my hands in a despairing grasp, covered them with tender kisses, wet them with repentant tears, and clung to them in a paroxysm of love, remorse, and grief, till I was forced to go, leaving her alone with the memory of her sin.

That night I was like one in a terrible dream; everything looked unreal, and like an automaton I played my part, for always before me I seemed to see that shattered body and to hear again that beloved voice confessing a black crime.

Rumors of the accident had crept out, and damped the spirits of the audience, yet it was as well, perhaps, for it made them lenient to the shortcomings of the actors, and lent another shadow to the mimic tragedy that slowly darkened to its close. Clotilde's unnatural composure would have been a marvel to me had I not been past surprise at any demonstration on her part. A wide gulf now lay between us, and it seemed impossible for me to cross it. The generous, tender woman whom I first loved, was still as beautiful and dear to me as ever, but as much lost as if death had parted us. The desperate, despairing creature I had learned to know within an hour, seemed like an embodiment of the murderous spirit which had haunted me that day; and though by heaven's mercy it had not conquered me, yet I now hated it with remorseful intensity.

So strangely were the two images blended in my troubled mind that I could not separate them, and they exerted a mysterious influence over me. When with Clotilde, she seemed all she had ever been, and I enacted the lover with a power I had never known before, feeling the while that it might be for the last time. When away from her, the darker impression returned, and the wildest of the poet's words were not too strong to embody my own sorrow and despair.

They told me long afterward that never had the tragedy been better played, and I could believe it, for the hapless Italian lovers never found better representatives than in us that night.

Worn out with suffering and excitement, I longed for solitude and silence with a desperate longing, and when *Romeo* murmured, "With a kiss I die," I fell beside the bier, wishing that I too was done with life. Lying there, I watched Clotilde, through the little that remained, and so truly, tenderly did she render the pathetic scene that my heart

softened; all the early love returned, strong and warm as ever, and I felt that I *could* forgive. As she knelt to draw my dagger, I whispered, warningly:

"Be careful, dear, it is very sharp."

"I know it," she answered, with a shudder; then cried aloud:

"Oh, happy dagger! this is thy sheath; there rust, and let me die!"

Again I saw the white arm raised, the flash of steel as *Juliet* struck the blow that was to free her, and sinking down beside her lover, seemed to breathe her life away.

"I thank God it's over!" I ejaculated, a few minutes later, as the curtain slowly fell.

Clotilde did not answer, and feeling how cold the cheek that touched my own had grown, I thought she had given way at last.

"She has fainted; lift her, Denon, and let me rise," I cried, as *County Paris* sprang up with a joke.

"Good God, she has hurt herself with that cursed dagger!" he exclaimed, as raising her he saw a red stain on the white draperies she wore.

I staggered to my feet, and laid her on the bier she had just left, but no mortal skill could heal that hurt, and *Juliet's* grave-clothes were her own.

Deaf to the enthusiastic clamor that demanded our reappearance, blind to the confusion and dismay about me, I leaned over her, passionately conjuring her to give me one word of pardon and farewell. As if my voice had power to detain her, even when death called, the dark eyes, full of remorseful love, met mine again, and feebly drawing from her breast a paper, she motioned Keen to take it, murmuring in a tone that changed from solemn affirmation to the tenderest penitence:

"Lamar is innocent—I did it. This will prove it. Paul, I have tried to atone—oh, forgive me, and remember me for my love's sake."

I did forgive her; and she died smiling on my breast. I did remember her through a long, lonely life, and never played again since the night of that Double Tragedy.

## GAVARNI.

A FEW years since the grave closed on Sulpice Paul Chevalier a French artist of undoubted power, who made himself a fame which Delacroix prophesied, but which is associated only with his *nom de guerre* of Gavarni. The "Street Sweep of Paris," which we give as one of the happiest of his creations, will show the minute truthfulness, the life-like characteristics of his style.

His astonishing series of sketches reproduce every imaginable phase of Parisian life. The whole comedy and tragedy of human existence passes before us. Idlers, grisettes, students, dandies, beggars, thieves, bourgeois, priests, lorettes, hypocrites, wives good and bad, husbands faithful and false, children *naifs*, impudent and malignant, exhibit themselves in their nature and in their habit as they were, and, indeed, as they are, since human nature is the same under all conditions of time.

Hear what one of the greatest modern French critics, Jules Janin, said of these creations:

"Gavarni's players are real men. They walk without thinking that they are followed; they pass by, unaware that they are looked at; they speak, and not one has the air of imagining himself overheard. They are artlessly foolish, malicious, proud, gluttonous, idle, loungers, scoundrels, cowards, flatterers, takers of oaths, makers of songs, stupid, vain, frivolous, gossipers, treacherous, brutal, or subtle; you see these are no longer comedians—they are men."

To have created such a gallery—to have caught the whole tone of the life around him with such entire perfection—surely this is work enough for one man.

At the beginning of the present century, having amassed a competency sufficient for his own modest needs, the father settled down in Paris, where, in 1801, his son, Sulpice Paul Chevalier, was born. There was an artistic drop in his veins on his mother's side. Her brother was a painter named Thiemet, who, in the time of the Revolution, gained some little temporary success. At first this undeveloped power took a direction which scarcely promised to lead its possessor into the path in which he was destined afterward to gain so much renown.

A trade was necessary, and as the young Sulpice Paul Chevalier was passionately fond of the exact sciences, his father apprenticed him to a mechanical draughtsman. By day he worked with rule and compass in his workshop; by night—thanks to that liberal encouragement of the arts which has always been characteristic of the French Government—he followed the course laid down by the School of Design.

He was in his seventeenth year when the general survey of France opened a place for him. The officers appointed to make the survey placed him at Tarbes, and there, in the midst of a picturesque country, and surrounded by people whose every attitude formed the subject of a picture, he gave himself up with little restraint to the indulgence of his artistic tastes. Landscapes and figure subjects in chalk and water-color flowed from his hand in an incessant stream; but he won no reputation, except among the few private friends to whom he submitted his work.

At last, incited by some ladies who had shown him particular attention, he sent a couple of drawings of costumes to M. de la Mésangère, who then conducted a sort of magazine of fashion in Paris. These being published, were followed by others of the same class, which were so well appreciated by the public, that on his return to the capital the artist was able to resign his connection with the survey and to live by his pencil.

One day, bargaining with Susse the publisher, he was called upon for a signature to his work. For some unknown reason, Chevalier did not choose to reveal himself, and therefore signed his drawings with the name of a valley very dear to him during his stay in the Pyrenees—Gavarni. Henceforward that name became his; so that even in his public capacity he was known by it rather than by that which of right belonged to him.

## TOBACCO PIPES.

THERE are some remarkable objects to be met with among the relics of North American antiquity, but none are more curious than the stone tobacco pipes which have been discovered in the mounds formed by the early inhabitants of the continent. They are, undoubtedly, the oldest things of the sort in the world. There is something about them, however, more interesting than age. "These pipes," remarks one writer, "are unique in form, and are carved out of hard ornamental stone, in which their bowls are hollowed and their tubes drilled with perfect skill, and the bowls themselves are sculptured into the forms of birds, animals, and human heads, in a manner quite unapproachable by any but civilized races."

It may be added that elaborately carved pipes continue to be made by the Indians in the present day. Some tribes devote their attention to the ornamentation of the bowl, others to that of the stem. Occasionally the bowl is adapted for the insertion of two tubes—a convenient arrangement whereby two smokers may inhale the fumes of the tobacco at the same time.

"OF COURSE I KNELT, WITH FINGERS DEFT
I TIED THE RIGHT, AND THEN THE LEFT."

## "MRS. SMITH."

LAST year I trod these fields with Di,
And that's the simple reason why
They now look arid:
Then Di was fair and single—how
Unfair it seems on me, for now
Di's fair and married!

In bliss we roved, I scorn'd the song
Which says that tho' young Love is strong
The Fates are stronger:
Then breezes blew a boon to men-
Then buttercups were bright—and then
This grass was longer.

That day I saw, and much esteem'd
Di's ankles—which the clover seem'd
Inclined to smother:
It twitch'd—and soon untied (for fun)
The ribbons of her shoes; first one,
And then the other.

'Tis said that virgins augur some
Misfortune, if their shoestrings come
To grief on Friday:
And so did Di—and so her pride
Decreed that shoestrings so untied
Are "so untidy!"

Of course I knelt, with fingers deft
I tied the right, and then the left;
Says Di—"This stubble
Is very stupid, as I live,
I'm shocked, I'm quite ashamed to give
You so much trouble."

For answer I was fain to sink
To what most swains would say and think
Were Beauty present:
"Don't mention such a simple act.
A trouble? not the least. In fact
It's rather pleasant."

I trust that love will never tease
Poor little Di, or prove that he's
A graceless rover;
She's happy now—as Mrs. Smith—
But less polite when walking with
Her chosen lover.

Farewell! And tho' no moral clings
To Di's soft eyes and sandal strings,
We've had our quarrels;
I think that Smith is thought an ass,
But know that when they walk in grass
She wears balmorals.

## THE ELECTRIC EEL.

AMONG all the diversified faculties, powers and organs with which Supreme Wisdom has gifted the members of the animal kingdom, to defend themselves from their enemies or to secure for themselves a due supply of food, none are more remarkable than those by which they can give an electric shock, and arrest them in their course, whether they are assailants or fugitives.

That God should arm certain fishes, in some sense, with the lightning of the clouds, and enable them thus to employ an element so potent and irresistible, as we do gunpowder, to astound, and smite, and stupefy and kill the inhabitants of the water, is one of those wonders of an Almighty arm which no terrestrial animal is gifted to exhibit.

The fishes hitherto ascertained to possess this power belong to the genera *Tetredon*, *Trichiurus*, *Melapterurus*, *Gymnotus*, and *Rai*. The most remarkable are the three last, and of them the torpedo is the most celebrated.

The gymnotus, or electric-eel, is a still more tremendous assailant, both of the inhabitants of its own element and even of large quadrupeds, and of man himself, if he puts himself in its way. Its force is said to be ten times greater than that of the torpedo. This animal is a native of South

America. In the immense plains of the Llanos, in the province of Caraccas, is a city called Calabozo, in the vicinity of which these eels abound in small streams, insomuch that a road formerly much frequented was abandoned on account of them, it being necessary to cross a rivulet in which many mules were annually lost in consequence of their attacks. They are also extremely common in every pond from the equator to the ninth degree of north latitude.

Humboldt gives a very spirited account of the manner of taking this animal, which is done by compelling twenty or thirty wild horses and mules to take the water. The Indians surround the basin into which they are driven, armed with long canes or harpoons; some mount the trees whose branches hang over the water, all endeavoring, by their cries and instruments, to keep the horses from escaping. For a long time the victory seems doubtful, or to incline to the fishes. The mules, disabled by the frequency and force of the shocks, disappear under the water; and some horses, in spite of the active vigilance of the Indians, gain the banks, overcome by fatigue, and benumbed by the shocks they have encountered, stretch themselves at their length on the ground.

There could not (says Humboldt) be a finer subject for a painter; groups of Indians surrounding the basin; the horses, with their hair on end, endeavoring to escape the tempest that has overtaken them; the eels, yellowish and livid, looking like great aquatic serpents, swimming on the surface of the water in pursuit of their enemy.

In a few minutes two horses were already drowned; the eel, more than five feet long, gliding under the belly of the horse or mule, made a discharge of its electric battery on the whole extent, attacking, at the same instant, the heart and the viscera. The animals, stupefied by these repeated shocks, fall into a profound lethargy, and, deprived of all sense, sink under the water, when the other horses and mules passing over their bodies, they are soon drowned. The gymnoti, having thus discharged their accumulation of the electric fluid, now become harmless, and are no longer dreaded. Swimming half out of the water, they flee from the horses, instead of attacking them; and if they enter it the day after the battle, they are not molested, for these fishes require repose and plenty of food to enable them to accumulate a sufficient supply of their galvanic electricity.

## TERRIBLE PUNISHMENTS—PEINE FORTE ET DURE.

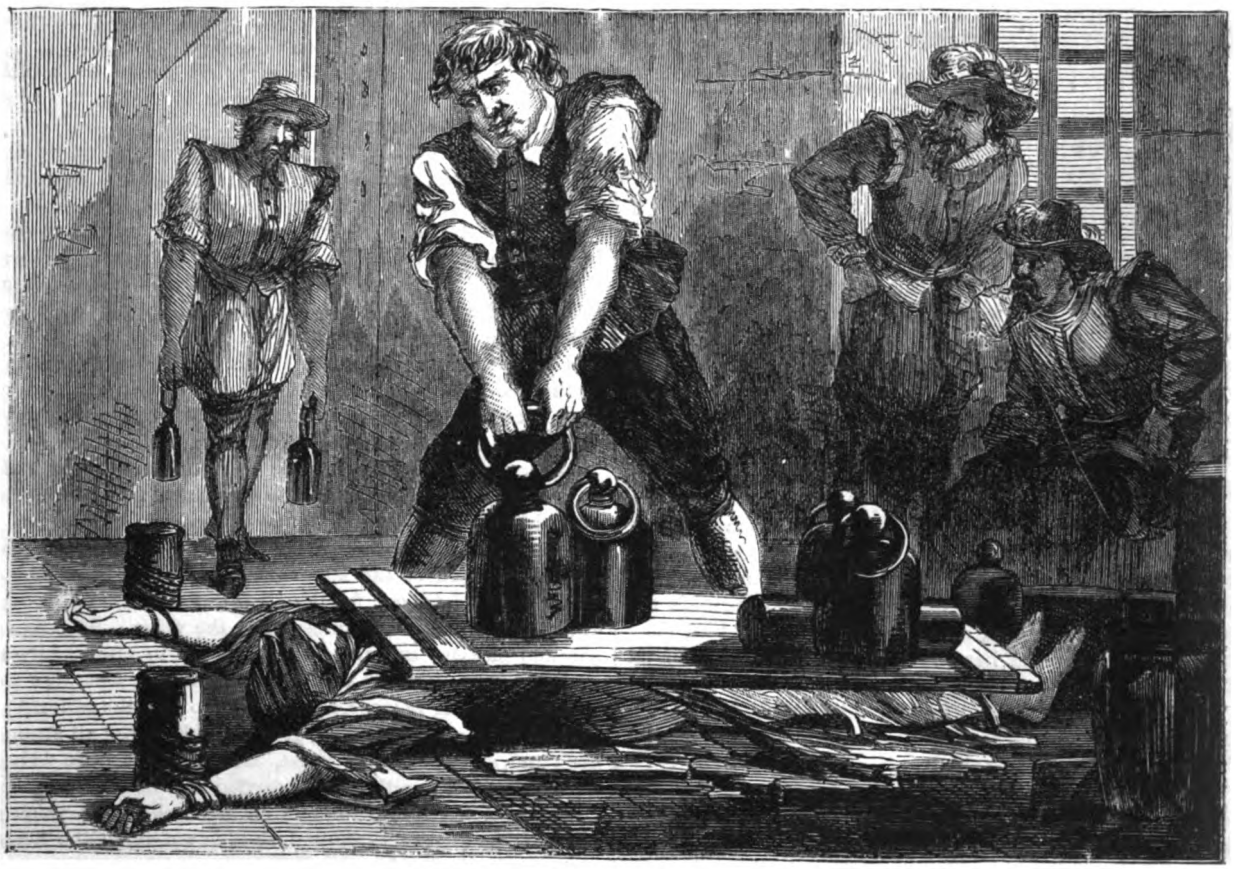
One of the most terrible punishments ever conceived was that formerly used in England on those who, arraigned for felony or treason, refused to plead. As the trial could not proceed till the indicted person had answered the question, "Guilty or not Guilty?" the torture of the *Peine Forte et Dure* was resorted to in order to compel compliance.

This *Strong and Harsh Penalty* well deserved the name. All the old law books agree that the prisoner was carried back to prison and laid in some low, dark room, almost naked, upon his back. A sharp stone was placed beneath the back, a board on the body, and on this weights were gradually piled. The unfortunate prisoner received each day, alternately, either a small piece of bread of the worst description, or some water from the nearest stagnant pool. Thus he continued till he died, for he could not, after the pressing began, offer to plead.

The earliest statute imposing this penalty is that of Westminster the First, in the time of Edward the First. It continued in use till 1772, when it was abolished.

Massachusetts is, we believe, the only part of this country where its horrors were ever witnessed.

In 1692, Giles Corey, an old man of eighty, and husband of a reputed witch, was pressed to death.



TERRIBLE PUNISHMENTS.—PEINE FORTE ET DURE

Even women were subjected to this punishment. Among the recorded cases is that of Margaret Clitheroe, pressed to death at York, in 1586, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

She was a lady of some position, her stepfather being at the time mayor of the city. She was arraigned for having given shelter to a priest. On being brought to the bar she declined to plead, either to save her children from being brought as witnesses against her or because she did not wish the jury to be made instrumental in her death. It may be, too, that she underwent the torture as a mode of death more painful, indeed, than hanging, but at the same time attended with less injury to her family, as no confiscation or attainder followed pressing to death.

Judge Clinch sentenced her to this effect:

"That in the lowest part of the prison she shall be stripped, laid on her back on the ground, and as much weight laid on her as she could bear, and so continue for three days; and on the third day, should she still refuse to plead, be pressed to death, her hands and feet tied to a post, and a sharp stone under her back."

On the day appointed she was led to the toll-booth. Here Fawcett, the sheriff, commanded her to undress. She implored upon her knees, as did other women, to be spared the shame, but in vain. The women then disrobed her, and she put on a long linen habit that she had prepared. Being thus ready, she lay quietly down on the ground, her face covered with a handkerchief. Then the door was laid upon her, and she covered her face with her hands, but the sheriff told her she must have her hands bound to two posts, which was done, so that she seemed extended on a cross. As the first weight was laid upon her she cried: "O Jesus, have mercy on me!" but these were her last words. A sharp stone was then placed under her back and seven or eight hundred weight piled upon the door. After an agony of a quarter of an hour she expired.

## THE THREE MAGIC WELLS.

CARRIE ROE was the pet of the household, and, as she was often told, was "as pretty as a picture."

If my opinion had been asked, I should have said she was as lovely as a fairy dream.

She had deep blue eyes, a fair white skin, and long golden hair that hung in ringlets over her plump little neck and shoulders; her features were well formed; she was sprightly, graceful, and—beautiful.

Perhaps she would not have found out, at such a tender age, that she was so lovely, if thoughtless persons had not, at least fifty times a day, reminded her of the fact; as it was, however, Carrie, when only eight years old, would often spend an hour before the mirror, twisting her head on one side, and then on the other, as you have seen a cunning little canary bird do—twining a curl around her finger, or smoothing a ribbon on her dress.

At last, she became quite in love with herself, and wasted much time that might have been devoted to study or healthful play.

Carrie's father lived in a large city, was very wealthy, and indulged his only child in almost every reasonable wish. Her mother was blind to any imperfection in her, so she was obliged to learn from another source how foolish it is to be vain of a pretty face.

How she learned this, you will see in another part of this story.

One day, in June, Mr. Roe came in from his office, and said he had just received a letter from his brother, who had a fine residence in the country, inviting him to bring Mrs. Roe and Carrie to spend the Summer months away from the hot bricks and dusty streets, among the green fields and shady leaves of Brookville.

Carrie was very much pleased with the idea of going to the country, and, when her father and mother decided to accept the invitation, she skipped about and clapped her hands with delight. Soon everything was ready for the journey, and Carrie found herself, one bright morning, speeding along over the iron rails toward the home of her cousins.

Carrie had four cousins, Willie, Mattie, Bertie, and May, who gave her a hearty welcome, and took her to see the rabbits, the chickens, a little pond of gold fish, a pet fawn in the park near the house, and many other things, with which she was very much pleased, and for two or three days she quite forgot her silly habit of spending so much time before the glass.

After that time, however, when many of the places of interest had been visited, Carrie often found herself before the mirror, and she noticed that the sun had browned her fair face, and here and there on her hands were little scratches, made by the briers.

"Come, Carrie," said Cousin Willie, one morning, "we are all going into the woods to pick berries; we shall take a lunch, and have a jolly time—just like a picnic."

Carrie thought of her face, and how brown it might get; of her delicate hands, how they would look all covered with scratches, and replied:

"I don't want to go into the woods to-day."

"Oh, do come," urged Willie. "Why don't you want to? Are you afraid of bears and lions and tigers?"

"No, Cousin Will, I do not believe there are any bears or lions and tigers here, but I don't care about going."

Carrie blushed a little as she said this, for she felt a little ashamed of her pride, but did not want to confess the true reason for wishing to remain at home.

"Well," said Willie, "it is not very far away that we are going, and, if you change your mind, you can find us on the other side of the great hill;" and away he ran.

Carry saw the merry, bright-eyed children, as they started for the woods with their lunch-baskets and baskets for berries, and felt sorry she had not gone with them—then, thinking of what Willie had said, decided to get ready and follow them.

It took some time to find mamma, and prepare for a day in the woods—so, when Carrie was ready, the picnic party were out of sight. But Carrie thought she knew the way, and started after them with a light heart.

As she walked up the hillside path, she saw, but a little way off, a lake, and on its surface blossomed many beautiful water-lilies.

"Oh, I must have a lily?" said Carrie to herself, as she ran to the bank of the lake.

She reached far out for the beautiful flower, and, as she did so, saw her own face reflected in the water. This was a new and pleasant surprise, so she stopped to admire herself again, without noticing the slippery place her feet were in, until she lost her balance, and fell plump into the water.

Then came a dizzy feeling, great bubbles arose all around her; and, as each bubble burst, out jumped a little water-sprite—and, all together, they carried the little girl down, down—past lily roots, fishes of strange colors and shapes, odd-looking grasses, through dark-blue waters, to the home of the water-sprites!

A strange place was the home of the water-sprites; and at

first Carrie was much frightened, until one, who appeared to have command over the rest, said to an attendant:

"Bring in the mortal you have captured, and drive all fear from her mind."

Then Carrie saw what a beautiful place she was in, and what comical little companions she had. It made her laugh until her face was very red, for the little sprites, no larger than her hand, were running, jumping, and dancing about in the funniest manner; and one little fellow—as fat as an oyster, and about as large as some Carrie had seen—made the oddest kind of faces, and jumped about in perfect glee.

They could all talk so that she could understand them, and all were anxious to show her the curious sights in their abode. She was led through long walks paved with bright pebbles, with borders of many colored sea-weed; and saw, looking through the window of the palace, the sprites darting through the water, sitting on the back of a fish, or gliding along in a silver-like shell.

They took her to one part of their garden, where she saw three wells, in which a bright light shone; and, turning to the fat little sprite, she asked:

"What are those wells for?"

"Well, don't you know that?" said the little fellow, shaking his fat sides with laughter. "Why, those are the magic wells!"

"Magic wells!" exclaimed Carrie, in surprise. "What is in them?"

"Look in and see," returned the sprite, with a broad grin on his face.

"Why, I see my own face, just as I do in the mirrors at home," said Carrie, as she stopped to take a long look at herself.

"Pretty picture, isn't it?" asked the sprite, with another comical laugh.

Carrie blushed, but turned away without answering, to look into a second well, and asked:

"What is in this one?"

"Oh, that one will show you how you look to other people."

She looked in the second well, but saw a little face looking somewhat like her own, but it had a very silly and vain expression, and she wondered if she really did look like that to other people; if so, she was not very pretty.

"There is one more well to look in," said the elf, skipping toward the last one in the row; "and I want to tell you something about this. It is different from the rest, and will show you what is your greatest fault, if you have any (with another grin). You must take one of those round, white pebbles, and drop it in the well; then, when the water gets smooth, you will see something written there. Look."

Carrie looked, and saw nothing; but she dropped the pebble in as directed, and watched the water until it became smooth, when she could read, in large letters:

"Vanity! You are in love with your own face!"

Now Carrie blushed very deeply, and the sprite laughed very loudly, turned heels over head, and shook himself almost to pieces.

The three magic wells made our little girl think how foolish she had been, and how much precious time she had wasted looking at her face in the glass.

As she turned from the well, her ear caught the sound of music; and soon a band of water-sprites marched toward her, playing on sea-shells, which gave forth softer and sweeter strains of music than she had ever before heard. Then the whole place seemed alive with the little beings; and the one who seemed to be in command of the others asked Carrie to take a seat they had built for her of beautiful shells and soft moss, and tell them something about her home and the people above the water.

So she sat down on the mossy throne, and answered a great many questions that were asked by the merry sprites, who had wonderful things to show those who visited them, but appeared to know but little of the world above the water.

"You have pleased us very much, and we thank you for the stories of the wonders to be seen in your strange land; and we will show you, before leaving, how we enjoy ourselves," said the chief.

Then the music sounded a lively strain, and the merry sprites commenced dancing in their strange, fantastic way, while Carrie looked on with wonder and delight.

After their dancing and plays, they all marched into a large hall, where a feast of good things was spread on several long tables, and their visitor found out that even water-sprites do not live on air; but their dishes were so small that she was helped a great many times by a great many little sprites, who appeared delighted with the honor of bringing nice things to their guest.

When the feast was over, they marched into another large, beautiful hall, where they had more music; and then the chief of the water-sprites came toward Carrie to say farewell.

"Before I say good-by," he commenced, "I want to thank you for your visit to us, although brought without your consent. You have told us many interesting things, and I would gladly give you some beautiful presents to take home; but any of our bright gifts would fade and vanish if carried above the water. However, I will tell you of something that may benefit you very much. Down by the bank of the little brook that runs past the garden of your uncle, there is a modest little violet blooming; it is blue, fragrant, and beautiful; take it, and press it in some book that you often look in, and when you see its modest face, think of the visit to the water-sprites, the magic wells, and never forget that to be vain of a pretty face is wicked and foolish. Good-by."

Then all shouted "Good-by! Good-by!" and Carrie found herself floating toward the surface of the lake, as she thought, but opened her eyes to find father, mother, uncle, auntie, cousins, and the doctor around a bed on which she lay, weak and almost lifeless.

She had been rescued from drowning by some kind men who were at work near the lake into which she had fallen, and taken to her uncle's house, where, after kind nursing, she became well in a few days.

Every one who knew her noticed a great change after this event, how thoughtful she was of others; and her face became more beautiful than ever, for it was marked by kindness; and vanity and selfishness were no more seen there.

She found many violets by the brook, and saved some, as directed by the sprite, and was better and wiser for her visit to the home of the water-sprites and the Three Magic Wells.

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THERE is living now in Milan a man without a roof to cover his head, who, only a few years ago, was a king. The London *Echo* tells his story as follows: "This personage is Leo VII. of Armenia, Prince of Karigosz, whose father was, in the year 1846, dispossessed by the Russians. Shortly after this event the inhabitants of Erivan called his son to the throne, by the name of Leo VII., but a simple command from St. Petersburg proved sufficient to determine his fall, the only result of his brief elevation being the loss of all his property and the withdrawal of a pension of 12,000f, which had been allowed him by the Russian Government. The landless monarch had, indeed, some capital in English and American banks, but this he lost in consequence of rash speculations. He then sold his jewels and other valuables, and soon had absolutely nothing left. He is now living with his wife and six children in the bitterest poverty."

## A GLIMPSE AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

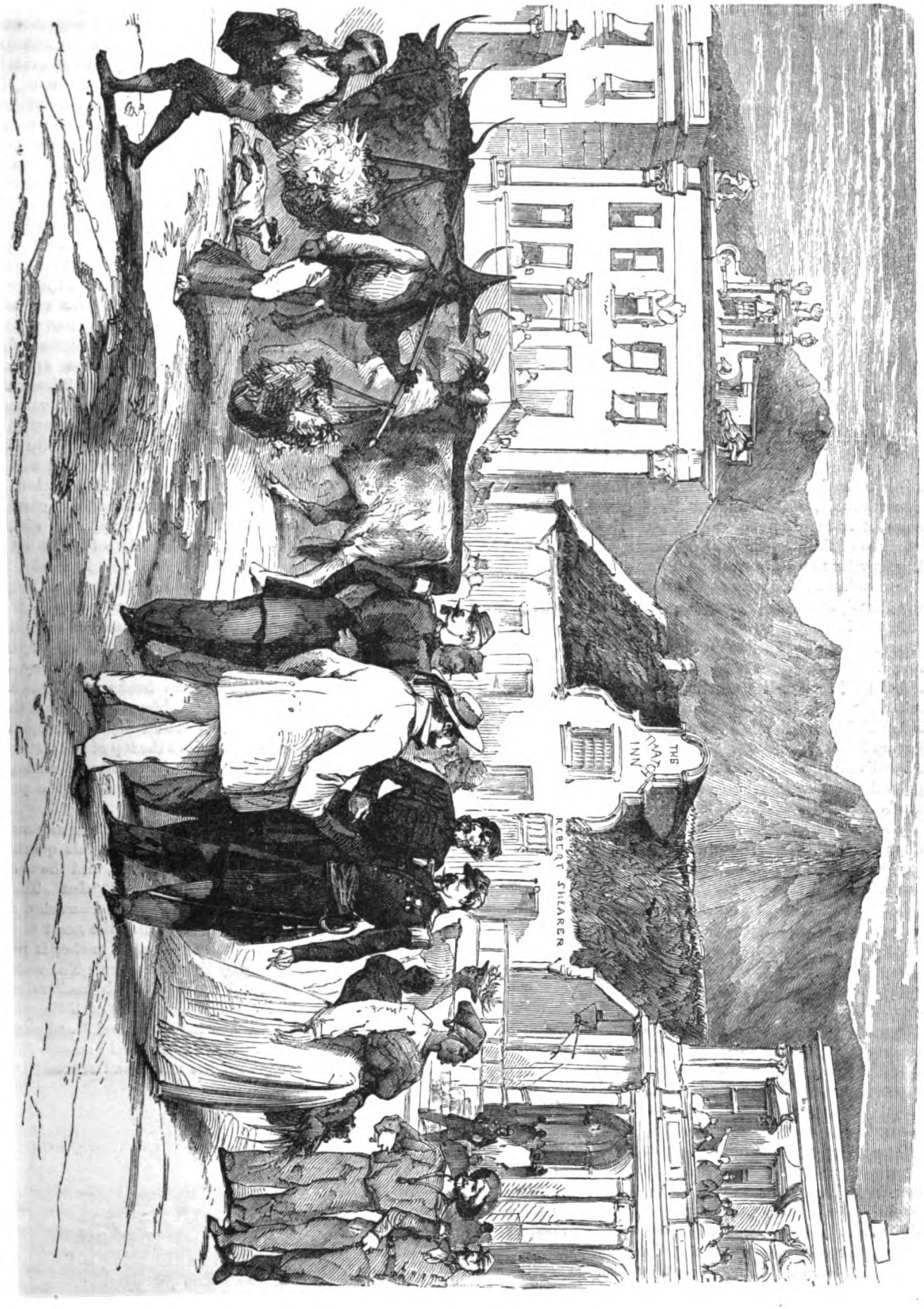
SIGHTING the Cape on a very clear day, the purple outline of the high Table Mountain could be distinctly seen a distance of sixty miles away.

The convictions of the oldest sailors, and the prevailing impressions of our passengers, were entirely dispelled; there was no storm. No phantom of a *Flying Dutchman* could be associated with anything but rough weather, and the first discoverers named it the Cape of Storms; we were therefore very much disappointed.

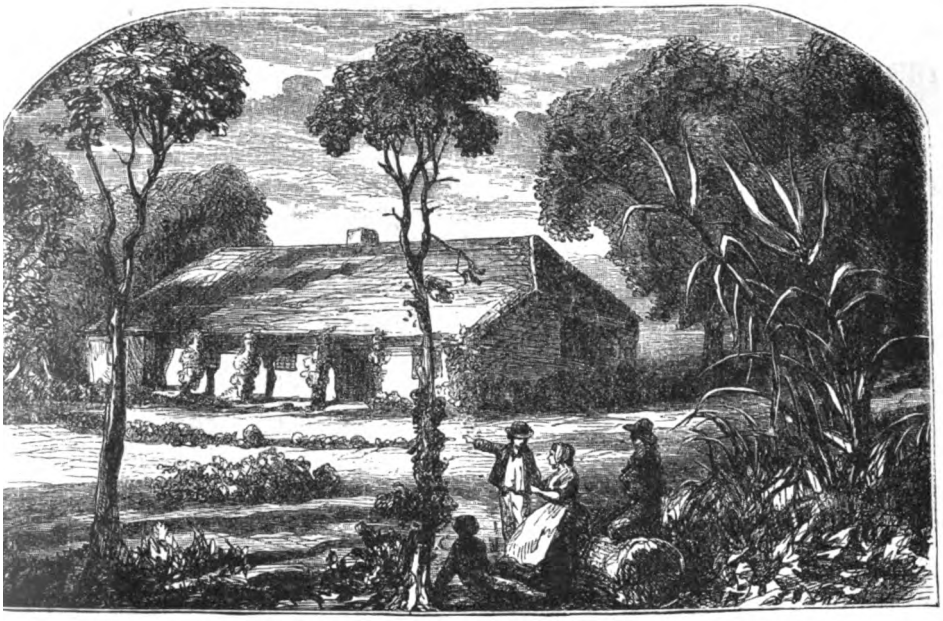
The Portuguese first discovered the Cape in 1486, ten or eleven years after Vasco de Gama rounded it and pursued his course to India. Since then it has been through the hands of the Dutch East India Company, who first colonized it, then the English, then the Dutch, and finally the English, to whom it was ceded by the former in 1814.

There were good old days at the Cape before steam was invented; it was then a regular sanitarium for those whose health had been shattered in India—it being the most salubrious climate in the world, they found a short sojourn here almost an unfailing remedy. The nabobs used to go there invalided; enrich it by spending plenty of money; rapidly recover; and impoverish it by taking away plenty of pretty girls—for the Cape is noted for the beauty of its fair sex—and these ties of marriage have created a sort of first cousinship between the colony and India. Gayety, in the shape of balls, parties, dinners, and picnics, was effulgent then; the same with nomenclature. Brown, Jones, and Robinson are titles we've mostly heard of before; but imagine one-fifth of the company at a *soirée* of three hundred with the same name—and that Dutch. A story is told of a young fellow, a visitor at a ball here, who engaged a young lady for one of the dances, placing only her surname on his card, but when

THE THREE MAGIC WELLS.—"CARRIE STOPPED TO ADMIRE HER REFLECTION, WITHOUT NOTICING THE SLIPPERY PLACE HER FEET WERE IN, UNTIL SHE LOST HER BALANCE AND FELL PLUMP INTO THE WATER."—SEE PAGE 478.




THE MARKET PLACE AT CAPE TOWN, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.



A FARMHOUSE NEAR THE CAPE TOWN.

he time arrived, searched for her in vain, Applying to one of the stewards, that gentleman smilingly observed: "My dear sir, it is useless; there are at least two score of young ladies here of that cognomen." He left utterly bewildered.

The traveler must have observed that, into whatever country he penetrates, be it some quiet nook near home or away in the Himalyas, that the fertile imagination will make a face or a figure from the contour of any curiously-shaped rock, hill, or mountain. There's a Louis Philippe face on the Rhine, a Nelson head in the interior of Africa, a Diana's Peak, and Lot's wife at St. Helena, and similar formations on this great continent. As we anchored in Table Bay the result of this fanciful imagery was before us. The Table Mountain rising up 3,500 feet in height, was supported on the left by the Devil's Peak, and on the right—a long hill and headland, supposed to resemble a lion couchant, extending southward towards the Cape of Good Hope, which is distant about thirty-seven miles—were the Twelve Apostles range.

Cape Town, the capital of the Cape Colony, has a picturesque appearance from the Bay. Lying at the base of Table Mountain, and having a northern aspect, the city extends itself along the margin of the Bay, stretching out on one side partially up the slope of the Lion's Rump or Signal Hill, and on the other to a shoulder of land running from the foot of the Devil's Peak; here and there a spire, tower, or public building is seen rising from the dark sombre foliage. The atmosphere around is clear; the houses rise as they recede from the shore, many of them having from their windows fine views of the Bay and shipping. The Castle Fort is conspicuous at the eastern side of the Bay, many wooden wharves intervening between that and the new extensive breakwater and docks that have lately been constructed at an expense of some million pounds sterling, and can afford shelter to the largest fleets in the world; numerous pretty villas, with terraces, are dotted about, and large plantations of pine wood break the barrenness of the mountain side. These are very deceptive in the distance, and by the illusion look like patches of brushwood.

The market-place is always a lively scene, where English officials and traders, Dutch boers or farmers, officers of foreign vessels, and a motley group of Malays, Caffres and Hottentots meet your eye.

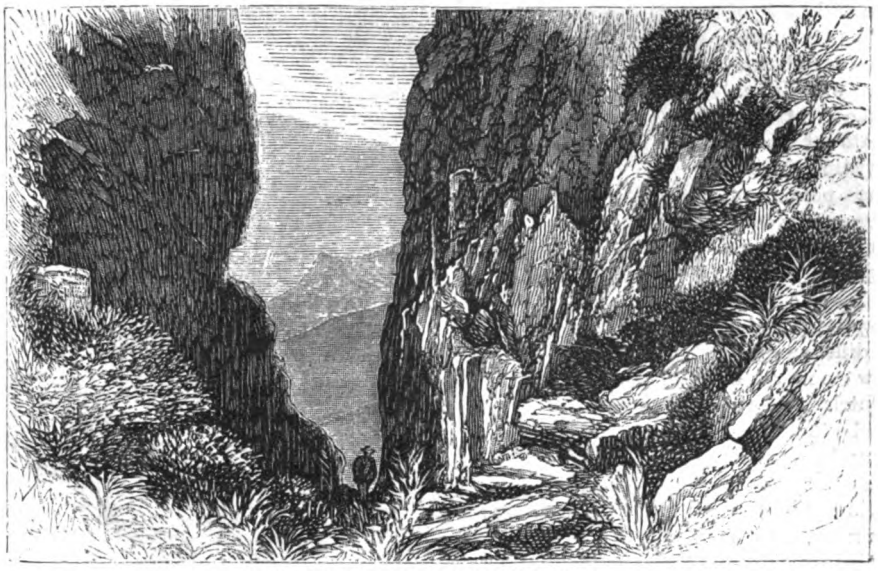
The anchorage in Table Bay is rendered very uncertain from the heavy gales which blow from northwest and southeast; these two quarters monopolize the wind business here, and a good thing they make of it sometimes. The south-easter is usually preceded by a white misty vapor appearing on the summit of the flat mountain; this is called the "Table Cloth," and is perpetually rolling over and over like a mighty cataract about to overwhelm the whole city, but vanishes into air. Following this is the wind; it commences by raising little whirlpools of dust at various corners of the streets, increasing in their dimensions until they assume the appearance of clouds. These are carried through the various thoroughfares, sometimes obscuring the opposite side of the way, and that which does not penetrate the houses, and, to the delectation of old ladies, lodge on the furniture, is ultimately carried into the Bay and deposited on the shipping, giving those who have not had an opportunity of landing a taste of what is on shore. The second day it works its effect on small pebbles, that fly into the eyes and tingle the faces of the luckless individuals who are compelled to weather it. The next part of the entertainment comprise the capsizing of carts, cabs, and omnibuses, and flying about of chimney-pots and signboards. All this may be very interesting in its way, but these freaks of Æolus are mild compared to the climax and finishing touch of one that occurred when we were there; it wound up by taking the roof and sweeps off a huge windmill at the top of the Government Gardens and depositing it on a terrace of cottages adjoining, which crashed like cardboard beneath the ponderous weight.

When the Summer season closes, as the weather almanacs predict, we may no longer expect wind from this quarter. There is a lull; the few Autumn months pass, and the short Winter season is announced by the northwest gales. These are more destructive and appalling in their character, as, blowing into the open roadstead, they carry the great waves of the Atlantic with them. The shipping at anchor is now watched with intense avidity by those on shore. The vessels are seen to labor heavily, and letting go both anchors and paying out every inch of cable is sometimes of little avail. The signal goes up to shore, "An anchor wanted!" and soon a sturdy boat, with a brave little crew, is seen to emerge from behind a wharf, buffeting with the waves, and successful in

SIMON'S BAY

its means of communication with the distressed vessel. The shore anchor is usually a last resource, and this failing, the booming of a minute gun from the Castle battery announces her doom; a gib is run up, and she drifts with the heavy, surging sea high on shore.

It was singular to see, at the Custom-house, a notice posted to mariners, particularly drawing their attention, in case of shipwreck, toward the position of the dangerous reef in the Bay, and recommending the beach beside the Castle as the most advantageous and softest place to make for. At night a blue light is shown here as a guide. In many instances the lives of the crew are saved, but the ship rarely. At times the loss of life is terrific.



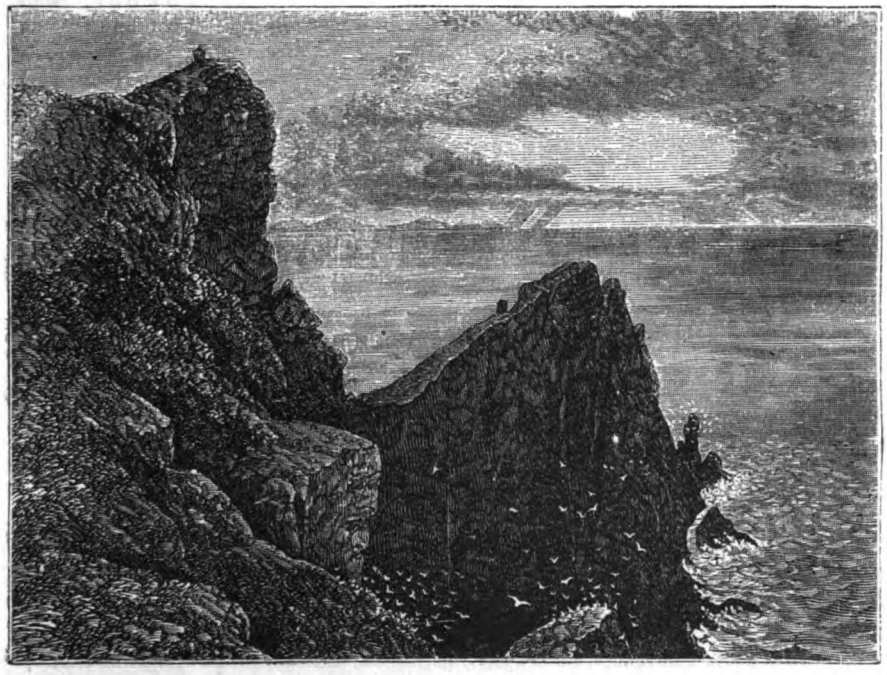
POORT, A GORGE IN TABLE MOUNTAIN.

A few years ago a magnificent steamer, the *Athens*, belonging to the Union line, that trades between the Cape and England, was lost, with thirty hands. She slipped her cable and tried to make for sea, but became unmanageable, and was driven on the rocks. During that tempest twenty ships were driven on shore, with a loss of many lives. Some time previous to this a convict ship bound south, and putting into this Bay, shared a similar fate. Some hundreds of condemned criminals were on board, manacled, and as the huge hull went to pieces, and the helpless state of these creatures was made known, every exertion was put forth by those on shore to save them, but without success. The scene was heartrending. The poor, fettered beings, plunging into the sea, made one final desperate effort for existence, in the attempt to reach shore, but were, with few exceptions, engulfed by the merciless waves.

The shelter afforded by the new breakwater will, it is to be hoped, obviate this, and make shipwreck an accident of rare occurrence at Table Bay.

The chief public buildings in Cape Town are the Government-house, Colonial Office, Barracks, Exchange Post-office, Sailors' Home, Hospital, and new Museum and Library—a most magnificent building, and in its collections second to none in the colonies. The streets are all laid out at right angles, and embellished with trees; many of the houses are very commodious, particularly those of the old East Indian stamp, and in many parts of the town traces of the Dutch style of architecture are still preserved. They have, with few exceptions, stoops or raised platforms in front, and above this, lattice-work, with the intertwining vine.

The public walk through the Government Gardens is very much frequented; it is nearly a mile in length, its shady avenues of oak forming a great attraction. The population of the city is about 30,000, a great portion being colored, and consisting of Hottentots, negroes, and Malays, the descendants of Malay slaves introduced in former times by the Dutch. The Hottentots are nearly extinct; they are of small stature, shriveled and repulsive countenances, their color a kind of snuff-and-butter. They confirm, by their manner and appearance, the opinions of the Dutch in olden times, that they are only a connecting link between a man and a monkey. They are naturally lazy, and very fond of alcohol. Since the abolition of slavery this race is rapidly diminishing.



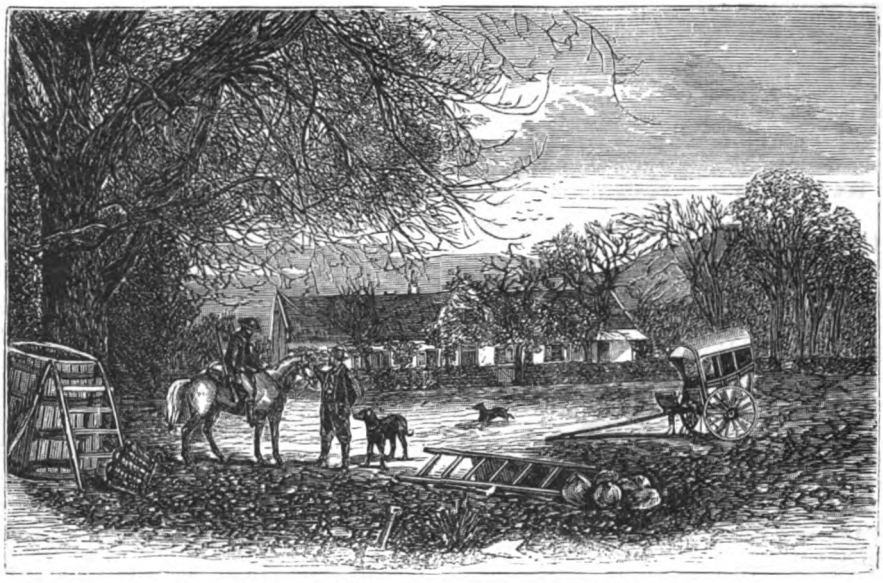
LIGHTHOUSE HILL, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

The Malays are an industrious, skillful, thriving race; they rest very contented, are zealous, and great enthusiasts in their devotional exercises. They are somewhat inclined to be vindictive. Mohammed is their prophet.

The Dutch element largely predominates, though they have intermarried with the English. The Dutch farmers still preserve the leading characteristics of their ancestors; they are a steady and energetic race, industrious, and have a moral character. At one time great antipathy existed between the English and Dutch, but within the last decade this mutual dislike and distrust have been forgotten. Then English interference with slavery, and placing the black on an equality with the white, was bitter humiliation to them. The following

incident of Pagan justice and Dutch artifice will give an idea of the state of laws existing during the period of slavery, seventy or eighty years ago:

There then happened to be a difference between the Dutch factory and the Hottentots. One of the former being up the country, was killed by a Hottentot; whereupon the chiefs, or heads of the people, were summoned to find out the offender and bring him to the bar of trade, and there punish him according to their manner.



A DUTCH FARMHOUSE NEAR WORCESTER, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

The convicted fellow implored the chief of the factory, and his wife, whom he gained an interview with in their arbor, also used her influence to prevent him being sacrificed; but all of no avail, the inexorable Dutchman would have justice. The Hottentots made a great fire, and brought the criminal, attended by all his friends and relations, who took their leave of him not in sorrowful lamentations, but in feasting, dancing, and drinking. When the unfortunate criminal had been plentifully supplied with liquor, so that he was insensibly drunk, his friends made him dance till he was quite spent with fatigue; in that state they threw him into the fire, and concluded the horrible scene with a hideous howl, which they set up immediately after the criminal was dispatched. Some time after this one of the factory killed a Hottentot, upon which great men came and demanded justice for the blood of their countryman; but the offender happened to be one of their best accountants, and a person whom the factory could ill spare. However, the crafty Dutchmen devised means of rendering satisfaction to the natives, under a color of justice, by the following scheme: They appointed a day for the execution of the murderer, when the Hottentots assembled in great numbers to view this imposition upon them. A scaffold was erected, and the criminal was brought forth draped in white, attended by a minister. After praying, singing psalms, etc., the mock executioner presented him with a flaming draught, which the ignorant Hottentots supposed to render an atonement for the loss of their deceased countryman. The criminal received his potion — which was no other than a little brandy—with all the outward signs of horror and dread; his hands shook, his body trembled, and his whole frame appeared in the most violent agitation; he at last, with seeming reluctance, swallowed his draught, and, still preserving the farce of trembling, etc., in a few moments fell down apparently dead; a blanket was immediately thrown over him and his body removed. The Hottentots then made a shout that rent the air, and retired perfectly pleased, first observing that the Dutch had been more severe than themselves, for the former had put the fire into the criminal; they the criminal into the fire.

The views in and around Cape Town are grand and extensive. From the Kloof Road the appearance of the City and Bay beyond somewhat reminds one of Naples. The southwest district is very fertile, producing large quantities of grain and wine. A visit to Constantia is considered the correct thing. Driving through ten or twelve miles of most beautiful scenery, the vineyards of Constantia are reached. We went to Mr. Van Reun's, and were well received by the hospitable owner, who conducted us round the cellars. We also saw the process of pressing the fruit. Several negroes, in a kind of light bathing costume, and with uncovered feet, were walking round a large vat filled with grapes. When a glass of the green juice was required, one of the pressers lifted his foot over the side, and the liquor ran off his toe. This is also the prevailing

ROMAN ROCKS LIGHTHOUSE, SIMON'S BAY.

method of helping one throughout the Spanish districts. It is not very pleasant to contemplate the facts stated in connection with our little stimulating glass of wine at luncheon; but what the eye does not see, etc.; and, I suppose, philanthropically viewing it, there are many things in domestic matters equally as obnoxious, but we do not see them. However, we can truthfully say we tried all the samples, including Frontignac, Pontac, Hock, and others *in toto*, and found them the very *fac simile* in flavor of the Californian wines. The vegetation here is extraordinary in richness and variety. Bulbous plants and heath grow beautifully on the uncultivated lands; timber is plentiful in the neighborhood. The race of wild animals inland comprise a great variety. Elephant, tiger, hippopotamus, lion, leopard, rhinoceros, hyena, jackal, zebra, quagga, wild boar, antelopes in great variety, squirrel, raccoon, monkeys, baboons—the latter are found in the recesses of Table Mountain, and tigers have been shot of late years near Constantia. Ostrich hunting is also a favorite sport. Simon's Bay, twenty miles from Cape Town, situated in False Bay, is a large naval station; Robben Island, situated at the entrance to Table Bay, is a rocky, barren little spot, used in olden times as a whale-fishing depôt. It has now become an asylum for negro lunatics, lepers, Kafir state prisoners, and rabbits, and although there is scarcely a vestige of a blade of grass to be seen, yet the latter animals swarm there. We availed ourselves of the offer of a day's sport by the doctor of the place, not thinking we would come much in contact with the mentally deranged community. On our arrival off the island the breakers were too heavy for the boat to land us, so we had to be carried on the backs of mild lunatics. When we arrived on terra firma, I became, to use an old joke, in a firmer terror. We were surrounded by a rabid group. One said he was a saint, another imagined himself a king, and a third labored under the delusion that he was of the canine species. This last was a positive nuisance; he came up barking at us, and, rolling over and over, finally awaited our attention. "Pat him," the doctor said; "he won't hurt; he likes to be noticed." This was not pleasant, but I did at last have courage enough to extend my hand, flip my fingers and thumb, and say, "Poor old boy!" Then he gave one bound of delight, and came full tilt at my boots, which he commenced to lick. The sensation of his woolly head coming in contact with my legs was unbearable. I exhibited some decision of character, and treated him as one of his species, the result of which was he set up an awful yell, and went scampering into the island. I was glad when we left the next day, and can conscientiously aver that the success of the rabbit shooting did not compensate for the restless night I had experienced, and the reflection that I had ill-treated that dog, and that he might at any moment come at my heels. The Cape is a most enjoyable place, and I can strongly recommend a visit to all those who are fond of their gun, a fine bracing climate, and hospitable people; but never let enthusiasm for sport carry you so far as to accept a day at Robben Island.

SOUTHERN SCENES.—FISHERMAN'S HUT ON THE EDISTO RIVER, SOUTH CAROLINA.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

East India Funeral Rites.—When a Toda dies the body is gayly decked, wrapped in new clothes, and exposed on a bier decorated with green boughs for several days. It is then, amid wailings, borne by the relatives to the funeral pile. One of the relatives then cuts off a lock of the deceased's hair, after which the body, with all its ornaments, is burned amid the wailings of his kinsfolk. After the corpse is almost completely consumed the fire is quenched. The relatives then search for bits of bone, which are carefully preserved. After this rite the men shave their heads and the women shorten their hair. After the body has been burned various ceremonies are practiced, and animals are sacrificed to propitiate the deity and secure the well-being of the departed soul in the next world.

## SOUTHERN SCENES.

SHOOTING WILD HOGS—A NEGRO CABIN ON THE EDISTO RIVER.

WHILE the "peculiar institution" was yet a feature of Southern life, and the great plantations were still unvexed by rumors of war or edicts of emancipation, the plantation darkeys were much given to hunting, in season and out of season, and the freedmen of to-day are no less ardent votaries of sport.

It is true that for lack of proper weapons the slave-huntsmen were unable to attack large game, but they were untiring in their pursuit of "de 'possum and de coon," and, aided by packs of mongrel curs, succeeded in bagging great numbers of these "varmints."

Since the war they are no longer restricted from possessing firearms, and to find a Southern darkey without a shooting-iron of some sort is rare indeed. Consequently they are no longer confined to coon and 'possum hunting, although they have by no means abandoned those sports.

In many parts of the South the necessity, during the civil war, of permitting live stock to run at large, resulted in the formation of large herds of wild hogs, who became as savage and unapproachable as the fiercest boars of Europe or India.

In some cases it becomes absolutely necessary to thin them out, as these animals are extremely destructive to growing crops, and the negroes are not slow to avail themselves of the opportunity.

Armed with guns of every conceivable pattern, a part of their number carrying long poles, and accompanied by a score or two of yelping curs, the negro hunters proceed to beat up the game, shouting, whooping, and laughing, until one might suppose that all the game in the country would be frightened away by the hullabaloo. They soon start the pigs, however, and then ensues a scene of great excitement, noise, and confusion, generally resulting, after the expenditure of a vast amount of powder, and no end of powerful language, in the capture of one or two porkers.

Then the game is borne home in triumph to a rude, low-roofed log-cabin, like that seen in our picture, where a grand feast "upon hog and hominy" is quickly organized.

Both pictures are from sketches made on the Upper Edisto River, in South Carolina, a region noted in former times for its fine plantations, but now almost deserted by the whites and left to the occupancy of negro squatters, who eke out their scanty store of food-crops by hunting and fishing. Scenes such as these we have depicted are of everyday occurrence, and the traveler whose pleasure or business brings him among these people will find their peculiarities a study at once amusing and interesting.

## A BOY'S ADVENTURE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

ROBERT EVERARD, when a youth, was bound by his father, Mr. William Everard, as apprentice to Captain Crib, of the ship *Baudin*, and sailed from London in August, 1686.

Passing Madeira, they were chased by a pirate, larger than themselves, and were forced to go out and fight, which they did with some success, beating off their enemy, though considerably shattered in the struggle.

They now went on to the east coast of Africa, apparently without adventure by the way, arriving ultimately at Delagoa Bay, where they began their ivory trade. Hence they went across the Arabian Sea to Bombay.

The ship was next ordered to Madagascar, and he must go with her. So she sailed south to Goa, and to Carwas, and so across the Laccadive Islands toward Madagascar, which they sighted in ten days; "it being the Lord's Day, when we were at prayers."

After a few unsuccessful efforts to meet the inhabitants, they succeeded in getting a message from the king, who told them that if they would move their ship to another place, which he indicated, he would trade with them. They did so, and were met by a native who spoke both Portuguese and Arabic, as did also their coxswain; trading relations were now established on an apparently friendly footing. The king promised negroes and rice; the supercargo went on shore with beads, looking-glasses, and the usual trumpery, and received in exchange plantains, chickens, and bananas.

On the Sunday following, the captain went ashore to haul the seine, taking all the ship's company, leaving only little Everard, two men, and two black boys on board—a dangerously small complement. Some natives came out bringing a kid as a present to the captain, and no doubt saw the defenseless state of the ship. Quickly after the captain and crew returned on board, possibly much to the natives' disappointment.

Very soon, however, a canoe came alongside, with the object of tempting the captain on shore; they told him that they had some negroes for sale. Whether because the captain had conscientious scruples about buying negroes on the Sabbath, or whether he was idle, one cannot say, but even this tempting bait was ineffectual, and he refused to land, sending, notwithstanding, a boat's crew, consisting of the supercargo, the coxswain, five men, and Robert Everard, on shore, with, in addition to the usual trading trumpery, guns, pistols, powder, shot, and knives, to exchange for the negroes.

They landed, and carried up their goods to a house for trade, and the natives brought them food, and they sat for some little time, unsuspicious of their terrible fate. Suddenly, on hearing a noise, they thought it was the king coming, but in another moment they were surrounded by an infuriated mob of natives, armed with lances. Five of the crew were instantaneously murdered, one of whom in his fall fortunately knocked down Robert Everard. The supercargo made a desperate dash at the door to get to the king, but was at once thrust through the body, and killed. The man left in charge of the boat was also killed, and Everard was alone amongst them.

Meanwhile, a fearful tragedy was being played out on board the ship. The men in the canoe, who had come to tempt the captain on shore, were, as it turned out, secretly armed with short lances under their clothes; they had remained on board, and gone up on to the quarter-deck, where were the captain, the mate, the doctor, the purser, the carpenter, and several forecastle men. The captain was dining, and asked them to eat, but they refused, and he began his last meal. The natives suddenly dashed on the unarmed whites, cut the captain's throat from ear to ear, and murdered the mate and the purser.

The doctor was more dexterous, or more fortunate; he leaped off the quarter-deck, ran into the gunroom, and barred the door behind him—a piece of presence of mind which saved the rest. Some of the men ran into the shrouds, while others ran into the steerage, from whence they got to the doctor in the gunroom, through the scuttles, and to their arms, while one man leaped overboard, and swam to the gunroom port, at which he was taken in. By degrees, after a loss of nine or ten men, and the partial plunder of the ship, they regained her.

We return to the poor boy on shore. They did not, when they saw he was alive, kill the lad in cold blood, but carried him to the king's house, which was next door to the house in which his shipmates had been massacred. The king treated him kindly, and bade his women give him food; "but his condition filled his stomach so, that he could not eat.

The ship had been recovered, as we have seen, by the doctor, but had got on the rocks, the natives having cleverly cut her cables. The doctor and the ship's company spent the night in bombarding the town, making apparently tolerable practice, for one shot went clean through the palace, without, however, hurting any one; while the king kept his army on the alert, making them drunk with toke.

In the morning she was off again, and sailed away; Everard being taken down by some of the king's men to see her sail. He saw that a disaster had happened, by meeting some of the natives carrying plunder taken from the ship. From the negroes who had run from the vessel he learned the tale of the disaster. And then the ship sailed away, and he was left all alone.

The king now started on a tour, partly of inspection and partly of triumph, carrying the sailor-boy with him as an exhibition of the power of his arms, but treating him very kindly. He traveled by boat from town to town along the coast, his men blowing a large shell whenever they neared a town, to give notice of his coming. Upon hearing this the women turned out, dancing and waving cows' tails tied on sticks; after which he landed, ate and drank, and then reviewed the contingent of his troops in those parts.

Robert Everard had but little to complain of; the women, when they saw him, "would squeak, and run away as if affrighted;" but he seems to have had plenty to eat and drink at this time, and it must have been a pleasant change for him after being kicked into the lee-scuppers by the exceedingly energetic and godly captain, lately deceased.

About six weeks after the ship had sailed there arose a war, and the king crossed to fight his enemies, "carrying with him me and the dog." The march lasted six weeks, and the king picked up a large number of recruits at every town; but the dog was a very important personage apparently, at all events, in Everard's eyes. "When he saw any hogs he would run and bark at them, till the negroes came and killed them with their lances; *and sometimes he would fetch a young pig, and bring it to me.*"

The king's war lasted about two months, after which he returned home in triumph, with about one hundred slaves. Everard now had sunstroke on the march, and got his bare back burnt raw by the sun; this was only the beginning of his troubles.

The king now demanded of him if he could make powder, and he was forced to answer No, but said that he could make shot, and was accordingly set to work. He made his molds of clay, and cast them of lead with tolerable success, making about four hundred. This pleased the king, and he treated him well; and then asked him if he knew flint-stones when he saw them. Everard answering Yes, he was sent on an expedition to find some; but unfortunetely for him, after a long search, he was unable to find any at all. The king finally got tired of him, and turned him out of the house to live or die.

He was now absolutely naked, and continued in this state for two years and nine months, living the life of a hunted pariah dog, without one human being to show him pity or mercy. As he lay bare under a tree, the natives would come and throw dirt upon him in contemptuous sport, but no man offered to help him.

In the rainy seasons, when it hardly held up for three months together, he would lie with a fire on each side of him to warm him; but at times, when the rain had fairly beaten through the leaves of his sheltering tree, and was pouring on his body, the unhappy boy would creep under the eaves of the cottages for shelter in the dark, slinking back to his own misery before daydawn, lest the owners should find him and do him harm.

Few youths have ever found themselves in worse circumstances than did Robert Everard for this weary two years and nine months. One almost wonders that he did not die. A man would have died under this; the boy lived.

His first requisite was fire. This he got by the old savage trick of working a hard piece of wood against a rotten piece; and he kept his fires burning, lying, without any clothes whatever, between them.

For food, he had not so much as a knife; yet he did not fare badly. He got a piece of sharp stone, with which he dug out of the earth yams and potatoes, and these he roasted in the fire. Then he got plantains, bananas, oranges, and pine-apples, which wanted no roasting. Still his principal larder was the sea-shore.

He made himself a spear out of a stick, between five and six feet long, sharpened it as well as he could, and hardened it in the fire. With this he went down to the shore, and almost lived in the sea.

Sometimes he had the luck to spear a fish with his stick among the rocks. At other times, at high water, he made a dam (probably with sea-weed) among the channels of the rocks, strong enough to detain the fish when the tide went down. At another time he would wade into the water, and watch for the large crabs which are common on that coast. When he saw one he would put down an elastic stick which he had between the claws, and, bending it over, would hold the crab tight; then he would put his arm in the water, and break off the claws, and so secure the crab without fear of being bitten.

In the rainy weather he would go down to the shore to watch for turtle. Sometimes he would see one, and sometimes two, coming ashore. If they were small he would kill them; if big, let them go, as being too large for removal; he also got many of their eggs, "which were very good meat."

"When I killed my turtles," he says, "I took a sharp rock-stone, for want of a knife, and with it punched it round the belly, and so broke it open, and by such hard shifts I got out the meat; then I took as much as I could eat, and laid it upon coals, which I kindled for that purpose, and the rest I hung up in some tree for another time. The callowpatch and callowpea were my dishes to eat out of; and I used to keep yams and potatoes by me to serve me five or six days, and when they were all gone, then I went again to get more yams and potatoes; and I was to dig as deep as my arm's length for the yams, and about ten inches deep for the potatoes; and when my fish and turtle were gone, then I was to look out for some more, and I always kept good store by me."

Water, however, was almost his worst difficulty. "I had nothing to bring me a little water to set by me when I was dry, but was always obliged to go so far (a mile) for more as I wanted it. It was also necessary for me to see that there were no blacks near the water, lest they should do me a mischief; and when I did drink at the well, I was forced to lie down upon my belly to drink."

He was now, after two years, in addition to his other troubles, attacked by very serious illness. His body got all over sores, and he had no remedies except bathing in the salt water, which stung him to madness, and caused the fleas to torment him in a manner it is difficult to imagine. At last, however, he was so lucky as to find a wild bees' nest in a rock, and getting possession of the shard of a castaway earthen pot, he melted it down, wax, honey and all, to use it for ointment.

This brought on delirium, but it lasted only a short space of time, so that he was able to get about at intervals and find food. His deliverance was now, after three years of absolute nakedness and solitude, very near.

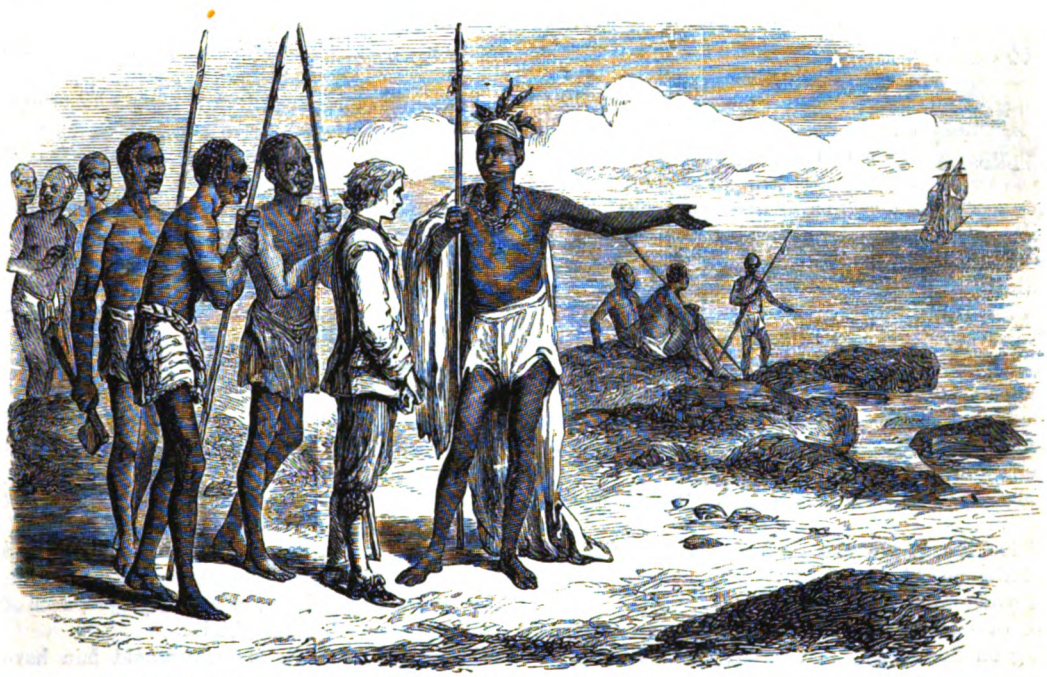
There came to the island a small Arabian vessel to buy negroes. To the captain of this vessel Robert Everard addressed himself, praying him to smuggle him away. But

SOUTHERN SCENES.—SHOOTING WILD HOGS.—SEE PAGE 486.

this the captain declined to do, as if he should in any way offend the king it would injure his negro trade. He, however, promised to do what he could for him, and while he staid there told the boy to come to his house every day, and fed him.

So things went on for six weeks, until one day the Arab sent for Everard. When he arrived he was made to sit down, and a new palampere was given him to wrap himself in. The kind Arab now informed him of the good news that he had bought him of the king for twenty dollars, and that the king would never have let him go, had he not believed that he would have died by the way.

He was now delivered, and most kindly treated, being furnished with goods to trade with the blacks, his former persecutors, for anything he liked. Boy-like, he spent it all in plantains, bananas, pine-apples, and sugar-cane; boy-like, also, he exasperated his old enemies. They, seeing him made a kind of gentleman of, were always pestering him for beads, which he, seeing that their hearts were set on them, had great pleasure in refusing them. They then used mutually to abuse one another, Everard telling them that he cared nothing for them now.



A BOY'S ADVENTURES IN THE OLDEN TIME.—"IN THE MORNING SHE SAILED AWAY, EVERARD BEING TAKEN DOWN BY SOME OF THE KING'S MEN TO SEE HER SAIL."—SEE PAGE 486.

This Arab vessel, open, with one mast, took them to Comorro Island, and after a terrible passage, at length they landed at Muscat. Among the Arabs and Banians looking on, there was a Banian boy, who ran up to the house where the Englishmen lived, to tell them that there was a little English boy come ashore with the blacks. Three Englishmen came down at once, and got hold of him. The overseer of the slaves allowed him to go home with them, and they carried him off in triumph.

He had forgotten his native tongue, and could only talk in Madagascar, but made shift to let them know that he had belonged to the *Baudin* They boiled mutton and porridge full of onions for their precious young prize; and at last Robert Everard found himself once more, to his great astonishment, in a real bed, "with a very good coat, sheets, and quilt."

The governor having given his sanction to his remaining with these Englishmen, he took up his abode with them, although still a slave. After about seven days' living with them, his English began to come to him sufficiently well to understand who they were. One of them (Mr. King), his chief entertainer, was a ship's surgeon, and the other two apparently able seamen.

Singularly enough, these three had belonged to the *Baudin* themselves, and only deserted her three weeks before, and now sailed with the Arabs—the able seamen with the rank of gunner, and the doctor apparently as surgeon-general to the port of Muscat.

With these generous, roving sailors he staid a fortnight, getting himself petted and spoiled. At length they went to the man who had imported him, and after a little bargaining, offered twenty dollars for him.

This, however, was refused by the governor. He insisted on sending the boy to the English at Surat. Another Englishman now arrived, and wrote to the Persian agent, who immediately sent a Dutch Banian with his purchase-money, and twenty dollars more for the English sailors and doctor who had been so kind to him. He, bidding them farewell, went on board the little open ship in which he was to coast up the Persian Gulf.

Robert Everard was started on his voyage by his kind countrymen, with store of bread, cheese, rice, salt beef, and two gallons of liquor almost as strong as brandy. Besides this, they bought him a good rug and pillow, and two earthen pots to boil his victuals in. They likewise gave him some sugar, and a dollar and a half in money to spend at the places where they should touch.

Soon after reaching Ormuz, there came in an English ship called the *Diana*, bound up the Persian Gulf, and the master of which was very sick; and coming to stay at the agent's, in an open boat in a heavy surf, got wetted and died. The mate, who succeeded him, persuaded the boy to come with him to Bassorah, at the head of the Gulf.

The *Diana*, with some goods out of a king's ship, the *Kemthorn*, which had put in leaky, and was besides too large to go up the Euphrates, went up the Gulf, apparently feeling her way very carefully, and disliking very much the sight of any strange sail: extremely anxious when they were near her in a calm, and devoutly thankful when there was breeze enough for her to give them the go-by. She got a

pilot to take her into the Euphrates, which Captain Hamilton, who followed Robert Everard in a very few years, describes as being about a mile broad, and keeping the same breadth for the whole of the ninety miles up to Bassorah.

He gives a ship-boy's account of some fighting which was going on here while he staid, between the Turks and the wild Arabs. His adventures, after Bassorah, are scarcely worth mentioning; he went to Bombay, round the Cape to the West Indies, and so home, meeting his father at Blackwall, after seven years' absence, "to the great joy of us both."

## THE "TWO CHILDREN IN BLACK."

THERE was no one at the depôt to meet me—not the semblance of a vehicle, save a rough cart into which a florid farmer was tossing some bags.

I walked about the little platform, and took a survey of the landscape—a wide valley, with a rim of purple mountains, and the gleam of a river. Sunshine was on the mountain tops, but the purple glooms were below, and cool shadows already lay on the wide, green meadows and village streets. Above, the gray of twilight was putting out the regal fires of the sun—only in the west the glory blazed. I was too nervous to note the beauty fully. I had confidently expected an escort to my new home, and felt now like some desolate mariner stranded on a strange coast. I gathered courage enough to approach the bluff farmer, after a while, with the timid question:

"Do you know one Mrs. Hurst in this neighborhood?"

"Mrs. Hurst—yes; reckon most folks knows her, or knows about her," with a smile.

I felt uncomfortable. Something about the smile made me conjecture concerning my future patroness. What was there to know about her, that "most folks" knew? But I could not question this man.

"Does she live far away?" I asked. "Could I walk there?"

"Wal—" looking at me with a complacent eye, "ef you don't mind the neighborhood of them flour bags, I don't mind givin' you a highst."

I did not care to make my entry on the scene of future effort, riding on flour bags, so thanked the man and declined.

"If you will only direct me," I said, "I shall like to walk."

"So?" he answered; "'taint much of a pull; jest straight through this ere village street, round the left, by the meetin'-house—reckon you'll know the meetin'-house, though the steeple was blown down last year, and our society haint felt themselves moved to put it up again; but's got a churchy look about it—down by the left to the creek, cross the bridge, an' you're thar—stun house, kind o' gloomy like, built arter the fashion o' Miss Hurst's home in England, I hear—relation, perhaps?" with an inquiring air.

"No, governess," I answered, preparing to start.

"Governess!" with a long whistle; "wall—I wa—ant to know! Governess—what in the dickens——"

I did not stop to answer his astonishment or explain my position. Yet I was curious to know the cause of the evident surprise expressed in his words and tone. Did I look so unfit for a governess, or was there anything remarkable in the fact of Mrs. Hurst's requiring such a person? I took her letter out and looked at it again, for an unpleasant sense of mystery seemed to oppress me.

It was clear enough. A widow lady, who lived alone, with her two little boys. "They are young enough still to remain with me," she wrote, "and I wish an instructress in the house."

I could make nothing out of the letter, so folded it up and went on my way, quickening my steps, for lights began to twinkle in the village.

I found the way easily by the steepleless church, through a green lane, where grand old elms almost met above, and where I could see glimmering white flowers starring the grass. I had escaped from city streets, and I reveled in this glimpse of Nature. I almost forgot Mrs. Hurst and my mission as I stopped to gather some of the dewy blossoms, and watched the pale-green tint of sky near the horizon—a rare hue—that faded fast into neutral gray.

Suddenly, looking up, I saw a broad, iron gate. A wide gravel path led directly to the house, through an avenue of trees, and beyond I saw a lawn lying in dewy splendor. It did not look New England-like. It was old England, and Mrs. Hurst's home. I decided so at once.

I opened the ponderous gate with difficulty. It creaked as though unused to the exercise. I glanced at the dark stone pile before me, and saw only two or three faint lights twinkling. I felt that I had been treated in an unceremonious manner, and I knocked boldly, as an expected guest, at the door.

An elderly maid-servant, in a high, white cap and apron, such as domestics wear abroad, opened the door. She looked at me without a gleam of intelligence in her face, and seemed inclined to bar my entrance.

"I am Miss Brent, the governess," I said, attempting to step into the hall.

"Governess—it is some mistake!" said the woman, keeping her ground.

"Is not this Mrs. Hurst's?" I asked, beginning to feel a terrible anxiety about my situation.

"Yes, but——"

"Hannah!" cried a sweet, low voice, from a room whose door I had not heard open, "have they come?"

"No, madame," with a softened tone of respect she had not used to me.

"And it's so late," sighed the lady, as I now saw, for she stepped out into the light of the hall. A pretty, delicate creature, slight and pale, in heavy black robes. She was no longer young, but I saw no white streaks in the fair, blonde hair; and her eyes, large, melancholy eyes, were of that clear limpid-blue one sees in a child's.

She saw me, though Hannah would fain have shut the door in my face. I had taken out Mrs. Hurst's letter, and held it as a sort of credential.

"I am come in consequence of this, which I answered, telling you when I would arrive. Yet I seem not to have been expected," I said, with a feeling of being unwelcome, and a very disagreeable lump rising in my throat.

"Why, Hannah! did I not tell you," in a tone of sweet reproach, "I have engaged this lady as a governess?"

"The Lord save us! for who, then?" cried Hannah, staggering back a little.

"For whom—for my boys, you stupid Hannah!" cried the lady, taking my hand with a gentle air. "Forgive the apparent neglect, Miss Brent; I've been busy making some preparations for my children; they have been away a while—a long time, and naturally, you know, a mother might forget others in thinking of her boys? You will forgive me?"

All this in a sweet voice as she led me into her room, and closed the door, leaving Hannah, as it were, stunned in the hall.

"So my pupils are not at home now?" I said.

"No, I expect them yet. In the meantime you can be my

companion. Hannah is an invaluable servant, you see, but one needs something more."

She shivered a little, though it was a warm July night, as though the loneliness oppressed her. We sat down together after that, and I uttered a few commonplaces about my journey, but she was evidently listening to something else, and soon rang the bell, sharply.

Hannah looked in.

"I hear wheels now," said Mrs. Hurst, rising in an excited way. "You have aired the beds properly?"

"Oh yes, ma'am; all is ready," answered Hannah, in a stolid way.

"And the muffins?"

"Reeking hot—shall I bring 'em in, ma'am?"

"Hannah!"—with a look of disgust—"as if I could eat them now. We must wait."

"Very well, ma'am."

And Hannah went out again. Mrs. Hurst began to walk up and down, too absorbed to talk.

Presently Hannah appeared again.

"It's past the time now, ma'am; they can't possibly come till to-morrow night."

"The last train is in, then?" with a sigh.

"Arf an hour ago, ma'am," answered Hannah; "shall I bring in tea?"

Mrs. Hurst nodded absently, and sat down again. The excitement had died away. The faint flush which had given her a pale rose of youth faded, and left an ashen grayness on her cheek. She had suddenly passed out of the sunlight of expectation into a sort of twilight, and scarcely looked like the same person.

I tried to talk to her as we drank tea together, and Hannah was in waiting.

"It is a great disappointment to you," I said, "not seeing the little fellows to-night."

"Ah, yes!" she answered, with a pathos that went to my heart; "but we mothers must learn patience."

Happening to look up into the faithful Hannah's face just then, I saw it contorted in a strange grimace, directed at me. What did it mean? I suppose my eyes asked the question, for she answered by a terrific frown and violent shaking of the head. I argued from it that the topic of discourse displeased our attendant for some reason, so I did not pursue it further.

After tea, Mrs. Hurst sat back wearily. I could see that ill-health had stolen the tint and roundness from her face, rather than years. The small ears were transparent, the pale lips drawn. She sat with her thin hands clasped in her lap, and her eyes fixed, in a sort of dream. Suddenly she roused herself and went to a little cabinet.

"I must show you my boys' pictures," she said, "as they are not here to show themselves."

She brought out a miniature delicately painted on ivory, in a blue velvet frame. It represented two children, almost babies. The flesh tints were rosy as life, the faces were full of soft curves and dimples—the waves of hair—soft hair of baby gold lay about two broad white foreheads. Large eyes looked out and met my own, with a strange melancholy in their baby depths. They wore rich dresses, heavily embroidered, clasped with gold on the shoulders.

"They are very much alike," I said, after exclaiming over their beauty enough to satisfy even a mother's heart.

"Ah! Sydney is the eldest—this one—his eyes are darker, like violets, you see."

I could not see, but I said:

"They were taken long ago, I suppose."

"Oh, so long ago!" with a moan. "How long—my God! how long?"

She sat down with the miniature in her hand, and I ventured no more questions on the painful theme.

Then Hannah, who seemed the ruling spirit in the little household, looked in with a candle in her hand.

"Miss Brent will be tired after her journey; shall I show her to her room, ma'am?"

And Mrs. Hurst acquiesced with a kind good-night, but a sad, far-off look in her eyes.

I found my room pleasant enough, with pink chintz hangings and furniture—pretty carpet of pink roses to match; but my mind was occupied with many other things—with the mystery which seemed to pervade the house. I would have questioned the imperturbable Hannah, but one glance at her face silenced me; and I went to bed to dream strange dreams, in which Mrs. Hurst's pale face and sombre dress mingled with cherubs and friends.

"I suppose she is a widow," I said to myself next morning, as I dressed, "and having only these two children, her love for them has grown into a sort of monomania, that is all."

I found myself catching the infection of the lady's expectant mood that day. I watched at the window. I listened for carriage wheels. The tea waited as the night before—after the long day wore away. There is nothing so wearisome as waiting and expecting. Mrs. Hurst had a complicated bit of worsted-work over which she dreamed. Part of the time I read to her, but she did not seem to listen.

This night when Hannah came in with the same remark about its being "too late now," I wondered that she did not seem disappointed, and ventured a remark:

"But it seems very strange for their friends to keep them. Did they not name the time you might expect them?"

No one answered me, and looking up, I saw Hannah regarding me with a forbidding frown; Mrs. Hurst only listened to some fancy sound. I was silent, too, wondering if I should not find life a terrible burden, or if I should fall into a monomania too, always waiting for my pupils, who might never come.

"Read a little more, Miss Brent," said my lady, when the tea-things were cleared. Hannah had looked as if she would have been pleased to clear me away also, but she had no excuse this evening. I opened a book I had brought as a traveling companion—Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers" it was—and I chanced on the sketch called "Two Children in Black." The title will interest her, I thought.

I was right. The very name roused her to the keenest attention. She listened to the description of the author's meeting with the pretty little fellows, in their rich black clothes, their handsome attire, their books in three languages, their melancholy eyes! I heard a sort of moan, but I went on.

The reader probably recollects the mystery about these children—Thackeray made their acquaintance in a railway carriage from Frankfort to Heidelberg. Two more aristocratic little men he never saw. Their mother—a pale, handsome lady—accompanied them, also a maid-servant. On the lady's face was the deepest grief. The author conjectured that the children were to be put to school, and speculates accordingly.

I heard Mrs. Hurst breathing painfully, and, looking up, I was horrified at the expression of her face. The limpid blue eyes seemed to glare at me, and a red flush dyed her pale cheek. Her hands were tightly clasped, and her lips compressed.

"Go on," she said, hoarsely, as I stopped.

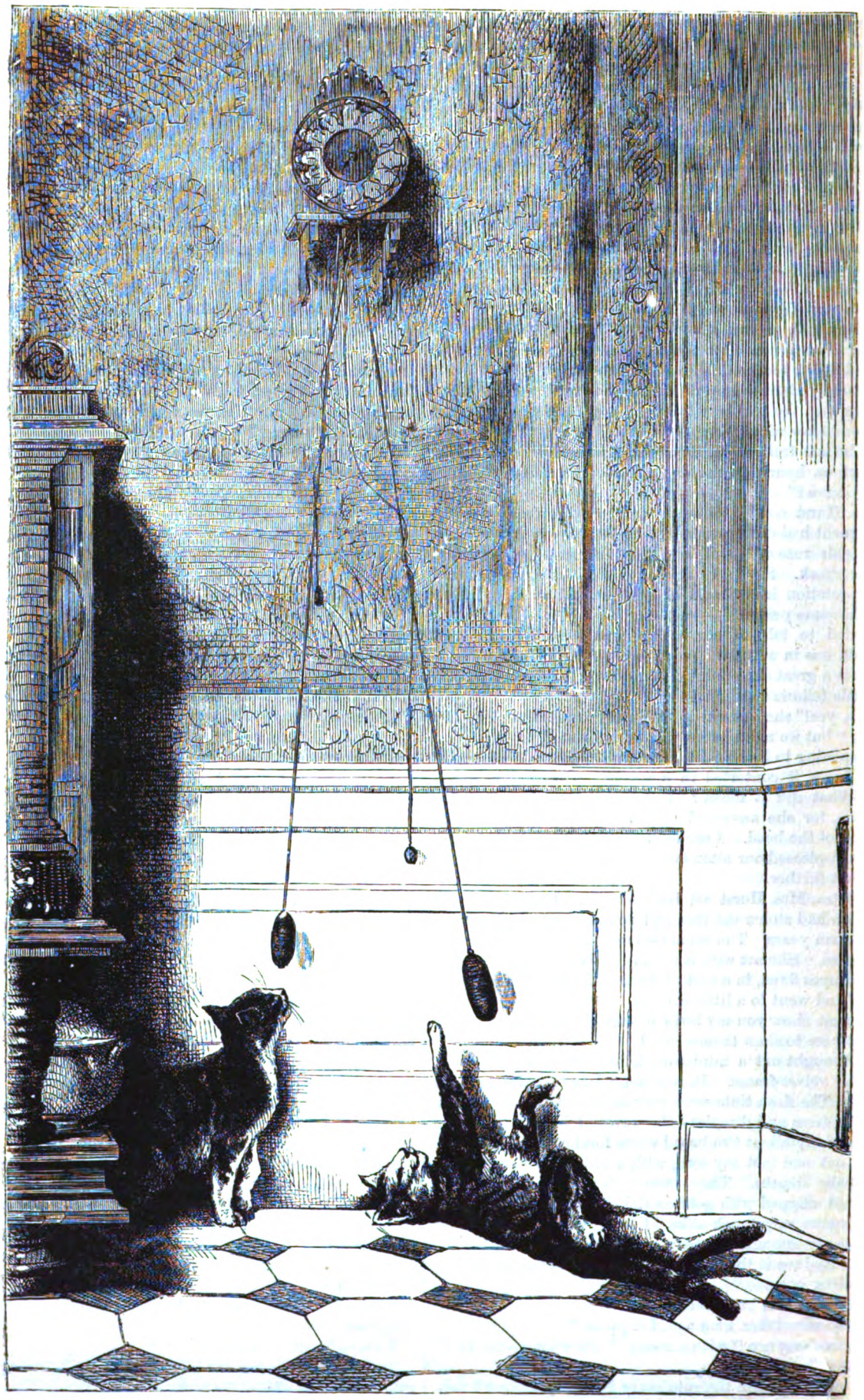
"But it agitates you."

"Go on, for God's sake!" she cried, trembling with some suppressed feeling.

I obeyed half fearfully.

The next day we saw the lady and the maid driving to the railroad station *without the boys*.

Mrs. Hurst started from her seat, and stood near me.



HOW THE GOOD OLD CLOCK GOT WRONG.

"Yes—yes—I know that; but what then? what next?"

I could hear her labored breathing as I hurried on.

What fatal chance had made me select this strange story? I thought, but I dared not pause. So, in the narrative, we went to Baden-Baden, and saw the little boys again "walking on each side of a fierce, yellow-faced, bearded man." They were pulled fiercely back when they attempted to speak to their old friend. Gone were the silken clothes, the pretty studs in the shirts, the heaps of pretty books, and the mother's tender care! and they were in the hands of this scowling practitioner of "Trente et Quarante."

From Baden the traveler went to Venice. There again the little boys were seen walking with an old hag of a woman. Their only garb a wretched yellow cotton gown. The little feet on which he had admired the little shiny boots were without *shoe* or *stocking*.

Mrs. Hurst groaned, and, looking up, I saw the tears pouring down her cheeks.

"My boys!" she cried—"my little darlings!"

"The woman is mad," I thought; "this is the key to the mystery," and a terror seized me that almost paralyzed my tongue.

She would not give me resting time, however.

"Where are they now?" she cried. "What next?" And she leaned down and looked over the book, panting like a breathless runner.

There is not much more, however. The little men were met once more, pale and wretched-looking, with their horrible father, and the author wonders over the mystery:

"Who were they? What could they be? How can you explain the remarkable care and elegance of their appearance while in their mother's care, and their barefooted squalor in Venice a month afterward? Who will read the riddle of the 'Two Children in Black'?"

"Is that all?—my God!" cried Mrs. Hurst, falling into a chair. "Where are they now? Is that all?"

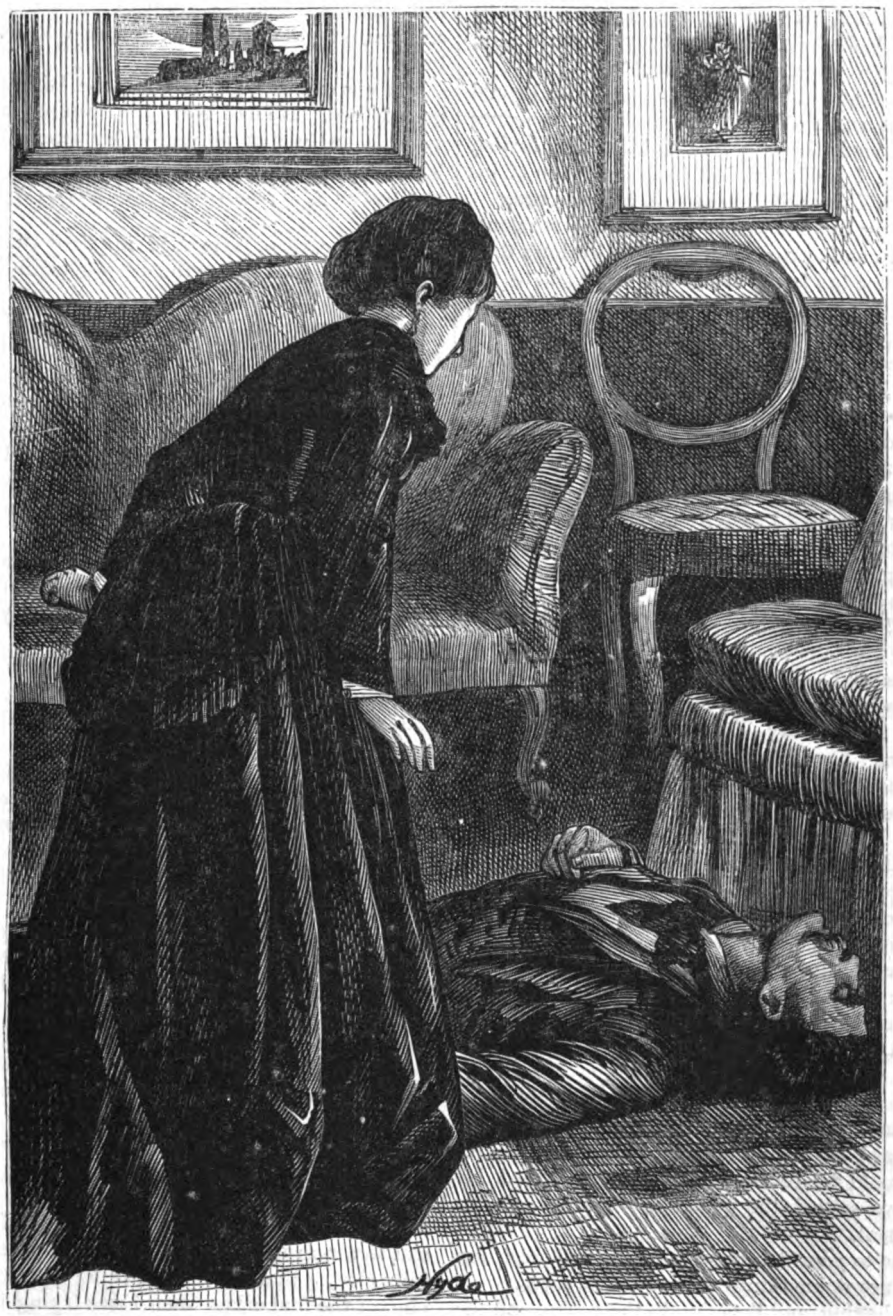
"You see that is all," I answered, gently, holding the book toward her. She did not look at it. The tears still fell fast, and they seemed to ease her heart.

"I have not cried since that day," she said; "there was something in my brain too tight. It has given way now. My poor boys, where can they be—into what misery has he dragged them? Listen, Miss Brent; I can read the riddle of the 'Two Children in Black,' for they were *my children!*"

"Indeed," I said, in the soothing tone one uses to minister to a mind diseased.

"My trouble unsettled me, but I know what I am saying now, and I will tell you my story." She seemed to think awhile. "I was married when I was a mere child. My aunt, on whom I was dependent, made the match, although I had more than a fancy for some one else. I had a wretched home—the one I cared for was far away—and I was foolish enough to seek to escape present misery by marrying a man who appeared to have unlimited funds, and who gave me an elegant diamond engagement-ring. But even on the wedding-day I shuddered with an indefinable fear.

Would to God I had gone back from the altar as I looked in that fierce face, with the small, cruel eyes—the wrinkles of cunning about them—the dead, sallow skin, and heavy mottled beard.



THE TWO CHILDREN IN BLACK.—"STEPPING BETWEEN THE ROUND-TABLE AND THE WINDOW, MY FOOT STRUCK SOMETHING—MY GOD! A DEAD BODY!"—SEE PAGE 490.

"'Mr. Craig is not handsome,' my aunt used to say, 'but there is something very winning about him.'

"Afterward I concluded most of his friends must have the same opinion, for he inveigled them all into card-playing, and they found him very 'winning.' I soon discovered that gambling was his profession, and I was dragged from one place to another, wherever the prey was plentiful. Oh, the shame, the degradation, of such a life! Then my master grew sullen toward me. My aunt died, and left her estate to my brother, bequeathing me only a legacy. He had expected more, and visited his wrath on me. Life began to be unendurable, and I looked with dismay at my two little ones, who must hear such words and see such sights.

"At Baden we met an old friend of mine—the man I could have loved. I was surprised that my husband, who once appeared jealous, should be so polite to him. He invited him constantly, and I yielded at last to the pleasure of his society, for, at least, I was not ill-treated in his presence.

"One night young Lawrence came in and found me alone. He looked careworn and anxious, and I began to think that, perhaps, he had gone too far in the game. I began to understand Mr. Craig's politeness to the poor fellow, who had been sent to buy goods for his employers, and had a considerable sum of money in his hands. I knew him well enough to give him a hint, though I feared for my life as I did it.

"'Mr. Lawrence,' I said, 'I may seem uncivil, but I wish you would not come here.'

"He looked at me as if he thought I had taken offence at something, and flushed up to the roots of his fair hair.

"'It's my duty to speak,' I said, quickly. 'I am married to the man of whom I warn you, it is true—but—have you not lost at cards heavily to him?'

"'Terribly,' he said, with a groan.

"'And you *will* lose,' I said, significantly; 'be warned in time.'

"'But your husband——"

"'Is an unprincipled wretch,' I said, in a low tone; 'the cards are marked in some way—I do not understand.'

"'Good heavens! have I been such a dupe?' cried he.

"'Good-evening!' uttered a cold, calm voice near.

"There stood my husband; and when I saw the demoniac smile on his face, I knew he had heard all. Oh, how deadly polite he was! He would take no refusal—our guest must stay to a little supper, some choice spirits were coming—just to drink a bottle of Johannisberg, etc.

"Poor Lawrence yielded. I saw him go out into the little saloon, like a lamb to the slaughter. My faithful Hannah, who was with me through all, brought my babies for their good-night kiss, and I clasped the pure little things in my arms, and prayed that they might die rather than grow to be like their father. Thank God! they did not even look like him. Then, when quite alone, I sat and thought, with trembling limbs and quaking heart, of our future. That my husband had heard me warn his victim, I did not doubt, and I knew he would be revenged. If I had doubted, his words would have settled the question, when he left his guests for a moment.

"'You are true to your dainty lover,' he hissed; 'let him take care—there are worse things than losing at cards.'

"And I sat shivering, and listening to the voices, and the laughter, and the clinking of glasses, till all grew still, and I knew they were deep in the game.

"'Lawrence will not play, I know,' I said; 'perhaps he has gone home, for I heard the door shut once or twice.'

"Then there was such a shriek that I started up in terror, for it rang through the room; but it was followed by a laugh and some jesting word, and I thought it had been in sport.

"Hannah came in and sat near me, appearing to divine my thoughts.

"'It's a wearisome life,' she said; 'if you could get away to some quiet spot unbeknownst now.'

"'Oh, yes, I've been thinking of it, for I am afraid he'll kill me some time.'

"'I've been considerin',' went on Hannah, 'and I think some little French town would do;' and she went on to mention one where a friend of hers was living.

"I caught at the idea. All seemed quiet in the house then, and I began to hope. We went to work quietly enough, putting up the things we could carry, and the little money I had with me. The rest Hannah hurried into a large trunk, and gave to the concierge, for him to keep till we sent for it.

"It was one o'clock then, but the faithful fellow had not gone to bed. He had heard the reveling, and he felt a care over his house that prevented his peaceable rest; besides, he must be on hand to let the visitors out. He was yawning fearfully, Hannah said, and asked if monsieur would return.

"'Has he, then, gone out?' inquired Hannah.

"'Oh, yes, soon after the other gentlemen,' answered the concierge.

"So we went on more composedly. We had an answer ready if surprised. We were packing to go into the country. At last all was ready, when I remembered my watch. I had left it in the little saloon where the gambling had taken place.

"'Wake the children while I go for it,' I said to Hannah, and I heard her voice soon talking to the sleepy little things. My heart ached for the poor boys, roused at that hour to fly from their home.

"I went to the door of the parlor, expecting to find the light burning, but, to my surprise, all was dark. I did not go back, because I was sure I knew exactly where I had left the watch; besides, the moon was shining brightly into the room.

"When I found the watch, I could see other things quite plainly. I cast a hasty glance about, to discover if any of my belongings were there. Stepping between the round-table and the window, my foot struck something—my God! a dead body! The moonbeams threw a pale light upon the ghastly face, on the open, glazed eyes, on the fair, boyish face and blond hair of young Lawrence! I gasped, and tottered. I felt myself slipping in the slimy pool of blood that surrounded him. All my own blood curdled and froze in my veins. This, then, was the revenge of the fiend to whom the law bound me! The shriek I had heard was the death-shriek of the victim; the jest and laugh were the mockery of his fiendish murderer! The other guests had gone, I supposed. By some pretence, Lawrence had been detained. I felt almost guilty of his death, because my warning had roused the foul fiend of jealousy in my husband's breast.

"It seemed heartless to leave him there, yet I dared not stay my flight. More than ever, I longed to be free. I dared give no alarm lest I myself should be arrested, as it seemed that the murderer had escaped. I knew I was white and terror-struck when I went back to Hannah. After carefully closing that door and locking it, I felt like an accomplice of the foul crime when I was trying to hide it, and the ghastly vision seemed to pursue me. The glazed eyes looked appealingly after me—the still, set face was full of terrible pathos. I hurried out of the awful house which held the dread secret. I felt freer when we stood beneath the blue sky, in the silent night, and breathed the fresh air.

"Well, we found rest at last, and a peaceful little home. I took a new home. We breathed again. The children dared to play, and their gay laughter eased the pain at my heart. But one day I received a note. The writing struck me like a blow.

"The writer dared not be seen in the neighborhood, but he wrote for money. He was a 'fugitive on the face of the earth, while I and the brats lived in luxury.' He warned me that if I did not comply, the law would give him my darlings. I sent some money, and fled, in unreasoning terror—this time to England—to my old home, thinking he would not suspect me of taking refuge in such a place. My brother had been killed by a fall from his horse. The beautiful estate was mine—the grand old woods, the lovely park, the velvet lawns. I rejoiced only for my children. Life's most delicious draught had lost its flavor for me; but they were old enough to profit and enjoy—my beautiful, bright-eyed boys! I had teachers for them, and I taught them myself; I bought them pretty books in French and German; I dressed them daintily. I only cared for the wealth that could bless them. Those days were almost happy. And one bright June day in walked my tormentor, with his yellow, loathsome face and fierce scowl. 'Aha! a snug place, upon my word!' he sneered. 'A pretty wife you are, to be keeping me out of my rights!" and he fixed himself there till he grew weary of the monotony, and I bought his absence with a large sum. I had never alluded to the Baden tragedy to him, and he asked no explanations from me; but now, as I meditated on my future, I concluded that, of all places in the world, Baden-Baden was the safest. 'He will surely never venture there again,' I argued. So once more we packed up our effects, and started for Germany. My heart was sore enough at this flitting, though the children, innocent babies, prattled gayly enough. I remember our fellow-traveler—the genial, kindly man, who won the boys' hearts. The journey wearied me sadly. We stopped at Heidelberg, and I slept late the next morning at the hotel. The children had a little room off mine, one door communicating with the hall. When I looked in the sunshine shone brightly on the little empty beds, and I saw they had dressed themselves and gone down. Bright little fellows, they already took an intelligent interest in everything. Hannah came in while I was dressing, and I sent her down to look after my boys, expecting every moment to hear their noisy little feet tramping up the stairs, with an account of some of the wonders they had discovered. I never saw them again!

"Hannah came up instead, quite pale. 'If you please, ma'am,' she said, 'I can't find 'em nowheres whatsumever.'

"I ran down in fright, and the head waiter met us with a smile——

"'Madame need not be anxious; the young gentlemen had gone for a walk with their *father!*'

"'Their father!' I screamed. 'How did you dare to let children be kidnapped in your house? How long is it? I must follow them.'

"'But it is no case of kidnapping,' he answered, in an offended way. 'Monsieur was their true father, and the young gentlemen knew him well.'

"And I recollected that during the visit of my husband he had tried to win the children's liking, as far as his savage temper would allow him—for this end, my God!—for this end!

"We traveled for weeks, aimlessly; we could not track them. This writer, who had no interest beyond a passing sympathy, met them constantly. I, their mother, never saw them again; and I knew the law would give them to their father, even if I had found them. We heard a vague rumor that such a party had taken passage to America. It seemed probable that this man, who had made Europe too hot for him with his villainies, should have tried a new sphere; so we came here—fruitlessly, as you see. I believe then despair began to do its work; the iron entered my soul. It seemed to me, at times, that my darlings were with me again; I had sweet moments, when they clung to me; I felt their kisses on my lips. Then they seemed gone; but only for a day or two, with some tender friend, and I lived in expectation of their coming. It has been a sort of mania," said the poor woman, looking gently at me, "but your reading has wakened me to keener misery; I know now that I am alone, and shall be alone until I die! Think of my darlings with that wicked man!—better they had died before me, though I slew them with my own hand. My precious ones—barefooted and in squalid misery!" and the poor woman wept again, bitterly.

Hannah came in then, evidently suspicious of the long sitting. She looked fiercely at me, as if I had been the cause of the tears; but her mistress was calm, and she saw some change there which those tears had caused. The old, wandering, waiting look was gone. "I have heard from my boys to-night," she said; and I left her to tell the sad story to the faithful retainer who had followed her fortunes so long.

Meditating on the matter through a sleepless night, it appeared to me that there was good reason to believe that the man who had proved such a curse to the poor lady of the house was dead. He had never applied for money, never been heard of since. His object in taking the children was apparent—to wring large sums from the mother; and he had never made the attempt. I sent for Hannah, under a pretence of helping me with something, and broached the idea. She had thought the same; indeed, had been making what effort she could, through some acquaintances on the Continent, to find out the facts of the case. "But all this happened five years ago," she said, hopelessly.

But I was not hopeless. Money can do wonders; and it did. A detective was sent abroad to search, and once more we waited the coming of the two children, or listened rather for the postman's step bringing some news, hardly daring to hope. Mrs. Hurst, as I still called her, never fell back into the state of mania in which I had found her. She was roused completely, and, though feverishly anxious, never forgot the true situation, past or present. "They will be too old for me to teach when they come," I said, one day, "and too accomplished."

"But I shall not part with you," she answered, kindly; "God led you here, I am sure, to help us all; I must keep you for myself."

Detective Stokes went here and there, in the haunts of vice, and made friends with various old reprobates. He was a long time in the dark, because he always inquired for a man with two children. A hardened practitioner of *trente et quarante* going about with two children, was a circumstance curious enough to identify the person at once, he thought; but he found no clue. At last he argued that the man must have gotten rid of his encumbrances immediately, and, by means of an old daguerreotype, he found himself soon on the track.

We had waited long without news, when it came like a flood of sunshine on that drear November day. "I find that Samuel Craig died in Vienna, four years and six months ago. I have seen his grave, and also the record of his death. The boys were not with him, but I have found them. They are well, and we sail to-morrow."

"Nothing else?" cried Mrs. Hurst, her hungry heart craving more particulars of her darlings. Then, sinking on her knees, she seemed to forget everything in thanksgiving and happy tears. I stole out to tell the news to Hannah, who embraced me in her joy, then rushed in and clasped her mistress in her arms with an ecstasy which she could not control. And what festive preparations—what a compounding of cake and golden custards; what a giant turkey was killed; what rosy apples gathered, what heaps of brown nuts! "It is Thanksgiving time, now," said the fond mother; "and this year I shall keep it with a full heart."

Hannah went alone to the steamer to receive the boys; I

WILD BOAR HUNTING.

persuaded their mother to wait for them at home. All the house was lighted, and wore a festive look. I think it must have sent a welcome far out on the dark road where the November winds were sweeping away the dead leaves. We watched the clock till the hour came; then Mrs. Hurst could sit no longer, but stood up, with hand pressed tightly on her heart. I feared that moment for her. The door opened, and Hannah led in two boys. Pale and shy they seemed, and overwhelmed by the events of the past few weeks; but they knew their mamma at once, and rushed to her, with choking sobs and cries:

"Oh, mamma! oh, mamma!"

I left them together for a time; this was a joy in which the stranger intermeddleth not. But when the bell rang for tea, I went down and saw the happy group—the mother, with her fair face radiant with joy, and on each side her precious boys. I heard, then, how God had cared for them in a strange land, and raised up friends for them when their wretched father died, and the little ones were unable to give their own names with any certainty, because their mother had changed hers so often. Their eyes looked melancholy enough, and they seemed still bewildered; but time and happiness worked a change, and soon I heard the boyish laughter ring through the house as freely as though grief and poverty and sin had never checked it. For I stayed on, though not as governess to the "Two Children in Black."

MY DUEL.—"'HOLD! HOLD!' I SHRIEKED, 'OR, IF THERE MUST BE A VICTIM, BEHOLD THE SACRIFICE! LET YOUR BULLETS FIRST PIERCE THIS THROBBING HEART!'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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LEARNING is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skillful hands; in unskillful, the most mischievous.

## WILD BOAR HUNTING.

HUNTING the wild boar was, in other days, a kingly sport, and, from youth to age, the animal was designated by different names. A very young boar, in France, was called *marcassin;* during the second year, *bête de compagnie*, as the sows and their young kept together in companies; when two years old, *ragot;* when three, *sanglier;* when four, *quaternier;* beyond that, *vieux sanglier, solitaire*, or *vieil hermite*, in allusion to the solitary habits of those more advanced in years, seeking, in preference, the depths of the woods, except when food grew scarce, and forced it to visit the lands of the farmer, when it made havoc indeed.

Wild boar hunting is often dangerous. The boar easily takes alarm at human shouts, and horn, and the report of firearms. Its course is straight, and it will run down any one in its route, rather than swerve from it. Nor will it turn aside to attack, unless wounded; then it attacks blindly on all sides, till driven to bay, when it dies hard, biting and ripping to the last. Well-trained dogs will surround and worry the dull brute, till a chance is given to fasten on the weak point, the ear. Once a dog seizes that, the boar yields; it is conquered, and has lost all power. A single dog will thus hold it till the master arrives to dispatch it.

Some dogs, cunning and alert, will keep up beside the boar in the race, quietly, so as not to divert it, till the moment comes to seize the all important ear, and then succeed without any danger of meeting the terrible tusks.

In India the boar is hunted with spears, and gives much exciting sport to English residents. Captain Newell thus describes a run after a wild boar:

"A boar was said to be afoot, and knocking about among the high, thick hedges, and some rode in one direction, and some in another I found myself in one field, with an immense hedge in front, and thought I might as well stay there till something definite was ascertained of the boar's whereabouts. One of the other hunters was a little beyond, but divided from myself by—at that spot—another impassable hedge.

"I had not waited long, when I saw a very fine boar, with a noble pair of tushes, canter leisurely along, not a hundred yards from me, but on the other side of the tall mass of prickly-pear in front of me. By galloping round to get out of the field by the gate opening, I should lose sight of the pig, and most probably miss him altogether. There was just one place in the hedge, however, which I thought my horse might negotiate, for he could jump like a deer when he chose, and his blood was up after a pig. Accordingly, I gave him a touch of the spur to stir him, took him back into the field, and crammed him at the hedge. There was the pig, right opposite on the other side, and craning or shirking was out of the question—over, into, or through, we were bound to go, and into or through prickly-pear is, you know, a most unpleasant alternative.

"My horse had caught a sight of the pig, and was every way as much interested as myself in the spectacle. He made a splendid spring, knocked away a few of the topmost sprouts, and nearly fell on landing—for there was a bit of a drop on that side—but picked himself up, and away we rattled after the boar.

"I didn't think any of my companions could follow me over, even if that part of the hedge lay in their line, which it did not, for they were mostly heavy men, and not particularly well mounted; so I had the running of that pig all to myself. He soon lay out at a rattling pace when he saw me, and led over several hedges. I gradually gained on him, and forced him into a lane, up which he ran. Here I closed with, and turned him, and he then left it in the vicinity of the village, and, dashing across a small open bit, went over another hedge and into a field. I got well behind him, and again turned him, still to the left, and he now made partly in the direction from which he had started. After going through one small, thin hedge, he ran along down another which there cut it at right angles.

"I had, of course, shouted vigorously at the start, but knew not what had become of my companions. My attention was too much concentrated on the boar for me to ascertain whether or no any were riding behind me, and if so, at what distance. But I thought, from the turns we had made, that they might cut in anywhere.

"The hog was getting pumped, as he pounded down alongside the hedge, and I soon got close behind him. But the hedge was on his left, and he steadily refused to be pushed from it on to my spear side. There was no help for it, so I took up my horse alongside, with him on my bridle-hand, and prepared to spear him over it.

"Directly I raced up even with him, round he came. I made a vigorous overthrust, met him in full charge, and had my spearhead smashed off, and the bamboo splintered to my hand, and my active, experienced horse only just avoided his rip, as the superior pace at which we were going carried us past.

"The spear had evidently struck a bone—probably the shoulder—and the chances were the wound was by no means a disabling one, and I had nothing wherewith to renew the combat.

"As I pulled in and got after the boar, with the object of keeping him in sight, I looked round, and, to my great delight, saw one of the hunters close at hand. He soon rattled up to the pig, which had now crossed into another field, and speared him with a vigorous blow down into the back. So deadly was the thrust that the boar rolled over, and in a few seconds was dead—before, indeed, the others could arrive on the scene."

## MY DUEL.

ONCE upon a time I was a pretty girl. As it is years and years ago, I may say that I was a *very* pretty girl; and, being more than usually "soft," I was more than usually attractive, possessing a dozen devoted slaves where the intellectual, Roman-nosed damsels (my nose was a pug, not too *prononcée*) had not one. I have sometimes thought since, however, that I may have overrated their emotion. Amongst my worshipers figured a very elegant youth, whose name was as fine as his figure—Carroll Stanley.

Carroll Stanley was educated in Europe; Carroll Stanley had traveled in the East; Carroll Stanley had seen everything worth seeing, knew everything worth knowing; fenced, rode, danced, sung, and painted, like a master in each art. In addition, he possessed a heavenly mustache, divine eyes, and a love of a hand. He confessed to a good opinion of himself, and spoke with that indescribable air of the *nil admirari* which is the test of the *sangre azule*. His temper, I grieve to admit, was not under perfect control; but he waltzed—oh, heaven, *how* he waltzed!

Augustus Fleminge was another. He was a mere nothing in comparison—a good enough, honest-hearted fellow, possessing a soul, no doubt, but without the faintest notion of the harmony of colors, and utterly unable to "hold" a lady well in waltzing, or even to "catch her step" in less than a dozen rounds. Fancy the pitiful figure *he* would cut by the side of Carroll Stanley!

We were all on a Summer jaunt through the mountains, and a glorious good time we were having. Two married ladies, to matronize the party; half a dozen girls, and a dozen gentlemen, there were, besides the ladies' maids and attendants of other descriptions.

We traveled in private conveyances, taking our own provisions, camping out at night, unless some opportune farmhouse offered a more satisfactory but less jolly shelter, and leading, in short, a regular gypsy life. Well, one day we had distinguished ourselves by climbing to the top of the highest pinnacle of the Pilot Mountain, which pinnacle consists, by the way, of a solid mass of rock, three hundred feet in height, perpendicular where it does not incline forward, and where it does, but scantily supplied with shaky ladders, which swing like monstrous pendulums from rusty iron clamps.

We had all done our duty nobly in the matter of exclamations when we reached the breathless height, and peered through a hazy glass at the fog lying miles below us.

We had ejaculated "Glorious!" "Sublime!" "Wonderful!" "Most beautiful!" with every intonation that careful education could suggest, and had looked as interesting as circumstances would admit. The circumstances were not favorable; they consisted of limp muslin and hair suspiciously loosened. I, for my part, knowing that my eyes were my best point, grew faint with emotion, and rolled them effectively, leaning, meantime, on the arm of Carroll Stanley, who whispered consoling sentiment in honeyed phrase, I pretending not to see Augustus Fleminge, who stood a little apart, and gnawed his mustache. That night we were too tired for camping out, so we sent out advance guards to scour the country and find us a farmhouse. They scoured,

as ordered, and found the house. And *we* found the owner hospitably inclined when a hint of greenbacks was popped into his ear, and we made ourselves comfortable accordingly.

After supper, enlivened by our own champagne, we were sufficiently recovered to end the day with a dance, and sent the servants out for a fiddler. We knew, above all, that Black Victor would have found one, if we had sent him for a dancing Dervish. As for the fiddler, I don't know whether Black Victor caught up some clay and made one, imitating the love-lorn sculptor of old by breathing life into his own handiwork; but this I can aver, that he returned in half an hour, silent and mysterious as ever, sombrely shining and triumphant, holding a fiddler by the coat with one hand, and in the other bearing aloft the instruments of music, as though they had been the sacred implements by which he had wrought the wonder.

We did not pause to investigate the miracle. We danced instead, recklessly disregarding it, though Mephistopheles, in the guise of Black Victor, loomed darkly in the background, or handed us wine, and country cake resembling damp lead, with a dread insinuation of possibilities in every roll of his lustrous eyes.

I danced a quadrille with Carroll Stanley; then Carroll Stanley and I waltzed; then I danced a redowa with Carroll Stanley; then Carroll Stanley and I waltzed; then we danced another quadrille, and waltzed again; and then he asked me to dance the next quadrille with him, and I assented, cheerfully; the more so, as I observed Augustus Fleminge standing in a Napoleonic attitude across the room, eying me from beneath his bent brows, and gnawing his mustache. Carroll Stanley then bowed himself off for an instant, gazing down upon me as if he were dying for love, and whispering that he would be with me again instantly.

He had not been gone three minutes, when Augustus Fleminge took the vacated seat beside me. He glanced at me rather peculiarly, with a half-smile, and yet grave eyes. I blushed. At this time of life, thank heaven! I can own to anything *without* blushing, and I will admit that I had ever felt some sort of bashful kindness for Augustus, which I wisely concluded was pity for his straight hair—Carroll Stanley's curled divinely—and his shortcomings in the matter of catching one's step.

"Well, Augustus," said I, a little confused, twisting the tassel of my fan, "what is the matter now?"

Augustus smiled more positively.

"Did I say anything was the matter?"

"No, you did not *say* so, Mr. Fleminge, but you looked it, and that's worse."

The button dropped off the tassel of my fan. Augustus stooped down and picked it up before he answered. It was not an *answer*, indeed, then; and his face was flushed almost unbecomingly—from stooping.

"*You* are looking—shall I tell you how?"

His voice was low and quick, and the tone was new to me.

I ever liked compliments. I looked down in the manner my governess had taught me was interesting, and said, with innocent vivacity:

"Oh, *do* tell me, Augustus. I should *so* dearly like to know!"

"You are looking—more beautiful than an artist's dream of heaven!"

The words were hurried and low. I blushed again, and wished from my heart I could help it, for my cheeks burned frightfully, and he *would* not take his eyes off my face. I grew a little more confused. I could not hear very well what he was saying, but I remembered that my left curl was most becoming a little back of my ear, and even then I had presence of mind to put it in its place.

"They are forming the next quadrille. Will you dance it with me?" was the next thing I heard him say, quite distinctly.

I forgot all about Carroll Stanley. I said, "Yes," and, rising, gave him my hand, when lo! we confronted my elegant slave returning, some surprise and more champagne evident in his manner.

There was the pause of about a second; the gentlemen exchanged glances. I cannot describe how, for I don't know, but I felt immediately that I had gotten myself into trouble. Augustus did not attempt to move forward, but stood waiting, as it were, looking with a sort of calm defiance straight into Carroll Stanley's eyes. The latter did not seem to know he existed, and smiled down upon me with a smile that was meant for me only. He held out his hand, with his own gracious air.

"I have been detained, mademoiselle, but I am back in time to claim you, at all events!"

Augustus did not give me an opportunity to reply, though he spoke very quietly.

"Not for this dance," he said, smiling. "The lady has honored *me* with her hand."

Carroll Stanley raised his eyeglass and looked at Augustus in the manner of one who suddenly becomes aware of a minute insect. His manner was certainly admirable.

"Yes, without doubt, for the next dance. But this is mine. Come, mademoiselle, they are waiting for us!"

And so, indeed, they were; and everybody was looking and listening.

My governess had often told me that a puzzled air was becoming to my features, so I looked very puzzled, indeed—to tell the truth, I *was* puzzled—and drooped my head a little.

"Gentlemen, this is too bad!" I cried, with a pleading, candid air. "I am naughty, very naughty; I know I am. But what can I do? I *did* promise to dance with Mr. Stanley, and when he went away I forgot that, and promised to dance with Mr. Fleminge. I am penitent, I assure you. But what can I do?"

"Decide between us, of course," said Augustus, releasing my hand.

His tone was perfectly gentlemanlike, even playful, but somehow it frightened me.

"But I *can't* do that! You are both of you so cruel!" I said, lifting my eyelids, with the lashes pathetically glistening, for I had a particular talent for weeping when I was young. "One of you must illustrate the beauty of humility, and give me up."

"Humility is not my forte," said Carroll Stanley. "It does not become me, and just now it would but poorly interpret my feelings."

He laid my hand within his arm to lead me away.

A deep flush stained Mr. Fleminge's face, and then he grew very pale.

He laid his hand upon my other arm. The gesture was quiet, the detaining pressure nothing, but it held me as still as if I had been bound with the Atlantic cable.

"The young lady must decide!"

I should, perhaps, have looked puzzled again, for I was in especial good looks that night; but I heard Clara Livingston begin to titter behind her handkerchief, and whisper to her partner. So I assumed a dignified air, and took my hand from Carroll Stanley.

"Mr. Stanley," said I, "I have danced with you six times. It was wrong for me to promise you both this dance, and I am sorry for it; but since I have done so, and must decide between you, it is no more than justice that I should prefer Mr. Fleminge. Mr. Fleminge, I will dance with you. You are not annoyed, Mr. Stanley?"

"Annoyed!" Mr. Stanley repeated, with much surprise, his smile white, and his voice unusually soft and smooth.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.—SEE PAGE 503.

"How could I possibly be annoyed? Whatever is for mademoiselle's pleasure is my happiness."

He bowed profoundly, and left the room.

Half an hour afterward, standing at the window, I saw him smoking out on the little gallery of the farmhouse.

Every now and then he took his cigar from his lips, and gazed at the starlike red end with a reminiscent scowl that made me shiver.

The next day I was tired, frightfully tired. So were the rest of the girls, and we concluded to remain at the farmhouse for a day or two, and then take up our line of march again.

All the morning I lounged on a hard, black sofa, in the little parlor, and drank lemonade and fanned myself. I had the windows darkened, that I might sleep if I felt like it, and begged the girls not to disturb me.

As I made myself very disagreeable, they went off into the grounds about the house, and pretended to admire views and be animated. For my part, I knew that some rest was necessary for the complexion, so I kept quiet, dropping off into a little doze, when the door creaked for the twentieth time, and aroused me. I started up in no very good humor, and saw Bynum Eastham entering, with a man's extraordinary precaution against noise, which seems to exasperate his boots, and make them more than ordinarily demonstrative.

Bynum was a good fellow, but not gifted either mentally or physically. His arms were too long, and his knees were a constant source of perplexity to him.

"Are you asleep?" he questioned, in a preternatural whisper that suggested at once a nutmeg-grater bathed in sweet oil.

"No, I am not," I answered, very crossly, "and I am not likely to be. I have been disturbed every five minutes since I laid down. I do wish people would have a little consideration."

I turned my head to the wall, for there was not the least use in being polite to Bynum. His father was a Methodist preacher, with nothing in the world but his "circuit" and seventeen children.

"I am very sorry, indeed; but I thought——" began Bynum again.

I interrupted:

"Oh, I dare say! People are always being sorry; it does so much good, to be sure!"

"But I thought you would like to know——"

He paused.

"Well?"

"That Carroll Stanley and Augustus Fleminge are going to——"

Another pause, and a most momentous dropping of the voice.

"Well—*do* go on!"

"Are going to—to fight!"

"What?" I cried, starting up and staring at him, electrified in earnest.

Bynum's eyes opened wide. He looked important and mysterious. He forgot his knees for one happy instant, and, bending down, repeated in his sibilant whisper, that might have been heard at forty yards distance: "They are going to fight! A real duel, you know!"

His small, blue-green eyes danced. They made twenty exclamation points as he stared at me for an answer. He did not get one. I stood a minute, and then turned and arranged my pillows again, bent down, and, leaning back, closed my eyes. My heart was beating so that I could hardly breathe, but that was all the more reason to keep quiet.

"Well," said Bynum, aghast, "why don't you say something?"

"What is there to say? I am very glad to hear it, I am sure. It will be something to amuse us all. You can go now, if you wish to. I should like to go asleep again."

He looked at me as if he meant to faint; but by the time he had reached the door I called him back.

"Where are they going to fight, Bynum?" I asked, very languidly, without lifting my eyelids.

He managed to gasp out:

"Down by that big black rock that you called 'Love' yesterday."

"Ah! A very nice place, indeed. Quite romantic. When, Bynum?"

"Just at sunset. But—but you are not—not going to do something to prevent it?"

"I? To prevent it?" I asked, opening my eyes in sweet surprise. "What could *I* do? No, of course not! I think it's very amusing, indeed! I certainly should not *prevent* it, even if I could. Go away now, Bynum dear, and let me sleep, if you please."

He left the room slowly, shaking his head in a pathetic, uncertain sort of way; his theory of life was evidently upset. But the door had not ceased quivering in its catch before I

sat up and began to think. My bosom swelled, my heart beat with a strange and new pleasure.

Not one of the girls had ever had a duel fought about *them!* I could positively see their jealous smiles, and could hear their malicious, envious chatter about *my* duel. My cheeks burned. I got up and ran to the looking-glass; they were like roses, and my eyes like stars. I was so pretty, I leaned over and kissed myself.

Suddenly a dread thought came across me—one of them might be killed! In that case it might be prejudicial to my future prospects to have my name mixed up in the affair, and I was not sure but I might be expected to wear mourning. The thought was intolerable. Nothing was so unbecoming to me as plain black; but I had presence of mind even at that moment to resolve that, if the worst came to the worst, I would put on white crape ruches and lavender ribbon as soon as possible. And even if *one* of them should be killed, there would be the other to meet again—a cripple, perhaps—and it would be miserably awkward! Carroll Stanley, for instance, a cripple! and he waltzing so divinely. Altogether, the more I thought about it, the less agreeable it became.

"Good Heaven!" I cried, presently, with a sudden virtuous impulse, "am I indeed utterly heartless? It shall not be! I will prevent it—yes, at the cost of my own life, will I prevent this unnatural strife!"

I said this with a fine dramatic gesture, advancing my hand and frowning before the mirror, as I had seen Mademoiselle Rachel when she had bade *Armand* farewell forever. However, I spoiled the effect by giggling, for I saw I was much too pretty for such a scowl.

But I was in earnest about preventing the duel; the more so as a flash of inspiration—a vision—passed before my eyes, and taught me the best means of accomplishing my purpose with great credit to myself. I saw myself with disordered, wildly flowing tresses, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, rush between the pallid, fierce-eyed combatants at the very critical instant of time, and, falling upon my knees, declare that if they must kill each other, their murderous bullets should first pierce my devoted heart! I saw them, overcome by this magnanimous offer, throw their pistols simultaneously into the brook, clasp each other's neck, and swear eternal friendship, turning just in time to receive my fainting form. Grand finale and tableau—*myself*, resting on Carroll Stanley's breast, Augustus pressing my hand distractedly, chorus of anxious and envious girls, and general awestruck admiration of *me!*

All that remained of the day I passed in feverish expectation. It seemed to me the westerly sun would never sink. I could not refrain from such dark allusions to Death and Judgment, to the holy beauty of Forgiveness and Charity, as frightened Cora Livingstone half out of her wits, and made her inquire with solicitude if they had not better send for a doctor for the pain I complained of in my chest. I smiled sadly, and shook my head, with gentle patience. My governess had often admonished me to let slip no opportunity for effect, even though nobody should be present but women; some of the best-natured ones might happen to tell their brothers.

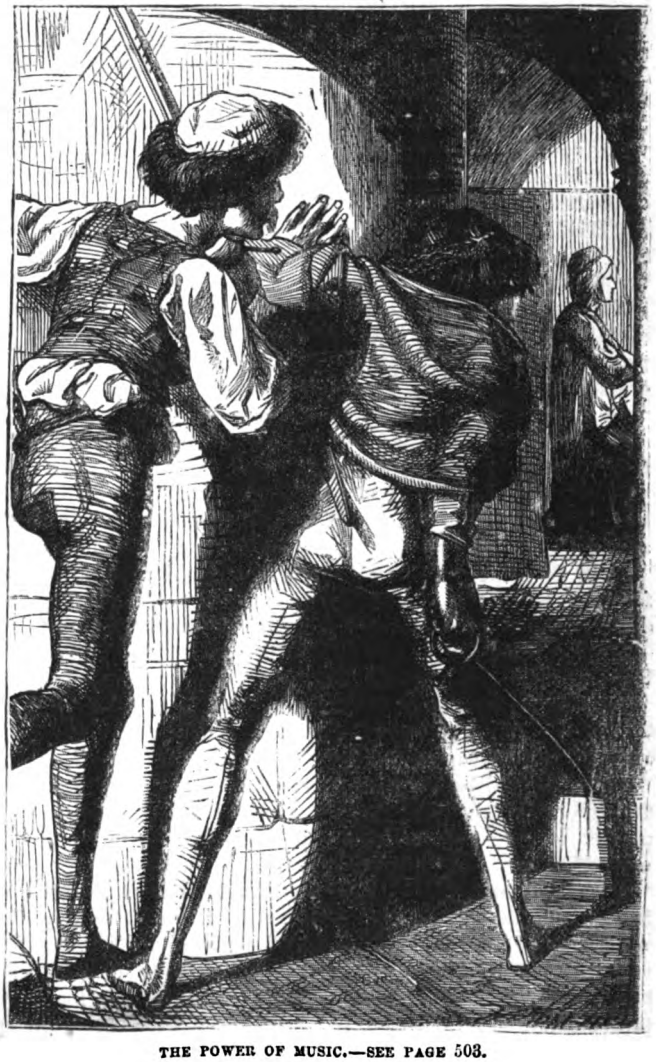
The shadows informed me at last that it was time to begin my preparations. I told the girls that my head ached so violently that I should retire for the evening, and begged particularly that no one might be permitted to disturb me—I should desire nothing but perfect quiet.

I dressed myself then with great care and attention to detail, for that should be considered under the most trying circumstances. I wore a long, loose, white robe, which I confined carefully at the waist with a pale blue scarf. I let down my hair, which was long and thick, curling it only at the ends, and there in such a manner as to produce a picturesque, disheveled effect, which I observed with pleasure was singularly becoming. I fastened one simple white rose in the blue band that drew my tresses tightly back from my forehead, and placed another upon my bosom. Then taking Tennyson's "In Memoriam" in my hand, I silently left the house, and made my way rapidly toward the rendezvous. I did not reach it too soon.

I had hardly disposed my drapery gracefully about the mossy ledge behind the tall, black rock which I had chosen for a seat, when the crackling twigs and rustling branches announced some arrival. Presently I distinguished footsteps and voices. They paused, as I expected, on the other side of the rock; but, though I listened intently, I could not hear what was said. It was absolutely necessary that I should, for otherwise I would not know at what moment to rush upon the scene; so I crept carefully along the rock, and contrived to place myself behind a clump of low shrubs, which screened me, without preventing my observing all that passed.

There, in good truth, they were! Augustus Fleminge, careless and easy-looking; Carroll Stanley, with a brow as cloudless and an eye as untroubled as if he were on his way to a wedding-feast. Two or three other gentlemen were in attendance, and, of course, the inevitable Black Victor.

To my surprise, they were all armed, and, what puzzled me still more, not with pistols, but with muskets. Carroll



THE POWER OF MUSIC.—SEE PAGE 503.

Stanley and Augustus Fleminge occupied the centre of the group. They were talking to each other with all the cool and dignified affability which generally distinguishes gentlemen on such occasions; and the others, whom I supposed the seconds, conversed apart, as usual.

I confess the scene thrilled me. It was a pretty sight, too. The sun was quite low, and through the multitudinous. deep-green, flickering leaves its rays filtered rosily, touching everything with new beauty. The ruddy light was singularly becoming to the gentlemen, and I reflected with pleasure that it must be equally so to me.

But matters were evidently approaching a crisis. Augustus and Carroll Stanley separated, and the other gentlemen approached them. It seemed to me the whole party was curiously "jolly." They laughed, and whistled, and talked rapidly—in so low a tone, however, that my utmost efforts would not enable me to distinguish their words. However, I reflected that their mirth was necessarily hollow, put in but for effect; and I thought with secret pleasure how soon my own appearance upon the scene would startle their real feelings into light. I began to grow nervous with expectation, when, finally, some one spoke distinctly:

"Well, gentlemen, are you ready?"

I grew dizzy. I saw one of the gentlemen lift up the fatal handkerchief.

"I don't see why we should wait any longer," said Carroll Stanley.

"We are merely wasting daylight," Augustus added, with remarkable coolness.

There was an instant's pause—a solemn, a most monotonous pause to me! I glanced rapidly downward, remembering, even at that thrilling instant, to see that my scarf hung gracefully, and then, with a quick movement separating my golden brown tresses to the best advantage, I rushed wildly forward from my hiding-place, my arms extended, my long white robe lifted airily, my hair streaming long behind me, and threw myself upon my knees between the bloodthirsty combatants.

"Hold! hold!" I shrieked, "or, if there must be a victim, behold the sacrifice! Let your bullets first pierce this throbbing heart!"

Struck dumb, the gentlemen fell back a pace or two, and stared at me. Then Augustus and Carroll Stanley approached, I suppose with the intention of falling into each other's arms; but they paused in front of me, and gazed upon me with an expression of extreme perplexity.

"I am not sure I understand you, mademoiselle," said Carroll Stanley, finally. "You wish ——'

I glanced at his face, but perceived no sign of emotion. I had prepared myself for this coldheartedness, and spoke again.

"Oh, friends!" I cried, "if you indeed be friends! pause for one moment in your murderous intent! Picture my desolation at the mere thought of such wanton bloodshed! —imagine my lifelong misery at its accomplishment! For Heaven's sake, *pause!*"

I uttered this last monosyllable in a tone that positively thrilled myself, extending my hands, and raising my dewy eyes to the leafy canopy above.

"Answer me—answer me at once!" I continued, wildly; "let me know the worst! Will you relinquish this mad project, or is my life to be made one dawnless night of woe?"

They appeared awe-struck. They gazed upon me as if I had been an inhabitant of another world. For minutes they were silent. I knelt, meantime, calm with agony, like the white-robed victim before the altar of sacrifice, my arms still lifted, in spite of the pain of such an attitude when long protracted.

"Answer me!" I cried, yet more wildly, rising as I spoke.

Carroll Stanley approached me a little. He was evidently perplexed by my heroism.

"There is but one answer to make, mademoiselle," he said, bowing profoundly. "Of course, we will give it up, since it disturbs you so. But we could not have imagined our little shooting-match would have been so disagreeable to you."

"*Our little shooting-match!*" Merciful Heavens! what cold-blooded barbarity! I rushed to Augustus, and impetuously clasped his hands.

"Give me your word also!" I cried, agonizedly. "Quick! quick! I faint!"

He caught me in his arms.

"Good God! what tender nerves!" he said. "Run for some water, Victor! Make haste! She is fainting! Yes, I give it up—I swear I do!" he shouted in my ears.

I sank back upon his arm; my head fell forward, my hair and scarf both displaying themselves as I could have wished; slow tears crept from beneath my closed eyelids; they thought I was quite insensible.

Somebody caught my hands, and chafed them tenderly, calling my name in perplexity and distress.

"Wonderful! A woman's sensibility is something wonderful!" said Carroll Stanley. "To think of her fainting at such a thing as this!"

"Yes," Augustus answered; "little guileless innocent! She is all heart; the most perfect child of nature that I ever saw. But I'm sorry our plan for a 'possum-hunt is spoiled. The boys from Deer's Creek will be here in five minutes; they were to meet us at the Black Rock, you know."

My brain reeled! A 'possum-hunt!

"Good Heavens! what have I done?" I gasped.

My breath was leaving me. I felt the blood forsake my cheeks. My heart staggered with sharp agony; if Clara Livingstone—but human weakness turned from that theme in horror.

At that fearful moment I heard the crash of forest boughs parting suddenly. Somebody rushed forward, with hurry and excitement in every footstep. It was Bynum Eastham.

I contrived to see a little beneath my lashes. He burst through the branches, red and panting, seeing nothing. He struck his hands triumphantly together, and cried out:

"Golly! I've just found out it was a 'possum hunt and not a duel! Hurray! I'm in for that myself—I am! Ho-o-orray!"

The wretched creature tossed his cap up among the branches, and executed an extempore pigeon's wing, and I fainted in earnest.

I forgot to mention that at that time I was engaged to Carroll Stanley; shortly afterward, however, he lost the greater part of his fortune, and, by a curious coincidence, Augustus Fleminge's uncle in India died about the same time, leaving him immensely wealthy. So I broke off with Carroll Stanley, and married Augustus Fleminge.

He does not dance well—I admit it frankly; but I still think I decided wisely. I have the advantage of Augustus's money, and I can waltz with Mr. Stanley whenever I like to.

## MEMORABLE WOMEN OF AMERICA.

There are few American women around whom more interest has centred than Jane McCrea, her sad fate amid the complexities of civil war investing her career with everything that can awaken the sympathy of the human heart.

Born in the parsonage of a little Episcopal church in New Jersey, over which her father presided till his death, a few years before the outbreak of the Revolution, she had grown up a beautiful blue-eyed girl, with auburn hair and a fresh complexion. Her brother having resolved to try his for-

tunes in Northern New York, she accompanied him to the Upper Hudson, the old battle-ground between New York and Canada, now, with both colonies under one rule, promising to grow in population and importance with inconceivable rapidity. Settling near Fort Edward, the McCreas became general favorites, and Jane won the heart and devotion of a young man named David Jones.

The fair horizon began to cloud over; war was again to sweep over the frontier. The Revolution began, and before the revolted colonies declared their independence, when their officers scarcely knew in whose name they acted, their troops were marching as of old on the Canada borders. Families divided, friends parted forever to side with king or colony. Young Jones hastened to Canada to give his arm to the royal cause, and when Burgoyne advanced into New York, Jones was a captain in a provincial regiment. As the British forces approached the scene of his former life, the spot where she whom he prized above life still lingered, his fears were awakened for her safety. And Jane on her side lingered at the house of Mrs. McNiel, a widow lady, whose house stood near the foot of a hill a short distance north of Fort Edward. Captain Jones at last sent some Indians with a letter to her, in which he entreated her to put herself under their guidance, as he saw no other means by which she could safely reach him, any attempt on his own part being too perilous, from the hatred felt for him by his old associates. She accordingly started with Mrs. McNiel, and had proceeded about a quarter of a mile to the summit of the hill, to a fine spring near a huge pine tree. Here her Indian guides halted, and were suddenly joined by another party, who had attacked a neighboring picket of American soldiers, killing the lieutenant and five others. These men, flushed with victory and heated by the sight of blood, had, it seems, been included by Captain Jones in those to whom he promised a reward for bringing in Miss McCrea, whom they supposed some prisoner of importance whose person he desired to secure, and not apparently conscious of his real wishes.

They began to quarrel about the fair division of the expected reward, and, even came to violence and blows. In the midst of it a chief coolly drew a pistol and fired at Miss McCrea. Pierced to the heart, she fell and expired without a struggle; the Indian then seized her long auburn locks, and in a moment bounded up with the scalp-cry as he tossed the bloody trophy in the air. It was all he bore to Captain Jones to prove that he had fulfilled his commission.

The body of the murdered girl, left under the tree, gashed and mangled, was found by the American party sent out in pursuit of the savage assailants. Her brother soon hastened to the spot and bore her remains to a quiet resting-place on the river side.

Mystery long hung over the cause of her death, but the return of Samuel Standish, a picket taken by one of the parties, and a helpless, wounded spectator of the scene, removed all doubt.

The loyalist captain never recovered from the shock; he lived a few years, and soon died broken-hearted.

## THE POWER OF MUSIC.

There are treasures richer than gold or pearls, and there are sentiments so pure and deep that sometimes they control our whole nature and disclose its true dignity. The incident shown in our illustration of the power of music, which we take from an exchange, is one of those touching revelations of feeling, inspired by song, that prove what susceptibilities often lie hidden beneath an unpromising exterior, requiring only the fitting opportunity for their proper development:

Leaning idly over a fence a few days since, we noticed a little four-year-old "lord of creation" amusing himself in the grass by watching the frolicsome flight of birds which were around him. At length a beautiful bob-o-link perched himself upon a drooping bough of an apple-tree which extended to within a few yards of the spot where the urchin sat, and maintained his position apparently unconscious of the close proximity of one whom birds usually consider a dangerous neighbor.

The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and after steadily regarding him for a minute or two, obeying the instincts of his baser nature, he picked up a stone lying at his feet and was preparing himself for a good aim. The little arm was reached backward without alarming the bird, the Bob was within an ace of damage, when lo! his throat swelled, and forth came nature's plea! "A link—a link—a-l-i-n-k, bob-o-link, bob-o-link! a-no-weet! I know it—I know it! a-link! don't throw it! throw it, throw it," etc., etc.; and he didn't. Slowly the little arm subsided to its natural position and the stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer! We heard the songster through and watched his unharmed flight, as did the boy with a sorrowful countenance. Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we approached him and inquired:

"Why didn't you stone him, my boy? You might have killed him and carried him home."

The poor little fellow looked up doubtingly, as though he suspected our meaning, and with an expression of half-shame and half-sorrow, he replied:

"*Couldn't, cause he sung so.*"

Who will say our nature is wholly depraved, after that, or even that music hath no charms to soothe the savage breast? Melody awakened humanity, and humanity—mercy! The bird was saved, and God was glorified by the deed. Dear little boys, don't stone the birds.

Thus it was that the enemies of Stradella, being much carried away by jealousy and all manner of wickedness, employed a certain assassin, one Rito Spalda, to kill him before he could leave the town. Stradella had gone to the Church of Santa Capella, so that the assassin and his companions were obliged to seek him there. When they entered the sanctuary, they were immediately entranced by strains of heavenly music; their accursed hearts were struck with sorrow and very great remorse; so much so, that they flung themselves at Stradella's feet, confessing all their designs, and begging forgiveness in the name of the Holy Virgin.

## THE LEAF INSECT, OR WALKING LEAF.

Among the curiosities of entomology, the insect which appears to be one of the leaves among which it rests is not the least curious creature. It eludes detection by means of large green or brown wings, that, both as regards color and texture, are exactly like the fresh or dead leaves of a tree.

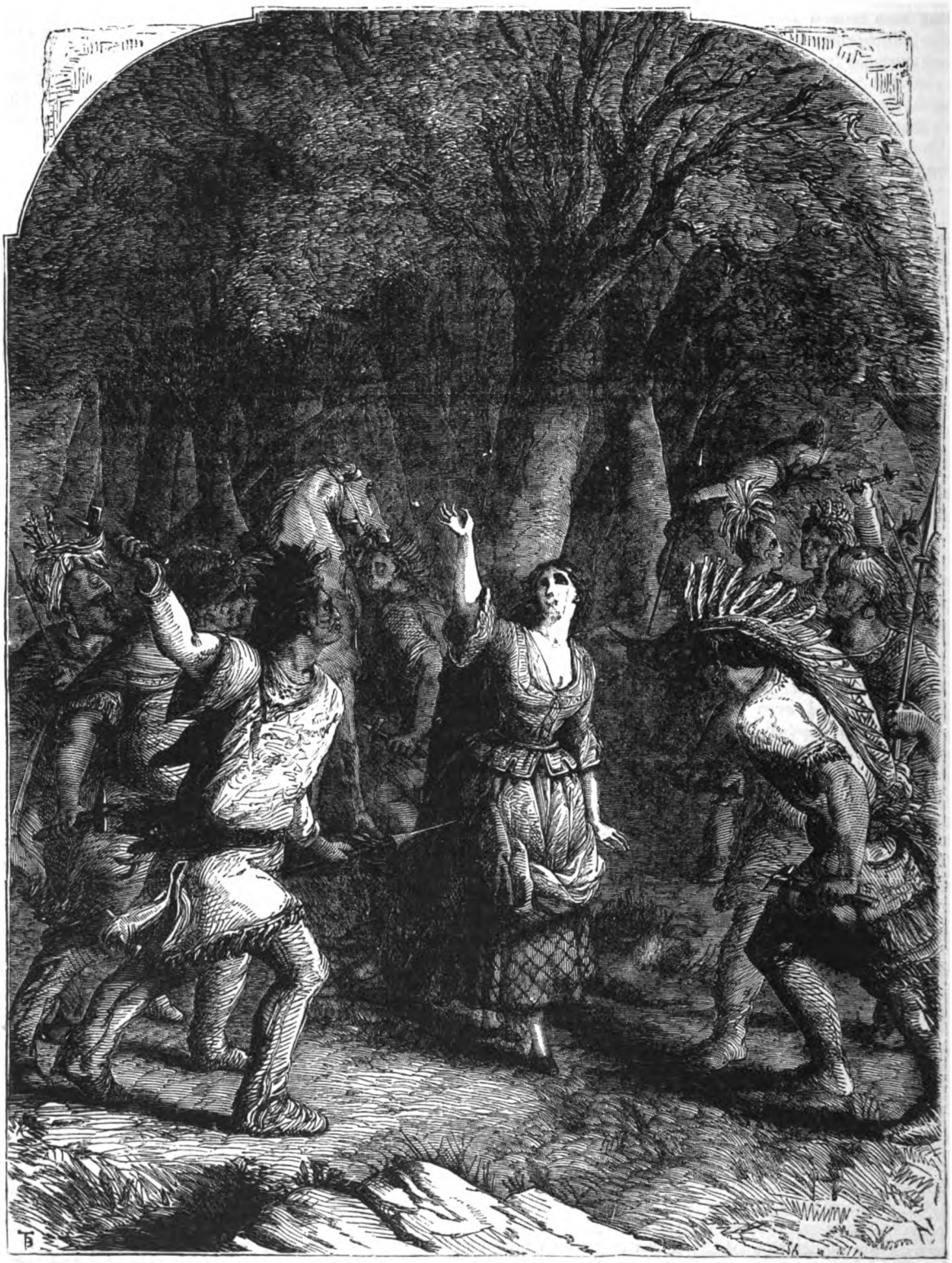
This family of insects has long been known through a species named by Latreille and succeeding naturalists, *Phyllium siccifolium*. Mr. G. R. Gray has described thirteen species.

The family seems peculiar to the Eastern world; three of the thirteen being brought from the Philippine Islands, three from the East Indies and Ceylon, one from Java, one from Mauritius, and one from the Seychelle Islands. The locality of the remaining four species is unknown. The *Phyllium scythe* is brought from Silhet and the mountainous districts of India adjoining Assam.

Mrs. Major Blackwood found both males and females, as well as the young insect in all stages, plentiful in the valleys below Cherrapoonjee in the Kasiat hills, which form part of the southern boundary of the valley of Assam.

In the Spring of 1854, Mrs. Blackwood forwarded to Edinburgh a supply of eggs, whence a pair of insects came out on

the 9th and 10th of May; one or two followed weekly, till the end of May, when a week or two of cold weather occurred, during which no more came out; but when fine weather returned, in June, the insects began to come out in great numbers, from one or two of which was reared a specimen to perfection. A fuchsia was first tried as its food, but this the insect soon left for the common myrtle. It never sought to leave the plant till it was full grown, and was furnished with wings, when it was found necessary to put a muslin bell-shaped cover over the plant to prevent its flying away. It was kept in a hothouse of the Royal Botanic Gardens of Edinburgh; the temperature of the house being as nearly fifty-five degrees as could be maintained. The egg is about the size of a small pea, barrel-shaped, and with six longitudinal ribs; it looks uncommonly like some seeds. The ribs are all placed at equal distances ex-



MEMORABLE WOMEN OF AMERICA: JANE M'CRAE.—"PIERCED TO THE HEART, SHE FELL AND EXPIRED."—SEE PAGE 502.

cept two, which are wider apart, and the space between them flatter, so that on the egg falling it rolls over till it comes to this flatter side, and there lies. The outside is rough and corrugated, like the bark of a tree, and is penetrated by rows of large longitudinal holes, on each side of the ribs, and by rows of smaller holes between them. At the top there is a little conical lid, fitting very tightly to the mouth. On the outside, the lid is composed of the same bark-like structure as the outside of the body of the egg, and has its base surrounded by frill-like projections, which, at first sight, one might take for an apparatus for holding on the lid, but closer inspection shows they belong to the lid itself.

On removing the lid, we see a beautiful porcelain chamber of a pale French-white color. On holding this shell between us and the light, we see light spaces where the holes in the cortical outer covering terminate, and in the centre of each there is a darker space, as if it were a pore. The substance composing the outer cortical covering is very curious. It is very thick. Looked at with the naked eye, it seems of a spongy, reticulated fibrous structure. But, under the microscope, we see that it is composed of cells, generally arranged in rows radiating outward; and in some parts, both in substance and structure, bearing a striking resemblance to a piece of honeycomb.

It seems not difficult to conjecture the purpose which the cellular texture of this outer covering serves. If it had been

THE LEAF INSECT OR WALKING LEAF.— SEE PAGE 503.

of a firm, close substance, the embryo insect could not have received the amount of air and moisture necessary for its existence, and which is more than usually necessary in this family of insects.

We now proceed with the metamorphosis and growth.

After having reached the form of a six-legged insect, it emerged from the egg by pushing off the lid. It came out middle foremost, that is, head and tail were packed downward, so as to meet each other, and were drawn out after the back had appeared; the legs being extricated last. The color of the insect at this stage was of a reddish yellow, something of the hue of a half-dried beech leaf; for, it is to be observed, that without the color of the insect varies at different periods of its life, it always more or less resembles a leaf in some stages. When it had once settled to eat the leaves on which it was placed, the body speedily became bright green. Among the leaves of the common myrtle it could not be distinguished by the color of the body (the legs were browner) and its manner of carrying itself tended to aid the deception. It bore its tail generally curled up a little, just as much bent as the myrtle leaf. As it bent its tail up, however, the curl would have been the wrong way, unless the insect walked back downmost, which in point of fact was its constant habit, adhering to the underside of the leaves.

This habit brought to light another very beautiful contrivance for still further heightening its resemblance to a leaf. The upper surface was opaque green, the under surface glossy, glittering green, just the reverse of the myrtle or guava leaf; so that, by reversing its position, it brought the glossy side up, and the dull side down. It was provided with tarsi, to suit this upside-down mode of life. Between each of the claws there was a large spongy pad, which, as with flies walking on the ceiling, enables the insect to adhere firmly to the leaf; indeed, it was always difficult to disengage its hold of anything it stuck to.

The leaf-insect is subject to three molts, as is generally the case with the orthoptera.

The first molt took place about ten months after the hatching; the insect had increased very gradually but not greatly in size; it was not an inch in length when hatched, and at the first molt it measured not much more.

At the third molt the full-grown wings and antennæ were produced. The day previous to the casting of the skin, the insect was observed to be unusually lively, shaking and working about with its body, while the feet seemed firmly attached to the leaf.

Before the moltings, the insect became of a grayish tinge, doubtless caused by the skin having become loose through the shaking process, alluded to.

After each of the moltings, the insect assumed a beautiful emerald green color, which after the last molt of the body had a slight tinge of yellow round it. It subsequently became gradually yellower, and brownish at the edge, passing through the different hues of a decaying leaf.

## MIGRATIONS OF BIRDS AND INSECTS.

In reference to a communication to the effect that seagoing ships are frequently visited by birds and insects, M. Dasen writes:

"In confirmation of this fact, I can mention, from my own observation, two instances of birds visiting ships from which I was making the homeward voyage from the West Indies, and one instance of a voyage to New Zealand, in which the visitor was a butterfly. In the first case, the ship being off the Spanish coast, but not in sight of land, a very handsome bird came on board. It was a species of dove, blue being the principal color, with darker markings. Some of the seamen called it a Spanish dove. It was caged and taken home by one of the passengers. In the second case, being in the neighborhood of Bermuda, a large flock of a species of swallow settled on the vessel. These poor birds were in a very exhausted condition, and numbers of them were captured by a large cat belonging to the ship. The survivors continued their passage at daybreak next morning. In the year 186–, on a voyage to New Zealand, we were one morning visited by a butterfly, there being at that time a light breeze blowing. My friend made great efforts to capture this interesting stranger, but unfortunately without success, as it fluttered overboard and was soon lost. They, however, got sufficiently near to ascertain that it to be a true butterfly. The color consisted of various shades of rich orange-brown, and the margin of the wings were deeply indented. I made careful inquiries of the officers of the ship as to the proximity of the land, and was informed that the nearest was the rock of St. Paul's, then 200 miles distant."

## WANDERINGS OF A GRAIN OF SAND.

What we call the earth, or the soil, and designate by the names of field earth, garden earth, and so on, is nothing more than disintegrated or crumbled-up masses of rock, mixed with the remains of decayed plants and different kinds of salts, brought up from the depths of the earth by springs.

The particles that enter into the growing vegetation in the form of silicic acid, together with the fine pebbles and grains of sand yearly strewed over the earth, are so numerous that no eye can look over them, nor numbers approximately express them. But science lies concealed, and at the last stations on the rivers which bear these little grains down to the sea institutes an investigation, to number them, as they take their leave of the light of day to be plunged into the dark depths of the ocean, there to remain for thousands of years, till they become rock again, and are again lifted up in the ethereal light of the air on earth.

All streams are engaged in carrying these little passengers. The Rhine, the Elbe, and their kindred German streams, are every moment conveying the emigrating earth. The Danube rolls away with them to the Black Sea. The Vistula brings down the little journeying, emigrating grain from the Carpathian Mountains, together with many of its companions from Russia, and lands them away down in the depths of the Baltic Sea. The quantity these rivers despatch down amounts to only a cubic foot each second. But year after year they have collected, till the quantity laid down is so vast that it would require millions of ships more than are now in the world to carry it.

But the Nile in Egypt, the Mississippi in America, and the Ganges in India are driving a heavy business in conveying these emigrants from the light of day to the deep abysses of the ocean. The Nile carries yearly 200,000,000 cubic feet, the Mississippi 4,500,000,000 cubic feet, and the Ganges 6,000,000,000. This is a vast quantity, enough to cover the city of Berlin over in one year, and form a mountain, on the top of which one would have to dig to reach the tops of the highest church steeples. And this has continued not one year, not ten years, not one hundred years, but many thousands of years, whose number no one knows, and whose effect no one is able to feel. But many may ask, Will not this destroy the equilibrium of the earth's surface? It seems that this would certainly happen. But the work goes on so slowly and insensibly, and the life of man is so short on earth—comparatively a night's lodging at a hotel—that he would know nothing of it if the mind of science did not step in and let a few rays of light through the openings to enlighten us on the subject.

## THE HISTORY, PREPARATION, PROPERTIES, AND USES OF ZINC.

By Professor Charles A. Joy.

The history of zinc carries us back to the age of bronze, and yet it is practically a metal of the present century. It affords the best illustration of how slowly mankind arrives at practical results by experience alone, unguided by scientific knowledge. For more than two thousand years copper has been changed to brass by the introduction of an unknown ingredient, and it was not until comparatively recent times that the agent which brought about this marvelous change in copper was discovered and properly christened. Cadmus, a Grecian contemporary of Joshua, is said to have invented brass, which alloy was known under the names of *oreichalcos* and *aurichalcum* and *aes*, and was composed of copper and a mythical substance they called *cadmia*. The word zinc was first used by Paracelsus in 1540. Some writers say it was derived from *zinken*, signifying nails, from the shape of its crystals; others derive it from *zincken* and *zacken* (English, chimney-stack) because it is usually found in chimney-flues. It was also called the spurious son of copper, and hence a bastard metal; also coagulated mercury; and the miners had a notion that it was an unripe ore, and that if it were to be left undisturbed for a few centuries longer it would develop into silver.

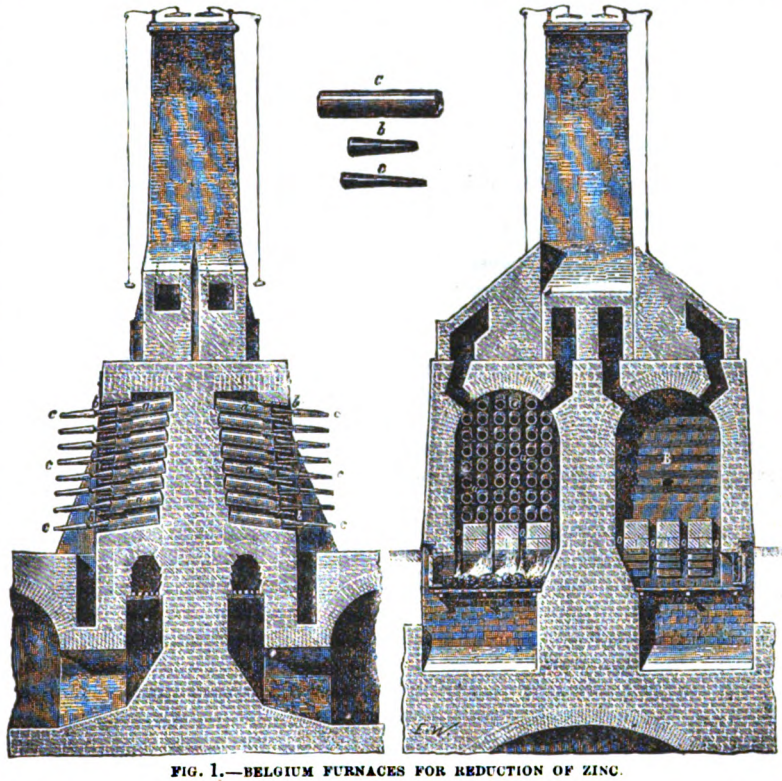


FIG. 1.—BELGIUM FURNACES FOR REDUCTION OF ZINC.

Toward the end of the sixteenth century it was brought from India and China, and Boyle called it *speauter*, or *spelter*—this latter appellation adheres to it to the present day, and it is under the commercial name of spelter that zinc is now sold.

It will be seen by this that the early notions in reference to zinc were of an exceedingly vague character. All of it that was used probably came from the chimneys and flues of furnace operations as an incidental product. It is evident that the ancients did not know how to make it directly from its ores, and it was not until about the sixteenth century that the mineral known as calamine was employed in the manufacture of brass. It is a curious fact that the mines of Wiesloch, in Baden, were worked for lead and silver by the Romans, and then abandoned, to be reworked for the same purpose by the Germans from the eleventh to the fourteenth century, when they were again closed, and during all this time the zinc ore was thrown away, and accumulated in vast heaps around the mouth of the mine; and it was not until 1850 that attention was called to this waste, and works were established for the recovery of the zinc. The history of this mine seems to confirm the statement that the ancients did not know how to make brass from copper and metallic zinc, or zinc ores, but that they relied upon the accidental accumulation of dust in chimney-flues for their supply of material. Zinc is, therefore, very properly called the chimney metal.

FIG. 2.—SILESIAN ZINC FURNACE.

The English Government has a complete record of all patents issued since the year 1681, and the earliest mention of brass was in 1728, when a patent was granted for "a method for the more advantageous manufacturing copper ores through all the intermediate operations till it be brought into fine copper, and from thence into brasse, to be cast into plates, ingots, rodds, kettles, and other utensills in metal moulds."

In 1758 a patent specification says that "spelter and brass might be made from a mineral which had not theretofore been made use of for such purpose," and recommends "blackjack," "mockjack," or "brazill" for the trial. But by far the most important patent relating to zinc which is to be found in the recesses of the English office, is one which was issued to Sylvester & Hobson, April 29th, 1805. This was for "a method of manufacturing the metal called zinc into wire and into vessels. Zinc is made malleable, and may be drawn into wire by working it at a proper heat, or by annealing it—210 to 300 deg. Fah. is a proper heat."

It was in remembrance of this discovery that we called zinc a metal of the present century, for previous to this time its application in the arts had been of the most insignificant character compared with the immense uses to which it is now applied. It is safe to say that more tons of zinc are now required to supply the demands of trade than there were pounds used at the commencement of the present century. This invention of Sylvester & Hobson was, therefore, like the discovery of a new continent, and opened up a

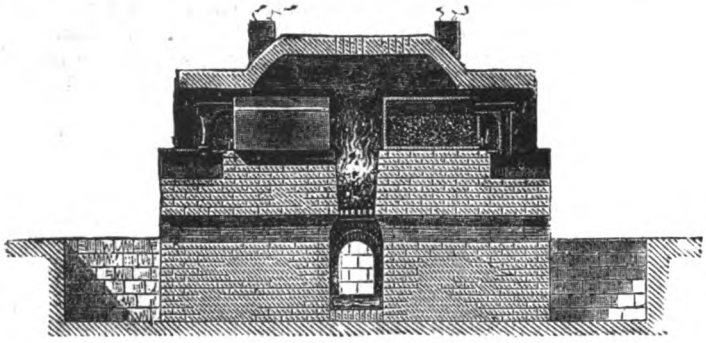


FIG. 3.—SILESIAN ZINC FURNACE.

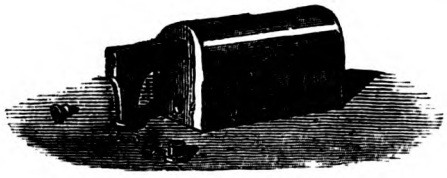


FIG. 4.—SILESIAN ZINC MUFFLER.

vast future for a comparatively insignificant metal. One hundred patents have been taken out since that day, covering a multitude of applications, and introducing zinc into the most unexpected places and in the strangest combinations. We propose to give an account of the occurrence of the metal, to describe how it is made, and then to sketch some of its most important applications.

Zinc has never been observed in our rocks in a pure metallic state, but must always be sought for in combination with sulphur or carbonic acid, and sometimes simply united with oxygen or a few of the metals. One of its most important ores is one which greatly annoyed the early miners, and was considered an unripe mineral, and very deceptive or blinding in its appearance, and hence was called blende. Blende, when perfectly pure, contains 33 per cent. sulphur and 67 per cent. zinc. It is commonly called blackjack by the miners, and has long been used for the preparation of metallic zinc. It is found in many localities in the United States, sometimes associated with lead, copper, and silver.

The mineral called calamine, from the ancient mythical Cadmus previously mentioned, is a carbonate of zinc, containing 64 per cent. of the metal, and, on account of the easy manner in which the metal can be reclaimed from it, it is a much prized ore.

We are so fortunate in our country as to possess a peculiar ore of zinc called franklinite, from the town of Franklin, in New Jersey, where it is found in great abundance. This mineral is associated with oxide of zinc, and is combined with iron and magnesia. The residue from it, after expelling the zinc, is employed in the manufacture of a very hard crystalline iron, called burglar-proof, or spiegel iron. There are a few other minerals which contain small quantities of zinc, but the chief ores have already been mentioned.

Having procured a supply of material, either of blende or of calamine, the next step is to obtain the pure metal. The ore is generally calcined in a reverberating furnace, and is then mixed with charcoal alone, if prepared from calamine, or with washed calamine and charcoal if from blende. It is then reduced in furnaces of various patterns, according to the customs of the country. In England, the method by downward distillation was long employed. The ore and flux is packed in crucibles, through the bottom of which pass tubes, dipping under water to prevent the escape of air.

These crucibles are then stowed in a furnace very similar in form to the cupola employed in the manufacture of glass, and are exposed to a high heat. Six crucibles yield 300 pounds of metal every twenty-four hours. If the ore contains any cadmium, that metal being more soluble than zinc, goes over first, and can be thus separated from the zinc. In Belgium retorts are substituted for the crucibles, a large number of which are built into a furnace, and the operation of reduction is carried on on an immense scale. A bench of retorts, forty-eight in number, is built into each furnace (see fig. 1), and as soon as the vapors of zinc are seen to come off, adapters, lettered *a*, *b*, *c* (fig. 1), are luted on to receive the metal, and to condense the oxide. Every two hours the adapter *b* is removed, and the accumulated metal poured into molds in plates of about sixty pounds weight.

In Silesia, where also large quantities of spelter, or zinc, is manufactured, the retorts are shaped more like muffles, and the condensers are so arranged as to allow the melted metal to fall drop by drop into a cavity, *c* (see fig. 2), from whence it is removed and purified by distillation. Figure 3 affords a view of the furnace, and figure 4 of the muffle-shaped adapter employed in Silesia. It is generally conceded that there is less loss in the French than in the German method.

In Europe it is customary to prepare zinc-white from the metal. For this purpose the metal is placed in retorts and exposed to high heat, in such a manner that it can be burned in a current of air. Figure 5 shows the construction of the furnace employed for this purpose. The metal is put into the retorts, *c c*, and as soon as it begins to be distilled, air is admitted through an opening at *a*, and by means of a powerful draft the finely divided zinc oxide is drawn through the tube, *a b*, into large chambers called the condensers. These condensers are provided with hoppers, terminating in cloth bags, into which the flocculent zinc-white accumulates. The portions which condense near the furnace are sometimes contaminated by metallic zinc, and also by cadmium and arsenic. The powder which condenses the farthest away from the furnace is considered to be the purest and best.

In the United States great improvements have been made on the European method, by manufacturing zinc-white directly from the ore.

The New Jersey Zinc Company, established in 1848, was the first in this country to attempt the manufacture of zinc and of zinc-white. Their early history is one of struggles, legal contests, and failures; but by dint of perseverance they have overcome all obstacles, and now carry on a successful business. They manufacture not only zinc oxide, but also a peculiar mixture of lead

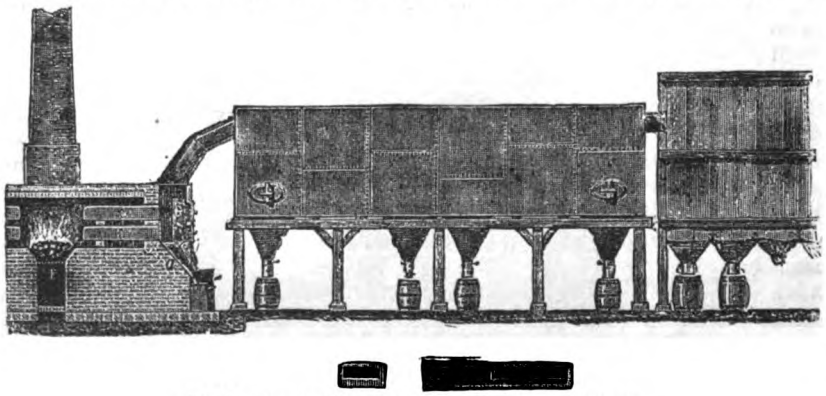


FIG. 5.—FURNACE FOR MANUFACTURE OF ZINC-WHITE.

FIG. 6.—*a b.* IRON WIRE BASKET CONTAINING THE ZINC TURNINGS, AND HAVING A VERY LITTLE TOW AT THE BOTTOM SATURATED WITH SPIRITS OF WINE. *c.* THE LIGHTED TORCH FOR IGNITING THE TOW AT BOTTOM OF BASKET; THE FALLING PARTICLES INDICATE THE OXIDE OF ZINC.

and zinc, commercially known as the Bartlett white lead. The New Jersey Company use the franklinite ore, previously mentioned, while the Lehigh Company have recourse to carbonates and silicates of zinc. It is only within a few years that it has been found feasible to use the most abundant ore of zinc, mainly the blende, in the direct production of a figment. This is now accomplished under a patent granted to the Bartlett Lead and Zinc Company in October, 1868.

Having procured our zinc in the manner described, it now remains to speak of its properties and uses. It is a very brittle metal at ordinary temperature, and again becomes so if heated up to 392 deg. Fah. A little above the boiling point of water it is very malleable and ductile, and it was the discovery of this property that brought about the revolution in the uses of zinc previously referred to. It has the specific gravity of 6.8 to 7.2, according to whether it is cast or forged. It melts at about 750 deg. Fah., and boils at 1,630 deg. Fah., and can be distilled above that point, if the air be excluded. When ignited it burns with a dazzling light, which can be seen at a great distance (see fig. 6) and is sometimes employed for signal fires (see fig. 7). The light emitted by the burning metal has all the actinic force of sunlight, and it has been employed to a limited extent in the production of photographic pictures, especially when alloyed with magnesium. In pure dry air or in water free of air, zinc remains perfectly bright, but in moist air or in water, it is rapidly coated with a film of oxide which serves to protect it from further corrosions if there are no acids in the water to dissolve the film. As zinc is much used as a coating to culinary vessels, and as it is more or less soluble in many substances used about the household, and acts as a poison, it is well to be on one's guard in its employment for cooking utensils. The following substances act upon it more or less readily and must not be kept in zinc vessels: brandy, vinegar, wines, meat soup, milk, spring water, salt water, and sugar. The impure metal is more

FIG. 7.—BURNING OF ZINC.

readily acted upon by acids than the pure, and the evolution of hydrogen takes place very violently when a little platinic chloride is added.

One of the most important properties of zinc is based upon its highly electro-positive character, which enables us to employ it to precipitate nearly all metals from their solutions. A lead tree, called "Tree of Saturn" (fig. 8) can be prepared by suspending sheet zinc in a solution of the sugar of lead. Zinc has the property of reducing the chlorides and fluorides of the metals, and it has been employed to obtain the rare metals aluminium, magnesium, silicium, etc. It will displace phosphorus from bone ash, and a new method for the preparation of phosphorus is thus suggested. If zinc and lead be melted together they do not alloy, but the zinc will all rise to the top on cooling, and if there was any silver in the lead it will be carried to the top by the zinc. A method for the separation of silver from lead has been founded upon this property, which is now very generally employed in metallurgical works.

As zinc also readily dissolves gold, it is proposed to substitute it for quicksilver in obtaining that precious metal. The accompanying diagram (fig. 9) will show the form of the furnaces introduced on the Pacific coast for the extraction of gold by zinc. It is said to have many advantages over the old mercury method, both in convenience of manipulation and largeness of yield.

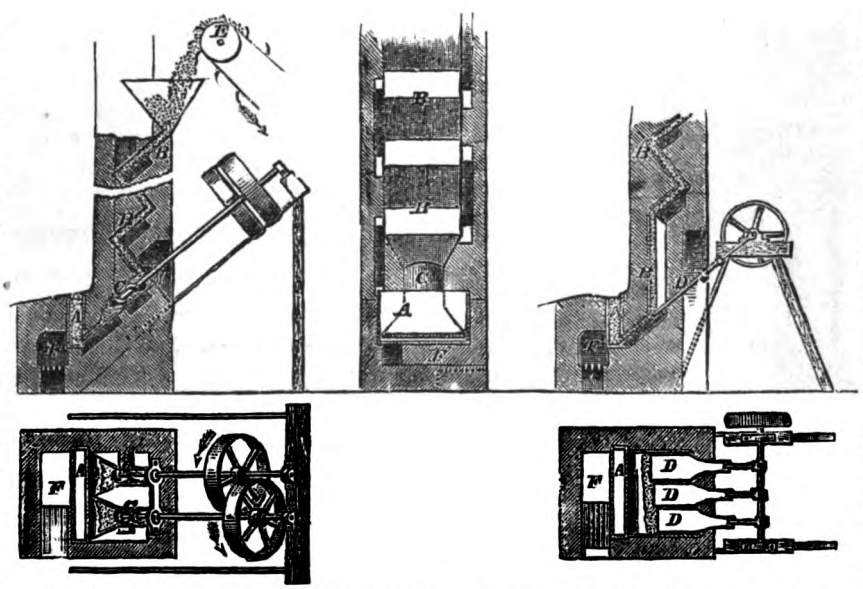



FIG. 9.—GOLD EXTRACTION BY ZINC.—*a.* ZINC TROUGH; *b.* ORE CONDUIT AND HEATER; *c.* ORE CONVEYER; *d.* PUSHING BLOCKS; *e.* ORE ELEVATOR; *f.* FIRE-PLACE.

Whenever zinc is required for the evolution of hydrogen gas by the action of water and sulphuric acid, it ought to be reduced to fine fragments. This

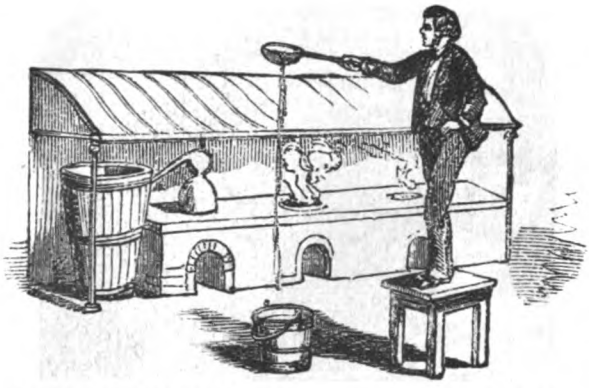


FIG. 10.—PROCESS OF GRANULATING ZINC BY POURING IT FROM A HEIGHT INTO A PAIL OF COLD WATER.

operation is more readily accomplished by melting the zinc and granulating it by pouring it from a height into water (see fig. 10). It then takes the size of bullets, and exposes the maximum amount of surface to the action of the acids, and the liberation of hydrogen takes place regularly, if some sulphuric acid be added at intervals.

The uses to which zinc is applied are manifold. Its cheapness, the ease with which it can be worked, its ready fusibility, its permanent character, have suggested its application for many purposes as a metal; and its properties when combined with other metals, as well as the chemical behavior of its salts, have increased its consumption very greatly. Since it was discovered that the metal could be rolled, provided it was heated to about 240 deg. Fah., sheet-zinc has found extensive uses. It is somewhat curious that the metal which was originally discovered in chimney-flues is now largely employed to regulate the drafts of chimneys and as a protection against driving rain and sleet (see fig. 11). The eaves and cornices of our houses are now chiefly made of zinc, thus affording additional protection against fire.

It is, however, as a constituent of brass and bronze that zinc has longest been known, and was most largely employed in ancient times. Brass, bronze, tombac, pinchbeck have long found application in the arts and for coinage. Brass is an alloy of copper and zinc, containing usually 70 per cent. copper and 30 per cent. zinc. Owing to the great difference in the fusibility of these two metals, their combination into a homogeneous alloy is attended with considerable difficulty, and exacts long practice. Fig. 12 will show the form of the furnace and the appearance of the crucibles in which the operation is performed. The work is generally entrusted to an old and experienced workman, as the volatile character of the zinc would entail great loss to the establishment unless carefully guarded against. Bronze is an alloy into which tin enters as a partial substitute for the zinc.

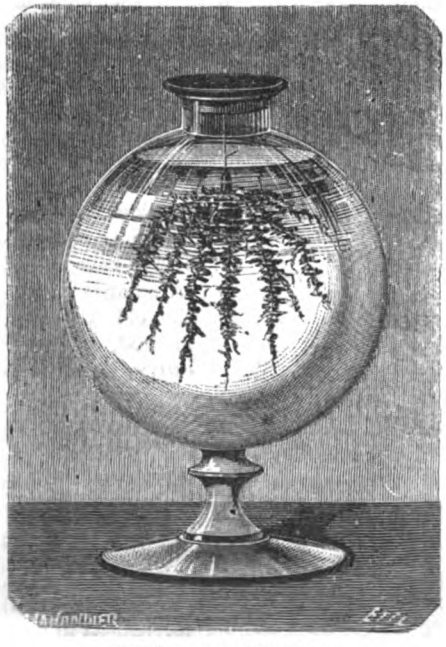


FIG. 8.—TREE OF SATURN.

The applications of brass and bronze would afford a sufficient topic for a separate article, and can only be passingly referred to in this place. At the Vienna Exhibition of 1873, objects made of these alloys formed one of the most interesting features of that great occasion.

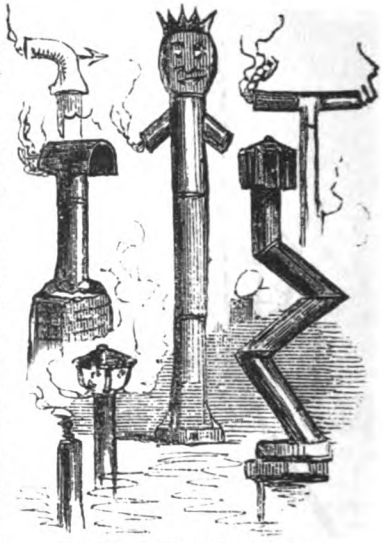


FIG. 11.—ZINC CHIMNEY-POTS.

The property of zinc that enables us to employ it in the construction of the galvanic battery was more particularly studied by Volta, and suggests the possibility of our having recourse to it as a motive power. At present the cost of zinc as an electric motor is 200 times greater than that of coal for the same purpose; but it does not necessarily follow that we shall never attain practical results in this direction, either by cheaper zinc or more ingeniously contrived machinery.

Galvanized iron, which is now so much used for corrugated roofing, boats, buildings, spoutings, ships' sheathing, buckets, tanks, wires, and many other purposes, is prepared by first cleaning the plate by a bath of sulphuric acid and water, then washing in a concentrated solution of chloride of ammonia, and subsequently plunging it into the molten zinc. The zinc dissolves some of the iron, and forms a perfect alloy on the surface, and by repeating the immersion the thickness of the layer of zinc can be materially increased.

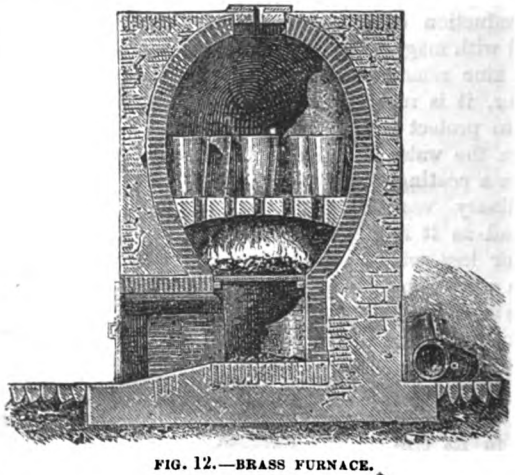


FIG. 12.—BRASS FURNACE.

We have thus given some of the leading features in the history of a valuable metal, and have pointed out a few of its most important applications. Enough has been said to show that it is one of the most useful metals known to man.

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IT has been seen too often, both in philosophy and elsewhere, that when people have fancied that the world was becoming Christian, Christianity was becoming worldly.

## RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

M. Lecoq de Boisbaudran is an amateur scientist, being by profession a conveyancer. In his leisure hours he has devoted much attention to chemistry, and last Winter, while engaged in studying the lines on the spectrum produced by the action of electricity on various compounds, made the interesting discovery of a new metal, which he called Gallium, in honor of ancient Gaul. He has published important researches on the super-vaporation of liquids, on crystalline forms, and on chrome alum.

Dr. Mitchell relates the interesting fact that a species of pottery of the very earliest type is in common use in the Lewis, one of the inner Hebrides. It is made by women with the hands and ornamented by the finger-nail, a pointed stick, or a piece of thread. The rudest pottery ever discovered among the relics of the stone age was not ruder than this, and no contemporaneous savages make a coarser ware. These facts appear to show that stone-age pottery may exist side by side with Sevres and Wedgwood.

Electro-metallurgy.—Sir Humphrey Davy succeeded in the early part of the present century in discovering metallic compounds by means of the voltaic pill. M. Becquesal has recently shown that the same process can be repeated by means of an induction coil, and that caustic potash can be decomposed and an amalgam of potassium and mercury be produced in this way. This application of the electricity induction is new, and may lead to important applications.

Nickel Deposit.—The largest nickel deposit known is opened near the Gap, in Lancaster County, Pa. Nickel was discovered there about the year 1856. The ore, being a gray color, is very heavy, and so hard that it is mined entirely by blasting. The price of nickel averages over $2 a pound. From 400 to 500 tons of ore are taken from the mine per month, and the mining and working of this requires the labor of 175 hands.

M. Planté concludes from his experiments that the sun is a hollow, electrified globe, full of gases and vapors, and covered with a liquid coating of incandescent matter. He considers the spots to be produced by masses of gas and electrified vapors proceeding from the interior of the orb, penetrating the liquid layer, and giving to the edges of the cavities forms which characterize the passage of positive electricity.

Longevity of Jews.—At Frankfort-on-the-Main, where the ordinary average of life is 37.7, the average with the Jews is 49.9. In the same city the mortality of children under five years of age is 24.1 per cent.; of Jewish children it is only 12.9 per cent. Doctor Richardson attributes their freedom from ordinary maladies to the care with which they examine their animal food, and also to their temperate habits.

Discoveries in Peat Beds.—The peat beds of Champagne, in France, have been found to contain the remains of the badger, otter, beaver, pig, stag, swan, beetles, shells, elm tree, walnut, oak, willow; and the traces of man are numerous in the form of ashes, cinders, half-burned logs, pottery, flint implements, bits of iron and bronze.

Chromated glue consists of a tolerably concentrated solution of gelatin, to which for every five parts of the glue one part of bichromate of potash in solution is added—the mixture to be made in the dark. On exposure to light this glue becomes insoluble in water and can be used for cementing broken glass and china.

The Suez Canal.—The revenue of the Suez Canal in January amounted to £100,525. The receipts of February were £101,818. During the last five years the company's revenue has made an extraordinary advance. Thus, in January, 1870, the receipts were £4,145; and in February, 1870, £8,687.

A Large Grape Vine.—At Santa Barbara, in California, is a grape vine four feet in circumference at its base. It covers with its branches 4,000 square feet, and last year yielded 12,000 lbs of grapes. It is estimated to be 35 to 50 years old. It is the property of an aged Spanish woman.

The Sources of the Nile.—Another attempt to trace the sources of the Nile is to be made by a party of scientific men, under the auspices of the Italian Geographical Society. The labors of the expedition are expected to extend over four years.

A statement which has been prepared in illustration of the progress of railways in Portugal shows that there are now 570 miles of line in operation in that country, 64 miles are in course of construction, and 390 miles have been surveyed.

Progress in Astronomy.—The number of planets and asteroids accomplishing their revolutions between Mars and Jupiter, known to astronomers in 1872 was 121. 33 have since been added, making a total of 154 now on the lists of stars.

Antiquity of Man.—M. Capellini, Professor at Bologna, Italy, has discovered evidences of man in the pliocene formations near that city. They consist of the remains of bows, on which there are hierogylphics and rude drawings.

Amber.—Until recently nearly all the amber of commerce was obtained by dredging the bottom of the sea off the coast of Eastern Prussia. It is now obtained from shafts sunk 140 ft. in blue earth, and is regularly mined.

Two millions two hundred and eighty-six thousand dollars have been expended on surveys for the Canadian Pacific Railroad. The Jasper House Pass in the Rocky Mountains is regarded as the one likely to be adopted.

## ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Hair that ought to flow in natural waves—The locks of a canal.

The alligator that swallowed a corset is dead. It stayed on his stomach.

May not a bird who sleeps upon the wing be said to occupy a feather bed?

"My *bark* is on the sea," as the cur said when the captain threw him overboard.

Life is supposed to decrease in about the same proportion as railroads increase.

What is the difference between the earth and the sea? One is dirty, and the other tidy.

Men are born with two eyes, but one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say.

"One good turn deserves another," as the alderman said when he discharged the thief who voted for him.

A miss is as good as a mile—as good as two or three miles, in fact, if she is pretty, and if it is a moonlight night.

Why are country girls' cheeks like French calico?—Because they are warranted to wash and retain their color.

Old Uncle Hezekiah said to his nephew: "James, when you come to pick out a gal for a wife, don't get a prodi-gal, but see that she's fru-gal and suits your conju-gal notions."

A farmer in Oneida County, New York, had his hop-house broken into the other night, and a large quantity of hops stolen, whereupon he said, "It makes me hoppin' mad."

One of the young men belonging to a choir had his hair cut by a generous barber, Saturday. Sunday he sang for a solo, "Cover my defenceless head," and blushed like a lobster.

"I take the lead in government, yet have no part in law; I terminate every undertaking, but am never in action; I am never wanting in guineas, but am always out of cash," said the letter G.

"Do you see that door-plate, John, with my name on it? That's what I call a pleasant sight."—"So it is," responded John; "but a dinner-plate with my dinner on it would be a great deal pleasanter sight."

A grumbling car-driver said to a passenger, "You always want me to stop when you get off."

"No, sir," said the passenger, who had no jumping notions, "I don't care what you do. I only want the car to stop. You can go on."

A Dutchman says, I vill tell you, such is de power of de Shakspeer, dat I vunce saw de plays acted in Anglish languish, in Holland, vhere dere vas not vun persons in de house but myself could onderstand it, yet dere vas not a person in all dat house but vas in tears; dat is, all crying, and veep very mooch; couldn't onderstand von vord of de play, yet all veeping. Such was de power of de Shakspeer."

"You see," said the venerable Elder Daykin, as his minister met him on the way to the circus, "this little grandchild of mine wanted to see the sacred animals so bad that I hadn't the heart to refuse him." But the little grandchild, on arriving at the tent-door, wouldn't go in, and set up such a howl that the elder had to take him home; and he spanked the child for, as he said, "giving me such trouble for nothing."

Nice Child.—A young gentleman of Cambridge aged six, has won the belt for being the first *enfant terrible*. The way he accomplished it was to go *solus* to a friend's house, and make a call upon the lady. He was greeted very affectionately, and then asked his errand. "Oh, nothing, Miss G.; but will you please let me see your parlor carpet, for auntie says it makes her almost sick every time she comes here!" He was trundled out.

A waggish wight (a shrewd one, too)
Once told me that he really knew
A girl that put her humors off
And ceased to scold and laugh and scoff,
To weep and sorrow o'er romances,
And went no more to plays and dances.
I doubted long; at last he said:
"The reason is the woman's dead."

What a Pleasure.—*Son:* "Father, I'd like to go to the theatre once. I don't seem ever to have a bit of pleasure staying in every night."

"*Father:* "Pleasure, my dear boy, you don't need to go to any theatre and spend money for pleasure. Stay in and go to bed early, on a cold night, and leave your feet outside. By-and-by, when they get thoroughly cold, pull them into the bed and you'll say, 'Ah, what a pleasure this is,' and you'll thank me for teaching you how to enjoy pleasure without wasting your means."

Only a Poet.—Mr Tennyson lodged for a few days in a little island inn of the Hebrides, along with other tourists. On his departure a young sportsman said to the innkeeper:

"Do you know whom you have had in the house?"

"No," replied the innkeeper.

"That gentleman is the poet laureate."

"The poet laureate!" echoed Donald, "Was it for a poet that I kept the best bed—a bard, a sennachie?" and he marched off, apparently quite indignant at himself for his undesigned politeness to so humble or doubtful a character as a poet.

THE PLEASANT EVENING HOUR.

THE QUIET CLOISTER.—MONKS AT STUDY.

AT THE FORBIDDEN BOOKS.

FROM A PAINTING BY BOUGUEREAU.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

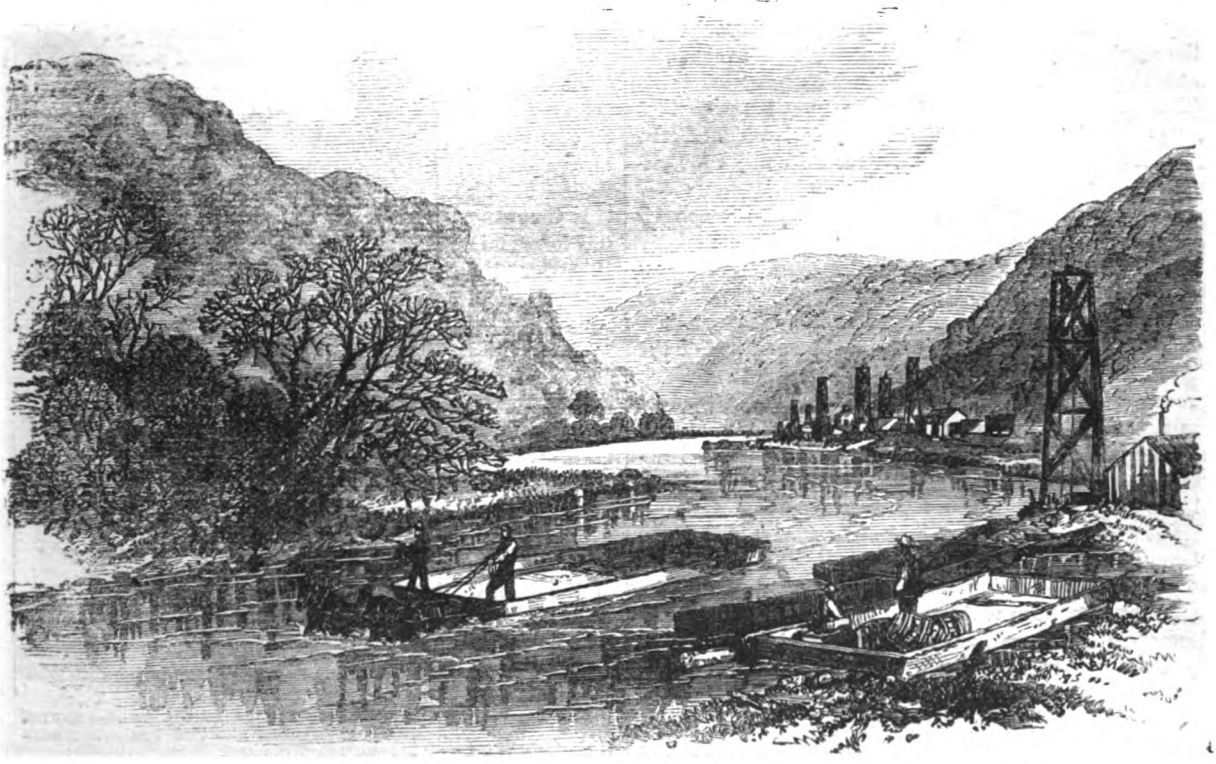
VOL. II.—No. 5. NOVEMBER, 1876. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

# PETROLEUM.

## WHAT IT IS AND WHERE WE GET IT: WITH A GLANCE AT THE OIL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

NOTHING in fiction is more wonderful and romantic than certain events in the commercial history of the world. Of the romance of trade this country has had its full share; but the visionary brains of a William Beckford or a Lord Timothy Dexter could hardly have dreamed of such scenes as attended the California mining excitement in 1849, or the development of the Pennsylvania petroleum interest in 1859 and the four succeeding years. There was a real *opera bouffe* excitement about both, but the dollars and diamonds that still remain certainly are not the tinsel and paste of any "Grand Duchy of Gerolstein"; nor do mints and oil-wells vanish with the falling of a green curtain.

The recent extraordinary rise in the market price of crude petroleum, increasing within three months the value of the stock on hand by nearly $10,000,000, has attracted universal attention, and to some extent revived the wild speculation of the early days of its discovery and production. This remarkable advance is due rather to the opening of distant



A FLATBOAT ASCENDING OIL CREEK.

PROSPECTING FOR OIL.

markets and the application of petroleum to new processes of manufacture, than to late discoveries of rich oil-bearing territory; it is not, however, our purpose to trace either its causes or results—important as they may be to those directly interested—but rather to place before our readers some account of the origin and discovery of this wonderful distillation of the earth, and to illustrate the methods of its production.

Although the manufacture of commercial products from petroleum dates from the discovery of the crude material in large quantities in Pennsylvania, it was known to the ancient Greeks and Romans, and by Pliny, Tacitus, Vitruvius, and other Roman writers was designated *bitumen*. In the island of Zante (ancient Zacynthus), one of the Ionian group, there is a spring of liquid bitumen, referred to by Herodotus. This natural "oil-well" has been flowing more than two thousand years! Dioscorides, a medical and botanical writer of the first century A. D., states that at Agrigentum, in Sicily, the oil was collected and burned in lamps. Wherever the word "pitch" is employed in the English version of the Bible it plainly refers to *bitumen*, which was used in its natural state for many purposes. We may suppose that Noah "pitched" the ark with crude petroleum, and the "slime pits" of the Old Testament were evidently rude oil-wells.

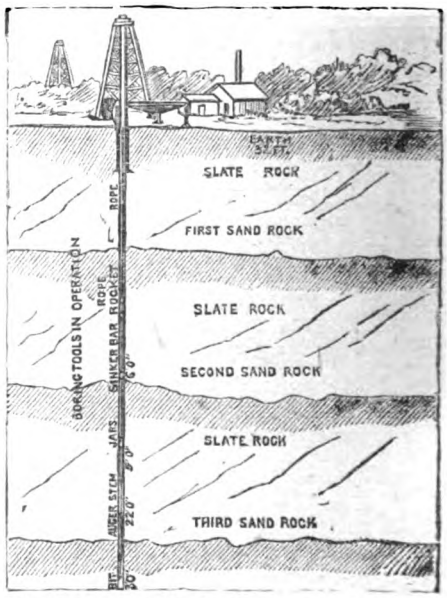
Opinions concerning the origin of petroleum are as various as the regions where it is found. Until quite recently all of these theories were based upon the assumption that it has been derived from vegetable or animal organisms. It is supposed by some to be the product of the decomposition of woody fibre, by which more of the carbon and less of the hydrogen has been evolved than by the decomposition which has produced coal. Others have alleged it to be the product of the natural distillation of pyrobituminous shales and coals. Lesquereux attributes its origin to the partial decomposition of low forms of marine vegetation, while Berthelot has advanced the theory that by complex chemical changes at present taking place in the interior of the earth, petroleum is being continually set free. From a comparison of the opinions of leading scientists it may, we think, be assumed that petroleum is the normal or primary product of the decomposition of marine animal or vegetable organisms, chiefly the former, and that nearly all other varieties of bitumen are products of a subsequent decomposition of petroleum, differing both in kind and degree.

Although petroleum is very widely distribut d and found not only contiguous to large deposits of coal and shales, but in all the stratified rocks, as well as in the volcanic and metamorphic formations, the localities especially noted for its occurrence are comparatively few. Among them we may mention the north of Italy; Baku, on the borders of the Caspian Sea; the slopes of the Caucasus; Rangoon, in Burmah; the Island of Trinidad; portions of the Province of Ontario; Pennsylvania, New York, West Virginia, Ohio, and California.

The existence of petroleum in Pennsylvania was known to the early settlers, the French having noted its existence as early as 1629, and a branch of the Alleghany River in Venango County was given the name of Oil Creek in consequence of the appearance of oil on its banks. The Indians collected petroleum on the shores of Seneca Lake, and it was sold for medical purposes under the name of Seneca or Genesee oil. As long ago as 1819, Dr. S. P. Hildreth, in the *American Journal of Science*, alluded to the discovery of petroleum in Ohio, on the Little Muskingum River, and wrote: "It is beginning to be in demand for lamps in workshops and manufactories. It affords a clear, brisk light when burnt in this way, and will be a valuable article for lighting the street-lamps in the future cities of Ohio."

It is surprising that, with the sources of supply thus pointed out, and the value of petroleum thus indicated, more than thirty-five years should have elapsed before its importance was at last perceived accidentally through experiments made upon the distillation of bituminous shales and coal. But the rise of the oil interest has been both sudden and recent. For the credit of its inception in the United States there are more claimants than for the discovery of anæsthesia or the authorship of the last sentimental poem. But it is fair to say that the organization known as the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company was formed in 1854 for the purpose of gathering oil in the vicinity of Oil Creek, Pennsylvania, now the headquarters of the petroleum business.

Coal oil manufacture in the United States was then a growing and important industry, and the Rock Oil Company used

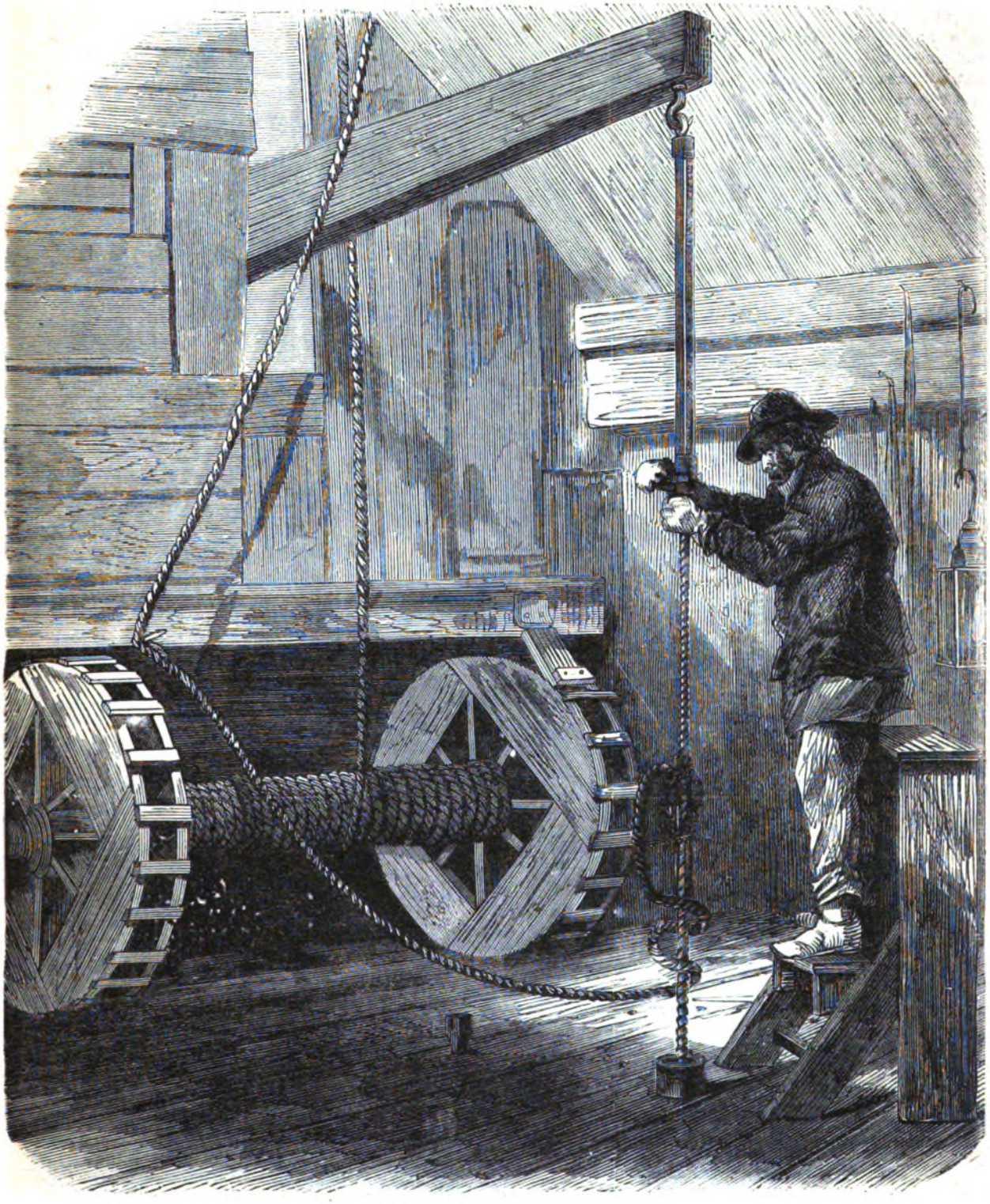



SECTIONAL DIAGRAM OF AN OIL WELL, SHOWING THE BORING TOOLS AND THE VARIOUS STRATA BEFORE REACHING OIL.

to collect what surface-oil they could by means of cloths, which were subsequently squeezed into tanks. This was too slow and costly a process to succeed, however, and four years later, in 1858, Colonel E. L. Drake, the company's superintendent, conceived the idea of boring an artesian well near Oil Creek. He had the usual persistency and enthusiasm of pioneers and discoverers, and also received the usual amount of ridicule.

In August, 1859, his hopes were realized, and he succeeded in pumping oil at the rate of 400 gallons a day. The wild excitement that ensued is still fresh in memory. Farmers whose miserable land could not fetch a dollar an acre, suddenly found themselves millionaires. The oil region was soon covered with explorers and adventurers. Nearly every one was a "capitalist," and hundreds of derricks literally sprung up in a night. Well after well was successfully opened, and the yield of some of them was prodigious.

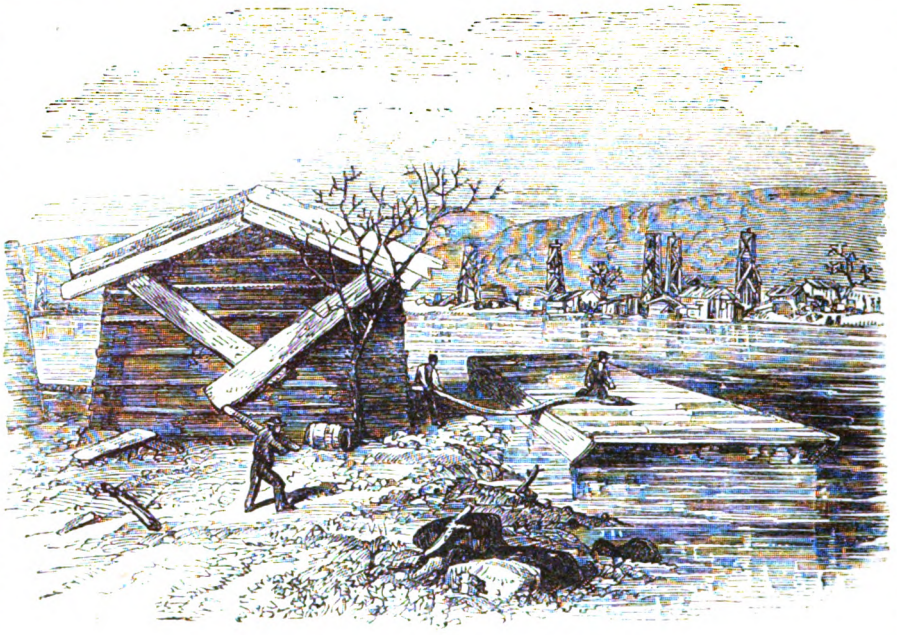
Scheming rascals poured oil over their boggy pastures, and sold the worthless land at high figures. Ohio and West Virginia caught the fever, it spread to New York and Canada.



MACHINERY USED IN BORING FOR OIL.

and in after years it broke out in the south of California.

But this new source of wealth soon settled into a normal condition, not, however, before the enormous amount of oil put upon the market had reduced the price, for a time, to unremunerative figures. In 1861 it sold for only 25 cents a barrel, though two years before it had brought 55 cents per gallon.



FILLING OIL-TIGHT FLATBOATS FROM THE TANK.

The weaker and "wild-cat" companies went to the wall, and only a fortunate slackening of the yields, in 1863, brought prices back again to a proper and legitimate height. In 1865 figures went down again, but on the whole the oil interest is now as firmly established as need be, and is much more free from speculation than the stocks of such stable corporations as railroads and steamship companies.

The astonishing rapidity with which the production of petroleum in Pennsylvania has increased is shown by the simple statement that in 1860 the quantity produced was 500,000 barrels; in 1865, 2,500,000; and in 1873 nearly 10,000,000.

The oil region of Pennsylvania contains, roughly speaking, 400 square miles, with something more than 3,250 working wells. When times are good and the market price of petroleum high (as it is at the present time) new wells are constantly being sunk.

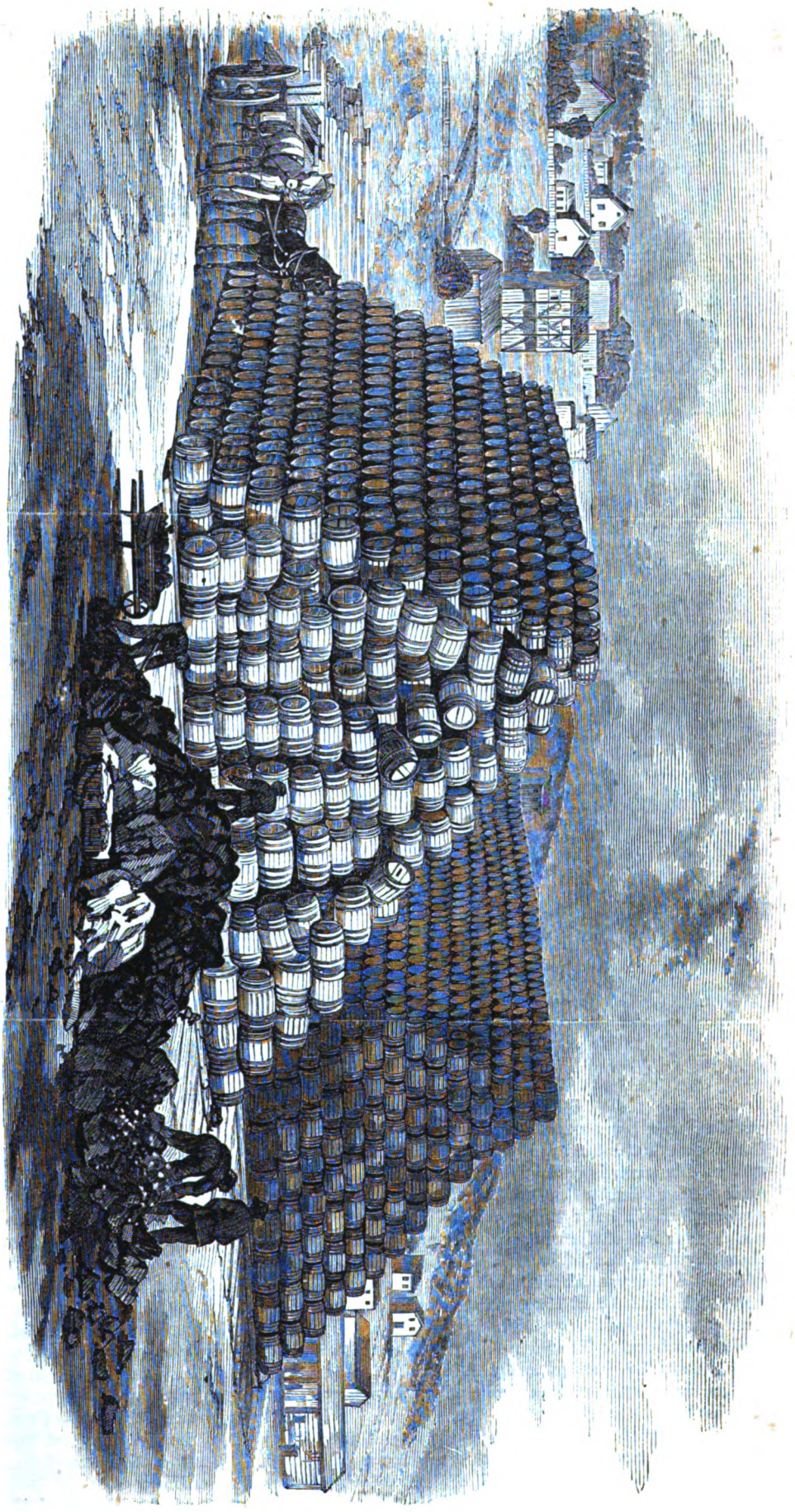
Companies or individuals designing to try their luck at "striking oil," in the Pennsylvania oil regions, first prospect for a location, and then either buy or lease the land decided upon, in the latter case giving usually one-half the oil as a royalty to the landholder. After getting an engine and the necessary machinery to put down the well, an iron pipe, 6 inches in diameter and 1 inch thickness of metal, is driven into the earth from 40 to 60 feet with a ram, like a pile-driver, until the solid rock is reached. The slow process of drilling in the solid rock is then commenced. At the depth of 160 feet, after passing through a slate rock, the first sand rock is reached. This is about 30 feet thick. After passing through a soap rock some 120 feet thick, comes the second sand rock, which varies from 10 to 25 feet in thickness. Passing through another soap and slate rock, comes the third sand rock, at a depth of about 430 feet. In this rock the oil is found in the largest quantities. Some small wells have been obtained in the second sand rock. After the well is down to the depth of 460 feet, it is tubed with two-inch gas-pipe, and, if it does not flow spontaneously, pumped to see if there be oil in it. The depths at which the three sandstone rocks are found vary according to the dip of the strata.

The machinery used in drilling the first oil-wells in Pennsylvania was of the rudest description; but well-boring has now become a recognized branch of industry, firms and even organized companies existing who will contract to "put down" a well to any required depth at so much per foot.

The methods now employed differ slightly in various localities, but the plan most frequently pursued is the following: Directly over the site of the proposed well a wooden derrick or open tower is erected, 10 or 12 feet square at the base and about 30 feet high, the four corner-posts converging so as to form a square at the top 2½ feet in diameter, upon which rests a heavy framework for the reception of the pulley over which the drill-rope is to play. Near the bottom of the derrick, and in range with the band of the wheel from which the power is derived, is a shaft of timber 6 or 8 feet long, and

FILLING BARRELS FROM THE TANK.

about 8 inches in diameter, mounted on journals, and resembling the common hoisting windlass. Upon each end of this shaft is a wheel, called the bull-wheel, and between these, upon the main-shaft, is coiled the drill rope, the outer end of which is passed over the pulley on the top of the derrick and attached to the drilling tools. When the rock is some distance below the surface a heavy cast-iron pipe called the drive-pipe, 6 or 8 inches in diameter and an inch thick, is driven down by the use of heavy weights and guideways until it reaches the stratum of rock to be penetrated by the drill. This pipe is driven in sections of 10 feet, and serves as a guide for the drilling tools, great care being taken to prevent its becoming bent or deflected. The steam-engines used to work the drills range from six to twenty horse-power, one of eight horse-power being sufficient to bore a well 900 feet deep. The engine is placed with its drive or balance-wheel about 20 or 25 feet from the centre of the derrick, and at one-half this distance is planted the Sampson post, a heavy hewn timber from 12 to 15 inches square and 12 feet high, the top of which is fitted to receive the working beam, which transmits and applies the power to the drills. This beam is of wood 8 or 10 inches square, and communicates by a connecting rod with a crank attached to the shaft of the drive wheel. By the revolution of this crank, which has a radius of about 20 inches, a reciprocating movement is given to the further end of the working beam; on this is bolted an iron joint, to which may be attached the temper screw when drilling, or the sucker-rods when



PYRAMIDS OF OIL-BARRELS NEAR A THRIVING WELL.

pumping. The drilling tools comprise centre-bits, reamers, an auger-stem, jar, and sinker-bar, with a socket for attaching the last to the drill rope. The centre-bit is of 2½ inch wrought iron, 3½ ft. long, with wedge-shaped cutting edge of steel, 3½ to 4 inches on the face. The reamer, which follows this and serves to trim out and enlarge the hole, is similar in shape; the average weight of each is 75 lbs. The auger-stem, into which bits, reamers, and dislodging tools are screwed, is a wrought iron bar about 20 feet long. The sinker-bar, a heavy rod of iron 10 feet long, serves to increase the force of the blow; it is separated from the auger-stem by an ingenious contrivance called a jar, consisting of two links or loops of iron or steel, which slide in upon each other when the drill strikes bottom, thus, by a quick blow upon the top of the auger-stem, increasing the effect of the fall, while on the upward movement the sudden jerk or jar serves to loosen the tools, in case they become wedged. When connected these tools weigh from 800 to 1,600 pounds, as the hardness of the rock requires. The drill rope is attached to the working beam by means of a temper screw, suspended from it and made fast to the rope by a screw clamp. At the lower end of this screw is a wheel, by which it is let down after each stroke, whereby the tension is regulated and the drill properly guided. The tools are lifted and dropped by the rocking motion of the working beam, and lowered or withdrawn by using the bull-wheel and shaft. The sand pump, which is a heavy metal tube, a little smaller than the well bore, and about 6 feet long, with the lower end closed by a simple valve opening upwards, is used to remove the sand and battered rock. The pump is used after each drilling of 6 to 12 feet; it is lowered and withdrawn by the drill rope, and an examination of its contents shows the progress and prospects of the work.

The tubing of a well consists in driving down a heavy iron pipe in sections, the joints of which are flush both inside and out. At the lower end of the first section driven down is a simple ball valve pump, the piston of which is connected with the working beam by metal rods. When it is desired to exclude all water from above a given point, it is effected by binding around the tubing a leather bag of flaxseed before driving it down; the swelling of this closes the space between the main wall and the tube.

Accidents frequently happen in the boring, from the breaking of the drills or their becoming detached from the auger-stem, and the loss of the sand-pump or the whole boring gear by the breaking of the drill-rope. Sometimes the drill enters a "mud vein," a thin stratum of mud or quicksand, which flows in so rapidly as to inclose and bury the drilling tools. Many ingenious contrivances are employed for the removal of these obstructions, including implements for removing detached or broken pipe or rods, and detached drills or reamers. When the yield of oil from a well begins to fail, an increase in the flow is often effected by the use of the Roberts torpedo. This is a thin water-tight cylinder of metal or paper, 4 to 6 feet long and 2 to 3 inches in diameter, charged with powder, gun-cotton, or nitro-glycerine. It is lowered to the bottom of the well, which is then flooded, and the charge exploded either by a cap or with electricity. By this means wells yielding but five barrels per day have been increased to seventy-five or one hundred barrels.

GENERAL VIEW OF AN OIL WELL.

Petroleum is usually of a greenish or yellowish-brown in color, but oils obtained from different localities vary considerably in hue, as well as in specific gravity, by which their value is estimated. The oils of Northern Italy are light, clear, and of a reddish tinge. At Baku, on the Caspian, an oil is produced as pure and clear as if distilled, and of a pale yellow tint, resembling Sauterne wine. The oils of Southern California are leek-green when first raised from their rocky reservoirs, but on exposure to the air soon change to earth-brown or black. The Canadian oils are all black, but those of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Rangoon, and most other localities, except those previously designated, are of the ordinary color.

The brief history of the Pennsylvania oil regions has placed upon record the names of a score of cities that rose,

STREET SCENE AT TITUSVILLE IN 1864.

like Aladdin's palace, in a single night, and not a few of them vanished with equal celerity.

The point of newest interest just now is the town of Warren, in Warren county, a venerable borough hitherto chiefly identified with tanneries and iron foundries. From this region, with its daily yield of some 24,000 barrels, comes three-fourths of all the petroleum in the markets of the world. Five thousand steam-engines pump and drill; four railroads carry out the product, and workmen have commenced laying pipes to run to Philadelphia and Baltimore, through which a river of oil is perpetually to flow. The feasibility of the plan is hardly questionable, although there are some practical difficulties to be surmounted, aside from that of cost.

WAITING FOR A CHINAMAN.

The innumerable derricks, the picturesqueness of the surrounding country, the all-pervading smell of petroleum, the occasional conflagrations—all these are but a few of the elements that make the entire oil region so individual and interesting a part of the country.

Titusville, the chief city of the Oil Creek Valley, is pleasantly located, notwithstanding the hasty way in which it was built, and the domestic architecture is by no means displeasing. The inhabitants, rich and poor, seem prosperous, and each has his neat and freshly-painted house, and his little patch of garden. A couple of newspapers minister to the intellectual, and twelve churches to the spiritual, wants of the well-to-do and thrifty population. In 1859 this city had only 300 inhabitants, and its growth has been as wonderful as that of its smaller neighbor, Oil City. The latter had no existence sixteen years ago, and in its short career it has suffered all sorts of mishaps. In 1865 a flood (it stands at the junction of Oil Creek and the Alleghany River) destroyed it; and the very next year, when it had pretty much regained its prosperity, a fire swept over $1,000,000 out of existence. To-day the township has 5,000 inhabitants, and the borough 2,500. Four railroads terminate in the place, which is thus able to boast of eleven churches and a daily paper, the latter bearing the appropriate name of *The Daily Derrick*.

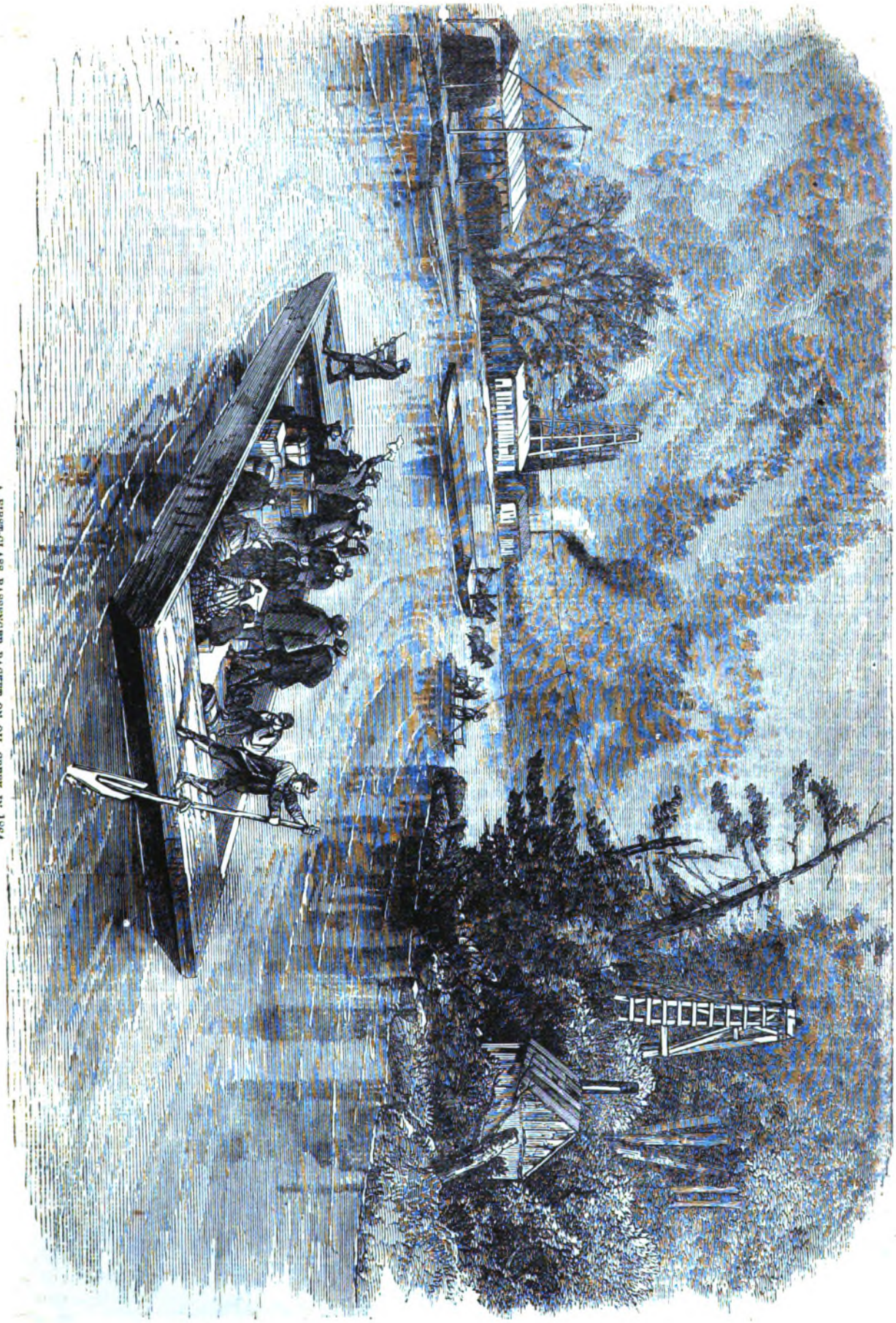
Oil City is really the petroleum headquarters, although Titusville much surpasses it in size; and the tourist needs to go but a little way to see all the business, from boring the well to shipping the oil, which is carried to cars and steamboats by long lines of pipe. The town has its business quarter and its aristocratic hill, a steep bluff crowding the former pretty closely on the banks of the river. The peculiar contour of the place was the cause of the damage done by the serious flood of 1865.

Oleopolis must not be confounded with Oil City; it is a much smaller place. The term "city" is a favorite one with the settlers of these new regions; and so we have, besides those already mentioned, a Greece City, a Modoc City, and a Pithole City. The history of the latter town is unprecedented in the universe, and is only comparable to that of a comet or sky-rocket. In 1864 the United States Well was opened here, and from it were taken more than 7,000 barrels a day. Throngs of people rushed thither, after the 1859 fashion; and six months' time turned a "howling wilderness" into a city of 15,000 inhabitants, with all the luxuries and necessities of civilization, including a daily paper, a couple of theatres, an "academy of music," and numberless billiard-saloons. A vast hotel was built, at the cost of $31,000; but in 1874 it was sold for $100. Nine or ten families are the sole occupants of the once flourishing town, to which the last census gave but 237 inhabitants.

The city of Corry has been more lucky. Fifteen years ago its site was a forest. Then a couple of railroads intersected, and a cheap board station was put up at the crossing. The same year a Boston firm started an oil refinery, and called the place Corry, in honor of a land-owner near by. In 1870 it had 7,000 inhabitants, and the usual number of churches, banks, and schools. But the industries of the place have not depended directly on the fertility or barrenness of any particular cordon of wells.

"PUT OUT YOUR PIPES, GENTLEMEN!"

Throughout the entire oil-bearing territory the productive wells vary greatly in depth. In some cases abundant supplies of oil have been obtained at a depth of 60 or 70 feet, and in others at greater depths, ranging to 1,000 feet. The greater quantity of the oil, however, has been produced from wells exceeding 180 feet in depth. Flowing-wells, so greatly desired by the oleomaniacs, are not nearly so frequent as in the first years of the industry, but they are still to be found, and there is no reason to doubt that with the development of new "belts" of oil-bearing territory the scenes of 1859-63 will be repeated, and "oil" again become the paramount object of speculation and excitement.



A FIRST-CLASS PASSENGER PACKET ON OIL CREEK IN 1864.

TEAMING ON OIL CREEK.

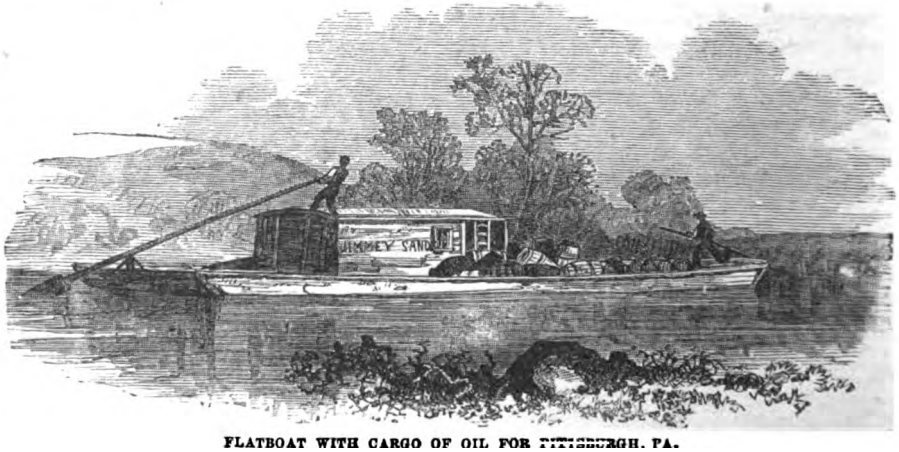
The first flowing-well ever struck was on the McElhenny or Funk farm, and was known as the Funk well. Funk was a poor man when the well was sunk. Oil was struck in June, 1861, and commenced flowing, to the astonishment of all the oil-borers in the neighborhood, at the rate of 250 barrels a day. Such a prodigious supply of grease upset all calculations, but it was confidently predicted that the flow would soon cease. It was an "Oil Creek humbug," and those who had no direct interest in the prosperity of the well looked day after day to see the stream stop. But like the old woman who sat down by the river-side to let the water run out, that she might cross dryshod, they waited in vain. The oil continued flowing, with little variation, for fifteen months, and then stopped; but not before Funk had become a rich man.

The well, however, had long before ceased to be a wonder, being quite overshadowed by newer sensations. On the Tarr farm, the Phillips well burst forth with a steady stream of 2,000 barrels daily. Not to be overdone by the territory down the creek, the McElhenny farm produced another marvel. The "Empire" well, close to the Funk, suddenly spouted *four thousand barrels a day!* The owners were bewildered. It was decidedly too much of a good thing. The true value of petroleum had not yet been discovered, and the market for it was limited. Foreigners would have nothing to do with the greasy, combustible stuff. Our own people were divided in opinion. Some thought it a dangerous thing, to be handled at arm's-length, while others set it down as a humbug, of which the community should keep as shy as possible. The supply was already in advance of the demand, and the sudden addition of four thousand barrels a day demoralized the market. The price fell to twenty cents a barrel, then to fifteen, then to ten. Coopers would sell barrels for cash only, and refused to take their pay in oil, or in drafts on oil shipments. Finally it became impossible to obtain barrels on any terms, for all the coopers in the surrounding country could not make barrels as fast as the Empire could fill them. The owners were in despair and tried to choke off their confounded well, but it would not be choked off. They then built a dam around it, and covered the soil with grease but the oil refused to be dammed, and rushed into the stream, making Oil Creek literally worthy its name. Finally means were found for controlling the flow of the oil, huge tanks were built, and the precious fluid stored up, until barrels could be obtained in sufficient quantities to hold the daily yield of this tremendous fountain of petroleum. The "Empire" flowed for nearly a year, and then dropped to a pumping-well, yielding about one hundred barrels a day.

The Sherman well, which was the next great flowing well, was put down in the year 1862. It was sunk under great difficulties. J. W. Sherman, who was the original owner, commenced sinking it on the Foster farm, next above the McElhenny, with limited means, his wife furnishing most of the money. Soon it became necessary to procure an engine, and there was no money to make the purchase; two men who were in possession of the desired article were thereupon admitted to a share for the engine. Soon after, when the drill had almost penetrated the "third sandstone," the funds were exhausted. A sixteenth interest was offered for $100, but no buyer could be found. Ultimately it was sold for $60 and an old shot-gun. A horse became necessary during the work, and a share was bargained for the animal. At last, when all the means that could be raised by borrowing or selling were about exhausted, oil was struck, and flowed at the rate of 1,500 barrels a day. The flow continued at this rate for several months, when it declined to 700 barrels. The well continued flowing for twenty-three months, and then stopped, but yielded 30 or 40 barrels a day by pumping. For the first year, the proprietors made but little, owing to the low price of oil, and the difficulty of getting it to market, but during the second year the market improved and an immense fortune was made.

The "Coquette" well, the property of the Maple Shade Company, known at one time as "the glory of the oil region," manifested a surprising peculiarity. After flowing 600 barrels a day for several months, it suddenly increased its yield with great rapidity and at one period reached 2,000 barrels per day. The rush of the oil could be heard at several rods distance, and on approaching the tank the noise became quite loud, the oil bursting from the tube with a rattle and a roar, accompanied by volumes of gas that rendered the atmosphere almost insupportable.

The "United States" well, to which we have previously referred in connection with the rise and downfall of "Pithole City," was situated on Pithole Creek, about four miles

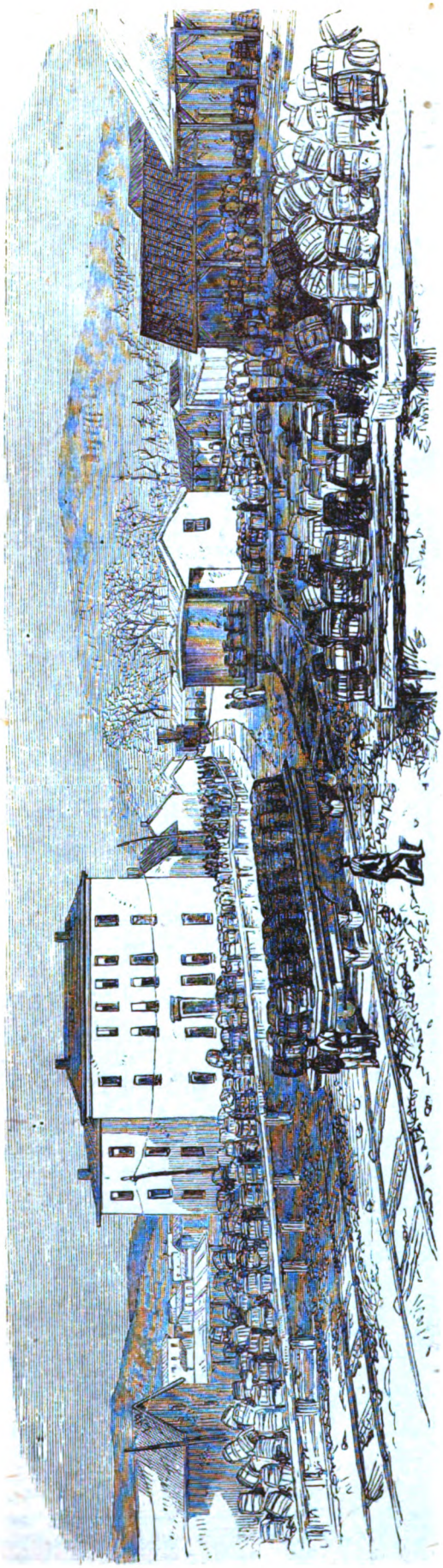


FLATBOAT WITH CARGO OF OIL FOR PITTSBURGH, PA.

northeast of Plummer. This well completely upset the theories of the wise men in regard to oil localities. The oil was struck just where, according to all rule and precedent, it should not have been found. The opinion prevailed that wells should be sunk at the base of some lofty and precipitous hill, on the lines of violent upheavals and rocky distortions. Nothing of the kind was found at this site. At the side of a little brawling run or brook, with gently sloping banks, the spot for the derrick was chosen, probably more by chance than by calculation. The well was sunk through four distinct strata of sandstone rock, instead of three, as customary in other localities. The first sandstone was reached at 115 feet; the second, at 345 feet; the third, at 480 feet; the fourth, at 600 feet; and the oil itself at 615 feet. The well was pumped for a day or two, when it began flowing, and, with the sucker rods still in the bore, so that only so much oil found vent as could pass through the valves, yielded 225 barrels a day. This quantity subsequently increased upon the removal of the pumping machinery to the astounding maximum of *seven thousand barrels daily*, an amount unequaled in the whole history of petroleum.

All flowing wells do not flow continuously. Throughout the oil region there are and have been many presenting remarkable peculiarities. The "Yankee" well, sunk in July, 1864, found oil at the depth of 660 feet. After being pumped two weeks, it yielded, by pumping, from 10 to 30 barrels a day. Shortly after, just as the workmen had commenced removing the tubing for the purpose of improv-

OIL TANK OF A FLOWING WELL.



DEPOT OF OIL CREEK RAILWAY AT TITUSVILLE.

ing it, oil began to flow without pumping, at the rate of 35 barrels, increasing at last to 50 barrels daily. The flow was spasmodic, lasting from five to seven minutes, then ceasing for about twenty minutes. The "Gruninger" well, 600 ft. deep, commenced to pump, on September 1st, 1864, 50 barrels a day. It subsequently began flowing, without the aid of a pump, from 50 to 60 barrels, increasing gradually to 150 barrels a day. The flow was spasmodic, from three to five minutes' duration, commencing every twelve minutes. The "Baker" well flowed once every half-hour, continuing for a few minutes only, its yield ranging from 50 to 120 barrels daily.

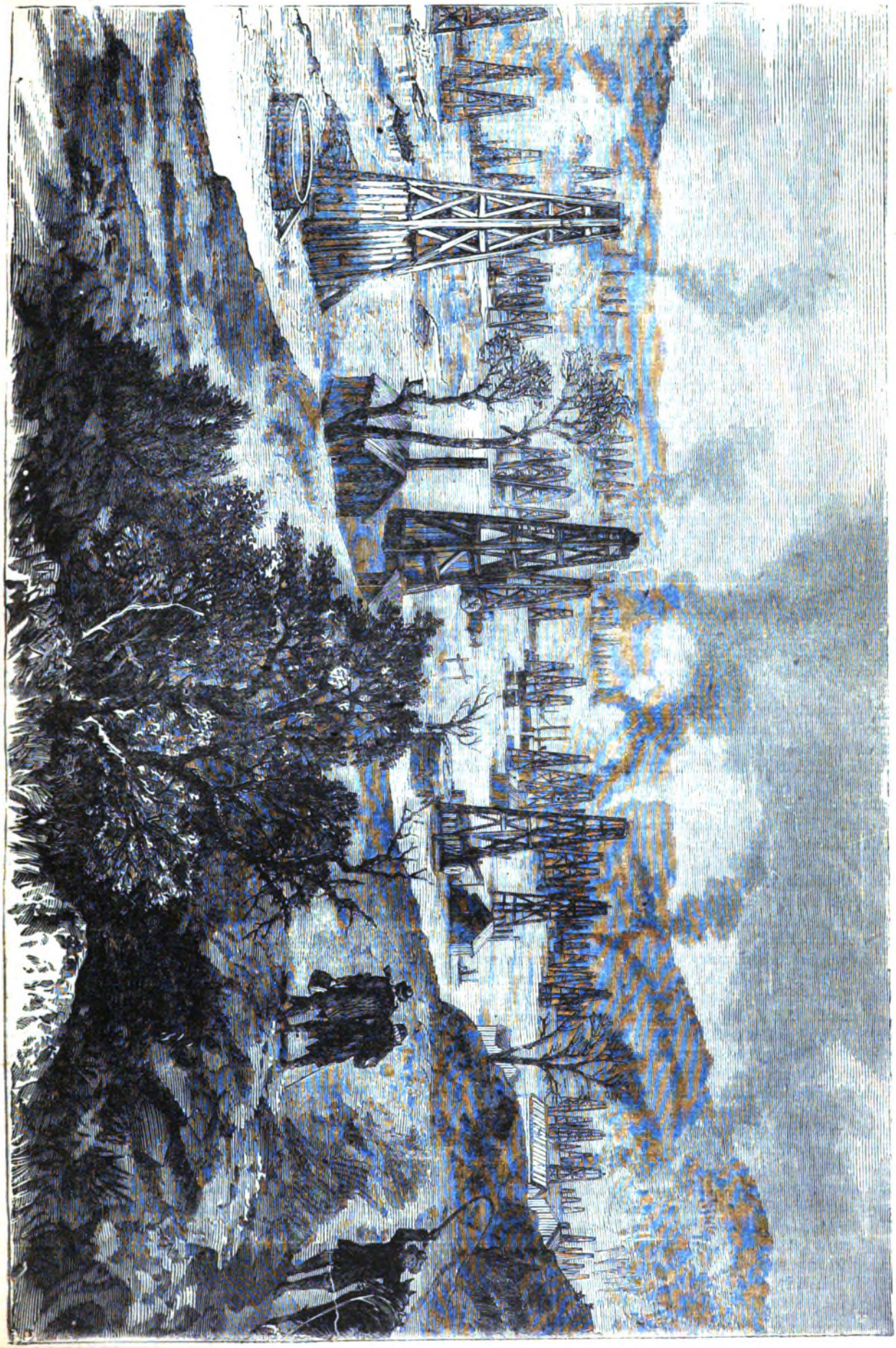
Perhaps the most eccentric of all oil-wells was the "Agitator," on the Rynd farm. Under the persuasive influence of a pump, applied once every half-hour, it would arouse to a coquettish demonstration which soon subsided. The "Sunday" well, a near neighbor of the "Agitator," after remaining dormant all the week, would flow one or two barrels on the Sabbath. These are only a few of the eccentric characteristics of oil-wells.

More than once, in spite of all precaution, a flowing well has taken fire, and roared and burned like a volcano. Then pump-works, engine-houses, stores, and boats, the soil, and even the river into which it pours its flame, spread their common conflagration over day and night. In the Autumn of 1861 a well on Oil Creek was set on fire by the carelessness of a visitor smoking a cigar. Thirty or forty people were standing around it at the time, of whom fifteen were killed instantly by the explosion of the gas, and thirteen severely injured. A column of fire, with its head rising from thirty to fifty feet, continued to burn for weeks.

The Little and Merrick well had reached a depth of 330 feet on April 17th, 1861, when suddenly a stream of oil and gas rushed up with such violence that its spray reached far beyond the top of the derrick. The air became an atmosphere of deadly gas. The sickened workmen abandoned their boring tools and fled, leaving the oil to waste itself into the creek. The engine firemen put out their fires. Soon a great crowd collected and surrounded the well, watching the spouting oil, when suddenly two simultaneous flashes, and a terrific report that shook the ground, inaugurated a general conflagration. A scene of indescribable terror and confusion ensued. A number of the bystanders were burned to charcoal where they stood; many others died of their wounds, and numbers more were scarred for life. In the dead of night the burning well afforded a magnificent spectacle—a fountain of flame more than 100 feet in height, the jet of pure oil shooting forth with a ceaseless, unintermittent rush, like the steady blowing off of a steam-boiler, rolling clouds of black and massive smoke up over the tops of the surrounding hills, with a constant surf-like roar.

In the Autumn of 1862 the tanks of the Filkins well caught fire, and the space burned over soon embraced from eighteen to twenty acres, on which 150 oil tanks, full of a three months' supply, were standing close together, interspersed with engine-houses, offices, etc. Seven flowing and three pumping wells, with 30,000 barrels of oil, took fire in quick succession, and the entire valley was black with dense smoke that nearly stifled the heroic men who fought the flames. Men stood bravely on tanks of oil as dangerous as so many powder magazines. Oil Creek, of course, took fire, and increased the grandeur of the scene. There were no explosions during this conflagration; and, indeed, crude petroleum is not explosive, that quality being peculiar to the gas that invariably escapes from the earth with the oil itself.

Water has no effect on burning petroleum, and only seems to increase the vigor of the flames. To extinguish a burning well, the only effective means is to play on it with steam from the boiler of a neighboring engine, or to heap the mouth of the hole with dirt. To accomplish the latter is a



GENERAL VIEW OF OIL CREEK VALLEY.

work of great difficulty and danger, for the heat thrown out by burning petroleum is intense. For this reason a flowing well that takes fire frequently burns for many days before it can be extinguished.

The salient aspects of an oil-well are a derrick, an engine-house, and many big tanks—all very brown and oily, and all emitting an odor which, at first repulsive, is aft rward endurable, and at last rather pleasant than otherwise. If the well is a pumping-well, the rattle of the engine and machinery drowns all other sounds; but if a flowing well, the ear of the listener is entranced with the luscious spontaneous flow of the oil. An iron pipe, trained from the derrick to the tank near by, conducts and delivers the precious product. Out of this pipe, with a sound like the "blowing" of a whale, pulsating in greater or lesser volume according to the spasmodic force of the gas below, the brown, rich fluid rushes into tank after tank, plashing the surface of the reservoir into yellow foam, filling the atmosphere with gas—night and day unceasing—a constant tribute of wealth to its owners, though they toil not, nor spin. Every precaution is taken against fire, the enemy most dreaded by the oil men, and the ominous warning, "Put out your pipes," is shouted at the careless visitor in tones more peremptory than persuasive.

The tankage of the wells varies, according to their yield, from a few hundred to many thousand barrels. As the tanks are filled the oil is drawn off in barrels and shipped. The manner of filling barrels is shown on page 516, and an illustration on the same page exhibits another method of shipment, that of running the oil directly from the tanks into oil-tight flatboats, which are floated down the river to Pittsburgh. The railroads centring in the oil regions use hundreds of oil-cars, consisting of ordinary freight-trucks on which are mounted large iron tanks, In these the oil is conveyed in bulk to distant refineries or ports of shipment for foreign countries. The "pipe lines" now connect most of the producing wells with the central points from which the oil is shipped, and the proposed extension of this system to the seacoast will afford a cheap and easy means of transportation that will probably supersede all other methods.

In the early days of the oil business the difficulties of transportation were almost insurmountable. The condition of the roads may be inferred from the illustration on page 520. In this instance the teamster, although in rather a tight fix, was able to look at his misfortune philosophically, for, on being asked by the artist, who had hurriedly sketched the rapidly disappearing turnout, "Is that your team?" he responded: "Yes, durn 'em, they're mine; an' I'm a-waitin' fur a Chinyman to strike a bargain with, agin they git through to his side."

Of course the natural water communications were eagerly taken advantage of, both for transporting the oil and conveying the numerous "oil pilgrims" who journeyed to and fro in search of the oleaginous "richness." Huge scows were employed, and the downward journey made without trouble, no other propelling power being necessary than the force of the current. The trip up-stream was attended with many difficulties, until some inventive genius hit upon the method we have illustrated. The water being shallow, and the creek-bed of rock and nearly level, afforded a far better roadway than any that could be constructed in the greasy mud that formed its banks. The teamsters also availed themselves of this watery roadway, and the spectacle thus presented was decidedly novel to the stranger in Petrolia.

The scene in any of the oil towns during the Winter of 1864–5, a period of the wildest speculation, was bizarre and exciting in the extreme. The hotels were crowded with a strange multitude, resembling no other ever assembled on the face of the earth. The representatives of millions of greenbacks and thousands of acres of oil-land jostled in company with teamsters, stage-drivers, carpenters, workers at wells, penniless adventurers, adventurers with small capital, nabobs from afar, come to see what "all the row was about," speculators of every class, including that genial fraternity who operate upon the turn of the cards or the fall of the dice; in short, a heterogeneous conglomeration of sharps and flats, animated by a common impulse, the search for oily millions. Conversation among these gentry, once started, soon got into a jumble:

"Heerd o' that new well?" "Hard Pan Company gone up;" "big thing for the New Yorkers;" "struck the third sand rock;" "sold for eighty thousand;" "Rip-Rap stopped flowing yesterday;" tools stuck;" "engine coming down to-morrow;" worth his millions;" "hundred barrels a day;" "played out;" "no transportation;" "can't get enough barrels;" "boring on the bluff;" "wish I had his chance;" "land ain't worth it;" "wouldn't give a copper;" "made a hundred and fifty thousand;" "didn't know how to spend it;" "new company on Pithole;" "best farm on the creek;" "oil;" "dollars;" "wells;" "companies;" "land;" "derricks;" "tanks;" "lucky;" "bigger fool;" and heaven knows what else.

The humors of Oildom are many. A story is told of the owner of a barren farm who was advised by a shrewd neighbor to "plant it" with oil. He took the hint, purchased a quantity of crude petroleum and poured it on the surface of the streams and springs upon his land. The report soon spread abroad of surface indications on the land, and an army of oil-hunters descended upon the proprietor. He sold his land at a fabulous figure, retaining a royalty of one-eighth of the oil. The fortunate landowner thought he had a pretty good joke on the speculators, but as it turned out they had a better one on him. They put up their derrick, sent down their drill, and struck a flowing-well yielding over one hundred barrels a day.

The origin of petroleum was a never-ending topic of discussion among the oil men. A theory advanced by an old whaling captain—and, by-the-way, the number of veteran "blubber-hunters" who have engaged in the petroleum business is somewhat remarkable—is worthy of record. He explained the deposit of oil by the hypothesis, that a large shoal of whales were stranded in Western Pennsylvania at the time of the subsidence of the flood, and that the oil-borers were simply tapping the blubber. His theory was, however, not generally accepted save among brother-whalers.

In 1865 the petroleum fever was at its height, and the rumor of vast riches open to any one who chose to invest in oil stock soon created a crowd of brokers eager to assist the outside public. The organization of a Petroleum Board in New York soon followed, the first meeting taking place October 31, 1865, at 16 Broad Street. Samuel B. Hard was elected president, and Edmund C. Stedman, the poet-broker, secretary. Gradually, under the clever manipulation of operators, the Board grew into a distinct feature of "the street." The further the oil-fever spread, and the wilder the stories of the profits in certain shares, the greater the interest evinced by outsiders. Half the promoters of companies had such faith in their stock as to hold it with blind pertinacity, and this very confidence was an additional lure to the public at large. The brokers made large commissions. Orders came in from all quarters; the operations were marked by all the peculiarities of the regular Exchange, and for more than a year the rooms were the scene of genuine excitement.

There was a fine exaggeration and a beautiful disregard of ordinary notions regarding what constitutes proprietorship, in the creation of not a few of the corporations which appeared on the list. To buy land for $2,000 and then issue shares for $600,000 would be a conservative process compared to some of the antics of these imaginative speculators Magnificent bubbles were blown into prismatic and profitable

radiance with nothing more substantial than borrowed phials of oil, and deeds of property whose only value consisted in the durable nature of the parchment and the abundant stamps wherewith they were adorned. The Napoleon Oil Company was a notable example of this class. It claimed to have ownership of extensive lands in Kentucky, and by the versatile combinations of operators a corner was effected, carrying the shares from $2 up to $32. Men who had agreed to deliver 10,000 shares for $30,000 at buyer's option could make their contracts good only by paying $320,000 to the controlling clique. Many brokers were on the verge of ruin.

A few appealed to the courts, and, on investigation, it was proven that the Company had no real estate, no oil wells, nothing but an office, a small quantity of petroleum in handsome glass cans, and a boundless supply of audacity, to which, of course, no mercantile value could be affixed.

By similar astute devices, the outside operators were used up until, by the Summer of 1867, the business of the Petroleum Board had dwindled to very small dimensions. Since that period speculation in petroleum has been confined mainly to the oil itself, most operators preferring something more tangible than the beautifully-printed certificates of wildcat oil companies.

When we come to consider the uses of petroleum, we find them so multifarious as to be simply bewildering. For several years after the discovery of petroleum, the only product considered of value was kerosene. The light and heavy products were either used as fuel or thrown away. When the profits of the business became lessened from extensive competition, attempts were made to utilize these products. Useful application has now been found for at least ten articles derived from the crude oil, and some of them are produced in enormous quantities. The chief articles of commercial importance which science has found means to extract from the crude petroleum are rhigolene, gasolene, three grades of naphtha, kerosene, mineral sperm-oil, neutral lubricating oil, paraffine lubricating oil, paraffine-wax, and residuum. Rhigolene is used for producing local anæsthesia in surgical operations; kerosene and gasolene, for illuminating purposes; naptha, for mixing paints and varnishes and dissolving resins and other gums; mineral sperm-oil, for illuminating; it is not explosive and will not take fire at any temperature below 300 deg. Fahrenheit, these qualities making it very valuable for use on railways and steamers. Neutral lubricating oil is of a light straw color, and has but little more taste or smell than sweet oil of almonds; it is by far the most valuable lubricating oil yet prepared from any mineral source. Paraffine lubricating oils are much used for heavy machinery; paraffine-wax is used in making candles, matches, and stoppers to acid bottles; for coating paper for photographic use, for preserving meat, to coat pills, to refine alcohol and spirits, to preserve fruit, to prevent the oxidation of metals, to render fabrics waterproof, as a disinfectant, and a varnish for leather, and in the manufacture of sugar.

From residuum have been produced at least four new colors used for silk goods, ribbons, etc., viz.: a bright and fixed cerulean blue, called the Humboldt color, "Azuriena," a light blue, the ever-popular "Magenta," and a light cherry tint called "Rosina."

Among other products of petroleum may be mentioned ammonia, the uses of which are manifold, and benzine, used to clean woolen and other cloths, kid gloves, etc. A fine toilet soap has been made from petroleum, and one versatile genius in New York claimed to have invented a process by which to manufacture candy, perfumery, and champagne from this wonderful oil.

Petroleum has been used to some extent for the manufacture of illuminating gas, and there can be no doubt that this industry will eventually consume large quantities of the crude oil.

The medicinal properties of petroleum were known long before its commercial value was discovered. The so-called "Harlaem Oil," made at Harlaem in North Holland as early as the beginning of the eighteenth century, and which is even yet sold as a remedy for rheumatism and similar ailments, was nothing more than a preparation of petroleum, the crude oil being gathered and sent to Holland by the Dutch settlers in this country. Petroleum, no doubt, possesses some virtue as an outward application for diseases of the skin, rheumatism, chilblains, etc. Taken internally, in doses of 30 to 60 drops, it acts as a sudorific and stimulating anti-spasmodic. It has been recommended for pulmonary diseases and for tapeworm.

Its use for illuminating purposes will unquestionably become yearly of still greater importance, and its application to the mechanic arts more widely extended, until the waste products of its manufacture yield an infinite variety of useful articles.

From an eminence in the heart of the oil region one can see before him, with the help of a little imagination, what imagination would struggle to see in any other locality. The myriad derricks mark the flow of inconceivable riches—the precious "blood of the persecuted earth." Transporting hence, illumining the world, it has crept round the globe in place of the moon—a light from the antipodes. The rays of its burning naphtha fall upon revels and feasts afar in lands deserted by the sun. Along the streets of Italian cities it sheds a picturesque gleam athwart the costumes of maskers making night joyful with laughter and song. In the halls of palaces in Russia it strikes a glittering glow of colors and jewels upon the robes of noble guests. The Swiss cottager, smoking beside his petroleum lamp in the long Winter evenings, rejoices in something better than a taper whereby to watch the faces of his wife and children. The German student studies by its clear, even light; or, gathered with his comrades, drinks more madly, sings louder, under its radiant influence. British epicures enjoy its soft rays falling from the chandeliers above their dinner-tables. In the curtained boudoirs of Spain it gleams blushingly; even out of the sacred avenues of Jerusalem its rays are lifted, illuminating the mists of the night. And in delightful Paris, to which it once proved the very besom of destruction, the naphtha gleams and glitters from café and casino, along each bright boulevard, flinging its brilliant light alike over prince and peer, gamin and grisette. Across the sea, from the summit of cliffs, it shines, a beacon seen and blest of mariners in storms. And on the great Western Continent at night its glow leaps like magic from coast to coast—illuminating cities, villages, farmhouses; the rushing train and the swiftly-gliding steamer—a golden web woven over all the land.

## ROBBING AN EAGLE'S NEST.

THE temerity of mountaineers in all countries is constantly shown in the fearlessness with which they confront unnumbered dangers for the sake of an advantage which consists mainly in the evidence which it affords of their prowess.

Our engraving is devoted to the illustration of a daring feat which frequently finds its parallel on the windy cliffs of the Orkney Islands, and which was performed, a few years since, by a lad in one of those stormy islets.

An eagle had constructed its eyrie on the jutting ledge of a cliff, immediately facing the sea, and here its brood had been reared without molestation during many seasons.

Animated, however, with the love of adventure, and with a hope of securing a reward, a party of the daring lads of the countryside determined to rob the nest during the absence of the parent-bird. The gnarled and twisted trunk of a mountain-ash opportunely overhung the lonely eyrie; and

to this the fearless urchins fastened a rope, by which one of them was lowered down to the hitherto untrodden ledge.

The eaglets were secured, and the triumphant lad was on the point of reascending, when a shrill scream resounded from the seaward, and the mother-bird, with fury in her eyes and rage in the convulsive curvings of her talons, swept through the air towards him. In another moment his face would have been lacerated by the murderous beak, when he dropped one of the unfledged eaglets. The lads at the summit of the cliff meanwhile redoubled their exertions, and in the swoop which the mother made to recover her falling young one, the daring invader of her eyrie was safely hauled to the top. His prize was carried home in triumph and carefully nurtured till full-grown.

ROBBING AN EAGLE'S NEST.—SEE PAGE 527.

PERILOUS PLAY.—"SPRINGING UP, HE UTTERED SHOUT AFTER SHOUT, LIKE ONE DEMENTED. FORTUNATELY, THE STORM HAD LULLED A LITTLE, AND THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER HEARD THEM AND ANSWERED."

# PERILOUS PLAY.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

"If some one does not propose a new and interesting amusement I shall die of *ennui*," said pretty Belle Daventry, in a tone of despair. "I have read all my books, used up all my Berlin wools, and it's too warm to go to town for more. No one can go sailing yet, as the tide is out; we are all nearly tired to death of cards, croquet, and gossip, so what shall we do to while away this endless afternoon? Dr. Meredith, I command you to invent and propose a new game in five minutes."

"To hear is to obey," replied the young man, who lay in the grass at her feet, as he submissively slapped his forehead and fell a-thinking with all his might.

Holding up her finger to preserve silence, Belle pulled out her watch, and waited with an expectant smile. The rest of the young party, who were indolently scattered about under the elms, drew nearer, and brightened visibly, for Dr. Meredith's inventive powers were well-known, and something refreshingly novel might be expected from him.

One gentleman did not stir, but, then, he lay within earshot, and merely turned his fine eyes from the sea to the group before him. His glance rested a moment on Belle's piquant figure, for she looked very pretty with her bright hair blowing in the wind, one plump, white hand extended to keep order, and one little foot, in a distracting slipper, just visible below the voluminous folds of her dress.

Then the glance passed to another figure, sitting somewhat apart in a cloud of white muslin, for an airy burnoose floated from head and shoulders, showing only a singularly charming face. Pale, and yet brilliant, for the Southern eyes were mangnificent, and clear olive cheeks contrasted with darkest hair; lips like a pomegranate flower, and delicate, straight brows, as mobile as the lips. A cluster of crimson flowers, half falling from the loose black braids, and a golden bracelet of Arabian coins on the slender wrist, were the only ornaments she wore, and became her better than the fashionable frippery of her companions.

A book lay on her lap, but her eyes, full of a passionate melancholy, were fixed on the sea, which glittered round an island green and flowery as a Summer paradise. Rose St. Just was as beautiful as her Spanish mother, but had inherited the pride and reserve of her English father; and this pride was the thorn which repelled lovers from the human flower.

Mark Done sighed as he looked, and, as if the sigh, low as it was, roused her from her reverie, Rose flashed a quick glance at him, took up her book, and went on reading the legend of "The Lotus Eaters."

"Time is up now, doctor," cried Belle, pocketing her watch with a flourish.

"Ready to report," answered Meredith, sitting up, and producing a little box of tortoise-shell and gold.

"How mysterious! What is it? Let me see, first!" And Belle removed the cover, looking like an inquisitive child. "Only bonbons; how stupid! That won't do, sir. We don't want to be fed with sugar-plums. We demand to be amused."

"Eat six of these despised bonbons, and you *will* be amused in a new, delicious, and wonderful manner," said the young doctor, laying half-a-dozen on a green leaf, and offering them to her.

"Why, what are they?" she asked, looking at them askance.

"Hasheesh; did you never hear of it?"

"Oh, yes; it's that Indian stuff which brings one fantastic visions, isn't it? I've always wanted to see and taste it, and now I will," cried Belle, nibbling at one of the bean-shaped comfits with its green heart.

"I advise you not to try it. People do all sorts of queer

things when they take it. I wouldn't for the world," said a prudent young lady, warningly, as all examined the box and its contents.

"Six can do no harm, I give you my word. I take twenty before I can enjoy myself, and some people even more. I've tried many experiments, both on the sick and the well, and nothing ever happened amiss, though the demonstrations were immensely interesting," said Meredith, eating his sugar-plums with a tranquil air, which was very convincing to others.

"How shall I feel?" asked Belle, beginning on her second comfit.

"A heavenly dreaminess comes over one, in which they move as if on air. Everything is calm and lovely to them; no pain, no care, no fear of anything, and while it lasts one feels like an angel half asleep."

"But if one takes too much, how then?" said a deep voice behind the doctor.

"Hum! Well, that's not so pleasant, unless one likes phantoms, frenzies, and a touch of nightmare, which seems to last a thousand years. Ever try it, Done?" replied Meredith, turning toward the speaker, who was now leaning on his arm, and looking interested.

"Never. I'm not a good subject for experiments. Too nervous a temperament to play pranks with."

"I should say ten would be about your number. Less than that seldom affects men. Ladies go off sooner, and don't need so many. Miss St. Just, may I offer you a taste of Elysium? I owe my success to you," said the doctor, approaching her deferentially.

"To me! And how?" she asked, lifting her large eyes with a slight smile.

"I was in the depths of despair when my eye caught the title of your book, and I was saved. For I remembered that I had hasheesh in my pocket."

"Are you a lotus-eater?" she said, permitting him to lay the six charmed bonbons on the page.

"My faith, no! I use it for my patients. It is very efficacious in nervous disorders, and is getting to be quite a pet remedy with us."

"I do not want to forget the past, but to read the future. Will hasheesh help me to do that?" asked Rose, with an eager look, which made the young man flush, wondering if he bore any part in her hopes of that vailed future.

"Alas, no. I wish it could, for I, too, long to know my fate," he answered, very low, as he looked into the lovely face before him.

The soft glance changed to one of cool indifference, and Rose gently brushed the hasheesh off her book, saying, with a little gesture of dismissal:

"Then I have no desire to taste Elysium."

The white morsels dropped into the grass at her feet; but Dr. Meredith let them lie, and turning sharply, went back to sun himself in Belle's smiles.

"I've eaten all mine, and so has Evelyn. Mr. Norton will see goblins, I know, for he has taken quantities. I'm glad of it, for he don't believe in it, and I want to have him convinced by making a spectacle of himself for our amusement," said Belle, in great spirits at the new plan.

"When does the trance come on?" asked Evelyn, a shy girl already rather alarmed at what she had done.

"About three hours after you take your dose, though the time varies with different people. Your pulse will rise, heart beat quickly, eyes darken and dilate, and an uplifted sensation will pervade you generally. Then these symptoms change, and the bliss begins. I've seen people sit or lie in one position for hours, rapt in a delicious dream, and wake from it as tranquil as if they had not a nerve in their bodies."

"How charming! I'll take some every time I'm worried. Let me see. It's now four, so our trances will come about seven, and we will devote the evening to manifestations," said Belle.

"Come, Done, try it. We are all going in for the fun. Here's your dose," and Meredith tossed him a dozen bonbons, twisted up in a bit of paper.

"No, thank you; I know myself too well to risk it. If you are all going to turn hasheesh-eaters, you'll need some one to take care of you, so I'll keep sober," tossing the little parcel back.

It fell short, and the doctor, too lazy to pick it up, let it lie, merely saying, with a laugh:

"Well, I advise any bashful man to take hasheesh when he wants to offer his heart to any fair lady, for it will give him the courage of a hero, the eloquence of a poet, and the ardor of an Italian. Remember that, gentlemen, and come to me when the crisis approaches."

"Does it conquer the pride, rouse the pity, and soften the hard hearts of the fair sex?" asked Done.

"I dare say now is your time to settle the fact, for here are two ladies who have imbibed, and in three hours will be in such a seraphic state of mind that 'No' will be an impossibility to them."

"Oh, mercy on us; what *have* we done? If that's the case, I shall shut myself up till my foolish fit is over. Rose, you haven't taken any; I beg you to mount guard over me, and see that I don't disgrace myself by any nonsense. Promise me you will," cried Bell, in half real, half feigned alarm at the consequences of her prank.

"I promise, said Rose, and floated down the green path as noiselessly as a white cloud, with a curious smile on her lips.

"Don't tell any of the rest what we have done, but after tea let us go into the grove and compare notes," said Norton, as Done strolled away to the beach, and the voices of approaching friends broke the Summer quiet.

At tea, the initiated glanced covertly at one another, and saw, or fancied they saw, the effects of the hasheesh, in a certain suppressed excitement of manner, and unusually brilliant eyes. Belle laughed often, a silvery ringing laugh, pleasant to hear; but when complimented on her good spirits, she looked distressed, and said she could not help her merriment; Meredith was quite calm, but rather dreamy; Evelyn was pale, and her next neighbor heard her heart beat; Norton talked incessantly, but as he talked uncommonly well, no one suspected anything. Done and Miss St. Just watched the others with interest, and were very quiet, especially Rose, who scarcely spoke, but smiled her sweetest, and looked very lovely.

The moon rose early, and the experimenters slipped away to the grove, leaving the outsiders on the lawn as usual. Some bold spirit asked Rose to sing, and she at once complied, pouring out Spanish airs in a voice that melted the hearts of her audience, so full of fiery sweetness or tragic pathos was it. Done seemed quite carried away, and lay with his face in the grass, to hide the tears that would come; till, afraid of openly disgracing himself, he started up and hurried down to the little wharf, where he sat alone, listening to the music with a countenance which plainly revealed to the stars the passion which possessed him. The sound of loud laughter from the grove, followed by entire silence, caused him to wonder what demonstrations were taking place, and half resolved to go and see. But that enchanting voice held him captive, even when a boat put off mysteriously from a point near by, and sailed away like a phantom through the twilight.

Half an hour afterward, a white figure came down the path, and Rose's voice broke in on his midsummer night's dream. The moon shone clearly now, and showed him the anxiety in her face as she said, hurriedly: "Where is Belle?"

"Gone sailing, I believe."

"How could you let her go? She was not fit to take care of herself?"

"I forgot that."

"So did I; but I promised to watch over her, and I must. Which way did they go?" demanded Rose, wrapping the white mantle about her, and running her eye over the little boats moored below.

"You will follow her?"

"Yes."

"I'll be your guide, then. They went toward the lighthouse; it is too far to row; I am at your service. Oh, say yes," cried Done, leaping into his own skiff, and offering his hand persuasively.

She hesitated an instant and looked at him. He was always pale, and the moonlight seemed to increase this pallor, but his hat-brim hid his eyes, and his voice was very quiet. A loud peal of laughter floated over the water, and, as if the sound decided her, she gave him her hand and entered the boat. Done smiled triumphantly as he shook out the sail, which caught the freshening wind, and sent the boat dancing along a path of light.

How lovely it was! All the indescribable allurements of a perfect Summer night surrounded them; balmy airs, enchanting moonlight, distant music, and, close at hand, the delicious atmosphere of love, which made itself felt in the eloquent silences that fell between them. Rose seemed to yield to the subtle charm, and leaned back on the cushioned seat, with her beautiful head uncovered, her face full of dreamy softness, and her hands lying loosely clasped before her. She seldom spoke, showed no further anxiety for Belle, and seemed to forget the object of her search, so absorbed was she in some delicious thought which wrapped her in its peace.

Done sat opposite, flushed now, restless, and excited, for his eyes glittered; the hand on the rudder shook, and his voice sounded intense and passionate, even in the utterance of the simplest words. He talked continually and with unusual brilliancy, for, though a man of many accomplishments, he was too indolent or too fastidious to exert himself, except among his peers. Rose seemed to look without seeing, to listen without hearing, and, though she smiled blissfully, the smiles were evidently not for him.

On they sailed, scarcely heeding the bank of black cloud piled up in the horizon, the rising wind, or the silence which proved their solitude. Rose moved once or twice, and lifted her hand as if to speak, but sank back mutely, and the hand fell again, as if it had not energy enough to enforce her wish. A cloud sweeping over the moon, a distant growl of thunder, and the slight gust that struck the sail, seemed to rouse her. Done was singing now like one inspired, his hat at his feet, hair in disorder, and a strangely rapturous expression in his eyes, which were fixed on her. She started, shivered, and seemed to recover herself with an effort.

"Where are they?" she asked, looking vainly for the island heights and the other boat.

"They have gone to the beach, I fancy, but we will follow." As Done leaned forward to speak, she saw his face, and shrank back with a sudden flush, for in it she read clearly what she had felt, yet doubted until now. He saw the tell-tale blush and gesture, and said impetuously: "You know it now; you cannot deceive me longer, nor daunt me with your pride! Rose, I love you, and dare tell you so tonight!"

"Not now—not here—I will not listen. Turn back, and be silent, I entreat you, Mr. Done," she said, hurriedly.

He laughed a defiant laugh, and took her hand in his, which was burning and throbbing with the rapid heat of his pulse.

"No, I *will* have my answer here, and now, and never turn back till you give it; you have been a thorny Rose, and given me many wounds. I'll be paid for my heartache with sweet words, tender looks, and frank confessions of love, for, proud as you are, you do love me, and dare not deny it."

Something in his tone terrified her; she snatched her hand away, and drew beyond his reach, trying to speak calmly, and to meet coldly the ardent glances of the eyes which were strangely darkened and dilated with uncontrollable emotion.

"You forget yourself. I shall give no answer to an avowal made in such terms. Take me home instantly," she said in a tone of command.

"Confess you love me, Rose."

"Never!"

"Ah! I'll have a kinder answer, or——" Done half rose and put out his hand to grasp and draw her to him, but the cry she uttered seemed to arrest him with a sort of shock. He dropped into his seat, passed his hand over his eyes, and shivered nervously, as he muttered in an altered tone: "I meant nothing; it's the moonlight; sit down, I'll control myself—upon my soul I will!"

"If you do not, I shall go overboard. Are you mad, sir?" cried Rose, trembling with indignation.

"Then, I shall follow you, for I *am* mad, Rose, with love—hasheesh!"

His voice sank to a whisper, but the last word thrilled along her nerves, as no sound of fear had ever done before. An instant she regarded him with a look which took in every sign of unnatural excitement, then she clasped her hands with an imploring gesture, saying, in a tone of despair:

"Why did I come! How will it end? Oh, Mark, take me home before it is too late!"

"Hush! Be calm; don't thwart me, or I may get wild again. My thoughts are not clear, but I understand you. There, take my knife, and if I forget myself, kill me. Don't go overboard; you are too beautiful to die, my Rose!"

He threw her the slender hunting-knife he wore, looked at her a moment with a far-off look, and trimmed the sail like one moving in a dream. Rose took the weapon, wrapped her cloak closely about her, and, crouching as far away as possible, kept her eye on him, with a face in which watchful terror contended with some secret trouble and bewilderment more powerful than her fear.

The boat moved round, and began to beat up against wind and tide; spray flew from her bow, the sail bent and strained in the gusts that struck it with perilous fitfulness. The moon was nearly hidden by scudding clouds, and one-half the sky was black with the gathering storm. Rose looked from threatening heavens to treacherous sea, and tried to be ready for any danger, but her calm had been sadly broken, and she could not recover it. Done sat motionless, uttering no word of encouragement, though the frequent flaws almost tore the rope from his hand, and the water often dashed over him.

"Are we in any danger?" asked Rose, at last, unable to bear the silence, for he looked like a ghostly helmsman, seen by the fitful night, pale now, wild-eyed, and speechless.

"Yes, great danger."

"I thought you were a skillful boatman."

"I am when I am myself; now I am rapidly losing the control of my will, and the strange quiet is coming over me. If I had been alone I should have given up sooner, but for your sake I kept on."

"Can't you work the boat?" asked Rose, terror-struck by the changed tone of his voice, the slow, uncertain movements of his hands.

"No; I see everything through a thick cloud; your voice sounds far away, and my desire is to lay my head down and sleep."

"Let me steer—I can, I must!" she cried, springing toward him, and laying her hand on the rudder.

He smiled, and kissed the little hand, saying, dreamily:

"You could not hold it a minute; sit by me, love; let us turn the boat again, and drift away together—anywhere, anywhere out of the world."

"Oh, Heaven, what will become of us!" and Rose wrung her hands in real despair. "Mr. Done—Mark—dear Mark, rouse yourself and listen to me. Turn, as you say, for it is certain death to go on so. Turn, and let us drift to the lighthouse; they will hear and help us. Quick, take down the sail, get out the oars, and let us try to reach there before the storm breaks."

As Rose spoke, he obeyed her like a dumb animal; love for her was stronger even than the instinct of self-preservation, and for her sake he fought against the treacherous lethargy which was swiftly overpowering him. The sail was lowered, the boat brought round, and, with little help from the ill-pulled oars, it drifted rapidly out to sea with the ebbing tide.

As she caught her breath after this dangerous manœuvre was accomplished, Rose asked, in a quiet tone, she vainly tried to render natural: "How much hasheesh did you take?"

"All that Meredith threw me. Too much; but I was possessed to do it, so I hid the roll and tried it," he answered, peering at her with a weird laugh.

"Let us talk; our safety lies in keeping awake, and I dare not let you sleep," continued Rose, dashing water on her own hot forehead with a sort of desperation.

"Say you love me; that would wake me up from my last sleep, I think. I have hoped and feared, waited and suffered so long. Be pitiful, and answer, Rose."

PEASANT GIRLS OF NOVARA, ITALY.—SEE PAGE 536.

"I do; but I should not own it now."

So low was the soft reply, he scarcely heard it, but he felt it, and made a strong effort to break from the hateful spell that bound him. Leaning forward, he tried to read her face in a ray of moonlight breaking through the clouds; he saw a new and tender warmth in it, for all the pride was gone, and no fear marred the eloquence of those soft, Southern eyes.

"Kiss me, Rose, then I shall believe it. I feel lost in a dream, and you, so changed, so kind, may be only a fair phantom. Kiss me, love, and make it real."

1. GERMINATING FRUIT OF DOUBLE COCOANUT
2. BOWL-LIKE PORTION OF ROOT.

As if swayed by a power more potent than her will, Rose bent to meet his lips. But the ardent pressure seemed to startle her from a momentary oblivion of everything but love. She covered up her face, and sank down, as if overwhelmed with shame, sobbing through her passionate tears.

"Ah, what am I doing? I am mad, for I, too, nave taken hasheesh," she exclaimed vehemently.

What he answered she never heard, for a rattling peal of thunder drowned his voice, and then the storm broke loose. Rain fell in torrents, the wind blew fiercely, sky and sea were black as ink, and the boat tossed from wave to wave almost at their mercy.

Giving herself up for lost, Rose crept to her lover's side and clung there, conscious only that they would bide together through the perils their own folly brought them. Done's excitement was quite gone now; he sat like a statue, shielding the frail creature whom he loved, with a smile on his face, which looked awfully emotionless when the lightning gave her glimpses of its white immobility.

Drenched, exhausted, and half senseless with danger, fear, and exposure, Rose saw at last a welcome glimmer through the gloom, and roused herself to cry for help.

"Mark, wake and help me! Shout, for God's sake—shout and call them, for we are lost if we drift by!" she cried, lifting his head from his breast, and forcing him to see the brilliant beacons streaming far across the troubled waters.

He understood her, and, springing up, uttered shout after shout, like one demented. Fortunately, the storm had lulled a little; the lighthouse keeper heard and answered. Rose seized the helm, Done the oars, and, with one frantic effort, guided the boat into quieter waters, where it was met by the keeper, who towed it to the rocky nook which served as a harbor.

The moment a strong, steady face met her eyes, and a gruff, cheery voice hailed her, Rose gave way, and was carried up to the house, looking more like a beautiful drowned Ophelia than a living woman.

"Here, Sally, see to the poor thing; she's had a rough time on't. I'll take care of her sweetheart—and a nice job I'll have, I reckon, for if he ain't mad or drunk, he's had a stroke of lightnin', and looks as if he wouldn't get his hearin' in a hurry," said the old man, as he housed his unexpected guests, and stood staring at Done, who looked about him like one dazed. 'You jest turn in yonder and sleep it off, mate. We'll see to the lady, and right your boat in the morning," the old man added.

COCO DE MER.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

"Be kind to Rose. I frightened her. I'll not forget you. Yes, let me sleep and get over this cursed folly as soon as possible," muttered this strange visitor.

Done threw himself down on the rough couch and tried to sleep, but every nerve was over-strained, every pulse beating like a trip-hammer, and everything about him was intensified and exaggerated with awful power. The thunder-shower seemed a wild hurricane, the quaint room a wilderness peopled with tormenting phantoms, and all the events of his life passed before him in an endless procession, which nearly maddened him. The old man looked weird and gigantic, his own voice sounded shrill and discordant, and the ceaseless murmur of Rose's incoherent wanderings haunted him like parts of a grotesque but dreadful dream.

DOUBLE COCOA-NUT TREE.

All night he lay motionless, with staring eyes, feverish lips, and a mind on the rack, for the delicate machinery which had been tampered with, revenged the wrong by torturing the foolish experimenter. All night Rose wept and sung, talked and cried for help in a piteous state of nervous excitement, for with her the trance came first, and the after-agitation was increased by the events of the evening. She slept at last, lulled by the old woman's motherly care, and Done was spared one tormenting fear, for he dreaded the consequences of this folly on her, more than upon himself.

As day dawned he rose, haggard and faint, and staggered out. At the door he met the keeper, who stopped him to report that the boat was in order, and a fair day coming. Seeing doubt and perplexity in the old man's eye, Done told him the truth, and added that he was going to the beach for a plunge, hoping by that simple tonic to restore his unstrung nerves.

He came back feeling like himself again, except a dull headache, and a heavy sense of remorse weighing on his spirits, for he distinctly recollected all the events of the night. The old woman made him eat and drink, and in an hour he felt ready for the homeward trip.

Rose slept late, and when she woke, soon recovered herself, for her dose had been a small one. When she had breakfasted and made a hasty toilet, she professed herself anxious to return at once. She dreaded, yet longed, to see Done, and when the time came, armed herself with pride, feeling all a woman's shame at what had passed, and resolving to feign forgetfulness of the incidents of the previous night.

Pale and cold as a statue she met him; but the moment he began to say, humbly, "Forgive me, Rose," she silenced him with an imperious gesture and the command:

"Don't speak of it; I only remember that it was very horrible, and wish to forget it all as soon as possible."

"All, Rose?" he asked, significantly.

"Yes, *all!* No one would care to recall the follies of a hasheesh dream," she answered, turning hastily to hide the scarlet flush that would rise, and the eyes that would fall before his own.

"*I* never can forget, but I will be silent if you bid me."

"I do. Let us go. What will they think at the island? Mr. Done, give me your promise to tell no one, now or ever, that I tried that dangerous experiment. I will guard your secret also."

She spoke eagerly, and looked up imploringly.

"I promise;" and he gave her his hand, holding her own with a wistful glance, till she drew it away, and begged him to take her home.

Leaving hearty thanks and a generous token of their gratitude, they sailed away with a fair wind, finding in the freshness of the morning a speedy cure for tired bodies and excited minds.

They said little, but it was impossible for Rose to preserve her coldness. The memory of the past night broke down her pride, and Done's tender glances touched her heart. She half hid her face behind her hand, and tried to compose herself for the scene to come, for, as she approached the island, she saw Belle and her party waiting for them on the shore.

"Oh, Mr. Done, screen me from their eyes and questions as much as you can! I'm so worn out and nervous, I shall betray myself. You will help me?" and she turned to him with a confiding look, strangely at variance with her usual calm self-possession.

"I'll shield you with my life, if you will tell me why you took the hasheesh," he said, bent on knowing his fate.

"I hoped it would make me soft and lovable, like other women. I'm tired of being a lonely statue," she faltered, as if the truth was wrung from her by a power stronger than her will.

"And I took it to gain courage to tell my love. Rose, we have been near death together, let us share life together, and neither of us be any more lonely or afraid?"

He stretched his hand to her with his heart in his face, and she gave him hers with a look of tender submission, as he said, ardently:

"Heaven bless hasheesh, if its dreams end like this!"

## THE COCO DE MER OF THE SEYCHELLES ISLANDS.

In the Indian Ocean, to the northeast of Madagascar, lie three small, rocky islands, Praslin, Curiese, and l'isle Ronde. They were discovered in 1743. Upon Praslin and Curiese grows a lofty palm, which frequently attains a hundred feet in height, crowned at the summit with a graceful spray of fan-like leaves of from ten to twelve feet wide, and including the petiole or leaf stalk, twenty feet. So strong and flexible is the leaf stalk, that a man may sit upon its extremity, and sway up and down as if upon a bar of finely tempered steel.

In no other part of the world, so far as human research has yet reached, is this singular tree to be found. It is called the double cocoa-nut tree, a name given it on account of the similitude of the fruit to two cocoa-nuts united laterally, though they sometimes occur in a triple, and even quadruple form. These fruits are about the size of three ordinary cocoa-nuts, including the husk, and weighs some forty or fifty pounds.

Before the discovery of the islands in question the most marvelous stories were told of these nuts, which were sometimes found floating on the ocean. The Malay and Chinese sailors maintain that they were the fruit of a submarine tree, while the negro priests affirmed that it grew near the island of Java, where its leaves and branches rose above the water, and in which the monstrous griffin had its habitation. The greatest curiosity connected with this palm is the peculiarity of its root, which is shown in the engraving. It would seem that the trunk is actually seated in a naturally formed bowl. The pericarp, or outer covering of the seed or nut, is of a hard, horny consistence, similar to the shell of the common cocoa-nut. From the middle of this nut, between the two lobes, the embryo protrudes through a small hole in the shell, corresponding to one of the three holes which every one has noticed in the true cocoa-nut shell. A long cotyledonary process is then given off, gradually getting thicker toward the end, where an enlarged mass forms, composed apparently of fibre and cellular tissue; from this the radicle, or young root, starts downward, while the bud, or future stem, bursts upward. It is this mass, from the interior of which the young bud bursts, that eventually forms the bowl, or cup-like process, in which the root is seated.

From its fibrous nature, it gradually changes, by slow growth and length of years, into a hard, horny substance, of a somewhat similar nature to the shell, developing itself into a perfectly hemispherical, or pure bell shape, and perforated with holes, which give the inside the appearance of a huge colander, while on the outside those holes are continued by tubes bristling out in a downward direction, through which the roots pass into the ground. It is certain that this cup, or bowl, must go on growing for some considerable time at the same ratio as the trunk it contains, when we look to their great size, frequently two or three feet across, and nearly the same in depth, but whether it ceases any vital connection with the trunk at any period during the life of the tree, is a question at present unsolved.

## ANECDOTES OF THE PEASANTS OF NOVARA.

The town of Novara, in Piedmont, does not alone attract the attention of travelers from its antiquity, its fifteen thousand inhabitants, its citadel, or its bishopric. It is hallowed by two great military traditions—the defeat of La Trémouille by the Swiss during the reign of Louis XII., in 1513, and the great disaster to King Charles Albert in 1849.

It owes much of its interest also, doubtless to the grace and beauty of its inhabitants, and the picturesqueness of their costumes, of which a good idea may be formed by our readers from the accompanying engraving drawn from life.

We give also a couple of anecdotes of the last war, which are illustrative of the character of the peasants of Novara, of the trickiness of the men and the tender hearts of the women.

At the time that the town was occupied by the Austrians, two German peddlers, worn out by fatigue, passed, on the high road near the town, a peasant mounted on a fine horse, but apparently in a state of intoxication.

"Well, my good fellow," exclaimed one of the peddlers with a laugh, "it would be a mercy to buy your horse, for he seems likely to break your neck."

"Good, I am willing," replied the inebriate, slipping off the animal: "if he pleases you, I will sell him for five hundred scudi."

The Germans took him at his word, although they had spoken in jest at first, and paid his price, the smallness of which they considered due to his intoxication. They both then mounted the animal and rode off laughing, while the inebriate pocketed his money and wished them a pleasant journey, watching them nevertheless as they rode away. When, however, they had gone a certain distance, he placed

his fingers to his mouth and gave a shrill whistle. The horse, recognizing his master's call, reared up, and throwing his riders, hastened to join his first owner, who suddenly became sober, jumped into the saddle, and, with loud laughter, galloped away.

Fear had induced him to feign intoxication, and the peculiar cunning of his race had accomplished the rest—that is to say, the "annexation" of the five hundred scudi.

A convoy of Croatian prisoners entered Novara. They soon found themselves surrounded by a group of gentle, innocent peasant girls, like those represented in our engraving, when a little boy—the one in our cut—made his way into their midst, and after looking earnestly at the soldiers, bowed profoundly to them.

A colonel among the prisoners, who had shortly before been grossly insulted by the men, was astonished and flattered by this mark of deference from so young a child. He took him in his arms, and inquired in the best Italian he could command:

"Why did you salute us, my little enemy?"

"Because," the child replied, "my mother told me you were very unhappy."

"Alas! yes, my child," said the colonel, deeply moved and bursting into tears, "and it is very noble in you and your mother thus to respect misfortune. If I possessed anything that I could give you in return for the sympathy which you have afforded me, I would offer it to you; as it is, I can only give you an embrace; shall I do so?"

The child held up his rosy mouth to the prisoner, who kissed him with the utmost tenderness, while the spectators of this simple and touching scene were deeply moved.

The story adds, that while this kiss of pardon and of peace was exchanged between the Italian child and the German colonel, the mother, sisters, and friends of the little one shared their scanty meal with their soldier-enemies.

## TOMB OF QUEEN ANN JAGELLON, IN THE CATHEDRAL OF CRACOW.

Few tombs are grander than that of Queen Ann Jagellon, a queen whose dynasty not only, but whose kingdom, is of the past. It is in the chapel of the Kings Sigismund. Above the chapel-door are three ancient paintings. The central one represents Sigismund I.; the other two are portraits of Ann Jagellon, as queen-regnant and as a widow. The tomb has a recumbent statue of the queen in her royal attire, exceedingly well cut in red granite. Behind the tomb is a marble throne, above which two angels of gilt bronze support the crown of Poland. An altar stands in front in an arch rich with basso-relievos, two massive candlesticks facing it almost on a line with the head of the tomb.

The queen thus royally reposing was a niece of Casimir III., and wife of the Great Jagellon, Ladislaus V., who died in 1434.

The sixteen chapels around the church all contain monuments of personages illustrious in Polish annals: Casimir Jagellon, Count Potocki, King Sigismund, and King Sigismund Jagellon, beneath a ceiling of gilded copper; King John Albert, and Casimir the Great, the founder of Cracow; as well as of the conqueror of the Turks, John Sobiesky III.; the great astronomer, Copernicus, and our own Revolutionary hero, Thaddeus Kosciusko. In the centre of the nave stands the gorgeous shrine of St. Stanislaus, Martyr, the patron of Poland. The coffin, which is upheld by four angels, and the altar, with the candlesticks and statues, are all of solid silver.

Cracow was, from 1815 till 1846, the capital of a little republic, the last vestige of Polish nationality, but it was then absorbed by Austria.

## THE WEE THING.

By Hector Macneil.

"Saw ye my wee thing? sa ye my ain thing?
Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming?
Sought she the burnie where flow'rs the haw-tree?

"Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white:
Dark is the blue o' her saft-rolling ee;
Red are her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;
Where could my wee thing wander frae me?"

"I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down on yon lea;
But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloaming,
Down by the burnie where flow'rs the haw-tree.

"Her hair it was lint-white; her skin it was milk-white;
Dark was the blue of her saft-rolling ee;
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;
Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me!"

"It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,
It was na my true love ye met by the tree;
Proud is her leal heart! and modest her nature!
She never loed onie till ance she loed me.

"Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;
Oft hae she sat, when a bairn, on my knee;
Fair as your face is, wer't fifty times fairer,
Young braggart, she ne'er would give kisses to thee!"

"It was, then, your Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;
It was, then, your true love I met by the tree:
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me."

Sair gloom'd his dark brow—blood-red his cheek grew—
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red rolling ee!
"Ye'se rue, sair, this morning, your boasts and your scorning
Defend ye, fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lie!"

"Awa wi' beguiling!" cried the youth, smiling;
Off went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom showing-
Fair stood the maid wi' the dark rolling ee!

"Is it my wee thing? is it mine ain thing?
Is it my true love here that I see?"
"O, Jamie, forgive me; your heart's constant to me:
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!"

## THE CHOICE HE MADE.

By Etta W. Pierce.

I KNOW the story, for I am the housekeeper at Penhallow. The work of that dreadful year I saw with my own eyes, heard with my own ears, and nobody, barring my mistress, has it more by heart.

She was a Virginian, was Mrs. Penhallow, descended from some famous old colonial family. She was stiff-necked, high-featured, and she loved nothing under the canopy but her boy. A hard woman, born to rule, whose dependents were to her like so many cattle, to be fed and housed, and nothing more. A widow at the time I went to live with her in her great old country house, with an only son and heir—Master Felix.

Heaven above! how she doted on that bold, insolent boy! I used to think when I saw her hanging on his every word and look, adoring him with her eyes and her heart, of what the Bible says about taking to ourselves idols. But Mrs. Penhallow was not the woman to trouble herself about that

Book, especially as most of the common people have it. Master Felix was sixteen when he left home for college, and I, for one, was glad to be rid of him. A purse-proud, tyrannical young tempest he was, handsome enough for a girl, but with a temper even hotter than his mother's.

For a few years, peace and quiet reigned at Penhallow, always excepting the time of such visits as its young lord and master was pleased to make us. And after his college days were over, he was betrothed to his cousin, and sent abroad on his travels.

His mother pined sorely at this separation. She spent whole hours before his portraits, which confronted one everywhere—in hall and drawing-room and chamber. She shut herself up, like a love-sick girl, to pore over his letters, and one night, in the second year of his absence, when I had found her walking the hall, trailing her satin gown, in black glittering waves, after her, she broke out, wringing her hands:

"Venner, every month of our parting is as a nail in my coffin! I can bear this great, gloomy house no longer. I shall start for New York in the morning, to bring his betrothed wife back with me."

"I am glad of that, ma'am," said I. "She will naturally seem the next nearest now; and it is dull for you here."

THE WEE THING.—"IS IT MY TRUE LOVE HERE THAT I SEE?"—SEE POEM ON PAGE 535.

The next morning, sure enough, she went, and, from some boarding-school, brought Miss Raymond back with her.

It was a cold, rainy Spring night, and I lighted fires on every hearth, and gathered all the servants into the hall to welcome them, because I knew Mrs. Penhallow liked such customs. They were all in their Sunday-best, and Molly, the mistress's vain little waiting-maid, wore pink roses in her beautiful flaxen hair.

We heard the carriage crunching the gravel of the drive; the hall-door opened; I heard Mrs. Penhallow say, "This is my daughter, Venner," and, lo! there by the hand she held Mr. Felix's betrothed!

Oh! a lovely young creature she was, with a face like a lily, and brown curls falling, and brown eyes, proud but tender, and all those lady airs and graces that seem bred in the very bone.

When the mistress called her "daughter," she grew rosy red, and spoke so sweetly to us all, that we were ready to go down on our knees to her; and then the two went away to rest a little, and to dress for their late dinner.

"It will be a happy day when *she* is mistress here," said the servants that night, in the kitchen.

As for Mrs. Penhallow, she seemed extravagantly fond of her son's betrothed, and with good reason, too, for everybody knew it was she who had arranged the match. She always called her daughter. She refurnished half the house in her favorite colors, and loaded her with endearments, and shared Felix's letters with her, and those long doting hours before his portraits.

Being a born lady and a great heiress, Miss Raymond just suited Felix's mother.

She had been at Penhallow a month or more, when the young lord thereof put in his appearance also, very sudden and unexpected.

It was one evening when the mistress and Miss Raymond had gone out riding together, and there was not a servant left in the house but Molly and I. Suddenly we heard a great knocking at the hall-door.

"Whoever can that be?" I said, for it was too late for callers. "Run, Molly, and see."

It seemed as if the little simpleton would never get the key turned, and when she did, in pranced a magnificent six-foot figure, in a dusty traveling garb—a glowing nut-brown figure, as beautiful as a young god.

"Hallo!" he cried, gayly, "who is this?" and caught Molly straightway in his arms, and kissed her plump upon cheek and mouth.

The little ninny turned from red to white, and from white

THE CHOICE HE MADE.—"HIS ARM WAS AROUND HER AS THEY WALKED; HE LEANED OVER HER, AND TALKED TO HER IN A LOW, MURMURING, LOVER-LIKE TONE."—SEE PAGE 535.

to red. She was marvelously pretty, and so long as the world stands, men will admire pretty faces, I suppose, whether they belong to princess or beggar.

"I am Mrs. Penhallow's maid," she answered, with more spirit than I would have given her credit for. "And you, I suppose, are her son."

"Quite right," said he, and stared and laughed; and then I ran out straightway to meet him, and immediately pushed Molly away.

"How d'ye do, Venner?" he cried, assuming his own lordly air at once. "Where are my mother and Miss Raymond? Have you a groom to send over to the station for my luggage? and is there anything to eat in the house? I assure you I am quite famished."

"Gracious heaven!" said I, "it never can be you, Mr. Felix, so tall and bearded! Who ever would have known you? The ladies are out driving, and won't be back till dark, but the groom is in the stable, and the larder is full, as it always is in this house."

I called Molly to help me, and we served him with the best we had. He was very gay and nonchalant, and he looked askant at her, and talked incessantly to me, and asked me untold questions about his mother and the estates. Molly seemed very shy and uncomfortable under his bold, knowing eyes.

"Well," said I, "Master Felix, right glad am I that you've come back to marry and settle down here."

"By which I judge that you quite approve of my future wife, Venner?" said he.

"Oh, a sweet, beautiful lady she is indeed!" cried I. "Everybody at Penhallow loves her already."

"Then, in duty bound, I must do the same," said he, with a whimsical laugh, and drew out a cigar; and as he stood scratching a match against the marble mantel, I heard him humming to himself these lines:

> 'Oh, I loved in my youth a lady fair,
> For her azure eyes and her golden hair;
> Oh, truly! oh, truly, I loved her then,
> And naught shall I ever so love again."

"I think I will go out and meet them, Venner."

And he went off down the walk, and came upon the carriage just as it was turning into the gate.

I heard their voices for a long time out among the trees, and finally saw them sauntering back together, Mrs. Penhallow looking quite dazed with happiness, and Miss Raymond hanging upon his arm, with a sort of shy grace, her lily-face covered with smiles and blushes, and with that in it, and in

her air, which made me sure she had found her master. Dear heart! Yes, she loved him in that wild, worshipful way that a woman delights in, and that no man ever deserved yet, or ever will, till the pattern is altered.

As I was going up to bed that night, I met the mistress on the landing, and she looked as radiant as a bride.

"Give me joy, Venner!" she cried. "This the happiest night of my life. He has come back to me—to wed one of his own kin—to be with me evermore while I live. Ah, yes, Venner, one might well envy me to-night!"

"Well, I am glad, ma'am," said I, "right glad!" and, indeed, I was, for it seemed to me, as it did to her, that pleasant times were coming to the old house.

I kept thinking it over after I had gone to bed. It was a Summer night, and the moonlight streamed into the chamber where I slept, and filled it with a great white light. Outside, the wind made a moaning sound among the trees. Inside, of a sudden, I heard something go "tick, tick, tick" in the wall.

I will own that the sound, coming as it did when I was full of such pleasant thoughts, gave me a most uncomfortable feeling. I never yet heard a death-watch without a creeping of the flesh—without feeling deep down in my soul that somebody's time was near at hand.

I rose up in bed and listened. It came from that portion of the wall nearest the staircase. Distinct and regular as the strokes of a pendulum, I heard it, over and over again—tick, tick, tick.

I got out of bed and put my hand on the panel. There was a momentary silence; then it broke out anew in the floor under my feet. Back to the panel, and from the panel to the ceiling, and from the ceiling to the window, I chased the hateful sound about till I was both chilled and exhausted. In a closet off my chamber, Molly lay sleeping, as youth and health only can sleep. I was tempted to rouse her, but she looked so calm and pretty, with her flaxen hair tossed about the pillow, and her lips half apart, that I hadn't the heart to do it. So I crept back to bed, and, for half the night, never so much as closed my eyes, because of the dreary "tick, tick" that death-watch kept up in the wall.

I told Mrs. Penhallow about it the next morning.

"Ma'am," said I, "there'll be a death in this house soon."

She lifted her heavy gray brows at me.

"Venner, I am astonished! Nobody but very ignorant people believe in such things. Never mention such a matter to me again."

And out she went, to breakfast with her son and Miss Raymond among the flowers and greenery of the lawn.

Miss Raymond that morning was in white cashmere and pink ribbons, I remember, and with her streaming curls, and proud, sweet eyes and lily face, she looked as the Sleeping Beauty might have done when the prince first awakened her. And *her* prince had come, sure enough, but his manner toward her one couldn't quite approve. It was too careless and light—too much like a grand seignior, who has only to throw the handkerchief.

"Well," thought I, "he's seen a host of handsome faces, no doubt, and so got indifferent to beauty, perhaps, for he's one of those men that all women admire, and many a heart he's made to ache, I'll warrant."

A week or two went by, and I saw that in his own lordly, careless fashion, he was devoting himself to Miss Raymond. He used to spend whole hours lolling beside her chair, and they sang a great many love-songs together, and rode and walked a great deal about the country, and seemed uncommonly happy.

Day in and day out, there was nothing but fêtes, and garden parties, and excursions, and balls, and festivities, both at Penhallow and among the neighboring gentry; and Molly's eyes grew heavy with waiting up so late at night for the ladies, and Miss Raymond, I heard, was the belle of all these gatherings, and every son and brother for miles around was madly envious of Mister Felix, who only shrugged his lordly shoulders and smiled languidly. Too much love is bad for men, I have noticed, and Miss Raymond loved Felix Penhallow altogether too much.

All this while, night after night, I heard that death-watch ticking in the wall.

I remember well the time when I began to suspect something wrong. One evening the mistress was ill, and Miss Raymond went to sit in her chamber. It was an August night, with a full moon in the sky, and no wind stirring. So close and sultry it seemed indoors, that I was fain to walk out as far as the entrance gate for a breath of fresh air. The grounds were full of intricate windings, and black and thick with shrubbery. I strolled as far as the high-road, then turned about, and, half way back to the house, stumbled upon two figures—man and woman—walking together under some linden-trees.

I was a little startled, and I stopped short and looked at them. There was no mistaking the splendid head and shoulders of the man; I felt and knew he could be no other than Felix Penhallow. As for his companion, she was not Miss Raymond, but more I could not say, for she wore a hat and a mantle, and kept persistently in the shadow. I only saw that she was slight, and I guessed her to be young.

His arm was around her as they walked; he leaned over her, talked to her in a low, murmuring, love-like tone, and once lifted her head in his two hands, and kissed her passionately.

I stood rooted to the earth, staring at them through the dense shrubbery. I could hardly believe my eyes. Miss Raymond within, watching with the mistress, and her handsome, nonchalant lover without, wandering through the moonlight and making love to another under the rose! It seemed as if I must be dreaming. But they turned suddenly and came toward me, and as it was plain that discovery would be awkward for all parties, I hastened to give them one last look, in which I saw that he had gathered the slight figure up to him, and was holding her head to his heart, and then I fled breathlessly through the shrubbery, and back to the house.

I got as far as the kitchen, and there sat down, quite overcome. The maids were all out, and it was a custom of mine to sit up always till they came in for the night. The last who appeared was Molly.

I don't know what made me eye the girl so closely on this particular occasion, unless it was her unusual pallor. She was a pretty little thing, as I have said before, round and plump and blue-eyed, like a Dutch shepherdess, and vain of her white skin and flaxen hair.

"Where have you been, Molly?" said I, cross enough.

She colored, and stammered, and dropped her eyes, in a way people have to whom lying is new.

"Down to the village, ma'am."

"With some follower, I suppose. Mrs. Penhallow's bell has been rung for you. I must watch you, miss. There's enough that's sly and secret going on about this house already."

She gave me a quick, odd look, and then went away without another word, to answer the bell.

The "tick, tick" in the panel that night sounded louder than ever; it awakened that simpleton, Moll. She rose up in bed, and peered out into my chamber.

"Oh, Venner, what is that?" she quavered.

"A death-watch," said I crossly. "Lie down, and go to sleep."

"Then some one is going to die!" she cried, for she had been bred in the same superstitions that I had.

"Well," said I, "I am pretty sure it's not you, Molly."

But she began to sob and cry piteously.

"Oh, Venner, I'm a wretched girl!" said she. "I would rather it would be me than some others. Let me come into your bed; I'm afraid."

And she wouldn't be appeased, but nestled down with me, and went on for a long time in a way quite broken-hearted, and without speaking a word.

The next morning Miss Raymond, in descending the staircase, met with an accident—slipped on its slippery edge, and fell, striking her temple against some projecting bit of carving. Mr. Felix and his mother were in the drawing-room at the time, and both rushed to help her, calling for me. When I reached them, he was kneeling on the floor, with Miss Raymond's head on his knee, her pale face upturned, and her brown hair overflowing him.

As we bent to loose her dress and give her air, from a chain in her bosom dropped out his portrait—a handsome shadow of his handsome face. Mr. Felix looked up at his mother in a dark, strange, remorseful way.

"Why did you ever bring her here?" he muttered. "Why did you ever meddle with either of us?" and he dropped her into Mrs. Penhallow's arms, and rose up and walked out of the room. The mistress looked quite dazed.

"What did he say, Venner?" she asked, with her hand to her forehead.

"I'm sure I didn't understand, ma'am," said I, and no, I didn't.

But that night Felix Penhallow was walking in the shrubbery again with one who was not Miss Raymond.

I kept my own counsel for a few days, and then I went to the mistress.

"Ma'am," said I, I'm quite at a loss about Molly. She's out till midnight sometimes—where, or in what company, I'm sure I don't know. She's but a young thing, ma'am, and it's time, I think, that somebody looked to the matter."

"Indeed," said the mistress, "I have noticed something odd about the girl of late. I will speak to her presently."

The very next morning, as Molly was flitting past the breakfast-room door, her mistress called her, sharply. I had been summoned in also to receive some orders for the day, and was standing by Mrs. Penhallow's chair, as Molly, a little pale and frightened, entered. Haughty, and stiff, and stern looked the mistress, and in the window near by, with her lap full of roses, sat Miss Raymond, very sweet and lovely, talking with Felix Penhallow.

"Molly, come here!" said Mrs. Penhallow, sharply.

The girl, with downcast eyes, stepped forward.

"Where did you go last night?" demanded the mistress, before us all.

Molly grew red, then pale.

"Not beyond the gates, ma'am," she faltered, looking so pretty in her confusion that I pitied her.

"Do you presume to tell me, girl, that you were out in these grounds till midnight *alone?*" said Mrs. Penhallow.

The girl did not answer—only stood staring at the floor. Mrs. Penhallow took hold of her arm somewhat roughly.

"What!" she bristled; "you have a follower—when I have utterly forbidden it, too!"

Molly shivered in her hold, but remained dumb.

"Why do you not answer?" cried Mrs. Penhallow, her hot temper rising fast. "You have been keeping scandalous hours of late, and you have grown very pert and insolent in your manner. I am certain you have a lover. Speak, and tell me this moment—who is he?"

Suddenly, and with all the coolness in life, Mr. Felix lifted his languid, handsome shape from leaning against Miss Raymond's chair, and stepped forward.

"My dear mother," he said, in a clear, measured voice, "you frighten her with your violence. Let *me* explain. She was not alone in the grounds last night, for I was with her."

"*You?*" echoed Mrs. Penhallow, rising slowly.

"I!" repeated he, and went straight up to Molly and flung his arm around her.

Never in his life had he looked so handsome, so kingly, as at that moment.

"Mother, you mistake the situation," he cried. "She has no 'follower,' but a husband. I am he. She has been my wife for three entire weeks. It is time, high time, that you knew all about it!"

With his arms around that girl, there he stood before us all, and pronounced those words. Till my dying day, I shall never forget the scream that broke from the lips of my mistress. As for Miss Raymond, she started up, with her hand to her heart, and then dropped to the floor in a dead faint. I ran to her, but Mrs. Penhallow stood stark and stiff, and confronted her son.

"It is a lie!" she shrieked—"say it is a lie, Felix!"

"No," he answered, coolly, "it is no lie, mother. I loved her, and I have married her."

Terrible, indeed, was the face that she turned upon him.

"You have married her!" she hissed; "your mother's servant! You have disgraced a name that never knew disgrace before. You have broken my heart and Eloise's—you, the son I bore—the son I have loved better than my own life, I curse you for it! I pray God to curse you, now and forever!"

Of course she was beside herself, or she never would have said those dreadful words. It made my blood run cold to hear her. She uplifted her jeweled hands in fierce denunciation.

"Go!" she screamed. "Take her out of my sight! Never let me set eyes on either of you more! I will throw my wealth to the winds—give it to the off-scourings of the earth, sink it in the sea, but not a penny shall the beggar you have chosen ever have! I curse her! I curse you both! I pray Heaven to register it!"

Well, such a terrible scene I never before witnessed. I went so far as to throw myself between them, in my terror. He had a temper, too, and there were some frightful things said on both sides; and then he ordered the carriage, and, haughty and defiant to the last, took his wife by the hand, and led her away. He was very tender with her; I have always remembered that, and honored him in my heart for it. He embraced her repeatedly, and kept saying, in a tender, protecting way:

"You have nothing to fear, dear child—nothing!"

I saw him place her in the carriage himself, and then he hesitated a moment, and turned and came back as far as the hall-door.

"Farewell, my mother!" he called, in a voice that seemed singularly calm and sweet to me; but my mistress was bending over Miss Raymond, who still lay in a deep swoon, and she lifted her head, like a Medusa, and answered back:

"From this hour I have no son!"

And so they parted.

We knew afterward that Mr. Felix took his wife directly to the village inn, not more than a mile distant from Penhallow.

As soon as she recovered, Miss Raymond begged piteously to be allowed to start at once for New York. She could not abide the place longer, poor lady! and no wonder. So the groom drove her away to the station in Mrs. Penhallow's close carriage, and the great grand house was left quite desolate.

Mrs. Penhallow passed the rest of the day in her own room, thinking. Heaven only knows what thoughts. She ordered dinner to be served at the usual hour, and called me to help her dress, as if nothing had happened, though all the

THE TOMB OF QUEEN ANNE JAGELLON IN THE CATHEDRAL AT CRACOW, POLAND.— SEE PAGE 535.

time she was shaking like a woman with the palsy. But she had a spirit, as I have said, and a temper, and she could not bear that even her servants should see how she suffered.

All alone she sat down at her sumptuous table in her great dark dining-hall. The house seemed like a tomb that night. Summer was waning, and the dark fell early. The trees outside tapped with a lonesome sound against the windows. The shadows in the corners, and the deep silence, seemed unutterably dreary. My mistress felt it, for she asked me to wait by her chair—for company, I think.

It was the mere mockery of a meal; yet she would go through with every course. Just as the lights were brought in, she gave a sudden start, and turned to me.

"Hark, Venner! What is that?" she said.

"The wind, ma'am, most likely," I answered. "There's a storm brooding."

"No," she cried, seizing my arm. "Hark, I say! Don't you hear it now?"

And, sure enough, as she spoke, the clatter of hoofs, loud and heavy, rose up in the drive outside.

"Go and look, Venner," said my mistress, in a queer, strained voice.

I ran to the window, and saw standing in the wild, windy twilight, close up to the door, with his head thrown high, and his nostrils dilated, a horse, saddled, bridled, and riderless.

"Ma'am," said I, "it's a beast that's thrown his rider, I should say; leastwise, the saddle's empty."

She rose up, white as death, and came and looked, and saw the horse snorting and stamping out there. Then she rushed for the bell, all her weakness gone in a moment, gave it one fearful peal, and was out before I could stop her—out in the drive, flying down it wildly, with the wind in her satin drapery and gray hair.

I started after her, waiting for nothing. My heart was in my throat. As I gained the road I saw her before me—a black shadow whirling away into the night. I called, but she heeded me no more than the wind. Down the hill I ran in her footsteps, and along a little intervale, and up another hill, where there was an old sand-pit, with a bit of treacherous ledge overhanging it.

I saw her go up to this and stop on its verge, and look over, and then throw up her arms, with a frightful scream, toward heaven. And then up the ascent I, too, tore, and stopped, too, and peered down the sandy, sliding abyss, side by side with that proud, proud woman who had driven her son but a few hours before, with curses, from her doors, and with her saw him lying down there far below us, in a heavy, bloody heap, stiff and dead—a sight so distressing that I became almost overpowered.

"The brute must have shied suddenly when he came to the pit," one of the men-servants said. "Master Felix was always a careless rider. He had a way of dropping his rein when he was thinking, and letting the horse take his own course."

They carried him back to Penhallow, and his mother followed him, neither weeping nor wailing, but calling him by every tender name she had used in his babyhood, and wiping the blood-stains from his face with her own gray hair. They had just laid him down in the great hall, when there came a footstep in the walk without, and a white figure, with flying hair, darted in through the open door, and ran up to the dead man and his mother. It was Molly.

"And you killed him!" she screamed, pointing to my mistress, who writhed and shuddered, and flung out her hands before her face. "You cursed him, and you killed him! He could not bear your anger; he was on his way this night to beg your forgiveness. His heart was tenderer, by far, than yours. And now look at him! You hated me because I was your servant. Do you like death better? Is the grave a fairer wife for him than I? You have murdered him. It is all your work!"

ON THE VERGE OF DEATH.—"I LOOKED UP. SUCH A VISAGE AS MET MY GAZE MAY I NEVER SEE IN MY LIFE AGAIN. 'LET GO!' HE CRIED. 'CURSE UPON YOU, LET GO! YOU WILL BREAK MY ARM! I CAN HOLD ON NO LONGER, AND SHALL BE DASHED TO PIECES.'"— SEE NEXT PAGE.

And she went on raving like this, with such a look and such gestures as I never saw before, and my mistress stood like a stone, and answered not a word to her, till none of us could bear it longer, and we carried her, by main force, away.

After his burial, Penhallow was closed to everybody for many a long day. Only I and two or three of the old servants remained, and with us the mistress lived on, shut up from all the world, aged and broken-hearted.

Molly had gone back to her own people, but one day Mrs. Penhallow came to me, looking very strange.

"Venner," she cried, "I have heard great news!"

"Indeed, ma'am," said I.

"That girl—Felix's wife—has a child—a son, Venner, and I never knew it till to-day!"

She trembled and shook, and her face was quite white and her hands worked oddly, and she bade me get on my bonnet and shawl at once, and make ready to go with her; and that night she brought home Felix's widow and her child.

So Molly walks the old rooms to-day, bearing herself like any lady born and bred, and she has been wise in her way, and acquired, with uncommon quickness, the airs and graces of her station. And her boy is the heir here, and the idol of the mistress, and a fine, bold, handsome fellow he is—a true Penhallow.

As I watch him, sometimes, it seems to me that God has forgiven my mistress the curse she once asked Him to register, and restored the son again to the mother, so like this Felix is, in his rich nut-brown beauty, to that other Felix who hung about the same knee twenty years ago.

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# ON THE VERGE OF DEATH.

## A GYMNAST'S ADVENTURE.

I HAD among my fellow-students a special renown for my skill in every kind of gymnastics. Athletic exercise, in the widest sense of the term, was to me a pleasure to which I had surrendered myself, body and soul, and in consequence of which I possessed, although not tall and strong, some muscle and a high degree of confidence, while I had acquired, in perilous situations, presence of mind—all of which qualities form even now a considerable portion of my character. When at last my studies were ended, and I had obtained a situation as pastor in western Germany, I did not give up my old inclination for gymnastics, and there was considerable talk one fine day over the circumstance that the young clergyman of the Church of St. Blasius had been seen hanging in his garden by his legs, and in this headlong position, caressing his little son, who was crawling under him on the ground. I possessed such an article of humanity, since, on my accession to the pastorate, I had steered into the harbor of matrimony.

But my favorite diversion, when I had a few leisure hours, and the sun was not too scorching, consisted in climbing to a narrow projection on the lofty church roof, and walking about there while I smoked my cigar.

What a magnificent place this old church roof was! Quite another world than that which lay far below me—a region of rock and stone, without vegetation or water, except when it rained, and the gutters were filled, in which case this special realm presented little attraction. It was a world where I had often indulged in star-gazing.

I regarded this airy region as my special province, where I reigned in solitary majesty over my subjects, consisting of daws and swallows—often very noisy and intolerable ones. It excited in me a merry, perhaps somewhat boyish feeling, as I thought what a look my superintendent would put on when he heard of my excursions in the narrow, gloomy towers, between great grinning stone-heads, fat cherubs, scaly dragons, and gutters of zinc, or on the pinnacles of the towers, from which was presented a wide prospect over a picturesque landscape.

Sometimes I climbed down in the broad gutter in the middle of the roof, from which nothing was to be seen above but the blue heavens and the swarming swallows, and below, the broad, paved church-square, on which, a hundred and twenty feet beneath, the people crept about like ants

It was during one of these excursions that the event occurred which I will relate, and which thoroughly cured me for several months of my desire for roof-climbing.

I must first inform you that, around the outside of the cathedral, just where the roof terminated, ran a smooth projecting edge, about a foot wide. Under this, considerably lower, just above the great entrance gate, was a huge stone projection, which formerly supported a colossal figure of St. Peter, holding a great iron lantern. The statue had long ago disappeared, and half of the lantern was broken off, so that what was left had the appearance of an arm-chair without legs.

Standing on the stone eaves one day, above this relic of past centuries, the thought suddenly seized me that it would be an amusement of a new and original kind to swing myself down and enjoy my cigar in this fantastic arm-chair.

Without hesitating a moment, I turned around, kneeled down, seized the eaves with convulsive grasp, and the next instant was dangling in mid-air over the abyss, more than a hundred feet from the earth.

As I looked, in this situation, under me at the defective lantern, I found that I was not directly over it—indeed, it was two feet further from the wall than I had thought.

This circumstance, however, caused me little anxiety. Giving myself a swing, by which I easily pressed one foot against the building, I sprang safely into my resting-place in the broken lantern.

Here I sat a long time, smoking my cigar, drumming with my heels on the wall, and complacently enjoying the cool of evening and the magnificent prospect.

The sun was setting before I thought of undertaking my return, which I was especially induced to do by the sight of one or two persons, who were standing below and gazing up at me.

It was not three minutes before quite a crowd of people had gathered about them to enjoy the spectacle of a man sitting in St. Peter's lantern.

"Halloo!" thought I, "it is now time to return! Some one will find out who I am, and then there will be a pretty gossip in the place." But I suddenly became aware that return was not so easy.

My seat was so constructed that I could not rise in the usual way. The sides of the lantern were of smooth iron, and so high that I could get no hold. There was nothing left me but to press my hands upon the seat behind me, raise myself so, and draw my legs after me until they could rest between my hands upon the lantern. Then I could rise to my full height, and turn around on my own axis.

This way of raising yourself every gymnast knows and practices, but every one knows, too, what an exertion of muscular strength in hands and arms is necessary in this procedure, and that any mistake would occasion a failure—perhaps, too, a fall below.

Now, there is a vast difference between a bar erected on level ground, and an iron lantern on the wall of a church a hundred feet high, from which a fall upon the rough pavement must have an absolutely fatal effect.

The more I considered my situation, the less it pleased me, and there I sat and smiled feebly at the multitude below, which increased every moment, ashamed to cry for help, or make known my fear.

"Well," said I to myself, "if I sit here any longer I shall lose every favorable chance to escape. It is ludicrous to become bewildered, like a child that has gone astray in climbing, quite aside from the astonishment that the story must cause, if it comes to the ears of my parishioners and supporters. Up, then! I will close my eyes, and act as if I were performing on the soft turf of my garden."

In the space of a minute I stood on my legs in the lantern, and wondered at my foolish weakness, when I observed,

to my terror, that I still had the most difficult part of my undertaking to perform. Raising my hands above my head to seize the smooth stone eaves, I became aware that they were at least a foot and a half beyond my reach. In vain did I rise on my tip-toes, and stretch out my arms convulsively; it seemed highly probable that I should have to spend the night in this situation.

This was truly no agreeable consideration; for the seat was only just large enough for me to sit upright in it, and if I fell asleep, which was possible, I should be precipitated headlong upon the pavement. Then they could collect my bones the next morning.

At this critical moment I was rejoiced by the appearance of the sexton on the eaves. He had missed me, and had come to seek me.

"Silbermann," I cried, interrupting his exclamations of astonishment, "I am, as you see, in a peculiar dilemma, since I cannot reach the eaves. You must help me. It is no use to bring a rope, since you would not have room to brace yourself. If you bend down, however, and reach me your hand, you can exert your entire strength, and raise me. You are a powerful man, and I am not particularly heavy."

"Oh, sir, I am sure that I cannot lift you!" he replied.

"My good man, you must!" I asserted. "I cannot indeed pass the whole night in this situation, and, moreover, I might pack up my bundle to-morrow immediately, when this stupid story became known. Do not be foolish, therefore, and give me your hand."

In reply the sexton crouched down unwillingly, and stretched out his hand, which I firmly seized with both mine by the wrist, while I swung myself out into mid-air. I felt one or two convulsive jerks, and was drawn up about half a foot, but then at once let down again. He could not raise me.

I looked up. Such a visage as met my gaze, may I never in my life see again! It was pale as death; the protruding eyes stared with the expression of measureless terror into the abyss beneath us, and a cold sweat stood upon his forehead. "Let go!" he cried. "Curse upon you, let go! You will break my arm! I can hold on no longer, and shall be dashed in pieces!"

He wailed like a child, at this moment of extreme peril. My hair rose—my brain reeled. I expected myself every instant to plunge below. My desperation gave me coolness, and I was surprised at the clearness and consistency with which I spoke.

"Silbermann," I said, "listen to me, and cease this unreasonable clamor. I can feel that you are gaining the counterpoise more and more every successive second. If I let go of you I shall perish; if not, we both will, and I assure you that I shall not let go, as long as I can hold on. You had better, therefore, draw me up at once."

I saw that he set his teeth together, and closed his eyes. Then followed a terrible exertion of strength, and I was kneeling upon the eaves. The sexton lay beside me in a deep swoon. I now bore him carefully through the trap-door to the vestry, and gave him water, so that he soon recovered consciousness; but neither of us has ever forgotten that perilous adventure upon the eaves of the church-roof.

As for myself, three months passed by before I again trod this almost fatal place, and you can easily imagine that I avoided St. Peter's lantern like fire.

The sexton kept the secret, assuring inquisitive questioners that an eccentric Englishman, traveling through the country, had taken his seat in the lantern, and this version of the story was currently believed.

Although the gymnastic mania was not entirely frightened out of me by this adventure, it only remained in a modified form, and I have since confined my athletic exploits to places less perilous than the scene of those moments of terror.

## THE CENTURY PLANT (AGAVE AMERICANA).

THE American aloe, commonly called century plant, from the mistaken idea that it flowers only once in a century, has a short stem terminating in a cluster of hard, fleshy, spiny, sharp-pointed bluish-green leaves, which last for years. According to the climate and other circumstances, it attains maturity in from ten to seventy years.

On one and the same day, in the Summer of 1844, each of two plants in the Royal Botanic Gardens, London, was seen to produce a flowering-stem, which resembled a gigantic head of asparagus, and grew at first at the astonishing rate of two feet in the twenty-four hours, till they attained the height of forty feet. So precisely did the twin plants keep pace with each other, that at the very time it was found necessary to make an aperture in the glass roof of the house for the emission of one panicle of flowers (twenty-six feet from the ground), a similar release was needed by the other. The rate of growth then most sensibly diminished; still, in two months, the flower-stalks had attained a height of thirty-six feet! The greenish-yellow flowers were innumerable on the great panicles or cylinders, of perfect symmetry; they produced no seed, but were succeeded by thousands of young plants, springing from the topmost branches; and these continued growing while attached to the stem for a long while after the death of the parent-plants, both of which perished, apparently from exhaustion; the plant always dying as soon as it has flowered.

The native Mexicans make paper, rope, and twine out of the fibre of this tree, and obtain a sugary syrup from the stems, and an oily juice from the leaves, which they use as soap. Baron Humboldt saw a bridge in South America, 131 feet in span, of which the main ropes were made of this fibre.

## THREE FAMOUS STANDARDS.

NO ONE can question the power of a standard. The ensign under which men march has an influence that cannot be explained or measured. Whether the Eagle of Cæsar or of Napoleon, the Crescent of Mohammed, the Raven of the Northmen, the Sunburst of the Irish, or the Blacksmith's Apron of the Persian kings, its very sight has roused men to energy and victory.

We group three standards of world-wide fame: the Labarum of Constantine, the Oriflamme of France, and the standard of Joan of Arc.

The Labarum, or standard of Constantine, was a long pike, intersected by a transverse, with a Greek cross at the top, studded with jewels. This bore on it the X P, the first Greek letters in the name of Christ. These two letters combined appeared also on the purple flag that hung beneath, rough with gold and jewels that glittered in the sun.

This flag was adopted after the apparition of a cross to the emperor. Under this standard he marched to encounter the yet formidable Maxentius. At Saxa Rubra, nine miles from Rome, the two armies met. Constantine, with his wonted rashness, headed his own cavalry in the furious charge which decided the fortune of the day. The cavalry of Maxentius was routed, the infantry of the legions dispersed or annihilated.

The standard of the cross being thus eminently successful, was, of course, to be henceforth the standard of the empire. In the second civil war, Licinius felt and dreaded the power of this consecrated banner, the sight of which, in the distress of battle, animated the soldiers of Constantine with an invincible enthusiasm, and scattered terror and dismay through the ranks of the advancing legions.

The Labarum continued to be displayed in the imperial arms until the emperors ceased to lead them in person. It

THREE FAMOUS STANDARDS.—SEE PAGE 543.

was then deposited as a venerable relic in the palace at Constantinople, where it probably met destruction and desecration at the hands of the soldiers of Mohammed II.

Constantine made choice of fifty men who excelled in strength of body, courage of mind, and exemplariness of piety, and to them he confided the sacred standard. These men were not only distinguished by the honor attaching to their office, but received advantages in respect of rank and emoluments above their comrades.

THE ORIFLAMME.

The Oriflamme (*auri flamme*) was already more than four hundred years old when it became the royal banner of France. King Dagobert, in A. D. 630, gave a flag to the Abbot and Convent of St. Denis. The spear which bore the flag was covered over with gold, or copper-gilt, and the flag itself was without device, long and narrow, ending in three swallow-tails, and of a bright scarlet color. The color typified the blood of the martyrs, especially of St. Denis.

This was the Oriflamme, the distinguishing flag of the Abbots of St. Denis, who, as *ex-officio* Barons of Vexin, caused it to be borne at the head of their vassals when rendering military service in the field.

When Louis le Gros became possessed of the Barony of Vexin, he promised the abbot to adopt the Oriflamme for the royal standard. It first appeared at the head of the French armies in 1124. In 1147 Louis VII. took it from its resting-place over the altar of St. Denis, for the purpose of leading with it his army, about to set forth on the Second Crusade.

On its return from war, the Oriflamme was always restored to its place over the high altar of St. Denis, where it had been first placed by Louis le Gros. Between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries it was carried at the head of the royal armies, although the king was not always present in person. The last time mention is made of it as the Oriflamme is in the history of the battle of Agincourt.

Before leaving Paris, Charles attended solemn mass at the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, and implored a blessing on the French arms. He received from its custodians the sacred banner, and gave it with much ceremony to Guillaume Martel, Sieur de Bacqueville, commending it very earnestly to his safe-keeping.

Among the heaps of the best French chivalry who "larded the plain" was Guillaume Martel, the Oriflamme-bearer. The chronicles give no account of the manner of his death, but it may be safely concluded that he died like a most valiant gentleman, in defense of his most sacred trust.

Since that eventful day the Oriflamme ceased to be borne in the French armies. It remained in the Tower of London till the year 1841, when it was unfortunately burnt in the fire which consumed so many of the national trophies of England.

JOAN OF ARC'S BANNER.

Joan of Arc, after succeeding in persuading the French Council of the truth of her appointment by Heaven, had a banner prepared under her own special direction, the design having been communicated to her, as she declared, by her "Voices," the same which had commanded her to set forth on her extraordinary mission. On a white ground, strewed with *fleurs-de-lis*, was figured the Saviour of mankind, seated on His tribunal in the clouds and holding the world in His hands, while two angels knelt in adoration before Him. The inscription underneath was "Jhesus, Maria."

This banner "the Maid" carried in her own hand whenever she could, saying that though she loved her sword, she preferred her standard forty times before it.

Joan made her first appearance in arms among the French troops assembled at Blois, and immediately entered on her wonderful career. She accompanied the escort of a convoy under the command of Dunois and La Hire as far as Orleans, and was mainly instrumental in throwing supplies into the town. Dunois, resolving to go back to Blois for another convoy, urgently requested "the Maid" to enter Orleans.

Taking with her two hundred lances and the rough but brave La Hire, she embarked close to the English redoubts, and reached the town at night without molestation. The joy and excitement of the Orleannais was unbounded at the sight of their promised deliverer. They pressed round her as she rode in complete armor, on her white charger, through the streets, hoping to touch her armor, her standard, or even her horse, in the belief that they drew blessings from the contact. In this press her banner was like to have met with serious accident. A man with a torch, anxious to be touched by the banner, got so close to the Sire d'Aulon, who was carrying it, that the flame of his torch set fire to the corner of it. Joan, who was riding immediately behind, saw what had occurred, and, spurring forward, seized her precious banner, and extinguished the fire before any great damage had been done.

The fourth day after Joan's entry into Orleans the second convoy from Blois arrived. This day was the first on which "the Maid" and her standard saw actual warfare. Joan having assisted in getting the convoy into the town, retired to her lodgings to rest.

The French captains, jealous of her interference, and doubtful of her powers, omitted to inform her of their intention to attack the English bastile of St. Loup; and when the sally was made, sent her no tidings of it. One of her "Voices" awakened her from sleep, and bade her march out at once against the English. Rapidly arming herself, and loudly reproaching her attendants for not waking her, she ran downstairs and mounted her charger.

In her hurry she forgot her banner, and, being mounted, she sent her page into the house for it.

THE CENTURY PLANT.—SEE PAGE 543.

The boy being longer on his errand than suited her impatience, she called out to him to hand the standard to her out from the window, which was done; and away Joan rode through the streets of Orleans, till she came to the scene of action near the Porte Bourgogne.

Waving her white banner and calling aloud to her countrymen, she exhorted them to follow her in making a second onset. The sight of the heroine revived their courage, and they rallied round her sacred banner with all the energy of devotees. For three hours the battle raged round the

REVENGE AND REMORSE.—"A MAD, FIERCE PANG SHOT THROUGH MY HEART-STRINGS, AS I SAW THEM ALONE IN THE ENTRANCE HALL." SEE NEXT PAGE.

The French, under such leaders as Dunois and La Hire, had made a gallant attack on the English works, but had been as gallantly met, and at the time of Joan's coming up were getting disheartened and beginning to fall back. bastile, fiercely and doubtfully, when a furious assault by the French, headed by Joan herself, proved successful. The place was carried, and almost all its defenders were put to the sword.

At Jargeau, at Patay, at Troyes, the holy banner was conspicuous, and always crowned with victory. At Troyes there were not people wanting to affirm that they saw swarms of white butterflies fluttering about it as it floated from Joan's place in the royal camp.

The next occasion on which the white banner was conspicuous was the coronation of Charles VII. in the Cathedral of Rheims. The king had found little or no resistance after the surrender of Troyes, and in many towns the inhabitants of themselves expelled the hostile garrisons, and tendered their allegiance to their king.

Rheims, the ancient city where the French kings, from Clovis downward, had wont to be crowned, vibrated with the acclamations of a changeable but enthusiastic people, as the king and the "king-maker" passed down the streets. The brilliant throng which filled the cathedral saw with wonder, not unmixed with fear, the fulfillment of the prophecy of the peasant girl of Domremy. She, in a complete suit of knight's armor, excepting as to her head, which was bare, stood by the king's side at the high altar. In her hand was the holy standard, unfurled. Before her were the ministers of the God in whose name she had armed; beside her was the king for whom she had fought; and around her were the representatives of the nation which she had delivered. The holy oil sent down from heaven to Clovis was poured on the head of Charles; the crown was imposed on him; and, with eyes streaming with tears, "the Maid" declared to him that her mission was accomplished.

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# REVENGE AND REMORSE.

## Chapter I.

TO be jealous is to be possessed of a devil, and there is now no pitying Christ in this wicked world to cast out the demon.

Oh, Philosophy, Science, Mankind, States, Legislators! you are ever building asylums for the insane and the inebriate; why do you not build them for the hapless victims of jealousy? Has it not as many as all other insane passions, and are they not just as worthy of your curative restraint and philanthropic efforts at reform? Yet they are passed by unheeded, with no tender pity, but only passing comment or unmerited censure.

I was returning from a two years' tour of travel and study, finished off by a course of medical lectures in Paris. There were but two of us—my sister and myself—and I had hastened home to attend her marriage to an old college friend.

We were early left orphans, in the care of a widowed, childless aunt, who had taken the place of mother in our home and breasts.

The steamer arrived on Saturday, and on Monday I found myself approaching my ancestral home. It was a lovely evening in June, and I leaned from the carriage window to gaze upon the dear familiar scene that was so bright and pleasant a picture.

The sun was slowly sinking amid mountains of purple and golden clouds; the smooth lawn stretched away, like a green velvet carpet, to an abrupt cliff at the river's bank, around which an ornamented rustic fence had been constructed; the water below glittered in the shimmering sunbeams, while the leaves of the grand old linden trees shading the carriage-road rustled musically overhead.

Every detail of that scene is before me now; it was a paradise of love and peace. One moment more, the carriage stopped, and I was clasped in my sister's arms, while there were murmured welcomes.

"Brother—dear brother!"

"Lila! darling sister!"

And then my aunt's voice:

"Frederick, my dear boy! Thank God, you are safely home again!"

These glad greetings over, we turned to ascend the steps of the portico, on one side of which there was a large bay-window that lighted the library. Looking up, I saw, for the first time, framed in the drooping vines that clung around the window, the loveliest picture that man ever gazed upon out of Eden.

Standing upon a low footstool, there was a slender, graceful girl, dressed in deepest mourning, with one arm extended to catch a rich cluster of the purple wistaria that hung over her head. A perfect halo of golden hair fell in loose ringlets over her shoulders, and were tossed back from the uplifted face. Such a face! I held my breath for a moment to look at it. No artist's dream was ever more perfect; it was a living poem, a study for an angel—fair, pure, almost childlike; with the classic outline of a Greek statue, and just a slight flush of the cheeks to brighten the almost transparent complexion. The rare grace of her slender form, the perfect outline of the delicate white arm—there was something almost angelic in the picture she made, like the child Christ of Carlo Dolce. That is the only face I have ever seen that resembled hers.

I stopped involuntarily, caught my sister's arm, and whispered:

"Who is she?"

Lila smiled, and exclaimed, in a low voice:

"Stella Stanley. You've heard auntie speak of her; she is Uncle Frank's niece."

"Yes, I remember now; but when did she come here? Tell me all about it."

"I hadn't time to write; it was just before the time for you to sail. Her mother died; she is an orphan now, like us, Fred. She was left to auntie's care, and has just come from school. You'll like her, she's so lovely."

This was rapidly explained as we entered the house, and then the bay-windowed room, to meet its occupant. She advanced to meet us, as Lila, in her impulsive, girlish fashion led me forward, and exclaimed:

"Stella, this is brother Fred. I have talked so much about him, you know him already; and Stella says we must take her for a sister. I'm willing—arn't you!"

I don't know what I said, but my thought was—she should be Lila's sister if I could make her so in another way. She welcomed me with cordial words rippling from her rosebud mouth, and put the daintiest little mite of a hand in mine, lifting to my face such soft, wonderful brown eyes—they mesmerised me in a moment. We chatted awhile, and then my aunt came to me smiling, and, pointing through the door, said:

"Your luggage has been carried up; it's time to get ready for dinner, Fred, and that French *valet* you have imported is throwing my sober servants into paroxysms of amusement."

That night we sat on the portico in the moonlight, and I drank deep draughts of a new and intoxicating delight from Stella Stanley's exquisite lips and eyes. She was well named, Stella, a star.

The two weeks intervening, before the day for the wedding, passed quickly; we were all so happy—it was like a dream of Utopia.

> "I knew, I knew, it could not last;
> 'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past."

My own heart's wishes deluded me; and I had already began to fancy that I saw the germ of a timid love springing into being at my looks, words, or touch. Lila had men-

tioned they expected a cousin of Stella's to be our guest during the wedding festivities, but I had been too self-abstracted to pay more than passing attention to the announcement. Friends and relatives had gathered until the old house, ample as it was, had been filled.

On the day preceding the one fixed for Lila's marriage, this cousin was to arrive by the evening boat; the carriage had been sent for him, and we were gathered in the library waiting for our expectant visitor, and for dinner. Stella was on a low seat near the bay-window, while I leaned against the casement, looking down into her face. Suddenly it struck me there was an abstraction, an excitement, a half-repressed eagerness in the gaze of her brown eyes that were fixed on the road leading up the avenue to the house.

Her manner had lost its exquisite repose, there was a flutter, a restlessness, altogether unaccountable and unusual. I had hardly taken note of this when the carriage rolled up to the door, and she started from her seat, while a vivid flush dyed the pure pale cheeks, and even sent a rose tint over her fair brow.

She flew from the room with the speed and grace of a fawn, while I followed to meet and welcome him—the man I recognized instinctively to be my rival.

A mad, fierce pang shot through my heart-strings, a furious fiend seemed rending me, as I saw them for one moment alone in the entrance hall, and she was clasped in his arms; there was one quick, passionate kiss, and they turned to meet me, hand-in-hand. I could have murdered him on the spot, and drank his life-blood like a tiger. But I mastered myself then, and went through the conventional greeting with passable cordiality. Her face was all aglow as, with inimitable grace, she said:

"This is my cousin, Charley Forrester;" then turning to me, "and this is Mr. Ridgeley. Then added, laughing, "He is teaching me to call him, as Lila does, 'Fred,' for short."

As she spoke, I made a full survey of the man; he was tall and slight in figure, with a pale and, what women would call, "interesting" face; there was no force of power in it, except a fine pair of dark-gray eyes, and a broad, intellectual forehead, from which the thin, soft brown hair receded already.

They had told me he was a theological student preparing for the ministry—one of those perambulating advertisements of Christianity, labeled with patent virtues, I contemptuously thought.

That evening, and the next day, I was in a worse trance than Dante's "Inferno." Sudden and passionate as had been my dream of love, so was this terrible downfall of my hopes. Every nerve ached with the dull, dreary anguish; every vein was on fire with the fell torture of jealousy. With all the fiery passions of my deep, silent heart, centred on this girl; to see the looks and smiles I hungered for given to another; to lose the one strong love of my life; to know the woman I coveted with the ardent avarice of jealous worship had been won by another; that the joys I thirsted for were given to a rival I hated with all the bitter hate a man feels for the spoiler who has robbed him of his treasure—human words, so weak even when strongest to picture human woe, can never express the agony I suffered.

All that day Stella flitted like a bird or a sunbeam about the house, arranging lights and flowers, and ever near, or at her side, was the pale-browed student.

At last night came, guests arrived in crowds, the old homestead glowed with happy faces.

I had completed my toilet, when Gustave, my valet, came in with a package containing the bridal present for my sister's *corbeille*. It had been delayed accidentally. I hastened to her room; the attendant bridesmaids had not yet entered, but were completing their toilets elsewhere. She was alone with her aunt, and Stella glided in as I entered.

How exquisite she was in the gossamer robes of white that floated around her graceful form like a silver mist—all, except the golden hair! Lila looked up, exclaiming:

"Oh, Stella, how lovely you are!"

"So are you, *ma mignon*. Isn't she, Fred?"

My sister *was* superb in her white satin and lace, with the diamond ornaments given by her lord-elect; but, dearly as I loved Lila, my looks were fascinated by the girl near her.

She held a jewel-case in her hand, and, opening it, displayed a superb pair of bracelets. Stooping to kiss Lila, she said:

"This is my present to you, sister *mia*, with all the love I have," she added, in a low whisper; but I caught the words, "except for Charlie."

I felt as if a dagger had struck me, but I endured the pang silently.

Then she tossed back her floating hair, and laughed, exclaiming:

"Lila, don't I look absurd with my locks hanging down in this Madge Wildfire fashion? But Charlie wouldn't let me curl or braid it; just gave orders it should be 'fancy-free' to-night."

"Charlie! Charlie! curse him," I mentally muttered; but I only laid the jewel-case from my hand on my sister's lap, who opened it, exclaiming at the beauty of a circlet of pearls reposing on its rich velvet bed; then, turning to Stella, I said:

"Wear them for me to-night, they will keep those willful locks in order."

She smiled, and allowed me to fasten the circlet around her head, looking like Undine in her fresh and dewy beauty.

But enough of such scenes; we were soon in the great drawing-room, where the ceremony was performed. Stella stood with me by Lila's request, but she scarcely yielded to the claims of conventional courtesy, and soon glided away to her lover's side, seeking the admiring approval of his glance, the low-murmured words of fond admiration, that I felt *he* bestowed. It maddened me; and, amid the bright lights and bright faces, my heart was black in its seething rage of furious jealousy and bitter hatred.

My duties as host absorbed me considerably for a time, and at last, in moving through the rooms, I noticed that Forrester and Stella had disappeared.

It was a lovely June night, but somewhat sultry, and I stepped out on the portico, and looked beyond into the weird, misty moonlight.

At this moment some one glided with cat-like motion to my side; it was my *valet*, Gustave. There was a baleful gleam in his small dark eyes, a subtle devilishness in his *suave* manner. (The fellow was devoted to me; I had saved his life, and kept him from the galleys while in Paris.) He spoke, in a low tone:

"Monsieur seeks Mademoiselle Stella." He pointed toward the path leading to the summer-house on the cliff above the river. "She is there with *le blond* Monsieur Forrester." Then he muttered, "*Vous êtes sacrifié, il est heureux.*" "I was sacrificed, he was happy;" the Frenchman's words were like oil to a flame.

As I hurried down the gravel-walk, Gustave swiftly followed, keeping, I vaguely noticed, in the shadow of the trees. Within a few paces of the summer-house, I stopped in the black shadow of a tall evergreen, and looked at the pair who were seated on the rustic bench, with the moonlight gathering like a halo around them.

Yes, I looked, as the devil looked into Eden, as Lucifer may have gazed back at the Heaven he had lost. The "serpent nature," that slumbers in us all, rose strong within me. As I gazed, my heart was a very hell of demoniac passions. The silvery moonlight shimmered on her uplifted face that rested on his bosom, and sparkled in the soft eyes that

poured their liquid light into his as he looked into their depths. One arm was around his neck as he held her pressed closely to his heart; he bent his lips to her brow, and twined his fingers in the thick, silky locks of her hair. A low sigh—love's tenderest interpreter—parted her lips, and I heard him whisper:

"Will you love me always, *like this*, Stella, darling; never less tenderly, never less warmly?"

"Charlie, dearest, never! My love is changeless, eternal; indifference, coldness, will *never* come!"

"My love! my darling! Would to God you were mine now; every moment we are parted is a waste of love and happiness."

"What can part us, dear? No power on earth. We love so well, if Death takes one he will strike the other."

"Hush!" he whispered, with a shudder; "don't talk of death; we will live for joy and happiness."

I could not have endured the scene longer—hatred, rage, fury, mastered my self-control; when, at this moment, voices and footsteps sounded on the walk approaching.

They rose from the seat, and turned to look on the river, standing side by side; he glanced down, and leaned forward to look at some object in the dark pool beneath the cliff, as I bounded up the steps, and, catching my foot, stumbled, falling with the full weight of my powerful frame against him. The railing was slight and insecure, it gave way under our united weight, and he fell.

There was a crash, a rattle of loose stones, the crackle of broken bushes, a fierce clutch of the hands as he grasped a small cedar whose roots clung around the rocks, and, for a breathless moment, hung suspended between life and death!

I had grasped a pillar supporting the roof, and caught Stella as, with one wild shriek, she fell fainting to the floor.

In less time than it has taken to tell it, I had recovered myself, and found Gustave at my side.

He pointed down, hissing through his set teeth, "See there! your rival will save himself!"

Placing Stella in his arms, I bent over and looked down.

There he was, still clinging tenaciously to the little tree, supporting himself with one foot on a jutting point of rock; his slight frame, active, agile, muscular as a chamois, a cool head, and strong nerves enabled him to keep the perilous position for a moment; though, unless aid was rendered, it could not be long before he must go to destruction.

At a glance I comprehended all; there was a dumb, agonizing appeal in the pale, set face, and horror-struck eyes, the clinched jaw, and strained nerves.

It was but a breathless instant that his eyes looked up into mine, and he read in them the glare of a horrible hate, the fire of an unquenched vengeance.

Nero, Caligula, Juan the Terrible, may have looked as I did, with merciless cruelty on their tortured victims. All that I have described had passed in a moment—one of those moments that hold the fate of a lifetime—when I was roused by a rush of footsteps.

Stella's shriek was bringing them to the spot; he would be rescued; the tenacious grasp had not yet yielded.

I felt something hard and heavy quickly placed in my hand; and the remorseless Frenchman muttered distinctly in his harsh, hissing voice:

"Strike!"

And I—*struck!*

The stone hurtled down, doing its death-work well. Right in the broad, pale forehead, that gleamed like ivory in the moonlight, it struck with a dull thud. There was a gasp—a convulsive quiver, the hands relaxed, and the body fell, a limp, nerveless heap, down with a dull plash into the deep pool under the cliff.

Again my wily Mephistopheles aided me with his fiendish promptings.

"Scale the cliff over there; it's low; you swim, bring him out; the *ruse* will take."

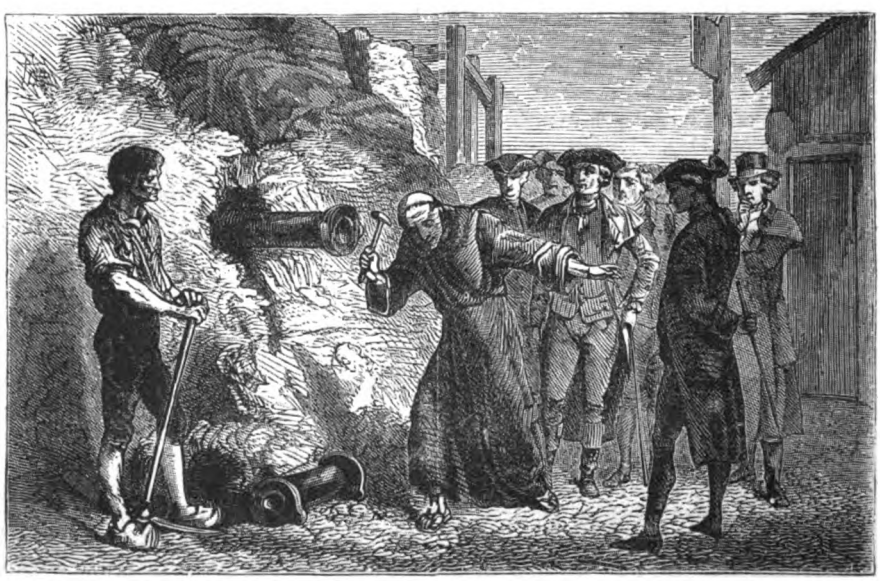
I bounded over the railing on one side, and rushed down; then catching by small trees and rocks, swung myself over where the cliff was low, and reached the river's brink. My light dress-shoes were no encumbrance. I had thrown off my coat as I ran, and plunged recklessly into the deep water, scarcely thinking what I did, but rather obeying some involuntary instinct.

The chill touch of the black waves that closed a moment over my head roused me to intense consciousness. The tide was rising, and the waves dashed angrily against the rock. A faint shriek echoed from the cliff; the moon suddenly shone out from among the drifting clouds, and I saw the phosphorescent light in the deepest, blackest part of the shadowed pool, break into curves of fire that for an instant encircled a dark object, and I knew—*he* was there.

With a few powerful strokes I reached the spot, and grasped the body as it rose, for the last time, above the surface. The strength of ten men had seemed to possess me until now, but there was something in the thing I clutched that paralyzed me. My arms grew nerveless, the tide was strong and menacing; every yard I gained seemed bought with a year of life.

The struggle was fearful, desperate; but at last I neared the shore, where the waves were breaking with sullen exultation. A few more faint, convulsive strokes, and I had caught a rock and dragged myself to the narrow beach, desperately clinching my now lifeless burden.

Strength and consciousness—even life itself—had been spent for a time. There came a sullen, roaring sound in my ears, and, with one cry that echoed on the sobbing night-wind, I sank, exhausted, unconscious, on the sand.



EXPERIMENTS OF AN EARLY TELEGRAPHER.—SEE PAGE 551.

### Chapter II.

With a pang of intense physical suffering and a shuddering sense of some undefined horror, consciousness at last returned. Wearily my eyelids unclosed, and a glance around revealed to my mind all that had transpired.

They had borne me to the house, and I was lying on a sofa in the library—the room where I had first seen Stella. My aunt and a physician were bending over me, applying restoratives, while beyond them there was a group gathered, with frightened faces, around a low couch near the broad bay window. The lights burned dimly, and seemed to flicker in a weird, ghostly fashion, mingled with the moonlight that streamed through the open window, shedding a horrible pallor over the form extended on that couch. There was a ghastly gash across the brow, and blood-spots on the white, fixed face; the eyes had refused to close, and I fancied the glassy pupils were staring stonily at me.

Crouching on the floor by his side, her trailing white robes heaped like a snow-drift around, one slender arm thrown over him, her bright head, with its halo of hair, resting on his breast, was Stella Stanley. The long, silken tresses were tossed in streaming masses, half-concealing his form. Lila bent over the prostrate girl, her young husband's arm supporting her trembling form. Others were near; men and women, with pale faces and dilated eyes, gazing helplessly at the group. Every one seemed paralyzed with terror but my evil genius, Gustave, He was there, too, suggesting restoratives, bringing stimulants—wine, cologne, ice-water, fans, pillows—everything, indeed, that could be thought of or needed. He was ubiquitous, he was invaluable; while, in the same suave, oily tones he knew so well how to assume, he was pouring out admirable explanations of the accident, in mingled volleys of French and English, rolling up his eyes, and gesticulating vehemently all the while.

"*Mon Dieu!*" it was *tres malheureux*—terrible, dreadful! Monsieur Frederick was *un grande hero*—so rash, trying to save *le pauvre* Monsieur Forrester; *mais, mon Dieu, son tête* struck the rock; *pauvre enfant*, it was horrible," etc.

Gustave's elegant assertions were undeniably overwhelmingly convincing.

The physician held brandy to my lips, which I swallowed mechanically; then whispered something to my aunt, and, crossing the room, spoke in low tones to my sister, looking toward Stella:

"We must try to remove her; the body must be examined."

Then, bending down, he took her disengaged hand tenderly in his, and spoke with gentle persuasion:

"Dear child, he is dead; you must leave him to me awhile; it's necessary."

She did not move, or seem to hear what was said; so, laying his hand on her bowed head, he spoke again, more distinctly:

"Stella, my poor child, you *must* leave him now; he is dead."

Then my sister called her name, and a horrible fear that she, too, was dead, for a moment made the faces around blanche still whiter. But the familiar voice seemed to rouse her at last; she lifted her head slowly, and looked up at them. Oh, God! what dumb agony there was in that face; the mute appeal in her great brown eyes was inexpressibly pitiful. Then she spoke, in a shuddering whisper.

"Oh, doctor, don't tell me—he is dead!" and, again bending down to gaze into the rigid face, she murmured, in broken sentences:

"Charlie, dear, it's me—Stella—don't you know me—it's my arms around you, yet—I said I would be yours. My darling, I *am* yours still.' There was a long pause, and she added; "Yes; even in death."

MIRABEAU AT VERSAILLES.—SEE PAGE 551.

There was a gasp, a gurgling sound. Lila shrieked as the doctor lifted Stella's slight form from the floor; blood was gushing from the lips in a dark crimson stream over the white dress, staining the floating hair already damp with his life-tide. They bore her rapidly from the room; a terrible convulsion seized me; and I remember no more of that fearful night of murder and misery.

For awhile life and death fought a fierce battle over me; but, in the end, life conquered. Gustave nursed me with untiring assiduity, winning the confidence and regard of my relatives as well as that of the attendant physician; but I shuddered at his presence, and hated the sight of his hypocritical face. Though the fellow was unprincipled and unscrupulous, I had won all the good feeling that remained in his perverted nature; and he had no doubt supposed I would be as reckless and remorseless as a time-hardened conscience made him. My rival put out of the way, the girl I loved might be won, and the devilish deed forgotten. Gustave adopted the agreeable logic that "the end justified the means," and expected me to do likewise; but my conscience was neither blunted nor yet dead.

My importunate inquiries forced them to tell me that Stella was ill. The shock, the horror, the agony of that fearful night, had resulted in fever and inflammation of the lungs; for weeks her life hung upon a thread. As my strength returned, I would go and sit by her bedside and watch her, though the sight almost drove me mad.

She lay there with her beautiful brown eyes wide open, without sense or thought; only a dull burning glare in the strained eyeballs; her fair brow knit with pain; her cheeks burning with the deep, dangerous fever flush; her long golden hair tossed wildly over the pillows, wet with the ice laid on her temples; her mind all gone into a dull, voiceless unconsciousness, with but one tie linking her to life and reason—the name she murmured faint, low, lovingly still:

"Charlie, Charlie, come back."

Youth and science grappled with the death that hung over her couch, and at last won the victory; the brow grew calm, the flush pallid, the dark lashes drooped wearily upon her cheek, the voice ceased its piteous plaint, her breathing became gentle and even; and at last—she slept.

The doctor, who had been watching every symptom anxiously, turned to the other anxious watchers and spoke softly:

"She will live now."

I involuntarily whispered, "Thank God!" but the words died on my lips—it seemed blasphemy; for between her face and mine there rose another, with a deep, cruel gash across the broad, white brow, its dull, stony eyes staring with menace into mine. That horrible head haunted me day and night; that phantom grew into the semblance of reality; and whenever I approached her it was more strangely startling. Then it would shake its gory locks, while its eyes glared defiance; and sometimes, from the mist surrounding it, a hand came out with its phantom fingers pointing straight toward me.

The thing fixed itself before me; it was a living, voiceless horror—always there; even when I closed my aching eyelids to shut out the sight, it was there still, distinctly as ever.

Revenge was sweet, but remorse worked out its terrible retribution. At night, in my wretched, restless sleep, that fearful face was before me in its pallid, horrible reality; it seemed to bring a legion of devils in its train, trooping in under cover of the darkness. I would dream dreadful dreams of every species of terror, sickness, death, tossing on wild, angry waves, sinking with shipwrecked barks, torn by mad, rushing trains, or rent by wild beasts; and all mingled in a tangled maze of indescribable horror.

It is useless to dwell upon such details—the picture is sufficiently portrayed.

My but partly restored strength gave way; the doctors called the disease by some scientific name, talked of "nervous prostration," and advised change of scene, travel, especially a sea voyage; and I resolved to go, for I longed to put space and distance—even the vast ocean—between me and the place where my crime had infected the very air. Nothing but Stella's illness had chained me here so long. I shrunk from entering the library—the sight of the summer-house on the cliff was a palpable, sickening terror.

Men did not suspect me, for Gustave's *ruse* had taken well; they credited me with trying to save him; no one had a suspicion of the deadly animosity rankling within. He had been there so little; while, in the absorbing excitement of the wedding festival, my love for Stella had not been discerned.

Only the "All-seeing" eye looked under the vail, and tortured me into agonizing consciousness that the "Cain-mark" was upon my brow.

But I resolved that Stella should go, too; and, to this end, readily persuaded my aunt that she equally needed the trip, in which the physician's advice sustained me. And so it was arranged; my sister and her husband, with our good aunt, and the invalid girl, decided to accompany me abroad.

We may change the sky, but the mind will be the same; we may "fly to the uttermost parts of the earth," but our devil (if we are possessed with one) follows and finds us, anywhere, everywhere the unfortunate victim may roam.

But neither sea voyage, nor change, nor tenderest care brought back the lost light of Stella's beautiful eyes, or the health-flush to her pale cheek; the flame of life only flickered for a while—frail, broken, and imperfect. It was added agony to me to see her for whom I had dyed my hands in blood, and blackened my soul with crime, fading, withering slowly away from me. I would have given my miserable life for hers, though sometimes, in mad, reckless defiance of the Deity, I felt I could have snatched her out of Heaven to my arms.

Sad, gentle, patient, uncomplaining, it was pathetic, and pitiful beyond expression, to watch the wan smile that just hovered round her lips in response to some tender token of our love and care; and always, if asked how she felt, the reply would be: "I will be better soon."

The "far-away look" was ever in her eyes, that grew more unearthly each day in their hectic brightness.

To me she was ever kind; my speechless, untiring devotion sometimes winning a word of thanks; but when I dared to touch her, I fancied there was an instinctive shiver; she involuntarily shrank from me even when I braved the horrible menace of the phantom face for one clasp of her hand.

Death dealt gently with her; and one evening, in the softened radiance of an Italian sunset, she *went home with the angels*. Her face was transfigured into unearthly beauty, and, with the last quivering breath, she whispered:

"Bury me—by—Charlie."

I neither wept nor raved, but bore my heartbreak in voiceless agony. They returned home, taking all that was left of her with them; I could not, would not, dared not go.

There was no rest for me this side of the grave; and I wondered sometimes if spirits ever rest, even in eternity.

In Paris I shook off so much of my fate as I could, paying Gustave a liberal sum to leave me; though he earnestly, affectionately pleaded to remain, for he *was* attached to me.

I never saw him afterward, for he did not dog my steps in the style of the conventional villain of stories.

Then I wandered aimlessly, purposelessly everywhere, reckless of life and health, till at last, in the Campagna, I breathed the malarious poison that brought the fatal fever I longed for; and that has laid me here.

The good priest had listened to the dying man's confession, and looked down upon him with infinite pity and a kindly face.

What a wreck of magnificent manhood lay there on that lowly couch; pinched and sharpened though the face might be, it had once been perfect in classic outline and rich coloring. In spite of the ghastly pallor of the cheek, the colorless lips, the sunken temples, the meagre waist of a splendid form, the shrunken limbs still showed what had been their power. The thin hands were once firm and shapely. The great, black eyes, that now glared ghastly from their hollow orbits, with a feverish, despairing, horrified stare, had once flashed superbly in pride, or melted in tenderness. He must have been gloriously beautiful.

And this wreck had been wrought by jealousy, revenge, and remorse—the pitiless fiends that drive so many to misery and destruction.

The look that ached in the dying man's eyes was one of feverish intensity, of agonized longing, of passionate, anxious inquiry; and suddenly raising his hand, he pointed with one thin finger to a corner of the room, and muttered:

"And that Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor,
And my soul from out that shadow, that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—nevermore!"

The good, pitying priest sunk on his knees beside the deathbed, and prayed long and earnestly; then rising, he made the sign of the cross, and held a crucifix before the dying man's eyes; then touched it on his lips, and said:

"My son, thy fate was most miserable, thy lot bitter; but thy punishment was sent thee on earth. May Heaven reward thy sufferings and thy penitence!" and then, extending his hands in the attitude of blessing, he bowed his head and repeated the absolution:

"*In nomine Patri, Fille et Sancti Spiritu, absolvo te!*"

He ceased; the wild, questioning gaze of the dark eyes softened, and changed to one of great joy, and sparkled for a moment with the last fire of life; the man's lips parted in a momentary smile, and, with a sigh that seemed to lift a great burden from his heart, his soul was released from its mortal prison, and soared to the Great White Throne.

## EXPERIMENTS OF AN EARLY TELEGRAPHER.

The electric telegraph has so completely met, and even surpassed, the most sanguine desires of man for the purpose of communicating with his fellow-man, when separated by wide distance of land or water, that all other plans have been abandoned.

Yet there are means of communication—such as speaking-tubes—in large houses, factories, and the like, which still remain in use. The inventor of the speaking-tube was a Cistercian monk, Dom Gauthey.

On the first of June, 1782, he was introduced to the Academy of Science, then sitting in the Louvre. His commanding stature, his mild and winning countenance, his monastic dress, produced an effect which was heightened by his learning and eloquence. He explained his plan of transmitting sound through pipes to any distance, aided by occasional stations for repeating.

To convince all of the feasibility of the plan, he made experiments with the water-pipes just laid from the Chaillot pump. These pipes extended for a distance of eight hundred yards, and the result was eminently satisfactory. Messages repeated at one end were distinctly heard, and strokes on the metal at one end reverberated the whole distance throughout.

The French Government, its resources severely taxed by the recent war with England, recoiled from the expense of laying the pipe, and private subscriptions failed to raise sufficient to establish one of these telegraphs as a private undertaking.

Finding his discovery disregarded in France, he resolved to visit the land of Franklin, and, in 1783, came to America. Here he made known his discovery, and published a prospectus at Philadelphia, inviting subscriptions; but of his future career there seems no trace. It is well to remember that we owe this modern convenience, the speaking-tube, to the forgotten Dom Gauthey.

## MIRABEAU.

### A SENSATION DRAMA.

MIRABEAU represented the intellect, as Robespierre, Danton, Marat, and their associates did the brute force of the Revolution. He was a Titan among the Satyrs, a *Soul* amongst the Yahoos. Had he lived a few years longer, Napoleon's star might never have risen. The incarnate force would have been dangerously rivaled by the incarnate intellect. Nature created him a commander of men. She gifted him with a power of fascination that none, man or woman, who came within its influence could resist. His courage was indomitable—no terror could appal it; it bore him scathless among the surging, howling masses; through the black, polluted stream of the blood-craving mob, who had marked out the very *lanterne* on which he was to expiate the crime of daring to oppose its brutal fury. It saved him from the then unfleshed but ravening tigers of the Jacobin Club, whom he bearded in their very lair, and gave him the power to depart, free and unharmed, amidst the tumultuous acclamations of the very men who hated, had denounced, and foredoomed him.

It is objected that his greatness was theatrical; so was the greatness of Napoleon; so has been, is, and will be, the greatness of all Frenchmen, what *we* more sober-minded men call theatrical. But did Nature create us the epitome, the standard of all human excellence? Is an admixture of dullness an essential ingredient in the composition of greatness? There can be excellence and excellence; great men and great men. Dark sins and vices stained his life, as they have the lives of all great leaders of men who have arisen in the dark and turbulent periods of history. But through a mountain of flesh burst forth rays from a great soul within. The genius of Mirabeau was gigantic, so were his vices; he was not of the common herd; their virtues were not his virtues, and if he were akin to them in their vices, it was on a vaster scale. Therefore it is hard to judge him by the standard of other men. As well bring the laws that govern the vegetation of a northern wood to measure the gigantic growths of a tropical forest. His nature was a tropical soil, producing the brightest flowers and the grossest weeds; luscious, healthful fruits and deadly miasmata. Can we blame the soil, for that the fiery sun thus breeds beauty and corruption side by side; the fiery sun, that it looks not down upon the plains of India with the same mild, attempered face that it gazes upon the green fields of England? Thus hath a mysterious Wisdom willed it; and thus did a mysterious Wisdom form the nature of this man, that he

might become a mighty power to effect a mighty work. This is no sophistry, no plausible excuse for vice, no vail thrown down enticingly for some weak sinner to pounce upon and wrap himself in its folds. A Mirabeau appears but once in ages, and though to him such a vail *may* be shadowy, to all others it is transparent as an Indian gauze.

This daring fearlessness, this bearding of power, these resistless, volcanic passions, had been transmitted to him in the blood of a long line of ancestors—in the blood of the Riquettis or Arrighettis, who were exiled from Florence, their home, about the year 1267, for some Guelph or Ghibelline feud—in the blood of the Riquetti who, in performance of some vow, chained together two mountains of the Basses Alps of Provence—in the blood of men who had dared to beard the Grand Monarque himself—in the blood of women, fierce and intractable as their lords.

Think of all these fiery bloods boiling in the veins of one man, and then fancy repressing this ebullient liquid within the freezing proprieties of every-day life! The Riquettis, after their expulsion from Florence, settled in Provence, and founded the castle of Mirabeau.

The father of our Mirabeau dwelt on his estates at Bignon, between Sens and Nemours. He was a harsh, pedantic man, the author of certain philosophical works and theories of Political Economy, which obtained for him the title of the 'Friend of man.' He wrote Liberalism and acted Despotism—a common case. He had a Procrustean system into which he desired to fit all men, great or little, cold or hot. Wholly possessed by this idea, he saw in Gabriel from his cradle, not a living entity gifted with free will and independent brain, but so much clay to be molded into the form the paternal will chose to select, and so much intelligence was to be breathed into this clay as he chose to emit from his all-comprehending mind. But no twisting and torturing, pulling or squeezing, could make his inductile, compressionless issue fit this inelastic system. Consequently he regarded him as some intractable machine that would not work according to certain preconceived principles, and must therefore be hammered and bent, and, if necessary, broken up as useless lumber unfit to exist. From this incompatibility of ideas between father and son, arose those cruel persecutions that blasted the whole life of the latter.

With this brief prologue I will raise the curtain upon the first act of the drama.

Gabriel Honoré de Riquetti, Count de Mirabeau, was born at Bignon in the year 1749. He came into the world with a deformed foot, tongue-tied, two teeth cut, and a head of prodigious size. Nature from the first stamped him an abnormal being. At three years old he was attacked by smallpox, and in consequence of some quack ointment applied by his mother, his face was scarred, furrowed, seamed by the hideous disease. From his earliest childhood the marquis seldom spoke of him, save in terms of bitterness and degradation; every childish fault was magnified into a heinous sin. Of kindness he received none, his tutor and all who approached him were instructed to apply only rigor and harshness. And yet every one loved him.

But this father was not wholly insensible of the talents of his son. The following passages extracted from his correspondence with the Bailli of Mirabeau, his brother, are remarkable as the grudging evidence of a hostile witness.

"Vices have infinitely less room in him than the virtues. . . . At the bottom, here was perhaps in all France the man least capable of deliberate wickedness. . . . You cannot speak to him reproachfully, but his eyes, his lips, his color testify that all is giving away; on the other hand, the smallest word of tenderness will make him burst into tears, and he would fling himself into the fire for you. . . . A spirit cross-grained, iracund, fantastic, incompatible, tending toward evil before knowing or being capable of it. An intellect, a memory, a capacity that strike, astonish, and frighten you."

While Gabriel was yet a youth, his father and mother separated, in consequence of a woman named De Pailly, with whom the former contracted an illicit connection, and whom he at length brought beneath his own roof. This occasioned a lawsuit between husband and wife, which extended over several years, and ended in the defeat of the marquis. At the age of fifteen the boy quitted the wholesome atmosphere of this moral nourishing home and entered the military school at Paris, under the sobriquet of Peter Buffière (Buffière was the name of a family estate), not being permitted to retain even his ancestral cognomen. Here he became an "Admirable Crichton," mastering Greek, Latin, English, Italian, German, Spanish, music, etc., and excelling in all manly sports. We next find him a volunteer in the Marquis de Lambert's regiment. He loses forty louis at play, and successfully rivals his captain in the affections of an archer's daughter at Saintes. Caricatures of his ugliness, and all kinds of petty tyranny, are the penalties of his amorous success. He flies to Paris, takes shelter with his brother-in-law, M. de Saillant, who hands him over to the military authorities; there is a trial by court-martial, and the delinquent is sentenced to a short confinement.

So far he has done nothing more than hundreds, nay, thousands, of young men, who afterward became respectable fathers of families and members of society, have done, are doing, and always will do while the world revolves. But the marquis proceeds to act as though he has leaped beyond the confines of human laws. By a *lettre de cachet* he consigns him to the prison of the Isle of Rhé, while he revolves in his paternal mind the expediency of shipping him off to Surinam, and trusting to a pestilential climate to destroy the incubus. To this he is urged by Madame de Pailly, who is destined through life to be Mirabeau's evil genius. A little time, and he has won the heart of the governor of the prison to such an extent that he becomes a warm interceder with the marquis for his son's pardon. Thanks to such friendly offices, he is released and presented with a sub-lieutenancy in the Legion of Lorraine, sees active service in Corsica, fighting, much against his will, against Paoli and the patriots. He writes a history of the war, his first effort in literature. Upon his return to France he receives permission to visit his uncle, the Bailli of Mirabeau. The impression he produces upon this pre-hostile relative is best described in the following extracts from the Bailli's letters to the marquis:

"I found him ugly, but he has not a bad physiognomy; and he has behind the ravages of smallpox, and features which are much changed, something graceful, intellectual, and noble. . . . He appears to have a sensitive heart, and as for wit, the devil has not so much. I repeat to you, either he is the most consummate humbug in the universe, or else he will be the best subject in Europe for a naval or military commander, for a minister, a chancellor, the Pope; in short, anything he pleases. You were something at twenty-one, but not half what he is. . . . We have found in him some vivacity and fire, but not one word that did not denote uprightness of heart, elevation of soul, power of genius, all, perhaps somewhat exuberant."

The marquis's only answer was to bid "the wolf cub" read the "Économiques" and "Éphémérides" (his own works). But Gabriel had a supreme contempt for his father's books and theories, which may account for some of the parental dislike.

He remains with his uncle six months, during which, says the latter, "he used up my eight months' stock of paper in as many weeks." But the Bailli never ceases importuning until the father consents to a conciliatory interview with the refractory machine. Now comes a transient gleam of happi-

ness. Gabriel is permitted to assume the name of Mirabeau, and, during the Winter, is the lion of Paris; is admitted to the first circles, and fascinates *la monde*, old and young, male and female. Even the old marquis is proud of his triumphs.

In the midst of this intoxicating period occurs one of the noblest episodes of his life. There is a dearth on the estates, the peasants are famishing; he forsakes for a time the gay world, and throws himself heart and soul into plans for their relief—he prevails upon his father to employ the starving people; he works with them, cheers them on to exertion, and even partakes of their coarse fare.

MIRABEAU.—"GO, TELL YOUR MASTER THAT WE ARE HERE BY THE POWER OF THE PEOPLE, AND NOTHING BUT THE FORCE OF BAYONETS SHALL DRIVE US HENCE."

In the year 1772 he marries the daughter of the Marquis de Marignan. Their joint income is £475 (the wife's £125, the husband's £250), and Gabriel's debts £3,000! Upon this £475 they commenced housekeeping at Aix—not a very considerable sum for the offshoots of two marquises to live upon. More debts accumulate, and they retire to the castle of Mirabeau to economise; but the old place is not habitable for a lady, and fresh expenses are incurred to render it so. Creditors pressing hard, Gabriel importunes his father for money; the "Friend of Man" answers his importunities by a *lettre de cachet*, which banishes the troublesome pauper to the small town of Manosque. Here he writes his celebrated "Essay on Despotism," and here his wife thinks fit to commence a flirtation with a cousin. A challenge follows; but the cousin's father pleads for his son's life, urging that he has been sufficiently punished for his love-making, as it has caused an eligible match to be broken off.

On hearing this, all Gabriel's anger vanishes, and sympathy takes its place. Regardless of his sentence of banishment, he gallops off to the parents of the lady, and exerting his old fascination, pleads so successfully for the offender, that he succeeds in putting the arrangement upon its old footing. Riding back, he encounters the Baron de Villeneuve-Moans, who, a short time previously, insulted his sister, Madame de Cabris; he demands satisfaction, is refused, and settles the matter by horsewhipping the baron. Another *lettre de cachet* for having violated his sentence of exile, buries him a prisoner in the Château d'If, tearing him from the wife and child he will never again behold upon earth. Very little cares the wife for this separation; he begs her to share his captivity, but she prefers enjoying freedom at Aix.

The old story—the governor of the château became his friend, and interceded with the marquis for his freedom. "Since Monsieur le Comte de Mirabeau has been detained at the Château d'If," he wrote, "he has never given any one the least cause of complaint, but has always conducted himself extremely well; he has sustained, with the utmost possible moderation, the endeavors that I have several times made to try his temper; and he will carry away with him the esteem, the friendship, and the respect of all in the place."

Unfortunately, an amour with the wife of a cantinier gave an excuse for his removal from If to the Château de Joux, a fortress situated upon the summit of one of the Jura Mountains, amidst eternal snows and mists. To render such a situation more unendurable, "The Friend of Man" reduced his allowance from two hundred and fifty to fifty pounds a year.

"Let me pray you to relieve me from this terrible state of fermentation," he wrote to his uncle from this mountain prison. "That energy which can accomplish all things becomes turbulent, falls back upon itself, and may become dangerous when it has neither object nor employment. Do they wish to drive me into madness or frenzy? I feel my health sinking. The more I try to calm my whirling brain the more I suffer."

And upon this passionate wail let me drop the curtain and end the first act.

As the gates of the gloomy Alpine prison close behind him, so do they shut him out forever from the herd of men—henceforth *respectability* shall shun him as plague-spotted, and even the easy-going folks of the world look askant upon him. When he reappears upon the stage it will be as an outcast, a branded man.

The second act opens with one of the saddest of romances.

The curtain rises upon the town of Pontarlier. It is a high holiday, and the stage is crowded with the orthodox, joyous peasantry; the bells are ringing merrily, and all to celebrate no less an event than the coronation of Louis XVI. M. St. Mauris, the Governor of Jouz, is chief director of these festivities, and being a man of some vanity, he is anxious that France shall know something of them. Mirabeau being a literary man, and at this time on parole, is selected as the only available person capable of holding Mr. Governor up to the admiring eyes of the nation.

Every festive day of this last reign of the *ancien régime* was marked by some fatalism, some boding shadow. Most terrible of all that death-dealing marriage day. Most singular of all, that in a remote corner of the kingdom there should be imprisoned a man who, through the rejoicings upon that coronation day, should drift into an act destined to thrust him into a perpetual war with society—a war never to end until he had subverted that society and overturned the very throne the advent of whose last possessor he was called upon to celebrate. Here is a chain of fatality wider and more inscrutable than poet ever dreamed.

It was at this festival that Mirabeau first met Sophie Monnier. Her history previous to this day was a sad but common one. Her parents, the De Ruffeys, were stern ascetics, who gave her at eighteen the choice between a convent and a marriage with the Marquis de Monnier, a man of seventy-one years old. She chose the Marquis, and had been married four years, a wife only in name, when she first met Mirabeau at Pontarlier on that fatal coronation day. They were introduced, and Mirabeau afterwards became a constant visitor at the Marquis's house. She was young, beautiful, passionate, and imaginative; he—ardent, poetical, terribly ugly, yet fascinating beyond all men on record. She—the unhappy subject of a forced unnatural marriage, united to a man she loathed; he—coupled with a woman who had refused to share his captivity, and between himself and whom there existed no bond of sympathy. Both immured in that desolate Alpine region, cankers eating into their hearts—cankers fed by brooding and solitude, the hapless pair became desperately enamoured of one another. Sophie saw not the ugliness of the outward husk, but adored the soul that looked out of the eyes. After all, it is not so much beauty of form that enthrals a woman's heart as some real or imaginary point of sympathy—a something to reverence, a something apart from the prosy level of everyday life, for commonplaces are hateful to women in *love;* your brainless, pretty men can fascinate only giggling, bread-and-butter-eating girls.

Mirabeau soon perceived the precipice to which both were hastening; he did not yield to the temptation, *but fled from it.* One thing alone could save him—the presence of his wife. To her he wrote a wild, passionate letter—*nothing concealing,* and imploring her, in the name of Heaven, to come to him and save him from himself. And within the castle walls, never once seeking Pontarlier, did he await the answer. At last it came—a few freezing lines, simply stating that *she regarded such a request as madness!* Renounced by father and wife, no friend in the wide world, and only one heart that beat for him, in his solitude, his misery, his bitterness of soul, to that heart he fled; and sin and destruction abode there side by side with love.

"If it was a crime not to have resisted so powerful a seduction," he says, "it was not the crime of my will. I regarded from the first with affright the passion that fermented in my bosom. I forced myself to resist the temptation." M. de Monnier seems to have been unsuspicious, probably on account of his guest's ugliness, until he was cautioned by St. Mauris, a senile admirer of Sophie's, who, it seems, had himself once entertained secret, although perfectly unfounded, hopes. Finding a copy of the "Essay on Despotism" in some goods that had been sent to Mirabeau, and finding that he had issued a promissory note, which, being a prisoner, he had no right to do, he withdrew his parole, and ordered him to return from Pontarlier with the

intention of confining him in the tower of Grammont, a part of the castle noted for its horrors. Mirabeau refused to return, and contrived to escape into Switzerland. But a few days afterwards, under the cover of night, he stole back to the town and obtained secret interviews with his beloved. They were discovered. Sophie fled to her parents; Mirabeau followed her, was arrested and cast into prison by the order of the De Ruffeys, who then sent their daughter back to him who was called her husband.

Another governor won over by this bewitcher of man and woman, an escape connived at, and he is free once more. With his heart full of one thought, one object, he recrosses the Alps—the great St. Bernard, for Sophie has written to him thus passionately:—"Hear me, *my husband*, I can no longer endure this state of suffering. Let us unite ourselves, or let me die. To live separate from thee is to die a thousand deaths daily. After what we have done we cannot recede; let us hasten, therefore, to render ourselves happy. Thyself is all I ask; all destinies will seem sweet to me if I but share thy fate and quit thee never."

One dark night, disguised in male attire, she leaps over the garden wall, and they fly together; and, after being hunted like wolves by the De Ruffey and the "Friend of Man" myrmidons, at last take shelter in Holland. Writing of this event thereafter, he says:—"Madame de Monnier had only myself for a resource, she was compromised and laid open to ruin by my fault. Should I have abandoned when I could defend her? After leading her to the very edge of the abyss, should I have precipitated her into it? I had been then a prodigy of cowardice, a monster of ingratitude; in that case I should have merited my fate, I should have been the vilest of men. The bare idea makes me shudder. She claimed my assistance and the performance of my oaths. I flew, I ran, I traversed the Alps, and she came then and delivered herself up, undoubting, to my honor and my truth."

The deed was a sinful breaking of God's laws, a defiance of a great commandment; but were Mirabeau and Sophie the only sinners? What of the father who had forgotten his paternal duty, the wife who had forgotten the vows she made at the altar? But, above all, what of the mercenary parents who had sold their child, sold her as vilely as ever Circassian slave was sold, laid perjury upon her soul by compelling her to vows that had no response in her heart, and who blasphemed God by asking blessings upon what was accursed? What of those who had bartered for gold youth, beauty, and soul to driveling, lewd old age?

For nine months they resided at Amsterdam, Mirabeau writing hard for the booksellers; she sewing and doing household work. If ever romance existed in a garret, it was there. In the meantime, the Bailiwick of Pontarlier had, in his absence, indicted Mirabeau of abduction and robbery, beheaded him in effigy, condemned him to pay forty thousand livres, and doomed Madame de Monnier to perpetual imprisonment. The "Friend of Man" and the De Ruffeys now made common cause, and joined together in the manhunt. Negotiations with the Dutch Government terminated in the arrest of Mirabeau, and his consignment to the prison of Vincennes, while Sophie was confined in St. Pélagie. Ah, what a cruel parting that was! What burning tears, what agonized clinging, what heartrending, what a world of misery!

Three years and a half was Mirabeau imprisoned in Vincennes. Wild, passionate, burning epistles passed between the sundered lovers. It was a new Abelard and Heloïse. Reams of entreating letters did he write to the "Friend of Man," but all remained unanswered. No allowance was made him; even within the prison walls was he compelled to labor with his pen for mere bread—and the labor brought him scarcely that. Want, raggedness, and disease crowned the marquis's good work; and yet, *never during all this unprecedented cruelty and oppression did one harsh word against his father fall from his lips or rise in his heart!* Filial honor and respect he never failed in. There was something of the SPIRIT of Christianity in this wild debauchee, after all.

At length, wearied out by importunities, the marquis consented to his son's release. Abelard flew at once to Heloïse, but in this case absence had not made the heart grow fonder; jealousy had been at work with both. They met, but to quarrel, and to part forever. In the year 1786, when Mirabeau was swaying the destiny of France, Sophie was lying dead—poisoned by the fumes of charcoal—a suicide! After her husband's death she had been liberated from the convent in which he had placed her. In the course of time she was betrothed to a gentleman who had fallen deeply in love with her. On their marriage-eve he died; and then, worn out with sorrow and tribulation, she ended all!

But to resume. On his release from Vincennes, instead of guarding his precious liberty, Mirabeau, with the most consummate daring, gave himself up a prisoner to the Bailiwick of Pontarlier, in order to procure a reversal of the sentence pronounced against himself and Madame de Monnier. After long and eloquent pleading, the bailiwick offered to cancel that portion of the sentence which appertained to himself alone. This he scornfully rejected, resolved to free the partner of his error equally with himself. A few months more of imprisonment and fiery speech-making, and he was victorious. *At this time he and Sophie had parted forever*, consequently the labor and sacrifice were purely magnanimous.

This task was no sooner accomplished than our never-tiring Hercules rushed, vigorous as ever, upon a new labor—the recovery of his wife. The lady, preferring wealth, comfort, and lovers to penury, hardship, and a husband, refused to return to her lord, and in this determination was supported by the all-powerful influence of her family, who took every precaution to prevent a meeting between them, wrote the answers to his appealing letters, and at last returned them unopened. Baffled in entreaty, he appealed to law. The cause was tried at Aix; and France discovered that a hitherto unknown genius was in the land. Day after day did he plead with a wondrous eloquence, the echoes of which reverberated through the length and breadth of the kingdom. Day after day was the court-house crowded with lords and ladies, peers and peasants; multitudes, unable to obtain admission, gathered upon the roof, others scaled the walls and smashed the windows, in the hope that some sound, though ever so low and meaningless, of that whirlwind oratory might reach their ears. But Mirabeau was defeated. Court influence was too powerful to be uprooted even by such a sirocco of words.

Still he was not silenced. Taking with him a child of two years old, thereafter to be celebrated as his *fils-adoptif* and biographer, whom he had adopted, probably for cogent reasons, he repaired to Paris and appealed to the Court of Cassation to reverse the Aix decree. The appeal was rejected. This was the last effort that he made to regain his marital rights.

This admirable wife survived her husband several years. After his death she grew sentimental over his memory; was ever reciting his praises; weeping over his souvenirs; passed her time playing his favorite airs, and ended by dying in the same room and on the same bed upon which he had expired!

Fiercely indignant at the rejection of his appeal, he wrote a virulent pamphlet against the Keeper of the Seals. An order was issued for his arrest; to avoid which he fled the country, and took refuge in England. It was during this sojourn in Paris that he first met Henrietta Amelia Van Haren, a beautiful girl of nineteen; she fell passionately in

love with this extraordinary being, and was the faithful companion of his wanderings, privations, and misfortunes during several years. "She was full of grace and modesty," says Dumont, "and would have been an ornament to virtue had she never seen Mirabeau; and no one, perhaps, was ever more deserving of indulgence and commiseration."

He seems to have been greatly impressed by English scenery, English laws, and English people. He took up his abode in Hatton Garden, and was soon received upon friendly terms by Samuel Romilly, Lord Peterborough, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and the distinguished members of the Liberal party. His most ardent desire was to see the French possessed of a constitution modeled upon that of England; and his grand, all-comprehending mind grasped all the advantages that would accrue to both countries from a close alliance, a policy that he strenuously advocated to Talleyrand even upon his death-bed.

At the end of nine months he returns to Paris. No sooner arrived than his irrepressible pen involves him in new turmoils and troubles. He attacks stock-jobbing in a fierce pamphlet against the Bank of Discount, and other powerful bodies in an article upon the Water Companies of Paris. In a little time he is compelled to retire once again—this time to Berlin. He is well received by the Great Frederick. But in a few months he is back in Paris. Then, thanks to the good offices of Talleyrand, he returns to Prussia accredited with a secret mission. After a time his pride rebels against his equivocal position; he demands a more avowed one; the demand not being complied with, he throws up the appointment in disgust, and with his usual fierce impetuousness, and with much wrongheadedness, publishes the entire correspondence under the title of "The Secret History of Berlin," the most dishonorable act recorded against him. Justly incensed, Talleyrand never forgave this disgraceful breach of confidence until Mirabeau lay upon his death-bed.

The news of the convocation of the Notables brought him back to Paris, with the hope of obtaining the appointment of secretary; but this hope was disappointed. More denunciation of stock-jobbing, then back to Prussia. Upon hearing that the edict for the assembling of the States-General had gone forth, he returned to his native land—never again to quit it.

About this time the Government seems to have made overtures to him to use his pen in its defence, but only in a secret and subaltern way. Mirabeau, who perceived that his hour was approaching, although at the time in a state of positive destitution, refused these offers. "Leave me in my obscurity," he said. "I say in my obscurity, because my design is to remain there invariably until there follows to the tumult wherein we now are a regular order of things: and until some great revolution—be it good or be it evil—commands a good citizen always accountable for his vote, and even for his talents, to elevate his voice. *That revolution cannot tarry.*"

The time came at last. The Notables, his own order, rejected him. Then he appealed to France as a candidate for the *tiers état.* Two towns, Aix and Marseilles, simultaneously elected him; he accepted Aix. His reception in each town was tremendous. Men formed themselves into a voluntary body-guard; the acclamations of thousands attended his steps; every house was illuminated; and, yet grander proof of his power over men's minds, he at the same time quelled a bread riot by the mere force of his eloquence.

And so let me drop the curtain upon the second act of this marvelous drama.

The third and last act opens with a grand sensation scene—the place, Paris—the time, the 4th of May, 1789—the characters upon the stage, the members of the States-General marching from the Church of St. Louis to the Chamber of Legislature. Ringing of bells, crowds of citizens, joyous acclamations, and here is Mirabeau as he appeared to the brilliant authoress of "Corinne." "Considerably above the height of Frenchmen, that height was rendered doubly striking by the colossal formation of every limb, and his chest and shoulders were widely expanded, and, indeed, unnaturally broad. His head was immense, and from it there hung in wild profusion a forest of black hair. His eye, large and rolling, beamed with the fire of passion and genius; his face borrowed new expression from its very ugliness; his whole person gave you the idea of an irregular power, but a power such as you would figure in a tribune of the people."

For a time his colleagues treated him with insult and disdain; when the list of deputies was read, his name was received with hootings; when he attempted to speak, loud murmurs silenced him. His revenge was to issue, in a journal entitled "The States-General," a lampoon, in which he compared the deputies to an assembly of school-boys giving way to servile and indecent mirth; to wild asses, who had obtained from nature no other faculty than that of kicking and biting. "In a week, my dear friend, you shall see me more powerful than ever," he said to Dumont. "They must come to me, when they find themselves about to be overwhelmed by the tempest they have themselves raised."

These prognostics were speedily verified. The decree of the National Assembly was annulled, and the deputies, expelled from the Palais de Justice, adjourned to the famous *Jeu-de-Paume,* or Tennis Court, and swore never to separate until they had obtained a Constitution. Mirabeau spoke so energetically upon the occasion that even his greatest enemies began to regard him as a giant whose strength had now become necessary to them.

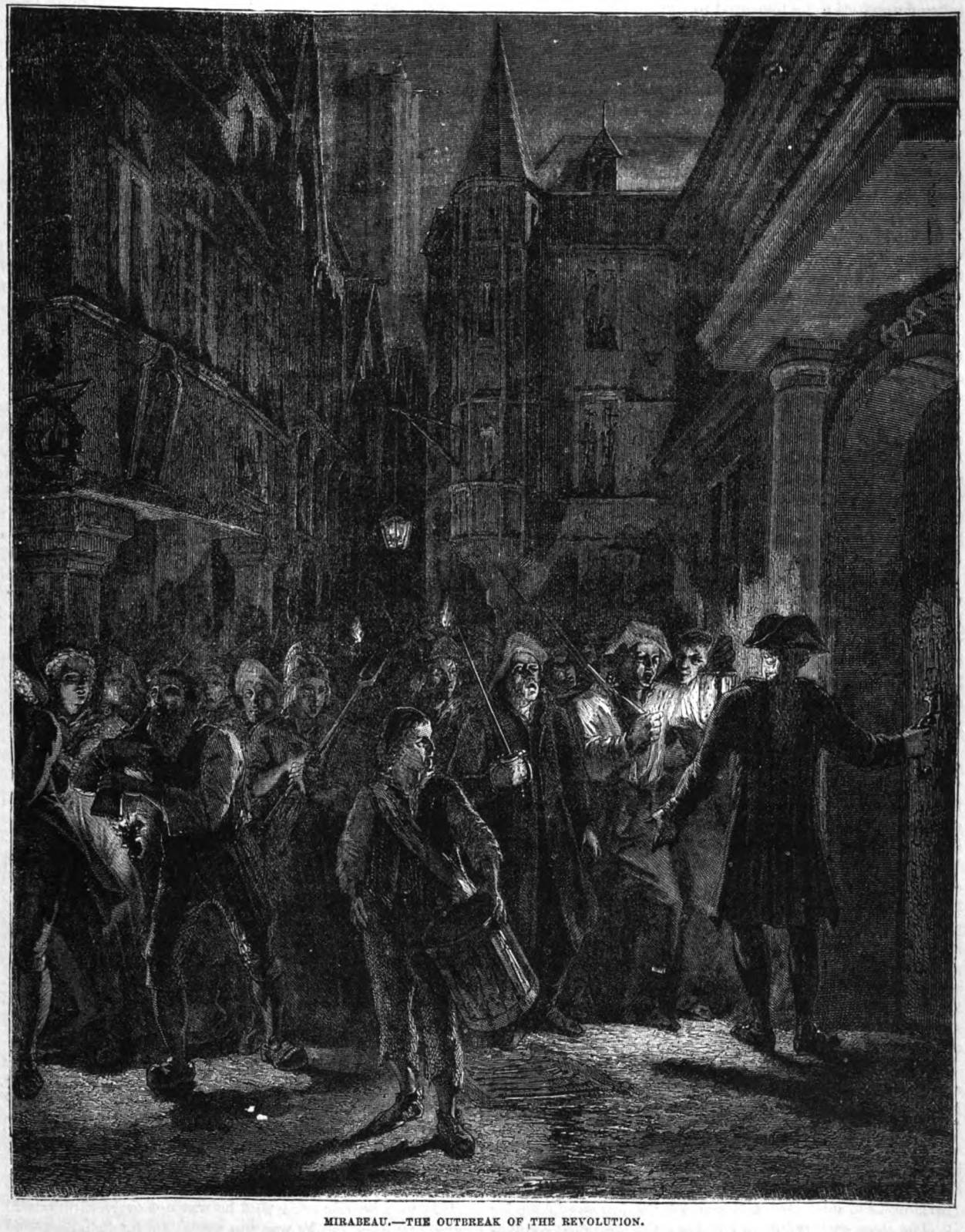
But this was only the beginning of his triumph. A message was brought down from the king ordering the Assembly to dissolve. There was a dead silence; no one spoke, but each man, pale and dismayed, looked into his neighbor's face and saw there the reflection of his own fears. Another moment and the Revolution would have been indefinitely postponed, when Mirabeau sprang to his feet: "Go tell your master," he cried, to the bearer of the king's message, "that we are here by the power of the people, and nothing but the force of bayonets shall drive us hence!" Then, in a "speech of fire," he reminded the deputies of their oath. The effect was electrical. Despondency gave place to the wildest enthusiasm. It was the turning-point of the Revolution, and henceforth Mirabeau was its king.

Yet he never desired to overthrow the monarchy; he was a reformer but not a destroyer, the champion of moderation, the enemy of excess. He opposed the States-General assuming the title of the National Assembly without the sanction of the king. "For myself, gentlemen," he said in his speech upon the veto, "I consider the sanction of the king so indispensable, that I would much rather reside at Constantinople than in France if it did not exist. I declare I know nothing more terrible than an aristocracy of six hundred self-constituted men, who to-morrow would declare themselves permanent by engulfing all things."

Three days before the fall of the Bastille there died at Argenteuil the old Marquis of Mirabeau. In his last days a revelation of the great genius of his son seems to have been vouchsafed to him. With no memory of past wrongs dwelling in his heart, that son tended his last days with truly filial tenderness. Prejudiced writers have attributed the destruction of the Bastille to Mirabeau's machinations; but this could scarcely be, for several days before that event he was at Argenteuil, and on the day of the fall he was superintending his father's funeral. Dumont, by no means a prejudiced partisan of his, also distinctly and emphatically acquits him of any share in the previous disturbances.

His popularity soon became prodigious. The *Poissardes,*

who thrust themselves into the Assembly, would scarcely listen to any other speaker. "Make that babbler hold his tongue," they cried. "Let our little mother, Mirabeau, speak; we should like to hear him." But Mirabeau never pandered to popularity on such occasions, never forgot his dignity. All Europe was filled with his fame. At the Assembly every eye was directed in search of him amongst his colleagues; each was happy at having heard him speak, and his most familiar expressions were treasured as apophthegms. In eloquence he had no rival; his speech was a torrent that bore down all before it, sweeping away men's minds whithersoever it listed. When he rose in the tribune, and the sublime tones of his voice rang through the hall, the greatest there sank into insignificance, into nothingness. His activity and powers of mind were prodigious. "Had any one offered him the elements of Chinese grammar," Dumont



MIRABEAU.—THE OUTBREAK OF THE REVOLUTION.

says, "he would no doubt have attempted a treatise on the Chinese language. I am confident he would have undertaken even to write an encyclopædia." He studied a subject whilst he was writing upon it. Nothing was lost to him; he was ever collecting anecdotes, conversations, notes, information—all to be treasured for future use.

"Had I not lived with Mirabeau," to again quote Dumont, "I should never have known all that could be done in a single day, or rather in an interval of twelve hours. A day was of more value to him than a week or a month to others. The business which he carried on simultaneously was prodigious; from the conception of a project to its execution there was no time lost. To-morrow was not to him the same impostor as to most other men. Conversation alone could seduce him from his occupations, and even that he converted into a means of work; for it was always at the end of some conversation that active labor was begun and writings prepared." "Monsieur le Comte," said his secretary to him one day, "the thing is impossible." "Impossible!" exclaimed Mirabeau, starting from his chair; "never again use that blockhead of a word in my presence."

He was the most delightful of companions; his powers of fascination have been before commented upon. No one could maintain coldness or reserve toward him; with the utmost freedom and disregard of social forms he was yet, however, the most perfectly polite and well-bred of aristocrats. Society was still a little shy of him—a few months later he was its god. The affair of Sophie Monnier had shocked its prejudices. That is to say, the *elopement*. Had the unhappy pair stopped short of that act, they might have been as adulterous as they pleased, and society would merely have shrugged its shoulders and smiled. But to *run away* with a man's wife—oh, that was shocking!

But Mirabeau was not insensible to the dark stains with which his youthful sins had tarnished the brightness of his life. "There were moments," says Dumont, "when he would have consented to pass seven times through the heated furnace to purify the name of Mirabeau. I have seen him weep with grief, and heard him say, with almost suffocating sobs, 'I am cruelly expiating the errors of my youth.'"

He had an instinctive enthusiasm for all that was great and noble, which he never suffered to be obscured by his vices. His discrimination was marvelous. His luminous thoughts and fiery eloquence imparted a splendor to whatever subject he spoke or wrote upon. He knew, as it were intuitively, the feelings of the people whom he addressed. When in the tribune no insult, no turmoil, no interruption could move him; he was always dignified, always master of himself and of the situation. His foresight was amazing, prophetic; there seemed to exist no political enigma which he could not solve. His prophecies, and they were many, always came to pass. He needed no spies to watch the movements of his enemies, his own sagacity ever divined them; and it was said that there was not a man in the Assembly the sum of whose conduct did not correspond with the dictum which Mirabeau had pronounced upon him.

The Jacobins, jealous of his genius and his fame, were always his foes. They voted for his appointment to the Presidency to silence him—the President could not speak from the tribune—and to cast him into the shadow. Never were hopes more falsified. The new position developed in him new talents. He introduced into the proceedings of the Assembly an order and a clearness undreamed of before. He simplified all forms, and could by a few words render clear the obscurest points or put down the stormiest commotion, while his strict impartiality gained him the respect of all parties. Thus he converted the snare of his enemies into a chaplet of glory.

But soon in the confusion of the Assembly, and in the growing power of the Clubs, he perceived that that which had promised national freedom now threatened only anarchy; that the time had come to support constituted authority.

When the question was discussed as to whether the power of declaring war should rest with the king or be transferred to the Assembly, Mirabeau strenuously advocated the former proposition. Upon which the demagogues wrote pamphlets upon "the treason of Count Mirabeau," and sent hawkers to cry them through the streets; after which were heard mutterings of "*A la lanterne!*" He mounted the tribune the next day, grim, resolute; murmuring aside to his friends that spoke of danger, "I know it. I must come home either in triumph, or else torn in fragments"; and it was in triumph that he came.

"I should be loath," he writes, "to enter upon a new part in this time of partialities and confusions, if I were not convinced that the re-establishment of the legitimate authority is the greatest want of France, and the only means of saving her. But I see clearly that we are in anarchy, and that we are floundering therein deeper day by day; I am indignant at the bare idea that I should have only contributed to a vast demolition; and the fear of beholding another than the king at the head of the State is so insupportable to me, that I feel myself imperiously called to action."

One Summer evening the Queen of France and the King of the Revolution met at St. Cloud. What a dramatic scene must that have been! But of the dialogue, heard only by the dumb trees and flowers, nothing was or ever will be known, save that, as he bade her adieu, he knelt at her feet, kissed her hand, and exclaimed, "Madame, the monarchy is saved!" And had life been vouchsafed him he would have saved it, and have saved France from that foulest of stains, the Reign of Terror. But he would have insisted upon a constitution similar to that of England, and never have sanctioned any plan of which national representation did not constitute the basis.

From this time he was in regular communication with the Court. The king paid his debts, amounting to three thousand two hundred pounds, and allowed him a pension of two hundred and fifty pounds monthly; this, however, was very irregularly paid, and the greater part was expended in the royal service. Inimical historians assert that he was in the pay of Orléans, and designed to place that prince upon the throne. This charge was examined before the National Assembly during his lifetime, and was pronounced even by the Abbé Maury, his foe, to be utterly groundless. But the testimony of M. Thiers, in his "Histoire de la Révolution," is, I think, sufficiently conclusive without producing further argument. I subjoin the passage:

"Many inconsiderate expressions have caused him to be frequently accused of being of the Duc d'Orléans' party; although he really never was. His pecuniary distresses, his indiscreet language, his familiarity with Orléans, although he was on the same terms with everyone else, his proposition in regard to the Spanish succession, and finally his opposition to the departure of the duke, all naturally excited suspicion; yet it is nevertheless true that Mirabeau was without any party, and even without any other object than the extinction of arbitrary rule. Mirabeau was at that time obliged to borrow the most paltry sums, which would certainly not have been the case had he been the agent of a prince so immensely rich, and who is supposed to have been nearly ruined by his partisans."

"It may be admitted that he was not overscrupulous in money matters, but he was too proud to be dishonest, and he would have thrown out of the window anyone who dared make him a humiliating proposal. If Spain and England really did bribe him" (another of the accusations brought against him), "what became of the sums paid to him? How

happens it that he died insolvent? Although the expenses of his establishment were considerable, yet he did not live above the style of a man of ordinary opulence. And if he distributed for the king's service the moneys he received, he can no longer be accused of cupidity, for in that case he was nothing more than the king's banker."

He never assumed the title of Marquis, to which, with the estates—a somewhat barren and encumbered heritage—he had now succeeded; indeed, all titles were by this time abolished, although he was still Monsieur le Comte, not only to his friends and servants, but even to the people. Could there be a greater proof of his vast popularity?

His health began to fail. "If I believed in slow poisons," he said to a friend, "I should think myself poisoned. For I feel that I am dying by slow degrees—that I am being consumed in a slow fire."

From seven in the morning until ten or eleven at night he lived in one continuous excitement of business, conversation, writing, receptions, added to which were the wear and tear of a life of terrible debauchery. "I shall die at the stake, my dear friend," he said to Dumont, when they parted for the last time. "Perhaps we shall never meet again. When I am gone my value will be appreciated. Misfortunes to which I put a stop were overwhelming France in every direction; but that base faction which I now overawe will be again let loose upon the country. I have none but direful anticipations. Ah, my friend, how right were we when, in the beginning, we tried to prevent the commons from being declared a National Assembly! This is the origin of the evil. Since they have carried that point, they have not ceased to show that they are unworthy of confidence They wanted to govern the king instead of being governed by him; but soon neither they nor he shall govern; a vile faction will rule the country, and debase it by the most atrocious crimes."

He seldom goes to the Jacobins now; when he does he overwhelms its ghouls and vampires with scorn; he is the beast-tamer of these filthy hyenas. But day by day they wax stronger. One night, after having silenced and beaten down Robespierre and Lameth in the Assembly, he resolves to beard his foes in their den. Duport is fiercely denouncing the enemies of the people. "Some are not far distant," he cries, glancing at Mirabeau as he enters the hall. A burst of applause follows the insinuation. As the speaker descends from the rostrum Mirabeau mounts it, and facing with dauntless mien the savage scowls and murmurs of hundreds of enemies, casts scorn, defiance, and ridicule in their teeth. A roar like that of wolves or famished tigers resounds through the gloomy hall. A smile of contempt is his response. Up springs Alexander Lameth to denounce him in a torrent of accusation and invective. The yells grow fiercer, the hyenas slaver their jaws in anticipation of blood. Surely he is a doomed man; they will rend him piecemeal, devour him. What will he do? Amidst the wildest uproar he again ascends the tribune, and above the hell clamor rises his grand sonorous voice; its tones are a spell that exorcises discord; yells grow fainter, sink into murmurs, murmurs die away into a deep silence of upturned faces. He has them fast now. With eyes aflame, and every nerve of the rugged face quivering with passionate earnestness, he denounces his accusers, until they shrink and writhe like flesh before a fierce fire. Murmurs once more rise out of the silence, but they are murmurs of approval. With a peroration of thunder he descends, and, amidst frantic plaudits, with proud step and disdainful air, passes out of the hall and is seen no more. It is his last triumph. Never again will his voice be heard within those walls. All will soon be over now. One day when fondling a beautiful little girl of his beloved sister's, Madame du Saillant, he says, with a sigh, "It is Death embracing Spring!"

Day by day his strength grows fainter and fainter. It fails at last, and now he is stretched suffering, almost helpless, upon the bed from which he shall never rise again. A hush of consternation thrills through France at the news that Mirabeau, the mighty colossus, he to whom all men look for a solution of the sphinx-like riddles of the time, he who alone can untwist the Gordian knot of the nation's destiny, is dying. Bulletins of his health are issued several times during each day, and distributed over Paris. The Court sends messengers twice a day to his house, and await in anxious silence for the report, for they know that on his life hang their fates; dense crowds gather in anxious, mournful silence about his door and about the approaches to the street, and seize upon all who come forth, and demand with eager and trembling lips how he does, for on his life hang their fates also.

It is the 2d of April, 1791; he is lying facing the open window, enjoying the fragrance of the sweet Spring flowers just bursting into bloom; he has always been a passionate lover of flowers; he is gazing upon the bright sun as it rises higher and higher in the heavens: "If that is not God, it is His cousin german," he cries at last, with a burst of enthusiasm. Then turning to his attendants, he says, "I shall die to-day. At such a time there remains but one thing to do—to perfume me, crown me with flowers, environ me with music, so that I may enter sweetly into that sleep from which there is no awakening."

The Bishop of Autun (Talleyrand) comes to pay him a visit. For three hours they are closeted together. Of vast importance is that conference, for Mirabeau confides to his visitor all his hopes and plans. "I carry in my heart the dirge of the monarchy," cries the dying man, sadly; "the ruins whereof will now be the prey of the factions."

In those last hours he endures terrible agonies; they give him opium, and he lies in a state of insensibility. Suddenly the boom of distant cannon hurtles through the air. He awakes and whispers, "Are those already for the funeral of Achilles?" Those are his last words—he sinks back into insensibility. As the clock chimes half-past eight, he opens his eyes once more—and expires.

France is not insensible to the magnitude of her loss. When at last the fatal word, *dead*, is passed from mouth to mouth, all Paris is filled with lamentation, such lamentation as never before has been heard for one individual man. His funeral procession extends over four miles, amidst the sobs and groans of 500,000 people of all grades, from the noblest to the lowest. A salute of 20,000 muskets is fired over his body. It is midnight when they reach the church of St. Geneviève and lay him beside Descartes. Whole departments are in mourning. Every place of amusement is closed, all private festivities are suspended; and where this is not observed, the people take summary vengeance upon the offenders.

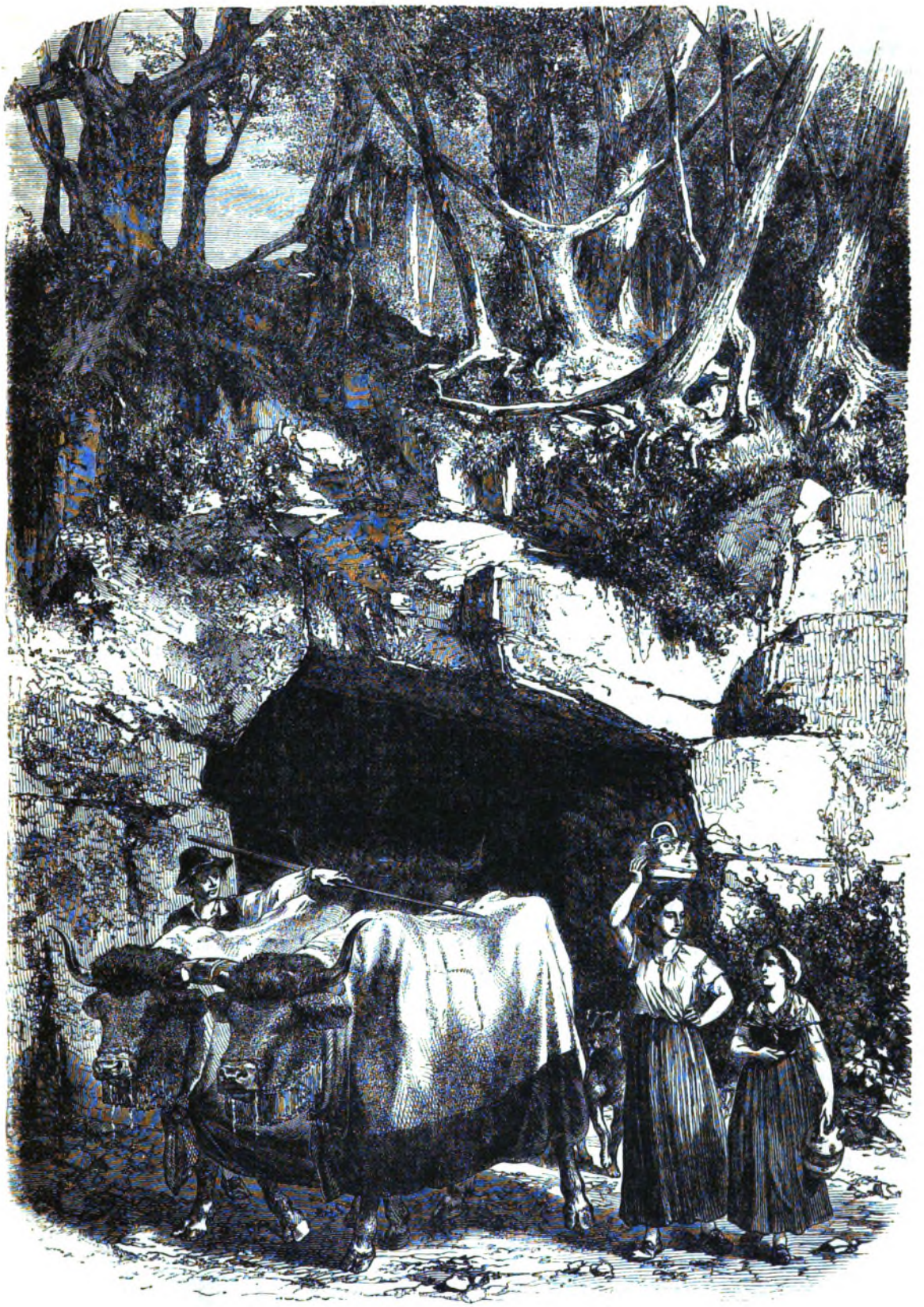
And so passed away the grandest genius of which France can boast. Of his virtues and his errors the world will ever hold diverse opinions. That he was made up of good and evil in larger proportions than other men is indisputable; as to the predominance of either, each man will form his own judgment. To the awfully respectable, who measure their fellow-beings by the number of the square inches of the *orthodox* virtues they *assume*, be must ever be a *bête noir* accursed with a Satanic genius, never to be thought of without a shudder and pharisaical thanksgiving that Heaven had not formed them in such a mould. But to the man of more extended vision, who can discover the existence of good, and much good, beyond the limits of conventionality, he is a grand yet shadowed form, illumined by the illustrious yet fitful gleams of many virtues, shadowed by the dark hovering images of many sins, but with the effulgent impress of Heaven's hand stamped upon his rugged but majestic brow.

## THE DOG OF THE WRECK.

In 1817, the *Young Sophie*, a brig, sailed from Havre for Mauritius, with a crew of fifteen men and eleven passengers, including two ladies, and Count d'Amerval, the owner of the vessel and its cargo. Soon after crossing the line, they discovered, to their horror, that the ship was on fire, a carboy of vitriol carelessly packed having led to this disaster. They battened down the hatches, and in every way tried to smother the fire, hoping to reach Rio Janeiro; and so sanguine were they of success, that they passed unheeded the desert isle Trinidad, off the coast of Brazil. But as the danger increased, they sought to return to it. This was now doubly difficult, but at last they anchored near it, and got some ashore; before the rest could follow, the wretched cables gave way, and the *Young Sophie* was driven on the rocks. Those still on board took to the boat, just in time, for they were only a few strokes distant when the vessel was wrapped in flames. After two terrible nights and days amid a thousand dangers, the boat reached shore with its starving passengers.

THE DOG OF THE WRECK.

A hut was erected, and their position examined. They



THE NATURAL TUNNEL OF LANGON.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

had saved scarcely anything from the ship; but there were evidently means of living for a time on the island. The provisions were then carefully laid up, and the captain, with the count and one other, started in the boat on the dangerous attempt to reach Rio.

Soon after, one Tuesday, the hearts of all were elated by the arrival of a fine spaniel that came bounding in among them. This seemed to prove that there were inhabitants on the island; and though this proved unfounded, they found ruins of houses that had been destroyed probably by an

earthquake or volcanic eruption. The gardens, overgrown as they were, gave them some vegetables; and the dog, named Tuesday, from the day of his being seen, enabled them to track the wild goats and peccaries, which they killed with rude spears which they manufactured, as well as to find the nests of sea-birds. He was so useful that all became attached to this sole survivor of some previous wreck. And when, in September, the *Mary Eliza*, of Salem, on her way to Sumatra, seeing the signals they kept hoisted, anchored to ascertain the cause, they could not part with their companion in misfortune, which showed every anxiety to accompany them.

Captain Joseph Beald, with great kindness, took all on board, and landed them at the Cape of Good Hope, where they found a French vessel which had touched there on its way to France.

Those in the boat, meanwhile, had fared hardly. After much suffering, they were relieved by an English ship, which gave them food, and thus succeeded in reaching Rio. Here John VI. received them most kindly, and a vessel with every necessary was sent to Trinidad, but only to find a bottle, with the tidings of their departure through the kindness of our worthy Salem captain.

## THE NATURAL TUNNEL OF LANGON.

I HAD one morning taken the six o'clock train from Bordeaux, and was whirling away towards Langon, when at Barsac Station, the tenth on my route, the fancy seized me to get out and make the rest of the way afoot. A Bordeaux neighbor, who was traveling in the same compartment, offered to see to my baggage, and have it sent to the Cheval Blanc Hotel, where I intended to put up.

The locomotive would have taken me to Langon in twenty-five minutes. I calculated that I should accomplish it in three hours, and expected to reach my destination at noon. So I did, but it was noon of the following day. But I did not long follow the highway that ran parallel to the railroad.

I had not counted on the heat, which even at that early hour became intense, and I sighed as I thought of my umbrella. But, plucking up courage, I looked about me, and saw beyond the vineyards a bit of woodland that suggested shade and coolness.

It was a good walk to reach it, but there was no shelter nearer—the scattered houses along my way being all closed.

On reaching it I paused, to cool off gradually, and then took my seat at the foot of an oak.

Without knowing it, I was over the natural bridge—or tunnel, rather—near Langon.

The woods covered two hills separated by a deep natural cut, in which a road wound, evidently well worn by use; then a mass of rock joined the two hills above, covered at the top by earth enough to continue the wood by bearing sturdy trees; while the road passed beneath the rocky bridge through a natural tunnel some hundred paces in length.

Unconscious of this, I sat by my old oak, fast yielding to the sleepy sensation produced by heat and exercise, when I was aroused by voices that seemed to come from under me.

Leaning over, I saw the mouth of the tunnel, and two women there, spinning with the old-time distaff, and talking, evidently of home troubles.

"Ah," said one, "my boy drives the foundry oxen for the last time to-day—he has given notice to the foreman, and is bent on enlisting. So Jacquemin will leave me to-morrow, if not to-day."

"Well," said the other, "your case is hard; but boys are boys, and can take care of themselves; while here's my Mignarde going to service at Saint Morillon farm, where the mistress is the hardest in all France, and in a year poor Mignarde will be old and broken-down!"

"But why let her go? Mignarde has always been so gentle and obedient."

"What can I do? Can I keep her, when she tells me, 'I can't live long, mother. Would you rather see me die before your eyes?"

"Oh, the crazy children! How they do make themselves and all around them unhappy. Jacquemin says that if I don't let him go, I will see him crushed under the ox-cart with its load of stone, over in the tunnel there."

"Now, I will tell you the reason of it all," said the girl's mother. "My niece, Veronica, told me to-day all about it. Mignarde is going to kill herself with hard work, because she dare not trust your son. You know he was a pretty hard boy."

"Well, he has reformed. He has not quarreled or got drunk for more than a year, and he has had temptation enough, mercy knows!"

"Wait a moment. Jacquemin is going off because Mignarde will not speak to him. Now, Veronica has learned this from both, and she has just taken Mignarde to the spring in the wood, and will keep her near the mouth of the tunnel till Jacquemin comes back with his load of ore for the foundry. She has arranged with him the sign whether Mignarde has forgiven him. If, like Veronica, she carries her water-jar on her head, it is to be a sign that she cannot trust your son, and will not forgive him; but if she carries it in her hand, then Jacquemin will know that, when work is done, he can come and ask my daughter's hand."

"You will see me at your house to-night," said Jacquemin's mother.

The other shook her head.

"I wish it were so; but I do not believe it. Mignarde is good, but hard to move when she has made up her mind."

Just then I saw a cloud of dust rise in the road, and increase as it approached the tunnel.

The two women crept out of sight to watch unseen, as the young man drove his team in.

"Oh, how I wish I knew what the result will be!" said one. "If I could, I would climb over and see!"

I had become so interested, that, without thinking, I called out:

"Wait! I will tell you in a minute how Mignarde acts!"

Without minding their cry of astonishment as I rose up above them, I ran across the natural bridge, and there, on the other side, were the two girls. One was arguing, reasoning; the other standing in a sort of sullen obstinacy.

I had no difficulty in identifying Mignarde—"good, but hard to move."

Beside each was her water-jar.

Out of the tunnel came the ox-driver's dog, barking with joy, and then turned to wait for his master.

The oxen were not yet out. The two cousins rose. Each put her water-jar on her head.

"He is too good for you!" I heard Veronica say, distinctly.

The oxen appeared—massive, stalwart fellows, with the peculiar cloth or blanket used in those parts. Jacquemin was goading them on.

Again I turned to look at the girls.

Veronica stood as before, with her jar aloft; but Mignarde's had yielded. Hers was held in her hand!

Not a word was said; but Jacquemin tossed up his hat, and with unclouded brow went on. The two girls remained talking, and I hurried back to announce the result to the two mothers.

On their invitation, I went to the village. Jacquemin's mother insisted on my staying till her son came home.

He came, with his two heavy wains, each drawn by three pair of oxen, all with gay branches tied to their horns, while a bunch of ribbons fluttered from his hat.

I witnessed the asking for Mignarde's hand, was at the engagement supper, and left them next day under a solemn promise to be back at the wedding.

And this is how I came to see the natural tunnel at Langon, and lost a day in my journey.

## THE SOAP MINES OF CALIFORNIA.

THE rock soap mine is situated in the lower mountains or foothills of the coast range in Ventura County, five miles from the city of the same name. It was discovered by A. F. Hubbard while prospecting for coal. He accidentally dislodged some that fell into water and dissolved. It being a new experience to see rocks dissolve, he gave it his attention, found it soapy, took it home to experiment with, and soon learned its virtues; yet, strange to tell, his family used it for nearly a year before it was given to the public.

It is accessible only through a cañon leading to and opening upon the beach. The coast line stage-road passes the mouth of this cañon three miles below the mine. This cañon, or ravine, penetrates one of the wildest possible volcanic regions. A little stream follows its course, an almost "lost cause" in Summer, but in Winter a raging, rushing torrent, which, after draining immense heights and many a rugged mountain side, finds its way to the ocean, often bearing along in its fearful strength huge boulders and entire trees. Along the side of this ravine, sometimes in the bed of the stream, sometimes high up in its precipitous banks, winds a little trail leading to the soap mine, traveled only by the safe pack-mule and hardy miner.

The rock resembles chalk or lime. At the southern extremity is an exhaustive deposit, veined, marbled, and particolored, resembling castile soap. The ledge at its opening is fifteen to twenty feet wide, and crops out for 2,000 feet, to an unknown depth. The lode is well defined, with wall rocks of hard slate stone, and has, in common with slate and sandstone strata about it, been thrown up from the depths and turned completely on edge. In its vicinity is a mountain of gypsum, also turned up on edge; indeed, the whole country bears evidence of fearful convulsions, also of some time having lain peacefully at the bottom of the ocean; for on the highest mountain-tops can be found nearly perfect seashells and various specimens of marine matter.

## MUSIC IN SPEECH.

THERE is no faculty with which mankind is gifted more capable of being tuned to the expression of feelings and sentiments than the power of speech. The human voice resembles in its structure the musical instruments wrought by the hands of man. And the tones it is capable of producing are marvelous in their effects upon the mind and heart. As they express, so do they awaken every emotion of which the soul is capable.

"There are keynotes in the human voice," writes Lord Lytton, "which, simply uttered, can heat the heart, rouse the passions, lull rampant multitudes, strike into dust the thrones of guarded monarchs, and effect more wonders than ever yet have been wrought by the most artificial chorus or the deftest quill." This is true; but all nations do not seem to feel it.

There is no country in the world where men speak more in public than America, but more than half of the force of their language is neutralized by their inability to vary their tones.

An ordinary orator, who has studied to adapt his voice to his subject, will exercise a far more potent influence than the man who is master in logic and fluency of language.

The Greeks and the Romans, and in modern times the English, largely availed themselves in their harangues of modulation. From the days of Cicero to those of Burke and Sheridan, audiences have been more moved by the musical cadences of the voice, varied according to circumstances, than by the arguments and illustrations employed to command "the applause of listening senates." The cause of liberty, the sufferings of the oppressed, the interests of religion and virtue, the welfare of the human race in every civilized community, are under the weightiest obligations to the orator, the preacher, and the lecturer, who has found and employed the key to the human heart.

## A HUMMING-BIRD HUNT IN THE REGION OF THE EQUATOR.

BY A RECENT TRAVELER.

DON MONTERO having invited me to a humming-bird hunt, in which his daughters at once proposed to join, I could not resist the attraction of such game and such field companions.

A ride, difficult from the ground rather than its length, brought us to the mountain-woods. Could man penetrate the maze? There it stood waving in the morning breeze, gigantic trees filling the whole horizon. It was a confusion of verdure. The sea alone can give an idea of the picture. As the mountain-breeze swept over, you had nothing but billows of foliage. Ferns of monstrous size, palms, cactuses of every form and dimension here replaced the brush and brambles of less favored lands.

After pausing to admire the scene, we descended a slope, and entered a narrow path, beaten by the wild beasts, and leading through the maze.

After following a trail for a time, Don Montero halted and said:

"Take my daughters with you, put them a hundred paces apart, load your sarbacane, and look out. The Indians will strike into the woods to rouse up the birds."

I followed my instructions. I emptied half a glass of water into my sarbacane; I primed it by blowing gently inside, and was ready for the strange sport.

The silence was profound; there was but the slightest rustle of air. A shrill cry burst forth. Another answered. This was the Indians imitating the cry of nocturnal birds. The falcons answered. Then I could follow the chase by sound. It moved through the wood promptly and suddenly, but came steadily toward us. Don Montero motioned me to be on the alert. For another second the green verdure of the cactus alone met my eye. Then, suddenly, with lightning celerity, a ruby and sapphire appeared in the air, as sparkling and radiant as two sparks. Before I could use my weapon, my neighbor—one of the young ladies—had blown her tube, and the Chinese picked up the two insensible birds, and placed them in a cage, to die.

I had not recovered from my first surprise, when little groups of two, three, and five humming-birds began to cross the path. I began to blow my tube, and kept filling and emptying it, the Chinese bringing in the captives. Suddenly the cries became more shrill. A perfect cloud of humming-birds obscured the air. I shall never forget the prodigious spectacle; it was phosphorus, diamonds, flowers, rays confounded in one dazzling mass; it was the mines of Golconda, the treasures of the "Arabian Nights," taking life and wings under some fairy impulse. I stood motionless at the sight.

A cry of alarm recalled me. It was uttered by the tapir who attended us—a fine, large specimen—bearing in his ears

rings at least three inches in diameter, glittering plates flashing with glass ornaments, a reward for former exploits. His flexible and delicate trunk was made a deadly weapon by a steel tube with sharp points, and his body covered with a sort of blanket, with bells attached. I was now to see why this strange companion had attended us.

While the tapir showed every sign of anger, the enormous ferns moved and swayed as if something was slowly crawling through. It paused at times, and all was still. The tapir stood fiercely on the alert, and I was in a quiver of excitement.

Suddenly the flattened head of a serpent appeared. An enormous bluish-black serpent, speckled with yellow, about eight feet long, glided into the path, while I stood rooted with horror.

Seeing the tapir, the snake half reared itself to spring, waving its head, as if in cadence, darting forth its forked tongue; then it bounded like an arrow. But the tapir had foreseen the shock, for with an activity not to be expected in so unwieldy a creature, it leaped aside, and, with its strong weapon, struck the reptile in the neck.

The hummingbirds were still flying overhead. The air was filled with the most graceful of God's creatures; on the earth, the most repulsive. It was the contrast of day and night—primeval innocence and Satanic malice.

A fearful hissing told the extent of the wound, and the serpent, circling round, endeavored to reach its foe. But the tapir sprang upon it, and again its steel was reddened with the serpent's blood. But this time the snake succeeded in enveloping the tapir in its sinewy folds. I seized a club, and was about to rush to the rescue, but our Chinese held me back. I looked again. Amid a cloud of dust, all that you could see and hear was a dark mass rolling, leaves and branches flying, fearful hisses and furious snorts.

This desperate contest lasted, perhaps, a minute. It seemed an age. Then all grew calm. Cry and combat ceased. The tapir stood in an attitude of victory over the body of the serpent, whose head still hung defiant, clinging to the body by a strip of skin, soiled with blood and mire.

A HUMMING-BIRD HUNT IN THE REGION OF THE EQUATOR.—"FERNS OF MONSTROUS SIZE, PALMS, CACTUSES OF EVERY FORM AND DIMENSION, HERE REPLACED THE BRUSH AND BRAMBLES OF LESS FAVORED LANDS."—SEE PAGE 563.

The heavens, till then a transparent blue, became vailed with a reddish vapor, giving all objects a strange, copper hue. A sulphurous odor, pungent with perfumes, pervaded the air; the mountain-tops were wrapped in mist; the tree-tops bent beneath sudden gusts; the earth heaved, and as it shook I could scarcely keep my feet, though the young ladies laughed at the bewilderment into which this rapid succession of strange sights and sounds and emotions had thrown me.

It was a passing earthquake—a mere trifle in that land.

The birds were now placed in cages; the Chinese called in his falcons, the snake was thrown into the wagon, for the tapir's dinner, we mounted our mules, and the young ladies their horses, riding, according to the custom of that part of the world, in the same style as gentlemen. We reached the house, after a smart gallop, before the coming storm.

The humming-bird will not live caged. Why hunt it, then? The dress of the young ladies that evening would tell you, as they danced beneath the orange-trees, their white muslin dresses embroidered with arabesques made of the delicate feathers, while the opaline wings formed the large and more brilliant figures.

## A SOUTHERN HEROINE.

### Anna Elliott.

Anna, the wife of Charles Elliott, was a patriot by inheritance, being the daughter of Thomas Ferguson, one of the bravest and most zealous among the friends of liberty. It was said of her that she "appeared to consecrate every thought and every hour of existence to the interest of America."

She received under her hospitable roof the sick and wounded, and gave them her personal attention and sympathy; she divided of her substance among those who needed aid; she was the advocate and friend of such as were unjustly persecuted. The prisoners she visited at regular intervals received hope and strength from her presence, and were beguiled into forgetfulness of their sufferings by her conversation. To the afflicted she was indeed an angel of blessing; and even the enemies of her country were influenced by the remarkable power of fascination she possessed, which few, even the most harsh and unbending, could resist. This was acknowledged in the most satisfactory way—the granting of privileges and favors by many British officers. What she would not have condescended to ask for herself, she solicited for the benefit of her countrymen.

HUMMING-BIRDS.—SEE PAGE 563.

Major Garden says: "I do not know an officer who did not owe to her some essential increase of comfort."

Yet her efforts in the cause of justice and clemency were not always successful. She is said to have drawn up the petition addressed to Lord Rawdon, and signed by the ladies of Charleston, in behalf of the gallant and unfortunate Colonel Isaac Hayne. The following anecdote of Mrs. Elliott has been mentioned:

An officer of the royal army, noted for his cruelty and relentless persecution of those opposed to his political views, was one day walking with her in a garden where was a great variety of flowers.

"What is this, madame?" he asked, pointing to the chamomile.

"The rebel flower," she replied.

"And why is it called the rebel flower?" asked the officer.

"Because," answered Mrs. Elliott, "it always flourishes most when trampled upon."

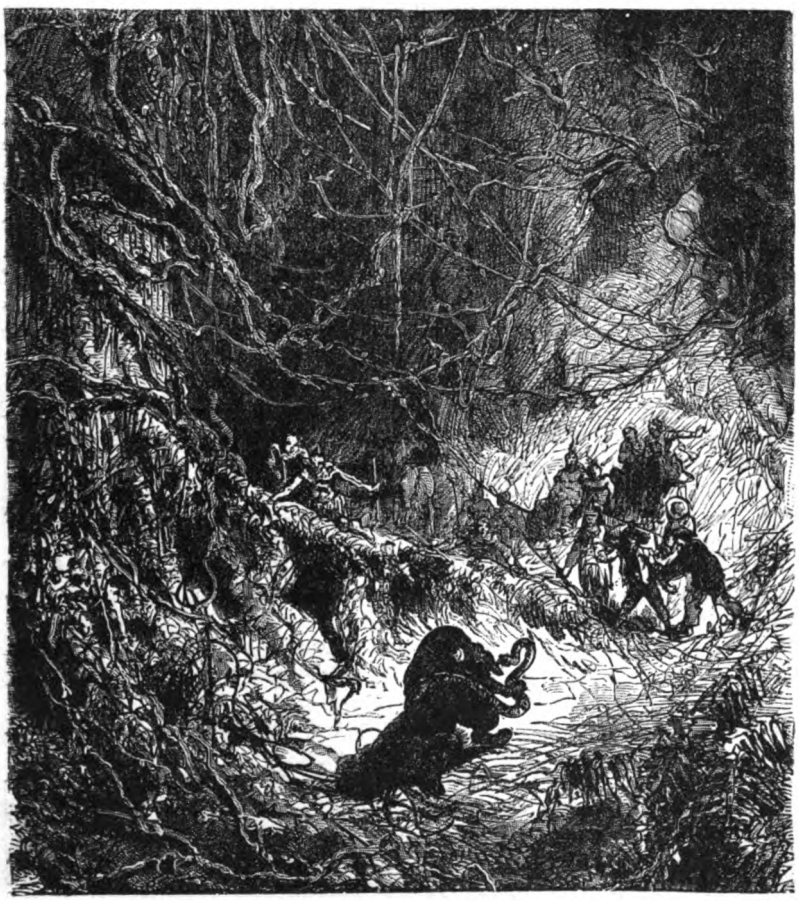
One day an officer, in the house of Mrs. Elliott, in Charleston, pointed out to her a young French officer of the legion of Pulaski, passing by.

"There, Mrs. Elliott," he cried, "is one of your illustrious allies! He has a fine form and martial appearance. What a pity the hero is minus his *sword!*"

She answered promptly, and with spirit:

"Had two thousand such men been here to aid in the defense of our city, I should not at this moment, sir, have been subjected to the insolence of your observation."

Her impulsive and feeling nature is shown by another anecdote. When her father was arrested and put on board a transport ship to be sent into exile, Mrs. Elliott, who had received the intelligence in the country, hastened to Charleston and solicited permission to bid him farewell. Her request was



A HUMMING-BIRD HUNT IN THE CENTRE OF THE EQUATOR.—"BY THIS TIME THE SNAKE SUCCEEDED IN ENVELOPING THE TAPIR IN ITS SINEWY FOLDS."—SEE PAGE 563.

granted. She went on board the vessel in which he was a prisoner, but had scarcely entered the cabin, when, oppressed with grief, she fainted, and was laid upon a couch. The captain, in alarm, recommended a variety of remedies, and at last said:

"A cordial would revive her; we have some fine French liqueur."

On hearing this, Mrs. Elliott sprang from her couch in sudden excitement.

"The French!" she exclaimed; "who speaks of the French? God bless the nation!"

Then turning to her father, she strove by her touching eloquence to sustain him under his misfortunes, and inspire him with hope for the future. "Let not oppression shake your fortitude," she said, "nor the hope of gentler treatment cause you for a moment to swerve from strict duty. Better times are in store for us; the bravery of the Americans and the friendly aid of France will yet achieve the deliverance of our country from oppression. We shall meet again, my father, and meet with joy."

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# THE SECRET CRIME.

## Chapter I.

WHO would have thought it of Mr. Danforth? so punctual at church, so exemplary a man!"—the world in general took up the cry—"to think of his disappearing with some fifty thousand dollars! Who can be trusted, if Mr. Danforth could not? What could have led to such a fall?"

In her chamber, the deserted wife sat and wept, with her worse than orphaned little daughter at her knee, her heart bowed like a reed before the agony of the shock. What should they do? how should she get bread for her little ones?

She had never been strong, and her grief bore heavily upon her fragile frame, bringing on a second attack of the long, slow fever, from which she had just recovered. Life held but little for her now. It is not to be wondered at that she should begin to feel its pulses day by day run lower without murmur; but one thought pressed upon her—her child—what would become of her?

It was just before her decease, a few days only intervening, that this question was settled by the appearance of Mrs. Hawley, the wife of the gentleman who had been her husband's late partner.

The sick woman was too low to feel much agitated at the unexpected visit, though a painful blush did stain her hollow cheek as she murmured a few words of welcome, while the lady took the vacant chair at her bedside.

This was their first meeting since the discovery of Mr. Danforth's disappearance.

Mrs. Hawley was the first to break the pause: glancing at the little three years old girl, who was taking a quiet nap on the cushions of the lounge opposite her mother's bed, she said:

"You have a beautiful child, Mrs. Danforth."

The visitor's voice was moved; the picture of sickness and death made her silent to those commonplaces which come up naturally in most sick chambers.

Mrs. Danforth sighed as her eyes followed to the picture—the full, round face, rosy in sleep, the bright masses of brown hair, the red, smiling mouth, and daintily molded features.

"My poor little Constance," she murmured, half aloud, "it is a great trial to me, Mrs. Hawley, to leave her to the coldness of strangers."

"Let me take her," said the lady, her features warming, "if you should not recover."

"You! What would Mr. Hawley say?"

The sick woman half raised herself on her elbow—a feverish glow shot over her face.

"It was at his desire, Mrs. Danforth, that I came here today; my errand indeed was at his suggestion."

How very kind! How noble! Why was it that Mrs. Danforth's heart froze with a sudden chill at the generous offer? that the fresh words of denial started involuntarily to her lips? She forced them back. Why should she dislike the man because her husband had wronged him? Tears started to her eyes.

"This is too kind of you, Mrs. Hawley!" she exclaimed.

"No, Mrs. Danforth; I have no little one of my own, as you know, to divide my care. You need not fear but that I will prove a kind friend to her."

The woman of fashion spoke for once with sincerity; however coldly she had come, at her husband's command, upon her errand, her heart was touched by the scene before her; the pallid face on the pillows appealed to the sympathies which lay somewhere hidden in it.

This was not just the teacher Mary Danforth would have chosen for her little Constance; she had a vague idea of it, but she let the thought go.

"I thank you," she said, reaching for the warm hand which, glistening with rings, lay over the arm of the chair; "God will reward you for your charity."

"I do not need thanks," said Mrs. Hawley, rising and drawing her furs around her. "We will consider, then, that the subject is settled. I shall come to see you again—perhaps to-morrow."

She bent over her, touched her lips with a gentle pressure to her forehead, threw a thoughtful glance at the sleeping child, and glided noiselessly out.

A great load should have been lifted from Mrs. Danforth's heart; but, strange to say, it remained with an increased pressure.

She thought of her child's father, as her hot tears wet her pillow; her cruelly deserting husband—how could he abandon his feeble wife and helpless child, and quit them without a word? She thought of the unusual fervency of his kiss at their last parting; the still Autumn night, the roses outside the window, the heavy thoughts which seemed to hang upon the hearts of both; and how she had passed to the window to catch the last glimpse of his tall figure as he disappeared down the winding street. Not one jarring word had passed between them in the four years of their wedded life. Oh, how could he leave her thus?

Nearly a week passed before Mrs. Hawley repeated her call; and then it was at an earnest summons, which brought her husband with her to the sick-chamber.

Mr. Hawley came unwillingly—perhaps it was natural, under the circumstances; but no denial could be framed to the earnest prayer for his presence.

Mrs. Danforth lay dying; a strange light beamed from her eyes; her voice came with a harsh distinctness as she greeted them.

"I have one more favor to ask of you, sir," she said, addressing Mr. Hawley, while she feebly pressed his wife's hand.

Mrs. Hawley, by a womanly instinct, had approached closer to her pillow.

"You have promised to adopt my child—let her bear your name, and be brought up to regard you both as her real parents."

Mr. Hawley hesitated, He had grown very pale since he had stepped over the threshold. His emotion, in the eyes of the old nurse standing by, did honor to his feelings.

"It is hard for me to frame such a wish," replied Mrs.

Danforth; but I do not want my child's first years clouded by a knowledge of her orphan condition. When she comes of age, or marries, if she lives to attain womanhood, let her know the whole story, but not earlier."

Mrs. Hawley looked at her husband—she had no objections to offer.

"We will do as you ask," said Mr. Hawley, still preserving his strange distance from the deathbed, which an invisible hand seemed to hold him from approaching.

"She is so young," resumed Mrs. Danforth, a glow of satisfaction breaking rapidly over her whitening face, "she will soon forget. God bless and prosper you both for your kindness to me."

What dark picture was it which, swinging suddenly out of the past, made the blessing sound upon the ear of one of the listeners like the hollow murmur of a curse?

"If Edward comes," muttered the dying woman, turning her eyes, with their fast-failing sight, toward the friend who still grasped her hand, "tell him I left him my love."

There was a little pause, a faintly drawn breath, too gentle for a sigh; the eyes closed as if under the soft pressure of invisible fingers.

"She is gone!" said the nurse, stooping over the pillow. "How easy she passed away—like an infant! But, ma'am, what an expression! How beautiful!"

Mr. Hawley turned involuntarily toward the bed from which his eyes had been averted; an angelic beauty seemed to rest over the dead face, an expression of joy as if some sudden discovery had dawned upon the departing spirit.

What had she seen?

He felt faint, and staggered down into a chair by the window. The nurse came round and threw open the sash; a few cold snow-flakes drifted in, for a Winter storm raged outside. Mrs. Hawley turned from the bed with wet eyes.

"Where is the child?" she asked. "We will take it away with us."

"Downstairs, ma'am; Mrs. Danforth sent her out of the room this morning."

"I will go down. Come, John, you will feel better out in the air.

She had hardly looked at her husband—the words seemed to come out mechanically at sight of his paleness, her own frame shivered from head to foot. It was natural—death was new to her.

She put her hand upon his arm with a gesture for support as they went downstairs.

The little girl was playing on the parlor carpet by herself, her doll hugged in her little arms, her cheeks red with the freshest of roses, her blue eyes beaming wonder on the gentleman and lady who stopped on the threshold.

"Come, Conie," said Mrs. Hawley, holding out her hand, "you are going home with me. Can you tell me where I can find your hood and cloak?"

"Up in mamma's closet," said the little one, starting up at the strange face, and plainly not making up her mind to be attracted. "Does mamma know?"

"Yes; and you may take dolly, too; it will be a nice ride. Do you see how the pretty flakes are falling out of doors?"

The child sprang up eagerly, won by the promised pleasure.

Mrs. Hawley turned to a woman who stepped out of the opposite room at the moment, in the act of descending the stairs, and addressed to her some request. She went up, and came back in a few moments with the hood and cloak.

Constance allowed herself to be wrapped in them, and held out one of her hands with a shy smile to Mrs. Hawley as her new friend took the other.

The gentleman drew back without appearing to notice it, and hurried out to loosen his horse from the post, at which he stood stamping impatiently in the frozen ice and snow.

"I forgot to bid mamma good-by," said the little one, struggling in Mrs. Hawley's lap as Mr. Hawley gathered up the reins.

"It is just as well," said her new mother, gently. "When I came out your mamma was asleep."

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### Chapter II.

What vision was it which sent over the face of the dying woman that glow of ineffable joy? Did the cruelly deserting, the criminal husband, for whom her tears had flown so bitterly, meet her on the threshold of that new life as true as when they parted with such heavy forebodings on that Autumn eve, three months before?

Hawley believed so; no wonder that his brain—strong man as he was—should stagger under the pressure of such a scene; he alone knew that the reputed "fraudulent absentee" lay in a bloody grave, in the cellar under his own counting-room.

It was a terrible secret to carry about in a guilty bosom! No wonder that the last few weeks had seen his brown locks begin to thread with silver, and new lines graven on his still youthful brow.

He had excuses to offer to himself, efficient and strong as any man can well have who on the spur of the moment lifts a murderous hand against his brother. Hawley had unhappily conceived an attachment to and married out of his own sphere of life a gay, extravagant girl, a distant relative of a rich family, in which she had been adopted to fill the place of a daughter.

Her friends had opposed the match, but the mutual affection of the lovers persevered; and when Hawley received the offer of a partnership in a promising firm, no further objections could be offered.

Here his first step was a most unwise one; he purchased and fitted up an elegant establishment, which swallowed up the whole of the bride's portion, and, besides, drew heavily on his own credit.

A round of costly entertainments followed; the young wife was wholly ignorant of the extent of her husband's resources; she was even unaware of the fact that he had had no money of his own to bring into the newly-settled firm, but had been received by his partner solely on account of his acknowledged business capacity.

She had brought him a dower which Hawley, in his understanding of women, well knew that it looked larger in her eyes than its nominal value; and he shrank from the mortifying explanation, which might be received in a passion of tears, and lead in the end to recriminations and dislikes.

He weakly chose rather to take advantage of his partner's confidence by a series of false entries in his ledger, trusting to Mr. Danforth's general carelessness in business matters to escape detection, and was favored in this scheme by a prolonged and unavoidable absence of his head clerk. Perhaps he overrated his partner's carelessness or his trust in himself, one or the two; for Mr. Danforth, one day at the close of their labors, desired him to give him a few moments privately in their counting-room. His heart failed him at the sudden request, but his quick, upward glance could detect no unusual emotion on his partner's smooth face.

No one had heard the appointment, for they were alone. He went out, moodily, unable in his excitement to trace his steps towards his home, where his wife was waiting his appearance.

It was a lonely walk, down by the wharves, that Hawley took; and as he looked off on the smooth sheet of water, he thought what a chill shroud it would make. It was long past the hour fixed for their meeting when he came back, and touching the door, which yielded freely to his hand, he, guided by the light which glimmered across the floor,

stepped over to the little room which he had never crossed before with such a beating heart.

His partner and friend—in whom his first glance now detected an enemy—sat at the desk, the ledger lying open before him; his eyes turned expectantly to the door.

Both were men of high passions, and a stormy interview naturally came about. Hawley was reckless with the certainty of his ruin, and in an uncontrolled moment, stung by some bitter taunt of ingratitude, whose point lay in its truth, aimed a blow at the excited man before him, which fell with stunning weight upon his temples.

He fell forward upon the desk before which he still stood, extinguishing the light, which on going out left all the room in darkness.

Hawley never remembered how he came out of the stupor which followed that awful moment; his first insane thought was to rush out and call a policeman; his second, that it was possible his victim was only stunned. His last thought led him to rekindle the light, and then after an examination of the lifeless body, he sat down to consider.

He thought of his young wife, of his own blighted character, and all that must follow if his crime should come to light; by-and-by it nerved him to concealment, and he set himself with many a shudder to the execution of his bitter task.

There was more to follow; a plausible story must be framed of his victim's disappearance, and by-and-by a false account given of his stock in the partnership. In all this, as we have seen, he had succeeded—succeeded beyond his hopes. Not a suspicion of the truth crossed the mind of the murdered man's widow; she accepted the story, and even received in silence the announcement, which of course must follow the circumstances, that nothing was due her from her husband's part of the funds invested in the firm.

Hawley had managed this with his usual adroitness; he had discovered first that she knew actually nothing of her late husband's business matters, and if he had made assertions to others as to the amount of property in the partnership, of what worth was the word of a felon, where no one felt interested to search out the case?

"I cannot do otherwise," he said to his own conscience, "to escape suspicion. But I will be a kind friend to the poor woman; she and her orphan child shall want for nothing; I will give them freely out of their own."

How did he know that his own strong life might not be cut off in the very first hour of this public restitution?

Mrs. Danforth was dying; it was well for the poor heart-broken wife; but friends asked, with murmurs of pity, what would become of her little orphan child? A hard struggle followed in Mr. Hawley's mind; but it was over at length—he would accept this opportunity of restitution which a benignant Providence seemed to have placed in his way—he would adopt the child, win over his wife to his purpose, and she should hold the same place in his home and kindness as if she had been his own. This last plan, the first sight of her innocent face showed him it would be out of his power to fulfill; the living likeness of her dead father to his eyes, sight and contact thrilled him with a vague repulsion which he was powerless to resist.

"Heaven would not accept this kind of atonement," he thought, "but at least she shall find in me a kind friend."

What peace does that man ever know who bears in secret the red brand of Cain, though outward honors, the hollow homage of the world, and troops of friends surround him?

From the day of his partner's disappearance, a great change came over Mr. Hawley. The frank smile quitted his lips, his clear blue eyes shunned those of his fellow-men, and carried in their depths doubt and suspicion; even in his own home he forgot to lay aside his cold exterior, and his wife felt that a barrier, against which all her patience and tenderness were powerless, had suddenly come between them.

A SOUTHERN HEROINE.—ANNA ELLIOTT, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—SEE PAGE 565.

"I had no idea Marion had married so well," said an intimate friend of the young wife's family in conversation with her adopted mother. "I had supposed Mr. Hawley was a struggling young man of small means."

"Oh, no!" said the gratified parent. "Marion was always our own child by affection, and we should never have allowed her to marry beneath her station. Mr. Hawley is a man of fine business talents, as well as some property, and promises already to become one of our merchant princes."

The prophecy proved true; everything which the young merchant's hand touched seemed to prosper. Fortune showered her rich gifts upon him with a liberal hand. Ten years from the date of his marriage-day he occupied a palatial mansion, and Mrs. Hawley filled with grace and ease her place in the highest circles of fashionable life.

Not one child of the first three born to them in the first years of their union lived to bless their marriage; but the mother's heart, at least, gave to the adopted daughter, who knew them only as her real parents, a wealth of affection little short of what she would have bestowed on her own. True, she had nothing besides to love; her husband, in the first short year of their marriage, had grown strangely cold and indifferent, and she was one of those whose affections are too warm to be absorbed wholly in fashion and admiration. She had a vague idea, deep hidden in her own heart, that this little child, whom she had so solemnly taken at her mother's death-bed, had more than once saved her, like some interposing angel, from that dark path into which so many thoughtless and unguarded women turn.

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### Chapter III.

"Mamma, Mr. Herkimer wishes to see papa this evening."

They were in Mrs. Hawley's dressing-room, when Constance, with many blushes, had whispered her first girlish secret, and now clung with fond arms around the neck of the kind friend who bent upon her such loving and thoughtful glances.

"I hoped to have kept you with me longer, my dear," said Mrs. Hawley, speaking in a voice of some emotion. "This is new to me, too. Are you sure, my child, that this fancy is not a little sudden on your part?"

Constance hung her head. "I only know, mamma, that I prefer him to all the rest of the world."

Mrs. Hawley sighed. Perhaps she thought of her own love-match, which had turned out to be very little of a love-match after all.

"I suppose Mr. Herkimer to be a gentleman of good prospects," she said, gravely, after a pause. "He is well

THE SECRET CRIME.—THE FATAL INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE PARTNERS.—SEE PAGE 566.

received in society. No doubt he has opened to you his circumstances?"

"No," said Constance, softly, "he will talk with papa."

Mrs. Hawley sighed again, this time with a fresh recollection. The story of Constance's birth must be told on the eve of her marriage—would it diminish anything of her love for herself?

It was a selfish question, but it came up naturally enough.

"She is only eighteen," she mused; "I might have hoped to have kept her with me a year or two longer; but if the young man is deserving, I must not wish to cross her happiness."

The bell rang for visitors; Constance broke away from her mother's embrace, and the servant came up presently to summon the lady to the drawing-room. The visitors proved to be family connections, whose stay was prolonged through the day, and she had no opportunity to obtain a few moments' conversation with her husband.

It night prove twice as well, she thought—the lover might introduce the subject more skillfully than herself, and she much doubted if his errand would prove as unwelcome to Mr. Hawley as its announcement had to her.

As Mr. Hawley had never evinced much fondness for his adopted daughter, even in her pretty childhood, it was not to be expected that he would feel any very strong regrets at this mutual parting.

The bell rang; Mr. Hawley was told that a gentleman begged a few moments' conference with him; the gentleman's card was handed to him, and he got up to go into his library.

Constance was at the piano in the midst of a difficult piece of music. She played on resolutely, but the chords ceased to send out any harmony. Her mother bent over her, and turned to a lively Scotch song; both recalled the incident afterward, trifling as it seemed.

THE SECRET CRIME.—IN HER CHAMBER THE DESERTED WIFE AND DAUGHTER WEPT.—SEE PAGE 566.

"Try this, my love," she said, in a voice designed to cover the young girl's agitation. "You have struck a false note, and that deep Italian melody sounds like a dirge."

A tall, handsome young man rose up from his chair opposite the glowing fire as Mr. Hawley stepped into the library.

The first look made him pause upon the threshold with a painful start. Recovering from that, he came forward, and greeted his visitor with a formal bow. What a fool he was to catch in every new face a likeness to poor Danforth!

"Your name, sir, I think, is Mr. Herkimer?" he said, politely consulting his card.

Mr. Herkimer bowed. "I am a stranger to you, sir," he said, stammering, "but I can furnish you with the best possible references of character. I have begged this interview on an important errand. I come to lay before you my proposal for the hand of your daughter, Miss Constance."

Now that he had come to the purpose of his mission, his voice lost its confusion and sounded clear and musically distinct.

Hawley shook with a quick, nervous shudder; where had he heard those tones before? Certainly the man seated before him bore a terrible likeness, in face, voice, and bearing, to Edward Danforth. He controlled the nervous emotion, and leaned his head upon his hand, "Constance is young," he said—"too youngfor such thoughts at present."

"Time flies," said the young man with a scarcely perceptible smile, "to you, sir, immersed in your business cares, more unconsciously than to us."

"You have her approval of your suit?" asked her father, absently; "perhaps you are already engaged?"

"I spoke with her yesterday, sir," said the young man, flushing; "I came here with her permission."

"Had the matter gone so far?" Mr. Hawley felt as if he had little to add.

"You have not spoken of your prospects, Mr. Herkimer," he said, for the first time directly facing his visitor. "Constance, as you are supposed to know, will not be portionless, and I cannot consent to her marrying short of a fortune."

The young man's eyes fell. "I am not rich, sir; I fear not sufficiently to meet your expectations; I have some property which was left to me by my mother on condition of my assuming her maiden name, and be ides my father has a good property invested in some mines, to which I may expect to be heir, but nothing to equal the wealth of a millionaire."

"You have a profession, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, that of the law."

"What is your father's name, permit me to ask?"

"William Danforth, sir."

"It was well that Mr. Herkimer's eyes were cast down, or he might have been startled by the sudden paleness which mantled his host's face, leaving him for a moment ghastly white.

"I cannot consent to your marriage with Constance," he said rising, and speaking in a changed voice; "I am sensible of the honor you seek to do us in this connection, but I must desire all further steps to be cut short. If you please, we will consider the matter ended."

"But the young lady?" said Mr. Herkimer, aghast at the unexpected conclusion.

"Pooh! she will soon get over her fancy, and you, young gentleman, will do the same. I have company waiting in the drawing-room. Will you join us?"

Herkimer declined the invitation, which seemed put in mockery, and rose to go.

He heard Constance's clear voice at the piano as he stepped out into the hall. A bitter sigh rose up with a choking sensation in his throat. Poor Constance, how little she dreamed of the blow about to fall on her.

He stepped out into the fast falling snow of a Winter night. His heart was heavy, oppressed with a numbing pain; an hour ago he had exulted in his new happiness as he breasted the storm—now!

He found his father at his hotel; he had arrived in town the day before, and had been trusted with his son's confidence. The latter's depressed appearance revealed at first sight the secret of his refusal. Mr. Danforth, listened with sympathetic attention to the particulars; if his pride was wounded at the cavalier treatment his son had received, he had the prudence to keep down the feeling.

"We will not give the matter up at once, my boy," he said, cheerfully. "I will see Mr. Hawley myself to-morrow; you did not state your position plainly enough; you should have come out with the facts, when he invited the relation of your circumstances; an income of a thousand a year, with a profession promising to be lucrative by-and-by, are no trifles; and I should not mind settling the heirship of the mines upon you to help to bring about the marriage. Cheer up, Edward; I see no reason for desponding. The old gentleman at first sight has taken you for an adventurer."

The young man smiled, a little sorrowfully.

"You do not know, sir, you did not hear him speak. Constance will never marry against her father's wishes, neither ought I to ask her."

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### Chapter IV.

MR. DANFORTH did call upon Mr. Hawley on the morrow, a most painful and unlooked-for meeting to one at least. Mr. Hawley was in his counting-room immersed in business when the gentleman walked into his office. The pen he held had slipped from his fingers, leaving a long dark stain on the paper before him, and his change of color was too sudden to escape observation.

"We have certainly met before," said Mr. Danforth, grasping his unwilling hand. "Why, bless me! Mr. Hawley, my poor brother Edward's partner! I never thought of greeting in you an old friend, though I remembered the name."

He stopped; the associations suddenly called up were not of the most agreeable character.

"Take a chair, Danforth," said Hawley, recovering himself. "May I ask your errand this morning? You see I am surrounded with business."

His manner was cold; Danforth took the designated seat in silence. He had thought to find his task an easy one; but this recognition sent a singular chill over his spirits. The aged and changed appearance of the man before him struck him disagreeably.

"I called on my son's business," he began abruptly. "Edward saw you last night. From what I gathered from him, he seems to have blundered in his explanation."

"I gave him his answer," said Mr. Hawley, rustling the papers beneath his hand uneasily; "it is not my wish that Constance should think of marriage at present; she is still young."

"Edward," observed his father, "misunderstood you; he supposed the objection to arise on the score of property."

"That was also considered," observed Mr. Hawley, coldly; "Constance has too large a fortune in prospective, not to lay her suitors open to the suspicion of being adventurers—unless their own income were too ample to admit of such a doubt.

"Edward will have a good estate at my decease," said Mr. Danforth; "at present he has a thousand a year and a profession."

"Next to nothing, sir," suggested his companion, "when needed to support a wife brought up with Constance's expensive habits. A thousand a year would not fill her jewel-case."

"We were both young once," said Mr. Danforth, smiling; "you yourself married into a wealthy family while yet a comparatively poor man. I venture to believe that Mrs. Hawley never regretted her choice. Edward has entered upon a lucrative profession; why should he not be as fortunate?"

The same waxen paleness that had shot over Hawley's face at the entrance of his visitor mantled it again. "I do not know," he said, sharply, "but I am little accustomed to leave anything to chance."

"In a word, then, you have really set your heart against the match?"

"I am sorry to say so, sir; sorry to decline the honor."

Mr. Danforth rose; the reply was too pointed to admit of further negotiation.

"I am sorry for both the young people," he said. "I confess, Mr. Hawley, I cannot see the reasonableness of this resolution."

"You look only on your own side of the matter," said the gentleman, blandly. "If I had other daughters to dispose of in marriage, I might be more lenient."

"How Hawley has changed!" thought Mr. Danforth, as he went out; "I did not seem to breathe freely in his presence. Well, my errand was indeed hopeless; poor Edward! I must take him away from here. I wonder if my brother's wife is still living; strange that none of my letters to her have received an answer; I may as well go to C——— at once; the change will be a slight difference to Edward. How the sight of Hawley brought up those old, old days—my poor brother! Who would have thought such a thing of him!—he was always so honest, so true in the smallest things. I wonder if he is living still, traveling the hard path of crime; it must have been a frightful temptation to throw him from his course. Poor, poor Edward! it all seems like a dream. How can a man be so blind as to dash out all his prospects in life by one throw?"

Mr. Danforth's kind plan on his son's part was defeated by that young gentleman's engagement in a lawsuit just coming on, and he found himself obliged to take up his projected journey alone.

It was but a short journey to C———, some forty miles, the whole dis ance being traversed by railway—a very great change from the days of his youth, when the slow stage-coach had rattled on day after day over the turnpike roads.

Everything wore a changed aspect as he got out at the station; new buildings met his eyes; the new wall of a towering steam factory, with its long smoke-chimney; crowds of strange faces; but the last he was prepared for.

It seemed like a dream, that this far-off boyhood and the first eventful years of his manhood had been passed in this then quiet spot.

The short Winter day was near its close, and he proceeded at once to the nearest hotel, which proved to be only a few yards distant from the station. Somewhat to his surprise, and much to his satisfaction, he recalled an old friend in the landlord's ruddy face, and saw at once that the objects of his visit might be speedily fulfilled.

Mr. Scranton failed to recognize him until he had made his self-introduction, and then his greeting was cordial and hearty.

"Where have you been all these long years, sir?" he inquired. "I thought you were dead long ago!"

"Seeking my fortune for the last ten years."

"And prospered, I suppose? come back a rich man?"

"A tolerable competence," returned Danforth, modestly; "money never kept very long in my hands, as you know. I was quite unlike poor Edward; but that brings me to the object of my coming here, to make some inquiries for his wife and family, if he has any."

"His wife—bless me! Don't you know she has been dead these dozen years? She didn't live six months after he ran off—excuse me—his little daughter found a good home with his partner, Mr. Hawley. A strange freak that!"

"You don't tell me so!" exclaimed Mr. Danforth, in his turn astonished. "Can Constance, then, be my brother's child? I remember that was her mother's name, and Edward wrote that he had given it to his baby!"

"They have no other child, I believe," said the landlord, rather curiously. "I heard from them a year ago through one of our town's people. He went into Mr. Hawley's office, but the gentleman could not remember him. They are at the top of fortune—the Hawleys—and vain of their good luck, too."

"It is very singular," said Mr. Danforth, aloud, "this adoption. What were the circumstances in which Mary was left the time of her husband's disappearance?"

"Utter poverty, I believe. There was nothing coming to her from the firm, of course."

"What could have led poor Edward into such a step? a gambling affair? anything of that sort?"

"I never heard anything of that kind. Something was said about his getting involved, but nobody knew where the story came from."

"A bad affair," said Danforth, sighing, "Edward was the last man I should have picked out of the world to fall into ruin; there never was a better brother or friend."

A call came for the landlord; Scranton went out, and Danforth drew his chair up to the fire, and fell into a fit of meditation. Slowly out of the glowing coals before him a singular picture began to shape itself—a long procession, at the end of which stood a gallows, on the scaffold the outline of a man kneeling, with his face covered in his hands. The profile was distinct; it bore a singular likeness to some one he had seen but the day before.

"What a fool I am!" he exclaimed, starting up. "I may as well go to my chamber and try to sleep off this hallucination. I feel as though just escaping from the grasp of a nightmare."

But sleep was not to be wooed for his pillow that night; his thoughts rested intently on the discovery of the evening—Constance's adoption, coupled with the singular agitation of his brother's former partner. He rose in the morning unrefreshed, and thought he would take a short walk before breakfast, after which he decided to leave in the noon train.

New streets had been built—a broad piece of waste land turned into a green square, fenced by a neat iron railing, and bordered by fast-growing elms; the house where his own short, unquiet days of married life had passed still stood, the old evergreens shading the entrance, the snow lying thick over what had been the garden; it struck him as the only place left unchanged by the wear of twenty years.

Several workmen were busy with their spades in enlarging a cellar for some new building, as he retraced his steps by an opposite way to that from which he had come. Just as he neared them, one of the number dropped his pickax, with a loud exclamation, and the others stood as if transfixed.

"A skeleton, Marks, and no mistake! There's been some foul work here!"

Danforth stepped up and looked over. It was the head of a skeleton, which the removal of the brown mold had uncovered.

"What building stood here?" he asked, breathlessly.

"An office, sir. It has just been torn down."

### Chapter V.

Mr. Herkimer sat in his office reading over his brief for the morrow. The old cheerful look of a mind at peace with its surroundings and happy in itself had quite gone out of the young man's face, leaving in its stead the painful lines of suffering and a gloom which might not soon pass away.

At his elbow, thrust away under a heap of lawyer-like parchments, lay a daintily-written note, which bore Mrs. Hawley's signature. Constance had received his letter, but it was the last which must pass between them; her husband had given his orders to that effect, and she felt sure that Mr. Herkimer would respect their mutual wishes, and see that the matter was at an end.

It was very cruel, he felt so with his whole heart; they loved each other, and there was no real obstacle of a grain's weight to come between them.

The law is a slow profession—save in the rarest cases—but Herkimer had never realized the fact until this night.

A rap came at his door, a late visitor, and he got up, but not in time to give admission to his father.

"Why, father!" he exclaimed, arrested by his pallid appearance, "what has happened? Are you ill? You have just come from C——?"

"I have just left the station," said Mr. Danforth, trying to speak in his natural tone, but his voice had the brokenness of agitation. "I have made a most terrible discovery; it relates to Hawley."

Herkimer dropped the brief he had held in his hand, and looked earnestly at his father.

"I have told you of your uncle's disappearance; of the fraud he was said to have perpetrated—it turns out that he was murdered!"

The young man turned white, and sat down, leaning his face upon his hand.

His father took the chair opposite, and went on, in a lower voice:

"In my visit to Mr. Hawley I recognized him at first

THE CHINCHILLA.—SEE PAGE 574.

THE BILL OF FARE.

sight as my brother's former partner; his agitation on seeing me was singular and unaccountable."

He paused.

"On my visit to C———, I learned that this young lady to whom you have been paying your attentions is only his daughter by adoption, and her real name Constance Danforth."

At any other time this announcement would have excited extreme surprise, but now the young man held his breath in suspense for the terrible finale which was approaching.

"This morning, in my walk through C———, I came upon some workmen enlarging a cellar in preparation for a new building; before my eyes they unearthed a skeleton. It was your uncle's former warehouse which covered this spot, the threshold of which he crossed, and, according to my belief, was never again seen in life."

"The proofs!" said Edward, huskily; "it may be the remains of some other man, and how do you know that this person was murdered?"

"The marks of violence above the temple show the manner in which he met his death. Your uncle, I discover upon investigation, at the time of his death was not a poor man, yet nothing remains to show his right to property, or the faintest proof that he had taken to vicious courses. Had I been here at the time, these discoveries would have been made in the week following his disappearance, but there was none interested save his sick wife and unconscious infant. I shall have him arrested," said Danforth, savagely; "the picture I saw in the coals last night was a supernatural vision; it shall come true!"

"No!" exclaimed his son, starting; "hear me, my dear father, for Constance's sake—God avenges the deepest wrongs in his own time; let Hawley know of your discovery, but do not visit vengeance on his innocent family on account of his guilt."

Danforth shook his head.

"What! let him go on in his prosperity after he has taken my brother's life? Edward, I never thought this of you."

"What good will it do, sir, to bring him to the bar? I have seen the man. He never premeditated that crime. It was done under the influence of passion. If we could read his heart, I believe we would see he has never known a moment's peace since. That, though, is the confession of all criminals."

Danforth sat silent.

The haggard, wretched face of the guilty man rose up before him. No wonder at its restlessness, with such a secret gnawing beneath!

"You argue well, Edward," he said, after a lengthened pause; "but where is the clearing of your uncle's good name?"

"That, sir, is of less value than the peace of the living," answered Edward.

Mr. Danforth had not yet decided, but wavered; and finally resolved that circumstances should settle his course.

Early in the morning he presented himself, now accompanied by his son, at Mr. Hawley's counting-house. The gentleman was not in, and the clerk said he was at home, seriously ill.

Thither Mr. Danforth proceeded, and pitilessly presented himself, sending in with his card a message that his business was urgent, and would admit of no delay. He was ushered into the sick-chamber, where Mr. Hawley, in bed, received him with anxiety and suspicion.

What followed in that long interview those two alone knew; but when Mrs. Hawley entered, upon the strange visitor's departure, she found her husband exhausted, and able to articulate with difficulty.

"I have revoked my decision in regard to Mr. Herkimer," he said to her in a whisper, as she still sat by his pillow an hour later; "when I recover, we shall have the marriage take place."

"When he recovered"—Mrs. Hawley soon saw that was not to be. He never rose from his sick-bed; soon his mind began to wander, and he murmured of strange things. Mrs. Hawley wept; by-and-by a new light began to dawn upon her; she sent out the nurse, and chose to take the weary watching and attendance upon herself. Even Constance was denied her share, but that might be because her presence seemed to arouse the invalid into a state of almost nervous frenzy. Then came a few moments of peace before he passed away; and then he uttered words—plain to one, but strange to the other who wept by his deathbed.

"God has led me by a hard path, but He has been merciful, very merciful at the last."

"Poor papa!" said Constance, "how I wish he would let us love him and make his life happier."

She did not dream, poor innocent child, that his one secret crime had closed his life to every avenue of happiness. A year from that sorrowful day she became Mr. Herkimer's wife, and on her marriage morning was tenderly told all that her mother had desired her to know.

"No mother could be dearer," was her fond reply, encircling the friend of her girlhood in a warm embrace; "but for mamma's desire, I should never have wished to know this. And that was why papa never loved me! Poor papa!"

It was well that the murderer's secret slept with him.

There was some curiosity expressed, when, a few months later, a white slab rose beside that which marked the grave of the deserted wife in the graveyard at C———, with the simple inscription, "Edward Danforth;" but the interest soon died away, and no one dreamed that a handful of dust and a heap of moldering bones were all which had been reverently laid in the quiet spot.

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## THE CHINCHILLA.

The earliest account of this valuable little animal is to be found in a translation published in London, England, in 1604, of Father Joseph Acosta's "Natural and Moral History of the East and West Indies." This interesting work was originally published in Spanish, in 1591, at Barcelona, and says:

"The chinchilla is another kind of small beast like squirrels; they have a wonderfully smooth and soft skin, which the natives wear as a healthful thing to comfort the stomach and these parts that have need of a moderate heat."

Sir John Hawkins thus mentions this curious animal: "Among others, they have little beasts like unto a squirrel, but that he is gray. His skin is the most delicate, soft, and curious fur that I have seen, and has much estimation, as is reason, in Peru. Few of them come into Spain, because difficult to be come by, for that the princes and nobles lay in wait for them. They call this beast chinchilla, and of them they have great abundance."

Molina states that it lives in burrows under ground in the open country of the northern part of Chili, and is very fond of being in company with others of its own species. It feeds upon the roots of various bulbous plants, which grow abundantly in those parts, and produces twice a year five or six young ones. It is so docile and mild in temper, that it neither bites nor tries to escape, but seems to take a pleasure in being caressed,

The length of the body of this beautiful little creature is nine inches, and the tail nearly five inches. Its proportions are close set, and its limbs rather short, the posterior being considerably longer than the anterior. The fur is long, thick, close, woolly, somewhat crisped and entangled together, grayish or ash-colored above, and paler beneath. The form of the head resembles that of the rabbit—the eyes are full, large, and black, and the ears broad, naked, rounded at the tips, and nearly as long as the head. The mustaches are plentiful and very long, the longest being twice the length of the head, some of them black, some white. The tail is about half the length of the body, and covered with long, bushy hairs.

Although an extensive trade has been long carried on in the skins of this animal, it is only lately that they have been brought alive to England, where some are now in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, London. We are not aware that any have ever yet been seen alive in America.

## MARIUS AT MINTURNÆ.

THE classic school, so popular in Europe in the last century, drew its inspiration from the exciting annals of Grecian and Roman history. Scenes familiar to our thoughts from boyhood, but which never lose their majestic grandeur—never become trivial—are indeed well suited to the sphere of art.

The principal scene in this illustration is from a work of the French painter, Drousis, and depicts the scene between Marius and the Cimbric soldier.

Caius Marius, a Roman general and statesman, of plebeian origin, won distinction as a soldier under the second Scipio Africanus; and, 119, B. C., was chosen tribune of the people. Other offices soon fell to the aspiring commoner, and, marrying Julia, aunt of Julius Cæsar, he obtained family influence.

While lieutenant under Metellus, in the Jugurthine war, he was elected consul, 107 B. C. He put an end to that war, defeated the Teutones and Ambrones, German tribes, at Aix, and on the 30th of July, 101, annihilated the Cimbri, at Vercelli. Though repeatedly re-elected consul, his popularity declined, and Sylla became his rival, and he was at last forced to fly from Rome.

To escape immediate pursuit, he and his company were forced to swim to two merchant galleys, the crews of which, with a spirit characteristic of sailors, refused to give them up, but afterward made them land at the mouth of the Liris. Here, while concealed in a marsh, Marius was surrounded and captured. A Cimbric soldier was ordered to dispatch him, but lost courage, so affected was he by the majesty of the old man's appearance and language, and declared that he could not kill Caius Marius.

This is the moment seized upon by the artist to produce the effective picture.

Behind it are shown two other fine classical paintings, "The Oath of the Horatii," by David, and an "Offering to Esculapius," by Guerin.

## THE MONASTERY OF ST. AUGUSTINE, CANTERBURY, ENGLAND.

THE splendid remains of this once vast monastery are quite sufficient to show the scale of grandeur on which it was built. They have lately been restored, and promise to last as long as they have hitherto stood.

The site of this magnificent building is at the southeast angle of the city of Canterbury, in the county of Kent, famous in history for the murder of St. Thomas à Becket, and in poetry by Chaucer's celebrated poem of the "Canterbury Tales."

The earliest record of St. Augustine is that it was designed by King Ethelbert as a royal cemetery, and for that purpose he assisted that famous saint in building it. At its first opening it was dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. In the year 978, when it had been enlarged, St. Dunstan dedicated it afresh, not only to St. Peter and St. Paul, but to St. Augustine.

So splendid was this place, that at the Reformation Henry VIII. appropriated it as a royal palace. In 1573, Queen Elizabeth, making a tour of her kingdom, kept her court here. Fire and vandalism have, however, much reduced the ancient dimensions of this magnificent superstructure, and even the antiquary cannot trace with certainty the wide circuit of its original walls. In several places they have been knocked down to admit the view of modern buildings; in other places they have been cleared away to make room for houses.

In 1655, when Dugdale's "Monasticon" was published, the apartments were of a truly regal magnificence, and the area covered sixteen acres of land. But the most rapid decline of this splendid relic of the past has taken place during the last hundred years; and so far had the desecration been carried at the commencement of the century, that part of the building was converted into a brewery and a dependent public-house.

The great room over the archway of the principal gate was a cockpit, another ancient room was a taproom, and the sound of skittle-playing, quoits, and jolly songs were heard where once rose the joyous swell of *Jubilate* and the mournful cadence of the *Miserere*.

But a change was destined to come over the shadow of this disgraceful dream, and eighty years ago Mr. Hope, father of Anastasius Hope, restored the great gateway, and built within the walls a college for the education of Church of England missionaries.

The profanities of brewery, public-house, fives-courts, and skittles were swept away, and the destroyed monastery was restored, and an image of past magnificence rose on the site of the old original.

The gate looks now as well as it did in its pristine splendor, and the quadrangle, into which you enter on passing through the gate, is exceedingly fine, as, indeed, are chapel, hall, and library. The cloisters are eminently picturesque and gloomy, and carry the spectator into the feudal times as if by a stroke of magic.

The corridors are lined and roofed throughout with solid oak, narrow and very long, which has a most powerful and romantic effect. In the chapel, the hall—indeed, in every part, the greatest attention has been paid to detail, and the sculptured ornaments will bear a comparison with the greatest triumphs of the Middle Ages.

## THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

THE burning of Moscow, in 1812, is one of the most noted conflagrations on record, not only on account of its magnitude, but for its historical importance.

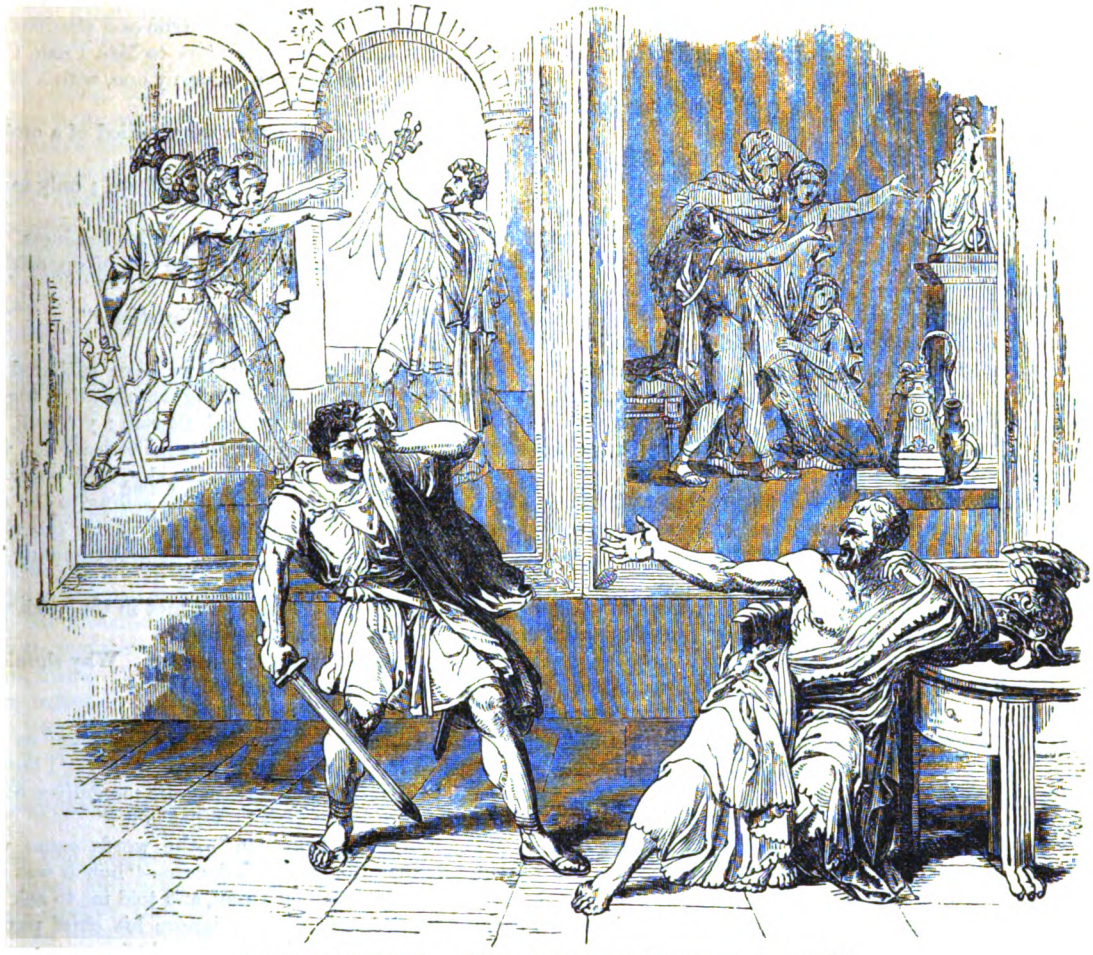
The French entered the city, September 14th, Napoleon proposing to make it his Winter quarters. On that very day several fires broke out, but little attention was paid to them by the invading army until the next two days, when they had acquired great headway. On the 17th a high wind arose, and the flames spread rapidly in every direction; by the 18th the whole city appeared as a sea of flame, and by the evening of the 20th nine-tenths of it was reduced to ashes. The total number of buildings destroyed is stated at between 13,000 and 15,000.

The Russians at the time, in order to cast odium on the French, attributed this conflagration to the order of Napoleon. It is now, however, generally acknowledged that the fires were the work of the Russians themselves, and that they were kindled by the order of the Governor, Rostoptchin, acting, beyond all doubt, under the sanction of the Emperor Alexander, without which it is hardly conceivable that the Governor would venture such a step. The object was to deprive the French army of shelter from the Winter. Ample preparations had been taken to insure the entire destruction of the city. Inflammable materials were placed in deserted mansions in every quarter, and the torch was applied simultaneously all over the city.

In burning the French out of their proposed Winter quarters, no provision had been made for the safety of the inhabitants, who were driven to seek shelter in the surrounding woods; and it is affirmed that more than 20,000 sick and wounded perished in the flames.

The direct loss to the French is put down at 40,000, and beyond this it in the end involved the retreat in the dead of Winter, and the almost complete annihilation, of the great French army.

THE BROKEN STRAP.—DRAWN BY SIR JOHN GILBERT.



MARIUS AT MINTURNÆ.—FROM A PAINTING BY DROUSIS.—SEE PAGE 575.

# REST AFTER SORROW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MAGDALEN'S LEGACY," "COULD AUGHT ATONE?" ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

TWILIGHT is gathering; the flowers are closing their petals; the birds are seeking their nests; a sweet calm, as of the Sabbath, rests over all.

It is growing dusk in Castleford Parsonage. Through the small oriel windows of the study, with their narrow bordering panes of rich stained glass, the fading light of day comes but dimly—so dimly that a gentleman who has been reading there, without interruption, for hours, closes his book, and, rising from his seat, walks toward the window overlooking the quaint, old-fashioned garden.

He stands there for a time, in evident enjoyment of the evening and the scene his eyes rest upon; for the garden is pleasant, though it is old-fashioned. A broad alley runs straight through it. On each side grow pear and apple trees with great, gnarled, moss-covered trunks, and mistletoe growing amidst the arching boughs. Rose-trees are planted between, and nearer the house there is a smooth lawn dotted with beds of gay, fragrant flowers. The light grows dimmer, yet still the man retains his position. The early June day has been hot and oppressive, and the cool breeze that has sprung up with the twilight is refreshing and grateful.

The man's form is tall and strongly built, yet not devoid of a certain air of grace and refinement, which extends itself to his face—a face that is pleasant to look upon, every feature being firm and reliable, telling of earnestness and nobility of character. The hair is chestnut; the eyes, appearing almost black at times, are, in reality, dark blue.

Calm and sweet and still is the evening, with a stillness that has in it something of solemnity; but by-and-by the room is filled with the sound of softly-pealing bells borne on the breeze from the little church hard by.

The Castleford bells have chimed the hours of five and eight from time immemorial. The sound disturbs the man from the reverie into which he has fallen.

"Eight o'clock," he murmurs, half aloud, half to himself—"eight o'clock, and Pearl has not been yet."

Then he walks away slowly to the other window, the one commanding the principal approach to the parsonage. Not so pleasant is the lookout from this window as from the other. A broad gravel-path leading down to a gate, a narrow strip of lawn interspersed with flower-beds, a narrow belting of shrubbery, and a few tall elm-trees, shutting in the house from the road—that is all.

The door opens slowly, and a lady looks in; even in the dim light may be traced the strong likeness she bears to the occupant of the room. They are brother and sister, beyond a doubt. There is the same tall form, hers, however, being slighter and suppler; there is the same broad, white forehead, crowned with rippling chestnut hair; there are the same dark-blue eyes, out of the depths of which look purity and truth; the same lips, the curves of which speak of firmness and sweetness of disposition admirably blended; and over all is the same air of dignity and refinement.

"Christian," she says, still standing in the doorway, "may I come in? Have you done with your books for this evening?"

"Come in, Nell," he tells her, with a pleasant smile of

welcome. "The light is too dim for me to see to read any longer."

They are pleasant voices, both of them—refined and cultivated.

"Shall I ring for lights?" the lady asks, coming farther into the room.

"Not unless you desire them for yourself, Nellie. The gloaming is too pleasant to be lost."

But it is evident the lady does not desire them, for she moves across to where her brother stands, and links her arm within his.

"You have had a very easy day, Christian?"

"Very, Nellie," he replies.

"You have not been out even for a walk, Christian."

"There are but few sick people just now in Castleford," he says, avoiding a direct answer; "and you know, Nell, how averse I am to visiting just for the sake of visiting."

A little cloud passed over Nellie Graham's face; it may be seen even in the shadowy room.

"Don't you think, Christian"—Nellie speaks with more than her usual gentleness—"that there is just a bare possibility of your carrying that prejudice too far?"

"No, Nellie."

He speaks with prompt decision. But it is a matter that has troubled Nellie Graham for many a day; she will pursue the subject now it has once been broached.

"You know best, of course, Christian; but I cannot help thinking that, if you would tear yourself from your beloved books, and go out amongst your parishioners a little more frequently, it would be better for yourself, and would afford them greater satisfaction."

"I trust no one charges me with neglect of duty, Nellie?"

There is something akin to wounded feeling in the tones. Nell detects it in the slightly quickened utterance.

"No one could do that, Christian."

"A breach of politeness and common kindliness—is that it?"

But the girl is some minutes before she replies, and even then her words seem to bear but little direct reference to the question her brother has asked.

"I have been out for such a pleasant walk," she begins, with some little hesitation, and lingering over the words, "through the Banner Cross Woods, Christian. The trees are all out in full leaf now, you know."

"Well?" the brother interrogates, as the girl again pauses.

"On coming back through Banner Cross Park, I met the whole party from the House."

"Pearl—was Pearl with them, Nell?"

"Pearl and Mr. Frith and a gentleman whom I have never seen before—a gentleman whom at the first glance one might be tempted to think a foreigner."

"And young Woodford and Squire Reynolds and the usual set of ladies—were they all there, Nell?"

"There were more than usual, Christian. They were laughing and chatting, and seeming very gay."

"Pearl has not been to-day, Nell. The fresh shoal of visitors accounts for it."

"I often wonder how she keeps up the habit of coming at all, Christian, and wonder still more often now, amidst the gayety and fast life of the House, she still retains her childish simplicity and innocence."

"She is just like her mother was, Nell. I remember, when I was a boy, how she used to come in the same manner every day."

"The love between her and our mother was rare, Christian."

"As rare as it was warm and tender. I have seen our mother restless, and almost unhappy—she could never be quite that, you know—if Mrs. Frith did not come all day. It is seldom that school-girls' friendship outlasts marriage, but theirs never wavered—it was true and steadfast."

"It must have been a comfort to Mrs. Frith, Christian; her life must have been an unhappy one, with a husband so unsympathetic."

"Most unhappy. If ever a woman died of a broken heart it was little Pearl's mother."

"And yet Mr. Frith is so fond of Pearl; only see how he indulges her in everything!"

"Yes; he is fond of her with a selfish fondness. I do not think that his love would stand the test of opposition to his wishes."

"Shall I ring for lights now, Christian?"

"No, Nell, not yet."

In the little study the shadows have gathered thickly; with the exception of the two figures standing together, no object can be plainly discerned therein; yet still the gentleman manifests a strange reluctance to leave the window.

"Watch the stars lighting in the sky, Nell—how beautiful it is! Presently the moon will come sailing in the calm blue heavens. Who is it, dear, that says, 'Never one star shines alone; there is always another to keep it company'?"

"I do not remember."

"And so the party whom you met in the park were very gay, Nell—Pearl amongst the rest?"

"Pearl amongst the rest, Christian. Why should she not be—young and rich and beautiful?"

"Ay—why not, indeed?"

"Christian"—and again the slow hesitation as before is perceptible in the lady's voice and manner—"I have not yet delivered the message Mr. Frith bade me deliver to you."

"A message to me, Nell! What is it?"

"He asked me, Christian"—the words came with still greater deliberation and gentleness—"how it was that they never saw you at Banner Cross, and told me to ask if it was part of a minister's duty to ignore his chief parishioners because their mode of living was a little more gay than his own."

"And you, Nell—what did you say?"

"That your poorer parishioners took up so much of your time, and that they had few to pay them any little attention; while he had so many always ready and anxious to serve him. I gave him, in addition, your own reason, that you disliked visiting merely for the sake of paying a visit."

"What followed, Nell?"

"He laughed at me, good-humoredly enough, but said that it was a poor, paltry excuse. 'Tell him,' he cried, 'that it's pride that keeps him away. He's poor and proud! The Castleford people say that he makes as much fuss of himself as though he were a king!'"

The lady's cheeks are burning fiercely before she has completed her sentence.

"He never sent such a message as that," Christian Graham begins, hotly; then he pauses, and presently adds, with a slight laugh, "But I don't know why anything he said should astonish me."

"I did not know that Mr. Frith deemed us poor, Christian."

"It matters little in what estimation he holds us, Nell. I know that I count myself rich indeed in comparison with Mr. Frith. Did Pearl hear the precious message?"

"She took no notice of it, if she did; but I saw the bright color flush her face, and she gave the short, gay laugh she always gives when anything annoys her."

"Christian," the lady says again, presently, after a silence of some minutes, "I really wish that you would go out a little more than you do."

"Why, Nell?"

"It would be good for you, and——"

"And," her brother interposes, "your sisterly pride and

affection take alarm when the good people of Castleford tax me with undue pride."

But as he speaks there comes the sound of an opening gate, then quick, light footsteps pass up the walk and through the hall, and then a sweet, winsome face peeps into the room, and a fresh, girlish voice calls out:

"May I come in?"

"Pearl!" Christian Graham cries, pleasurable eagerness very perceptible in his tones. "How late you are!"

"We had given over expecting you," Nellie says, taking both the girl's hands in her own; "it is growing quite late, dear child."

"It is not yet nine, Nell; your rooms are dimly lighted. I am not too late to be welcome, I hope?"

"As though that could ever be!" Nell tells her.

"Nellie knew that you had company at the House," Christian says, "and we concluded that that would keep you away."

"We have not had a quiet day by any means. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds and the Woodfords came this morning, but they went away nearly an hour ago. Since then papa has honored me by taking me into his confidence. Did you notice the gentleman walking with papa," the girl continues, some of the freshness fading out of her tones—"the one who was so very dark, Nell?"

"I did, Pearl. I wondered who he could be; I have not seen him before."

"No; you have never seen him before, Nell. He is the eldest son of my father's only brother. Deighton Frith is his name. He is the heir-apparent to Banner Cross."

"Heir-apparent to Banner Cross!" Nell repeats, wonderingly.

"Have you forgotten, Nellie? Banner Cross is strictly entailed upon male heirs—and papa has no son. You cannot have forgotten, Christian?"

"No," he replies; "but I rarely give a thought to the matter. You have not been upon very intimate terms with this young man, Pearl."

"No. There had been some unpleasantness between papa and uncle for many years before my uncle's death, and there never was a reconciliation; but last Winter, while we were in London, we met Deighton, and papa took quite a fancy to him. Where are you going?" she adds, abruptly, as Nellie Graham rises from her chair.

"Only to ring for lights."

"Then don't do it yet," she begs. "This quiet room, with its 'dim, religious light'—is that a correct quotation, Christian?—is a relief after the glare and gayety of the day. And, besides, I am come to tell you something which I think will be better 'told by the moonlight alone' than by any artificial light—and we shall have a splendid moon presently."

She seats herself upon a low ottoman at Nellie's feet, and rests her head upon Nellie's lap. Rarely lovely she must be, seen by the full light of day; even in the shadowy room her beauty is apparent. Her hair and eyes must be black, and, if her face is not perfect, and almost devoid of color, it appears so now."

"I often think," she begins, dreamily, "what a comfort it must have been to my mother to know that she was always welcome to come here, when she could escape from the constant noise and gayety of her own home. It was no greater comfort and blessing, though, to her than it has been to her daughter."

"Christian has just been saying," Nell puts in softly, "that the comfort was mutual in the case of our mothers. I know that it is in the case of their children."

"Did Nellie deliver the message papa gave her for you?" the girl asks, turning her face to Christian, but repaying Nellie's speech with a little gentle hand-pressure.

"About my neglect in visiting him? Yes, she did."

"It pained me to hear him, Christian. But what could I say? To think of sending such a message to you, and by your own sister!"

"It hurt neither Nellie nor me, Pearl."

"He speaks so of everybody who adopts a profession, Christian; you know that he does. Oh, I wish that he would not!"

"I always esteem myself fortunate in having such a profession—in being thought worthy to succeed my father, not only in his home, but in his church. Your father's words cannot take from me my sense of pride and satisfaction, Pearl."

"But you said that you had something to tell us," Nell interposes, gently. "Suppose, dear, that you let us hear what it is."

Nellie Graham feels a shiver run through Pearl Frith's slight form. She looks down upon the face lying in her lap; the moon has just sailed into the dark blue heavens, and the beams fall upon the young girl's features. Nell Graham fancies that their expression is sad and weary, and that they are paler than they are wont to be.

"What is it, Pearl?" she asks, with quick sympathy.

"This afternoon papa called you poor," the girl says, very quietly; "but he forgot to add that his only child is very little better than a beggar."

Neither brother nor sister speaks—both utterly fail to comprehend the girl's meaning.

"He called me into the library, after they had all gone away—all except Cousin Deighton—his visit will doubtless extend over an indefinite period," Pearl continues—"and while there he told me that his affairs were in a most embarrassed state, and that if he died to-morrow I should be left penniless."

"But your mother's fortune—that was large? I have heard mine say so many times. Surely he can settle that upon you?"

"It all went, Christian, long ago. I have known that for some time past. Just for one minute consider the gay life and reckless extravagance that have always been the rule at Banner Cross."

"It is shameful! And you, his only child!" Nellie cries, indignantly, "to leave your future wholly unprovided for!"

"But he has provided for it," she observes, with quiet bitterness. "I am to become my cousin's wife; he is good enough to say that he will take me, portionless though I am."

"Pearl!"

"Oh, it's quite true, Nell! Papa read me quite a homily upon the gratitude I ought to feel toward him, and taxed me with all the cardinal sins—stupidity being the predominant one—because I manifested some little reluctance and hesitation to accept at once the future he has marked out for me."

"But, my dear child, what will you do?"

"I do not know what I shall do. I have asked for a few days to consider the matter."

"And, if you refuse?" interrogated Miss Graham.

"As if I dared, Nell! No, there is but one course open to me."

"And that?"

"Is, of course, to make a martyr of myself—a martyr not greatly to be commiserated, many would think."

"Do you think you can love him in time? I judge you do not now, from your manner."

It is Christian who speaks; but his tones have lost their pleasantness—they are hard and forced. Involuntarily Pearl lifts her head from Nellie's lap, and turns toward him, striving to peer through the gloom and shadows. But the moonbeams are friendly. They play at his feet; they kiss

Pearl's cheeks and braided tresses, and rich evening dress; they pour a stream of refulgent light upon Nellie's pure, earnest face; but they serve only to throw Christian more entirely into the darkness—they tell no tales of eyes that reflect great mental pain, of cheeks from which every vestige of color has departed, of firmly closed lips, and hands tightly clenched within each other.

"What did you ask, Christian?"

"This man, Pearl, whom your father elects for your future husband—do you love him?"

"Love him!" she echoes. "What an old-fashioned question! What an old-fashioned thing to talk about!"

"Nevertheless marriage cannot be happy without it."

"And who will care if I am happy or wretched?" the girl cries, with a sudden outburst of passion. "I shall marry this man, and become in due course the mistress of Banner Cross, and my father will be more than satisfied; he will never ask if I love or am loved. I shall be rich, and my friends will deem it a fortunate thing for me that my cousin condescended from his high estate to marry a portionless girl, and think that, if I am not more than content, I must indeed be hard to please."

"Hush, hush, dear!" Nellie says, touching the girl's hair with gentle caressing fingers. "Christian and I always care for your happiness."

"I am unjust to-night, I think," the girl responds, falling back upon her old quietness, "tired, and a little out of spirits too. It seems just at first a little hard to be so summarily disposed of, without one's tastes or inclinations being once consulted; but doubtless it is all for the best. If I were left to exercise my own plebeian tastes and pigmy judgment, I might elope with one of the servants, or do some other thing equally commendable."

"That is a new mood that possesses you to-night," Nell says; "I have never heard you talk so recklessly before, dear child."

"No!" Pearl cries, half indifferently, half interrogatively.

"I scarcely seem to recognize my little Pearl."

"Good-night," Pearl responds, starting up suddenly, away from Nell's caressing fingers—"Good-night, Nell."

"Must you go, dear? Then I shall come with you to the park gates."

"Thanks. Good-night, Christian."

The gentleman takes the extended hand in his own, and retains it for a few moments in a close, lingering clasp. He notes that it is hot and feverish; he can see by the moonbeams that the expression the girl's face wears is one of pain and careless defiance strangely mingled.

"Good-night," he says; and then he adds, an irresistible impulse seeming to urge him on, "Do not marry this man if you do not love him, Pearl."

"What?" she exclaims, even more reckless than before. "A minister counselling disobedience to parents! I never expected it from you, Christian."

Her tone jars upon his ear, her light, bantering manner wounds him, yet he shows no sign that such is the case.

"But you do not love him?"

"What a persistent questioner you are, Christian. Good-night. Come, Nellie."

The gentleman rises from his seat, and stands by the window to watch the receding figures; then the moonbeams show his face very plainly. It is pale still, but a look of hopeful decision struggles with the pain that it wore but a few moments back.

"My poor little wounded darling!" he murmurs, and into his face comes an expression of infinite tenderness. "How can her father treat her like a piece of merchandise? Either she must marry the man whom he has selected, or her future will be entirely unprovided for. If I only knew! If I could only read what is in her heart?"

### Chapter II.

LONG the road, and through the great meadows fragrant with clover, the two girls walk in silence. The lodge at the entrance to the park is reached, and yet no word has been spoken. Nellie halts here.

"I must go back now, Pearl," she says; "you do not fear to go the rest of the way alone?"

"Afraid!" Pearl returns. "Why should I be afraid? No one will harm me. I am Miss Frith, of Banner Cross."

She tries to give a little, short, gay laugh, but she fails utterly; there comes instead a passionate burst of tears.

They startle Nellie Graham, but she does not speak—does not attempt to check them. Silently she leads the girl on within the park, and seats her upon one of the many seats placed under the grand oaks and elm-trees; then she draws the hot, aching head on to her shoulder, and takes in her own the burning, feverish hands.

"What is it, Pearl?"

"I am so wretched, Nell! I declare that many a time I have wished that I were dead! And now comes this fresh addition to the burden I have to bear. Not that it grieves me to know that I am penniless—that knowledge could not give me a moment's sorrow—it is the cool way in which papa disposes of me that pains me.'

"You evaded replying to Christian's question, Pearl; but you will answer me. I do not, of course, suppose that you love your cousin now, but do you imagine it possible that you may in time?"

"Never, Nell! I disliked him from the first moment I saw him—I shall dislike him as long as I live."

"Then do not marry him, Pearl."

"Easy advice, Nell; but you don't know papa. I dare not oppose him—he will have his way whether I will or not."

Yes, Mr. Frith will brook no opposition to his wishes; Nellie Graham knows that, and the knowledge keeps her silent.

"If papa had ever loved me as some parents love their children," the girl cries again, the sobs shaking her slight form, "and he had asked me to do this thing for his sake, I think I could have assented cheerfully; but to be treated as though I had neither sense nor feeling—Nell, it drives me nearly wild when I think of it!"

A little closer pressure of the hand, the sudden laying of Nell Graham's face upon her own, assures the girl of her listener's sympathy.

"And then I wonder how it will all end," she continues—"wonder if I shall develop gradually into one of those dashing, heartless, flirting women papa admires so much, but at whom I shudder—or shall I be like my mother, and die beneath the hardening process? Nell, sometimes I think I could be content to live lacking every luxury, so that my life were spent with some one who would love and care for me."

"My poor child!"

"Who cares for me beside yourself, Nell? Even Christian this evening—how cool and indifferent he was to my pain and sorrow! What shall I do in the years to come, when I am for away, and cannot see your face or hear your voice? For I am very sure that Deighton Frith will never allow his wife to choose her own associates. What shall I do then? I am Miss Frith, of Banner Cross, whose father has been gay and improvident, and altogether disreputable, and no one cares to say to his daughter, 'I love you.' They may admire her—they may not object to a little flirtation—

but no good, true, honest man would ever say to her, 'Will you be my honored, cherished wife?' or, I tell you, Nell, I should be tempted to set my father's commands at defiance and to regard his authority lightly. But no, I shall marry Deighton Frith, and my future fate—Heaven only knows what that will be?"

Nell Graham longs with an intense longing to find fitting words with which to comfort the girl she has known and loved from earliest childhood; but she can find none—she can only hold her in a yet closer embrace, and kiss the flushed face and quivering lips.

Presently the barking of a dog reaches them, the sound drawing each moment nearer and nearer.

"That is papa and Lion," Pearl says, starting to her feet; "Deighton too, in all probability. We shall just have time to avoid meeting them, Nell. For my sake you must not expose yourself to further insult. Good-night, dear."

In another moment she has darted down into a narrow path branching off from the main one, sheltered from observation for some distance by thick trees, and Nell Graham is retracing her steps homeward.

"If ever my heart ached for another's sorrow, it has to-night for that poor child," Nell says, a few minutes later, as she rejoins her brother in the quiet study. "Can we do nothing for her, Christian?"

"What can we do, Nell?" he returns, answering her question with another. "Any attempt at interference from us she might consider impertinent."

"I shall never forget her face and voice as I have seen and heard them to-night, Christian—the wistful, longing face, the yearning, sorrowing voice. 'I am Miss Frith, of Banner Cross, but no true, good man will ever come to me and say, "I love you; I would have and hold you forever as my honored, my cherished wife," or I should be tempted to set my father's commands at defiance.' She spoke some such words as those, and her look and tone conveyed more than her lips gave utterance to. Dear, had you seen and heard her, you could not speak so coldly. But I am sometimes tempted to think that you do not give Pearl full credit for the loving, clinging, sensitive nature she possesses."

Speak coldly! Why, the man's pulses are throbbing wildly, and the blood bounds through his veins with accelerated speed as he listens!

Speak coldly! Why, every quick heart-beat, every tender, passionate thought, is because of her or for her! His poor, sorrowing darling, longing for honest affection, and he eager to pour at her feet, a free-will offering, all the strong, deep love of his earnest nature! His sister's words are as new life to him.

"I believe her to be everything that is pure and womanly," he says, rather hurriedly.

"But—pardon me, Christian—your manner does not express your belief. Only this evening it was cold, constrained, and unsympathetic. I am sure Pearl was pained by it. I feel sure that some words of yours wounded and grieved her."

"I will be more careful in future," Christian Graham says; but he feels no sorrow as he listens to his sister's words—rather does a new, tender, bewildering, delicious joy take possession of him. "but I did not think, Nell," he explains, "that Pearl cared enough for any words of mine to feel either pain or pleasure at them."

"As though she cared half as much for the words of anybody else!" Nell cries, reproachfully. "Do not let your manner be cold and your words unsympathetic again, Christian. Pearl is sensitive and affectionate in the extreme; and she has no one to care for her save you and me."

"It shall never occur again, Nell."

"Never again! Never again!" Christian Graham mentally repeats many times, as he tosses restlessly upon his sleep-deserted pillow. "My manner cold and unsympathetic, wounding the girl for whom I would gladly lay down my life, if laying it down would insure her happiness! Values my words! I will save her from the fate which she regards with dread and aversion. She shall not be tied for life to a drinking, swearing, dissipated fop—as no doubt this cousin is. Her young, bright life shall not be fretted into the grave. I will go to her father, and tell him how unhappy the prospect of this marriage makes her; and then I will tell him how I love her. He must listen—he must, at last, yield. He cannot be so destitute of love for his only child that he would willingly consign her to a life-long misery, for the sole reason that he objects that any other woman but the one who calls him 'father' shall call Banner Cross 'home.' Then I will go to her, and I will woo her so gently, so tenderly, that she needs must lend a gracious ear. My little, shy, beautiful, dainty love, whose life should be cloudless, unbroken sunshine! She may not love me now, but I will win her; and some bright, golden day she will steal softly to me, and, laying her head upon my breast, she will sweetly whisper, 'Christian, my husband, I love you!' Is the dream but a fond delusion—the hope too bright ever to be realized? Little Pearl—my love, my queen, my darling!—shall I ever hold you close to my beating heart, and call you by that sweetest of all sweet names—wife?"

The morning light flushes the eastern sky with purple and rosy streaks of dawn before Christian Graham's eyes closed in sleep, before he sinks into dreamy slumber; and then golden, halcyon visions gladden his loving heart, and bright dreams of days to come crowd thickly upon him.

And at the great house at Banner Cross the young girl, Pearl Frith, sits beside one of the windows of a grand, lonely chamber, with tear-laden eyes that see nothing of the fair scene without—the terraced flower-gardens lying bathed in the silvery, shimmering radiance of the moonbeams, or the rippling waters of the lake, or the blossom-decked orchards and meadows beyond, skirted by the thick dark woods—sits with tiny hands clenched almost to pain, and with a face from which the joyousness of youth and its sweet hopefulness seem to have faded away—to have died out.

"It is all over," she thinks, with bitter sadness, the pale light of the moon shining upon the quivering lips; "I can never deceive myself with that dream again. How could I ever have imagined that he loved me—me, whom he must hold as light, and vain, and frivolous, and worldly? But I did think it; and the thought was infinitely sweet. Oh, if it had been so—if the dream had been not all a dream, but a living reality—I would gladly have borne the loss of fortune—I would willingly have set at naught papa's wishes and commands! But of what avail would it be now? Poor and friendless, where could I go? What could I do? And this will be the end—I shall obey papa and marry Deighton Frith, and settle down to a life of splendid misery; and perhaps some day, before I grow very old, Heaven will be kind, and send Death to release me from the burden of an unloved, unloving wedded life."

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### Chapter III.

Through the fragrant clover-meadows, and through the park, with its great, grand shadowy elms and oaks and sycamores, along the very path which Pearl, Frith, and Nell Graham had taken the evening before, walks Christian. There is a hopeful look in his eyes, and the happy dreaminess of his face is very pleasant to look upon. The southerly breezes play amidst his crisp chestnut curls, and bring to his cheek a bright, soft color; a smile plays about his lips; the blood bounds through his veins with strong,

glad life; his heart thrills and throbs as it has never thrilled and throbbed before. He is going to Banner Cross to try his fate, and, although not a vain man, he does not doubt of success.

"She will come to gladden my home and glorify my life," he tells himself.

"I will win her, my love, my queen!"

Christian Graham will never during his life forget his walk on this morning, nor the hopes that keep him such sweet company—it is a bright, glowing, gladsome, June morning, and the fond, precious hopes which fill his breast are even more bright and glowing and gladsome. And he dreams his brilliant dreams and rears his splendid, unsubstantial castles in the air even as he follows the pompous footman through the hall and up the grand staircase of Banner Cross House, until he stands in the presence of the man whom his love calls by the name of "father."

"This is an unexpected pleasure," that gentleman says, lazily stretching out his hand in greeting; "but I suppose your sister delivered the message I gave her. By Jove, Graham, what a deucedly fine girl she is! I had no idea that she had grown so handsome. It was so long since I had seen her."

"She has not been away from Castleford," Christian observes, pleasantly, looking upon the man before him, with his coarse, handsome, sensual face, and thinking how little—how very little—his daughter resembles him in appearance. And, ah, how glad he is to remember that she resembles him quite as little in mind and manners!

"You two people hold yourself so much aloof from our worldly set—make yourself so confoundedly scarce—that I never get a sight of you. Afraid of contamination, I suppose—eh?"

"You are so often away from Banner Cross yourself, Mr. Frith," Christian responds, gently, evading a direct reply.

"Well, I am. The old place is dull at the best. There is no place in the world like London, Graham, to my mind."

"Miss Frith is attached to Banner Cross, I think," Christian remarks, his cheeks flushing at the mention of her name.

"I think she is," allows Mr. Frith; "she is young and sentimental. I hate sentiment; but time will cure her of that, and give her common sense in its place. She dotes on flowers and trees and birds, and all the rest of such stuff. She is fond of horses, too; but that I can tolerate. I like to see a woman who knows how to ride; and, by Jove, sir, there is not one in the whole county can sit a horse as my daughter can!"

"She certainly rides admirably," Christian says, with a little smile, which he cannot repress, at Mr. Frith's burst of enthusiasm.

"It seems to me, Graham," Mr. Frith goes on to remark, "that you must see a great deal of my little girl. She appears to have adopted her mother's custom of walking over to Castleford Parsonage every day when she is at home."

"The days on which we do not see her are dull ones both to Nell and myself, Mr. Frith."

"Oh, I don't object to her coming, by any means! It keeps her out of mischief, if nothing else."

Then there ensues a silence between the two men who have not one taste or thought in common—a silence which Mr. Frith improves by whistling over some bars of a hunting song, and Christian Graham by considering how he can best broach the object of his visit.

"Awfully hot!" Mr. Frith remarks at last.

"Very," Christian coincides, with a thoughtful lingering over the word.

"Good for haymaking, I should suppose," Mr. Frith pursues, resolutely.

"Excellent!"

"I wonder where Deighton can be?" says Mr. Frith, rising from his seat. "You don't know him, I think?"

"I have not that pleasure."

"Then you shall have it. There are worse fellows in the world than Deighton Frith, Graham. He will be master of Banner Cross after me, you know. Confounded shame that I have no son, and that my daughter cannot inherit, isn't it, now?"

"It would certainly be more agreeable to you, Mr. Frith."

"My nephew Deighton is a fine, handsome fellow enough, and he will marry Pearl, although I have no fortune to give her. The young gypsy ought to be thankful. I dare say they are together now somewhere. I will send for them."

"Mr. Frith," says Christian, rising and laying a detaining hand upon the gentleman's arm, "grant me a few moments, I have something to say to you,"

"Oh, very well!" Mr. Frith responds, good-humoredly, resuming his chair. "What is it, Graham?"

Christian Graham stands before the man whose daughter is so dear to him. His heart beats so quick and loud that its pulsations, he fancies, must be heard in the still room; his breath comes thick and fast. But there is no shadow of embarrassment upon the earnest face—he is as brave and noble a gentleman as ever the sunlight streamed upon. And as he stands there comes faintly to them the sound of a voice—a girl's voice, ringing and clear:

"Cease, fond heart, no longer grieve thee;
Why this oft-repeated sigh?
Let not hope forever leave thee,
Or 'twere better far to die!"

There comes the sound of light footsteps running down the stairs and crossing the hall, and then the two gentlemen hear the opening and closing of a room-door. The soft crimson flush rises again to Christian Graham's face as he listens.

"That is Pearl, I believe," Mr. Frith remarks.

"Mr. Frith," says Christian, his voice grave and earnest, "your daughter is inexpressibly dear to me. I never thought to love a woman as I love her. I have come to Banner Cross this morning to beg that you will permit me to try to win her for my dear, my cherished wife."

Surprise is the predominant expression upon Mr. Frith's face. For a moment it keeps him silent—but only for a moment.

"Win Pearl for your wife!" he cries. "What do you mean, Graham?"

"The very words you have just spoken, Mr. Frith. Permit me to try to win Pearl."

"You must be mad, or dreaming, or both!" Mr. Frith breaks out, angrily. "You have just heard me say that she is to marry her cousin."

"But—pardon me—Pearl does not love him. Surely you would not wish your only child to become the wife of a man whom she regards with aversion?"

"Who says she regards him with aversion? Who says so, Mr. Graham?"

"Herself. She told my sister so."

"She did? The impudent baggage! Who, I should like to know, cares for her likes or dislikes?"

"But, Mr. Frith, you would not force her into a loveless marriage? You would never——"

"Loveless marriage!" cries the father of the girl, anger in his tones, anger flashing from his eyes. "Who talks of love in these days? Not people of sense or position. Her mother never made any pretension of love for me, and yet there never was a more dutiful wife or a better one in all England. We jogged on as comfortably as most people. I declare, Graham," he adds, more quietly, "you have made me quite angry with your nonsense. Go home to your quiet, prosy

parsonage, and marry Miss Lucas, the solicitor's pretty, brown-eyed daughter, or Miss Smith, the blonde sister of the young doctor; but, for heaven's sake, man, get over your infatuation for my girl! Even if this marriage were not arranged, Miss Frith, of Banner Cross House, could never be joined to a poor country parson!"

There is no change in the expression of Christian Graham's face. A little spot of deep red burns upon either cheek, there is a little firmer compression of the lips, but his voice, as he makes reply, is as calm as it was before.

"I am not poor," he says, very quietly; "and even you, sir, must acknowledge my family to be in no respect—except, perhaps, in that of presumed wealth—inferior to your own."

"That makes no difference," Mr. Frith returns, doggedly. "My daughter Pearl will marry her cousin Deighton, and no other man."

"But her happiness, Mr. Frith? Surely——"

"She will be happy enough, I warrant," Mr. Frith interrupts, with angry impatience. "By marrying her cousin she will secure wealth and position—everything to which she has been accustomed. And permit me to tell you, Mr. Graham, that wealth and some amount of state, and unlimited gayety and admiration, are things essential to her. Pearl Frith was not born to be buried alive in a country parsonage."

The crimson spots upon Christian Graham's cheeks glow with a yet deeper color, the lips are even more firmly compressed, but he gives no words in return for the coarse, taunting ones dealt out to him.

And Mr. Frith, in evident perturbation, rises hastily from his chair and paces backward and forward, his muffled footsteps the only sound that breaks the stillness of the gladsome June morning.

Presently his face clears a little, and bright gleams of crafty intelligence spring to his eyes.

"Look here, Graham," he says at length, standing directly before the man whom he addresses, "this is a confoundedly unpleasant piece of business. I'm sorry for you—'pon my honor I am! But what's a fellow to do? If Pearl does not marry Deighton Frith, there's nothing but trouble before the pair of us; for—I don't mind telling you—I am under considerable obligations to Deighton Frith. He has set his mind upon marrying Pearl—and he is not one to be easily diverted from his purpose. You have not spoken to Pearl, I suppose?"

"No; I would not do so until I had your permission."

"Then don't for another week. I will depend upon you. But how came you to imagine that she would care for you?"

Christian Graham hesitates. How can he tell this man of the new-born hope which has sprung up within him, and for which he cannot account—the subtle instinct which, without word or look of encouragement from Pearl, whispers to him that, if she does not love, his wooing would yet not be distasteful to her? How can he tell this? It is there, nestling in his heart, this blessed hope—living and breathing; but he cannot find words to explain why, how, or by what agency it blossomed into joyous, glorious life.

"You say she does not like her cousin," Mr. Frith pursues; "very likely you may share the same fate. She appears a little capricious."

A smile comes to Christian's lips. The hope has taken root; it is strong and enduring; the winds of doubt and distrust cannot chill or shake it; it will neither droop nor die, though exposed to the storms of opposition.

"My love longs for tender, protecting affection," his heart keeps repeating—and he is glad indeed to listen to its whisperings. "She will listen to me; I will win her; I shall win her!"

But before he can make any reply the room-door suddenly opens and a gentleman enters.

"I beg pardon if I am intruding," he says, easily, "but I am in want of a pocket-book, which I believe I left here last night."

"Come in," Mr. Frith cries, with an expression of relief; "I should like you to make the acquaintance of Mr. Graham, Vicar of Castleford. You saw his sister in the park yesterday."

"Yes, and you never introduced me—too bad, 'pon my word! How in the world do you contrive to exist in this out-of-the-way place, Mr. Graham?"

The gentleman is slight and dark, and in height is rather under the average. Nell Graham has described him as foreign-looking, and her description is an accurate one. Before he hears Mr. Frith's words of introduction, Christian Graham instinctively knows that this is the man whom Pearl's father has destined to call her "wife"—knows it, and can scarcely repress a shudder at the thought. Pearl, in the freshness and pure beauty of her young life, to be given into the keeping of Deighton Frith, with the cold, hard, glittering eyes, the cruelly resolute, firm mouth, and the sensual chin! Why, the whole face tells tales of a life of recklessness and dissipation.

"What is Pearl doing with herself this morning, I wonder?" Mr. Deighton Frith grumbles. "I have never caught sight of her."

"She went singing across the hall a few minutes since," his uncle replies. "I thought, of course, that you had been together. Are you going?" he adds, as Christian rises. "Take my advice—dismiss all such impracticable nonsense from your mind."

"I cannot promise to follow your advice, Mr. Frith."

Christian's voice is low and grave, but there is no wavering or shadow of change of purpose. His face, too, is grave, but it is firm and resolute.

"You can at least give me your promise to say nothing for another week upon the subject we have discussed—or until you have seen me again, Graham."

"You may depend upon me so far," Christian assures him.

Mr. Frith's conduct puzzles the vicar not a little, as he retraces his steps homeward. He can form no idea as to whether the father will ultimately be brought over to give Pearl to him. To say the least, the interview has been decidedly unsatisfactory. But Love is strong, and Hope whispers a flattering tale to Christian Graham; and through the long Summer evening he sits in the shadowy room looking on to the old-fashioned garden, picturing to himself visions of the future.

No writer, however ready with his pen, has ever depicted scenes so glowing as those his dreamy brain conjures up; no poet has ever imagined and put into burning words an idyl so sweet, so tender as the one his fancy portrays.

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### Chapter IV.

"You appear to have had some weighty matter under discussion with Mr. Graham this morning," Mr. Deighton Frith remarks, when the door closes behind Christian.

"Weighty enough," his uncle responds.

"I thought the gentleman seemed terribly grave. Has he been preaching you a sermon upon your shortcomings, uncle?"

"Nothing of the kind."

"Then he has been begging heavy subscriptions from you toward defraying the expenses of the Dorcas Society, or toward founding a benevolent society in aid of superannuated washerwomen, or he has requested you to take the chair at the next tea-fight."

"What stuff!" Mr. Frith cries, angrily. "Well, Pearl," he adds, more loudly still, as a slight, girlish figure passes slowly along by the door, which stands a little ajar, "where are you off to now?"

"Only to the Parsonage, papa," the girl's fresh, clear voice responds. "I promised Nell Graham that I would go this morning."

"Wonderfully attractive place this Parsonage must be," Deighton Frith says, with a very perceptible sneer. "Suppose I accompany you, Pearl?"

"I prefer to go alone," the girl tells him, with great resolution; "the charm of the walk and of the calm rooms would vanish if a stranger shared it."

"Then you shall not go!" her father cries, with sudden anger. "I do not choose that my daughter should be tramping down to that confounded Parsonage on every possible occasion."

"But, papa," the girl begins, "Nellie will be expecting me."

"Then I say you shall not go, though all Castleford expects you!" he roars.

Pearl regards her father with some surprise. Hard and exacting she has known him to be, given to sudden outbursts of passion; but this appears so entirely uncalled for. However, she will not remonstrate.

"It must be that Deighton objects to my going without him," she thinks, as she turns slowly away. "Papa has never interfered with my going before; and this is only the beginning of the life of bondage which must be mine, of the daily round of mortified desires which await me as Deighton Frith's wife. Well, I can bear it—human hearts don't break in these days. Perhaps even the time may come when I shall look back and wonder with a smile at the pain I experienced because I was denied a walk along a gravel path under some great old trees, and through a few stupid clover meadows, and along a dusty, vulgar high-road, leading to a quaint, prim country-house, set in an old-time garden. Perhaps I may even grow hardened and callous enough to ridicule the true, fond hearts that always greet me with such sweet words of welcome, and regard them as unfashionable and antiquated in their views. Who can say what change may come to me if I am to be cut off from the influence which alone has kept me a little different from the ladies papa delights to gather around him? Well!"

But it is a bitter "Well!" ending in a dreary, yearning, longing sigh, and almost choked by a dry, hard sob.

"Pearl was evidently disappointed," Deighton Frith remarks. "This forbidding her visits to her friends at the Parsonage appears a new idea with you."

"I do not intend that she shall go again," Mr. Frith says, with more coolness than he has displayed to Pearl; "she has been there too much."

"Ah!" Mr. Deighton Frith ejaculates, with languid indifference.

"The fact is, Deighton, Graham has fallen in love with Pearl."

"In love with Pearl!" Deighton repeats, his affected languor suddenly vanishing.

"He came here to tell me so this morning, Deighton."

"How dared he, the insolent, priggish parson! Why did you not have him turned out?"

"He is a gentleman, Deighton. His family is as good as our own," replies the elder man.

"But what did you say? What did you tell him?"

"That Pearl's future was settled—that she was your promised wife."

"Well?" interrogates Deighton Frith, restlessly.

"It appears that Pearl has been telling Miss Graham, his sister, that the arrangement is not altogether agreeable to her."

"Well, why don't you go on?" Deighton cries, as his uncle pauses. The speaker's voice is impatient and hoarse, as though with restrained anger, and his face is clouded with black sullen gloom.

"I told him that the arrangement would be carried out, even if Pearl did not like it."

"And you did right!" Deighton interposes. "I am determined that Pearl shall become my wife—not because I entertain for her a ridiculously sentimental passion, but because I have set my mind upon it. There will be few women in England more lovely than Pearl in two or three years. Her beauty is of a rare, exquisite order, her manner graceful and charming; she will look well either in a drawing-room, or at the head of a table, or scouring the country on horseback. I desire a wife who will be admired and copied and sought after—and Pearl will be all that. The arrangement suits both you and me, and, if her capricious ladyship makes me a good wife, I shall be to her a good husband—but that she shall become Mrs. Deighton Frith I am determined."

"I told Graham that you were—I did, upon my honor!"

"But I remember that you told him to come again in a week; what did you mean by that?" Deighton cries, passionately. "As I live, if I thought for one moment that you gave him the least encouragement, I would beggar you! You know that I could do it!"

"Don't be so excitable," Mr. Frith pleads, quietly. "You go flying off into a towering passion and never give one time to explain. Graham came to me, like an honorable man, without saying a word to Pearl, and——"

"How do you know that he has not spoken to Pearl?" Deighton interrupts.

"Because he said so—and I can believe him. He has heard, he told me, of the understood relationship between Pearl and yourself."

"And yet he tries to win her for himself—very honorable conduct truly!"

"He spoke of her aversion to the arrangement, urged that the very thought made her unhappy, and——"

"He did?" Deighton cries, furiously. "And I have shaken hands with him! The canting, mean hypocrite, I only wish that he were standing before me now!"

"I could not decide upon what to say to him, Deighton. It would not do to deliberately insult him—ring for a servant to show him out, and so forth."

"Why not? I would have done it had I known."

"It would have been bad policy."

"How so?" demands the younger man.

"It would certainly have reached Pearl; and then—— The fact is, Deighton, I have been making a great mistake all these years in allowing the intimacy; but I never dreamt of danger in that quarter. By temporizing I have obtained his promise—and I can rely upon him—not to attempt to interfere with Pearl for a week. It would be a pity if we could not devise some effectual means of keeping them apart in a week."

The cloud clears from Deighton Frith's face, and a gleam of intelligence sparkles in his eyes.

"I begin to understand you," he says, drawing nearer to his uncle.

"Then sit down, and reason the matter over quietly," proposes Mr. Frith.

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### Chapter V.

The days and hours drag slowly along to Christian Graham—slowly, but not unhappily, not drearily; sweet thoughts keep him company, glad hopes nestle in his breast. Oh, what hope could be more gladsome, what thought more sweet, than that of one day calling Pearl "wife"?

He has not seen her since the night when she sat in the moonlight and told of the future her father had marked out for her; he has never once looked upon the dainty, fragile form, and the exquisite, rare pale face of his love; but the thought gives him not a moment's uneasiness.

GOETHE'S CHARLOTTE.—FROM A PICTURE BY KAULBACH.

Nell went from home, in obedience to a sudden summons from a friend a few miles away, on the very day of his interview with Mr. Frith; and doubtless Pearl knows of the meeting.

The week of probation is nearly at an end; and then once more he will try his fate. He will go to his darling, and tell his story, and pour all his love at her feet. If she will listen, oh, the blessed happiness that her gracious listening will confer upon him! If she should turn away—— Well, that cannot change him or alienate his love from her. Love with him will be life-long; having once loved her, he must love her to the end! Better, far better, to have had the joy of seeing and loving her, even though it should be to him, for all time, but a source of pain, than never to have seen—never to have loved.

It is the evening of the sixth day, and Christian Graham is slowly wending his way homeward from visiting a sick parishioner. Looking upon the grave, earnest face, with its expression of calm restfulness, no one would imagine how every pulse is tingling and throbbing with the thought of what the morrow may bring, how his heart is thrilling and bounding with the dreams his busy imagination pictures. "Only a few hours more," hope whispers, "and then—and then——"

Very slowly he passed through the gate and up the path leading to the house—very slowly he passes through the hall and enters his study. From the room on the other side proceed the clatter of china and the aroma of tea; but he does not turn his steps in that direction; for a few minutes more he will enjoy the sweet, cheering thoughts that have been with him on his homeward walk, uninterrupted by voice or words of others.

He lays aside his hat, and moves across the room to the open window looking over the garden, the slanting beams of the setting sun bathing it with golden light—not more golden they than the hopes which are so infinitely precious. The birds are singing their final thanksgiving before they seek repose in their mossy, leafy homes for the night. Very gladsome are their notes, but not more gladsome than the changes that go ringing through his heart. "To-morrow—to-morrow!"

Oh, how beautiful it is, this golden, radiant, gladsome June evening! Was ever breath of Summer-flowers so fragrant, or were ever breezes so balmy? Why, even in the low of cattle in the fields hard by, and the drowsy hum of insects, and the chirp, chirp, chirp of the grasshopper, Christian Graham discovers music!

A quiet rap at the door passes all unheeded; and presently a voice breaks upon the stillness.

"I do wish, Mr. Christian, that you would have your tea; it's been served this quarter of an hour, and is almost cold."

He turns then with a little flush upon his cheeks, and such a light in his eyes that the woman who has spoken bursts into an involuntary exclamation of pleasure.

"How well you do look, Mr. Christian! I never saw you look so well in all your life."

She is a favored servant—one who has tended and cared for Christian from his cradle upwards, suffering no other, even now, to attend to his wants but herself, and almost inclined to regard his sister with a jealous eye, from fear that the day may come when she may be preferred before her.

"I am well, Judith," Christian says, with a smile that gladdens the woman's heart; "and I am quite ready for my tea. Suppose you come and pour out for me this evening."

He knows how much Judith's pride will be gratified by this invitation.

"When does Miss Nell return?" the woman asks, as she pours out the fragrant tea. "There is a letter from her this morning, I saw."

"In a few days, Judith."

"Hope she'll think you've been well looked after. Try one of these queen cakes, Mr. Christian; they were made only this morning—and I pride myself upon making queen cakes as well as anybody. Miss Nell could never have made them like she does if I hadn't taught her."

A smile quivers upon Christian Graham's lips, and the old servant continues gossiping while he takes his tea.

"Has Sarah brought any news back with her?" Christian inquires, with the object of changing the current of conversation.

Full of the news of the neighborhood, Judith informs him that the housemaid has returned with some tale about the Friths having gone away on the day preceding.

"The Friths gone away from Banner Cross!" Christian ejaculates, almost unconsciously.

"It seems from what Sarah said—but I did not pay much attention—that Mr. Frith made up his mind in a great hurry like, never saying a word to anybody, and that they started for some foreign place—I forget the name—yesterday evening; Mr. Frith and Miss Pearl and that young man whom people do say Miss Pearl is to marry. It seems a sudden move. Have you heard anything about it, Mr. Christian?"

But there comes no response from Christian. He sits outwardly calm and unmoved; but surely no barbed arrow, aimed by a true, unfaltering hand, ever wounded more cruelly, ever inflicted a more poignant pang.

Gone away—gone abroad! Ah, there must be some mistake! To-morrow he has to meet Mr. Frith; to-morrow he is to be absolved from the promise that gentleman extorted from him; to-morrow he is to tell the story of his love to Pearl. Ah, yes, it is all wrong! Judith must have misunderstood the housemaid's words. The momentary pain dies out; he is once more hopeful.

"A good riddance, I should say, only for Miss Pearl," Judith continues, presently, finding that her question remains unanswered. "Castleford can well afford to spare Mr. Frith and the gay, rackety set he seems to delight in having about him. He is over head and ears in debt all over the town, I am told. Promises in plenty the tradesmen can get, but a settlement of the accounts he owes them never. But Miss Pearl's just like her poor dear mother—as nice a young lady as ever lived. We shall miss her sweet young face peeping in at the doors and windows, sha'n't we, Mr. Christian? Many's the time that the sight has been like a gleam of sunshine to me."

Like a gleam of sunshine to the old servant! Then what has it been to him? Miss her! Miss her! Why, the man feels as if the burden of life would be intolerable to him, cut off from all chance of communion with her—deprived of the joy of her gracious presence. But there must be some mistake.

"Are you sure, Judith, that you are correct?"

He puts the question eagerly, wistfully. Wistfully and eagerly he awaits Judith's reply.

"I only know what Sarah said, Mr. Christian. The gardener told her that the family had gone in a great hurry—quite unexpected—and the servants had no idea when they might be expected back. It seems queer, though, if it is the truth, that Miss Pearl never came to bid you good-by. But she knew Miss Nell was away—perhaps that was the reason," the woman concludes, looking up into the face from which every vestige of color has faded.

But her failing sight does not perceive this, nor the lips so firmly compressed, nor the expression of pain in the dark-blue eyes. But she notices that the cup of tea she has just handed him, and a new cake he has taken, remain untouched when he rises abruptly from the table, and moves away in the direction of the door.

"You have not finished your tea, Mr. Christian, surely?" she exclaims.

"I do not want any more," he tells her, his manner abrupt, his tones so stern that Judith looks after his retreating figure in dismay.

Christian walks hastily into the study and snatches up his hat. Across the hall, along the graveled path, through the gate out on the dusty high-road, through the clover meadows, on he goes, hastily, eagerly, until he stands in sight of the gate of Banner Cross Park. He cannot breathe in the quiet calm of the Parsonage—he cannot rest or sleep until he has ascertained beyond doubt or question whether the report which has reached him is true.

A man and woman stand just within the porch of the pretty lodge. The man holds in his arms a fat, fair, rosy baby, clad in a little white nightdress. The gloaming is coming on apace, but baby will take no harm, although so

thinly arrayed, for the air is dry and warm. The twilight shadows are gathering, but the light is bright enough to enable Christian to discern the happy eyes of the mother as she watches the father playing with his little child, as she listens to the cooing, crowing sounds that reward each fond caress. It is sweet rest after the burden and heat of the day. In the bright, glowing, golden fancies of the past week Christian has fondly imagined a similar scene, wherein Pearl and he have been principal actors.

So, some day, has he hoped to hold in his arms and fondle with eager kisses a little child to whom he and Pearl would have an equal right; so has he hoped to have standing beside him, with the glad, shy love-light shining in the depths of her dark eyes, with the same expression of restful, joyful contentment upon her sweet face, Pearl, his love, his queen, the light of his life, his honored, cherished, idolized wife.

The remembrance of the thoughts which have cheered and gladdened his heart the week through, comes to him now with a rush of bitter feeling. What if they should all prove so barren, so vain, so delusive, so idle, as he fears? He checks his hasty steps, and stops to speak to the young couple before passing through into the park.

"Baby grows a fine, stout little fellow, Mrs. Allen," he says, gently. "You will soon have him running about by your side."

"He does get on, that's certain," the proud, happy mother responds; "and he's wonderfully forward on his feet."

"That's well," Christian remarks, with kind, cordial sympathy; "I hope he will grow up to be a comfort to you."

"Thank you, sir," both parents exclaim simultaneously.

"I am a late visitor," Christian says, still maintaining the same kindliness of manner and voice, "but I have rather urgent business with Mr. Frith."

Husband and wife look at each other in mute surprise for a moment, and then the man speaks to Christian.

"Didn't you know, sir, that they went away yesterday morning?"

"I have heard it," Christian replies, growing white in his mental pain, but still speaking out clearly and frankly, "but I hoped there was some mistake. Mr. Frith made an appointment with me which I was desirous should be kept."

"They're gone, sir, sure enough. Master must have made up his mind in a great hurry like, for they took scarce nothing with them. Wilson, the valet, and Miss Pearl's maid have followed with the luggage this afternoon—and a fine scuffle they've had to get through with the packing. They set sail to-morrow morning from Liverpool, for some foreign place with a precious queer name, I'm told; and Thurston, the coachman, did say that he'd heard the master intends staying abroad for a good while—a year or more."

It is all too true then—the story told him by Judith. With difficulty Christian commands himself sufficiently to reply to the man in his usual manner—ever kind and courteous to his humbler parishioners—and then he turns away hastily, and his voice is husky and a little unsteady as he bids the young happy couple good-night.

The stars are beginning to peep out one by one; a pale, fair moon sails into the calm, unbroken blue of the darkening skies; and the faint, sparkling light of the one and the pure, silvery, shimmering radiance of the other, shines down upon a strong man in mental pain amounting almost to agony.

Christian Graham will never forget his homeward walk on that night—all his bright hopes and gladsome fancies vanished and fled away forever, all his fair, noble castles lying in ruins around him, crumbling and falling into premature decay, destroyed by one fell, cruel, sudden blow.

Life can never again press to his lips a draught more bitter; never again can come to him an hour more fraught with anguish of soul. And mingling with the pain comes a strong stinging sense of humiliation. Surely never has man, trusting to the honor of another, been more befooled and duped!

"I might have known that he would not keep faith with me," he thinks, bitterly, "that he was only laughing at me, and mocking me. There never yet was a Frith who kept a promise. I am glad Nell is away," he tells himself. "I could not quite hide my pain from her keen eyes. If I had only gone to my darling and told her of my love, and she had gently, quietly, and regretfully answered that hers could never gladden me in return, I could have borne it. But to be deprived by fraud and crafty deceit of a chance of knowing if she would listen graciously to my words, to be shut out from the hope of pleading my own cause, to know that before I can see her again she may be induced to enter into a marriage utterly repugnant to her—a union unholy because loveless—this seems more than I can bear!"

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"You have had a bad, restless night, Mr. Christian," Judith exclaims, as her master descends to the room where breakfast waits. "I heard you walking backwards and forwards in your room every now and then. Bless me, Mr. Christian, how white you are, and how black and heavy you do look about the eyes! You've got one of your bad headaches, I feel sure. Take a strong cup of tea."

Ay, white face, heavy eyes, aching, throbbing head, truly—but all this is as nothing in comparison with the aching, throbbing pain and heaviness at Christian Graham's heart. But he greets the old woman pleasantly. What right has he to trouble others with any of the sorrow welling within him? Why should they have to bear the burden laid upon him?

"Are there any letters?" he asks, as he takes his seat at the breakfast-table.

"Only one, and a newspaper," favored, faithful Judith replies.

He holds out his hand listlessly for them. He satisfies himself that the letter is not from Nell, and then he looks at the writing upon the newspaper. The hand which has addressed the letter has addressed the paper also; the writing on both is strange, but the fact awakens no curiosity within his mind. He lays them down quietly for a time; he can feel no interest in any earthly thing this morning.

But soon he pushes aside his almost untasted breakfast, and takes up the letter again. Human hearts may suffer and break, but the round of daily toil must still go on. There are the sick to visit, the aged to be ministered to, the broken-hearted to comfort; and Christian Graham is not the man to flinch from the performance of his duty, even though his own heart be bleeding—although he himself stand in special need of sympathy and comfort.

Carelessly, listlessly, he breaks the seal of the letter, and runs his eyes hastily over the contents. Then there comes to his face an expression of dazed, bewildered pain, and he turns once more to the commencement, and slowly and deliberately reads the letter through again to the end. Every vestige of color fades from his face and from his lips. Nothing can be more painful to behold than the utter hopelessness that settles upon his face and looks out from his dark eyes. The letter runs:

"Dear Sir—Respecting what you asked me, I promised, I believe, to see you again in the course of a week. I am unable to grant you an interview, but what I have to say will be perhaps quite as well communicated by letter. My daughter Pearl was married this morning to her cousin, Deighton Frith, with my full consent and approval; and I believe she will be as happy as most women.

"To-morrow we start for a foreign tour; and probably we shall not return for a year or more. I hope soon to hear that you have

got over your fancied attachment to Pearl, and that you have taken to yourself a wife more suited for you. With best wishes, I am yours truly, MARK E. FRITH.

"P. S.—With great difficulty I managed to get an announcement in an evening paper, and have the pleasure of forwarding you a copy."

It lies before Christian Graham—the taunting, cruel letter, in which every word is a deadly insult. Its every syllable stands out before him as though traced in characters of living fire. Oh, the intense suffering of that moment—the fierce, stinging, raging distress!

He turns to the newspaper, and his shaking, burning fingers tear aside the wrapper. The pages are scanned with breathless, impatient haste—with a haste which seeks assurance, even though the assurance bring deadly sorrow. Ah, there it is! Two little crosses point out the names he seeks; and he reads, every word wounding the faithful, loving heart:

"At St. George's, Hanover Square, Deighton Marmaduke Frith, Esq., of Landsowne Towers, to Esmeralda Frith, only child of Mark E. Frith, Esq., of Banner Cross, Deanshire."

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### CHAPTER VI.

THE great fruit-trees have yielded their fruit five times; the Summer-roses have blossomed and died through five seasons; the birds have warbled their songs of gladsome joyfulness in their leafy bowers; and the nightingale has told out, year after year, his sweet, plaintive lay of love. Five years have passed since that June day on which Christian took up his burden of pain and sorrow. The five years have not passed without bringing some changes; but the changes have been greater at the Parsonage than at the great house of Banner Cross.

Christian has lost Nell. A little more than four years prior, a neighboring Squire, young and brave, stalwart and handsome, wooed her so ardently, so lovingly, that he won from her her heart, and soon he bore her away from the quiet Parsonage, which had been so peaceful, so restful a home to her from infancy—bore her away to bless him with her calm sweet face and gentle dignity.

A prime favorite with Christian is Frank Verny, Nellie's proud, handsome, loving husband—not a greater favorite with him, though, than with Judith. But even he is eclipsed in that good woman's estimation by the fat, smiling, rosy baby-faced girl, who came to bless the young couple a year after their marriage.

Only six months back there came to Castleford the news that Mark Elton Frith was dead—that he had died suddenly of fever abroad, and was buried there. It gave some little food for gossip to the good people of Castleford. Mark Elton Frith was the first who bore the name to find a foreign resting-place.

Then it was hoped that "Miss Pearl" and her husband would take up their residence at Banner Cross; but the hope died out as the week passed by and there came no sign of their return. Reports sometimes reached the quiet old town of the gay life led by the two in the cities where Deighton Frith delighted to sojourn. London and Paris and Vienna, it was said, had each in turn acknowledged Pearl as the queen of beautiful women; but it was added in hushed whispers, though how the report arose none could say, that the beautiful girl who had been reared among them was most unhappy. Nell Verny had heard it spoken many times, as had Christian Graham.

Is it of this he thinks as he sits one dreary November evening looking dreamily into the bright blazing fire? Is he recalling the days long vanished, and the hopes that made them appear so joyous and gladsome? Is he picturing the sweet face that of yore, glancing into the quiet rooms, filled them as with a gleam of blessed golden sunlight? His head is bent forward upon his breast, and the fire-glow playing upon it shows amid the chestnut curls many a silver thread—shows lines of patient, quiescent suffering about the firm lips, with the curves betokening sensitiveness as acute as in a woman; shows the expression of pain and longing only half subdued in the deep blue eyes. He has sat so for some time—ever since the shadows of the short Winter day began to gather, never moving. He has thought the old pain conquered, the old love subdued, the idol dethroned from its pedestal; ever since the morning when he read that Pearl had gone into the keeping of another he has turned resolutely away from every longing thought, every fond memory. Yes; Christian ever tries to act aright both in thought and deed.

But this evening the battle which he has thought ended has to be fought all over again. This evening memory will return with an infinite longing to the olden days, and the warfare rages fiercely.

"What manner of man am I that I should covet another man's wife? I despise myself. But, oh, my little lost love, whom I lost through fraud and deceit, you are unhappy, and I sorrow for your fate!"

With a mournful, dreary sough the wind goes whistling around the house, and the rain beats fitfully against the window-panes, and the shadows fall deeper and deeper.

There is the sound of carriage-wheels in the distance; they draw nearer and nearer, but the man sitting there in his pain never moves. They stop at the Parsonage gate, but Christian never heeds them.

"Here's the coachman from Mr. Verny's, Mr. Christian," Judith says, entering the room. "I thought you were asleep, sir. I knocked twice, and you never spoke."

"The coachman from Mr. Verny's?" Christian repeats, rousing himself and exhibiting some little surprise.

"He has brought a note for you," Judith continues, handing Christian a dainty little envelope, fragrant with some sweet subtle perfume, "and he said that he expected you'd be going back with him."

In mute wonderment Christian breaks the seal of the letter; his wonderment increases as he reads.

"I wish you would return with Willis," Nell writes; "I cannot come to you, and I cannot in a letter enter into any explanation as to why I am so desirous that you should come. I can only say that I am in urgent need of your presence and advice."

A few moments given to preparations for his journey, and then Christian Graham is being driven along the road, through the gloomy, gusty, dismal November evening, toward Birchfields, the residence of his sister.

It puzzles him not a little as he goes along, this hurried, peremptory summons from Nell. What can it mean? If there were illness—but he has assured himself on that point by questioning Willis; so he must wait patiently a few minutes longer.

Birchfields at last! Outwardly the house is cheerful and goodly to behold; and there, coming into the warm, cozy hall at the sound of carriage-wheels, is Nellie.

One quick, searching glance, and Christian is reassured, his fears are quieted. In its sweet gravity, Nell's face may be a little more serious and thoughtful than is customary; but there is nothing of troubled pain in its expression. She greets her brother with quiet pleasantness, deep underlying affection showing itself in every earnest word and look and tone; and then she leads him into the room that she vacated a few moments before.

"You must feel no small amount of curiosity to know why I have sent for you so suddenly," she says.

"I feared that you were ill—or Frank," he states, noticing that they were alone.

"Frank has business in Hallam which called him away early this morning; something connected with a forthcoming grand agricultural and cattle show which his tenants express a strong desire that he should attend; I do not expect him home for some hours. He is very well, Christian."

And then the two, brother and sister, lapse into temporary silence, gazing steadfastly at the crackling, glowing fire. Without the rain falls and the wind shakes the branches of the great trees; but the occupants of the luxurious room hear the dismal sounds but very dimly.

"Christian," Nell says, drawing nearer to him, and speaking in hushed tones, as though fearful any other save himself should hear, "I sent for you because I do not know what to do or how to act. Pearl Frith is here!"

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### Chapter VII.

"Pearl Frith here!"

Christian Graham echoes his sister's words, in a wonderment that can find no expression in any of his own. Over his face, as he utters them, passes a flash of joy, great and unmistakable, and his eyes light up eagerly. And to Nell Verny there comes as a revelation, in that brief moment, the knowledge that her brother has loved—still loves—Pearl Frith. But the light dies out of his eyes, the joy fades from his face, leaving only surprise and amazement.

"Pearl," he repeats with a slow, lingering on the familiar name—"Pearl Frith here!"

"She came just at mid-day," Nell tells him, with a heart beating more quickly than is its wont, with great, pitying throbs, as she ponders her newly-acquired knowledge, and reflects upon what has occasioned her brother's lonely life. "She came on foot, through the beating rain and piercing wind, with no other protection than a long dark cloak."

"But why, Nell? Why did she come here, and in such a manner?" inquires Christian, surprised.

"I cannot clearly understand. She seems to be laboring under some great mental distress, and talks rather incoherently. From what I can gather, she must be most unhappy."

"Then the reports that have been in circulation were true," Christian cries, a strange mingling of pain and passion in his tones. "Poor little dove!" he moans.

Terms of fanciful endearment are rare indeed from Christian; as these fall from his lips with indescribable pathos, Nell's loving sympathy deepens—"Poor little dove!"

"She appears to be actuated by some strong fear that her child will be removed from her keeping. All the time her cry is "Do not let them rob me of my child.'"

"Her child, Nell! Is there a child?"

"A boy, just a few months younger than my own darling—such a small, delicate, pretty child, Christian. She brought him hidden beneath her cloak. It is strange that we have never heard of his birth."

"How did she come? Did she walk?"

"Yes, from Hallam," replies Nell Verny. "She says that she had no money to bring her farther."

"Walked from Hallam in the pouring rain!" cries Christian. "Nell, it all seems like a dream."

"She was drenched. Her determination to come here must have been taken suddenly, for when I removed her bonnet and cloak, I saw that she was in full evening dress."

"Is it possible?"

"I was standing by the window, and saw a female figure coming up the drive," Nell pursues, ignoring Christian's ejaculatory question. "I could see that, although coming in such a manner and such a plight, she was a lady; and there was something, too, provokingly familiar in her air and bearing. I could not see her face—it was concealed by a thick black vail."

"Well?" Christian interrogates with impatient eagerness, as Nell pauses for a moment.

"Some strange impulse, for which I should have found it difficult to account, seemed to impel me, and I went into the hall, and opened the door myself, before she had had time to ring. She came in," Nellie continues, her soft dark eyes brimming over with tears, "the water dropping from her cloak as she moved; and then suddenly her strength seemed to give way, and she sank on to a chair. I removed the veil from her face, and then I saw who it was. 'Pearl!' I cried; and in my surprised bewilderment I could not utter another word. She put out one hand from amidst the folds of her cloak. Even in that painful moment I noticed that it glittered with valuable rings, and that on her arm was a costly bracelet. Her trembling, burning fingers grasped mine with a convulsive clutch; her black eyes looked at me with a world of yearning misery in their depths. 'They wanted to take my boy from me!' she whispered; and her voice was so hoarse and strained that it seemed to me that another—not the rich, sweet-voiced Pearl of old—must be speaking. 'I could bear it no longer, and so I came to you.' I could find no words in which to express my deep, shocked sympathy—the love I must ever entertain for her. I could only silently weep over and caress her, and endeavor to relieve her of her dripping outer garments. And then I saw the rich dress, so strangely incongruous, and the child tightly pressed to her breast. I started when I saw that; for although she had spoken of her boy, I did not expect to find him there; indeed I had utterly failed to comprehend the full meaning of her words. But I took the little one from her arms, and drew her gently into the room I had left a few moments before. 'Do not let them have my baby!' she kept repeating. 'I shall die if I lose him!'"

"Did any of the servants recognize her?" Christian asks, as Nell pauses for a minute.

"No one saw her come in; but I summoned Royce—I can rely upon her, you know—to assist me in getting her undressed and into bed,"

"Royce is no gossip."

"No; and she knew Pearl in the old days, Christian, when sorrow was a thing unknown to her. We gave her brandy, and she soon sank into a peaceful, restful sleep, her baby beside her. She appears thoroughly exhausted. And then, dear, I sent for you," concludes Nell.

"Is she still sleeping?" asks her brother.

"She was a few minutes ago. It would not be well to awake her, I think."

"By no means," he agrees, and then reiterates, "Nell, it all seems like a dream."

Then the brother and sister relapse into thoughtful, subdued silence, which is broken presently, however, by a gentle rap, followed by the opening of the room-door.

A staid, respectable woman of middle age advances. It is Royce, half maid to Nell Verny, half upper nurse to the pride and darling of the household.

"Well, Royce?" Nell says, interrogatively.

"The lady is awake," Royce replies, speaking carefully, "and has been asking for you."

"How does she seem now?" Christian asks.

"As though her sleep had done her good, sir. She seems rested, and does not talk in such a rambling manner."

"I will go to her," Nell says. "Christian, I shall tell her that you are here; I will come to you again, presently."

It appears an interval of hours to Christian before Nell makes her reappearance. He recalls every word she has told him. Pearl, whom he has loved from his earliest days,

and will love through all time—Pearl Frith in sorrow and distress seeking her old friends for protection from some threatened evil! Pearl near to him—soon to be met by him face to face! The minutes lag and appear very long to Christian; and yet in reality but a very brief interval elapses before Nell returns.

"Come," she says, "she is expecting you." And without speaking a word he follows her into a cosy dressing-room.

An easy-chair is drawn up close to a bright fire. Seated in it and wrapped in a comfortable scarlet dressing-gown of Nell's is a woman—Pearl Frith.

A blindness seizes Christian—a mist gathers before his eyes, obscuring his vision; the rebellious heart which he had thought subdued beats and throbs wildly—the old longing arises. But his agitation passes away. He walks up to the loved, remembered figure, half hidden amidst the luxurious cushions; he bends over her and takes her hand in his own; but all in vain does he strive to utter a sound—words fail him,

"Christian," a sweet low voice says, "dear old Christian! I am so glad to see you."

The dear familiar tones, soft and mellow as in the days of yore, not harsh and strained, as Nell has described, move Christian strangely.

"I am so glad to see you," they repeat.

Glad! But the eyes are fixed and smile not, the face is blank and hopeless, the smile that quivers over the lips is very faint. And still the man cannot find one single word of greeting; he can only mutely regard the sad, weary face, and clasp the delicate hand a little more closely.

"Look at my boy," Pearl says, once again breaking the silence. "Nell tells me that you never knew I possessed such a treasure."

He turns then and notices, playing upon the hearthrug with Nell's little girl, a boy, small and delicate, with Pearl's black eyes and hair, and Pearl's pure white complexion and slight form.

"He is not a fine child, I suppose; but to me it seems as though the world never before contained one half so precious. Very likely Nell thinks the same of her little one. Only observe what friends the two are already."

Christian bends over the two children. He kisses softly the innocent baby-faces of both, upraised to him so trustfully; but Pearl's boy he raises in his arms, and holds him so for a few moments, greatly to the indignation of Nell's baby-girl. It is Pearl's baby, with hair and eyes like the mother.

"We never heard that you had a child," he says, speaking at last in the calm, grave, kindly tones Pearl remembers so well. "I am rather surprised that we did not. Your boy resembles you greatly."

"I think he does," assents Pearl.

The mother-love chases away some of the hopelessness from Pearl's face; something akin to pleasure flashes into the dark, sad eyes. Christian tenderly replaces the boy upon the rug beside his young companion. "It is Pearl's child, and that man's; but Heaven bless him with fullest blessings forever!" he utters inwardly.

"It is quite time those little articles were in bed," Nell puts in, striving, but vainly, to speak in a light careless fashion. "Royce, suppose you take them away."

Into Pearl's great sad eyes there creeps an expression of fear. Nell is quick to perceive it.

"Your little Elton will be quite safe," she says, soothingly; "no harm can possibly happen to him. Still, if you wish it, he shall remain with you."

"No—oh, no!" Pearl exclaims. "I am nervous and tired; but I am sure Royce will take care of my boy."

"That she will," Nell tells her, reassuringly; and Royce carries away the children.

### Chapter VIII.

"SENT for Christian," Nell commences, as soon as they were alone, "because I knew that it would be late when Frank—my husband, dear—would return, and because I feared that you were going to be very ill, and I did not know how to act."

"How to act?" With vague wonderment Pearl repeats Nell Verny's words.

"I did not know, dear, if it would be right to send to Banner Cross," Nell tells her, gently.

"To Banner Cross!" Pearl cries, starting up as in affright, a look of terror in her eyes. "To Banner Cross! Oh, Nell, surely you would not betray me?"

The momentary strength passes away, and she sinks again into the chair in an agony of weeping.

"Pearl," Christian says, bending over her and speaking with gentle authority, "why are you here?"

"Because they would have taken my little child from me. Ah, Christian, I have borne so much, but I could not bear that!"

"But why, dear?" Nellie interposes, kneeling beside her, and softly caressing the delicate hands. "And who could be so cruel and heartless?"

"Who? Why, Deighton Frith—the man who has marred my life—the man whom English law compels me to call 'husband' and to acknowledge as 'master'! Why? Ah, Nell, that is a very long story."

"Not too long, dear, for us to hear, if the telling will not weary you," returns Nell.

"It will do me good. Even to look upon your face soothes and rests me. Ah me, Nell, in the long, weary years, how I have yearned for a sight of it, if only a brief, passing glimpse!"

Pearl's eyes are not the only ones brimming over with tears now.

"And now not only to see you, but to be near you, and hear your voice speaking to me!" Pearl continues. "Ah, Nell, I fear that I am only dreaming, and that presently I shall awaken to the old life of misery and wretchedness."

"You are not dreaming," Nell whispers. "Dear, I too have feared that I should never see you again."

"I saw the announcement of your marriage in the papers—they could not keep that from me. I was glad for your sake, Nell. In the old happy days I knew Frank Verny—knew him, and always liked him. Nell cannot fail to be happy, I thought. I am sure now—your face tells its own tale."

Yes, Nell's face tells its own tale. Through the tears the glad love-light shines, through the sorrow she feels for Pearl the expression of happiness upon her face is very visible—calm, restful, abiding happiness.

"But your own tale, dear," she says, softly—"tell us that."

"Ah, yes! I will be as brief as I can. You remember how suddenly we went away—papa, Deighton and I. Papa had forbidden me to come to you at the Parsonage, and, as he merely said we were going to London for a day or two, I did not write. 'When I come back I may see Nell,' I thought, 'and then I can explain.' Besides, I had received a note from you, saying that you, too, were going from home."

"I remember," Nell puts in. "One of my cousin Grace Moore's children died, and I went to Hallam to stay with her, until the first keen edge of her sorrow had worn itself away."

"Papa made some excuse for leaving my maid behind,"

resumed Pearl. "I soon discovered the real reason, although I have always been a little puzzled why matters should have been so hurried at the last. The very day after our arrival in London I was married to Deighton. You know how much I disliked the idea of becoming his wife, Nell. I begged, I entreated, I implored, but all in vain. It appears that papa had borrowed immense sums of money from Deighton, who threatened him with complete ruin if I did not immediately comply with his wishes. Papa would not allow any opposition. He raved and threatened, he even swore at me; still, I would have borne all that and more if I could have seen in the distance a faint glimmer of hope. But there was none. Ah, Nell," she breaks off to say to her friend, "I know what you would say—that your love was true and steadfast! But, dear, let me go on to the end without interruption. Save for yourself, I was friendless and lonely. None loved me or gave me a kind word or sympathising look; sometimes even I fancied that Christian wearied of seeing so much of me—his manner was often very cold and constrained.

"I was very young when my mother died," Pearl continues—"too young to prize her and appreciate her at her full worth; but one memory of her has ever been very present with me. One evening she knelt beside my little cot and prayed that, if it pleased Heaven to spare me to woman's estate, it would bless me with the love of a good, true, faithful heart—one upon whom I could surely rely, whether the days were sunny or cloudy. She thought me asleep, but I heard every word. I wondered at them then, but, oh, how many times, since I have been of an age to understand the full meaning of the words, have I echoed her prayer! But, as was my mother's fate, so has been mine—the fate of an unloving, unloved wife; only my temperament is different from hers. She was meek and patient, bearing all things, enduring and forgiving every wrong. I have given back taunt for taunt, scorn and disdain for ill-treatment.

"Well, I married Deighton Frith, and had the solitary satisfaction of knowing that papa's mind was at rest. Then we went abroad. I could not write to you, Nell; both papa and Deighton forbade it—and nothing I said or did escaped Deighton's keen eyes. We led a gay life, I assure you. None was more admired or sought after than I. If admiration and flattery could content a woman, I, above all others, ought to have been most happy. But, oh, Nell, the misery of those years! Papa gambled and drank, and so did Deighton; the days and weeks went by in a constant round of gayety and dissipation. Then"—and Pearl's face loses the hardness it has worn while she has been speaking, and her tones fall low and soft upon the ears of her listeners—"my baby was born; and it seemed as though Heaven had looked upon my sorrow, and sent an angel to comfort me."

She sits for some moments in dreamy silence; a silence which neither brother nor sister attempts to break.

"I often wonder why Deighton Frith was so determined upon making me his wife. Perhaps it was because he could not and would not brook at any time or from any person the slightest opposition to his wishes. Certain it is that he never loved me; he has told me so many times. 'I wanted a wife who could take her place in society as a leader second to none, and you promised to become a fine handsome woman,' he would tell me. 'You had a deuce of a temper, too, and I determined to break it. There were many other reasons also, but this one is sufficient for you, that the first moment I looked upon you I resolved that I would marry you.' Papa was proud of the boy, and we named him Mark Elton; but Deighton, I verily believe, hated him—his own child. He would never look at him. I have thought that, although he did not love me, he yet was jealous of the love and tenderness I gave my baby. Many a time I have seen him scowl darkly as I kissed the innocent face; many a time have I heard him mutter a curse between his teeth, and wish that the child was old enough to be sent away to school. He tried hard to induce me to give him up to be nursed by some strange woman here in England. Country air and a good English nurse, he said, would be better for the little fellow than my care. As though any care could be so tender, so watchful as a mother's! But I never would yield, and papa, too, always sided with me. Then papa died, and I was left entirely at Deighton's mercy. Christian," Pearl breaks off from the theme of her own sorrow to inquire, "did poor papa ever do you any wrong?"

Did Mark Elton Frith ever work him any wrong? How the passionate cry goes from Christian's heart, "He robbed my heart of all its joy and hopes; the love which I might have won for my own, he by fraud and stratagem removed far away out of my reach; he took from my life its golden crown of happiness. What wrong could be greater?" But honor seals his lips; not a word of this must he utter. Pearl is another man's wife; he must not forget that. But the question, so direct, for a moment staggers him. Nell innocently comes to the rescue.

"Your father do Christian any wrong?" she says. "No, dear; how came you to imagine such a thing?"

"While he was delirious with fever he was constantly saying that he had used him badly."

"He must have fancied it, dear. There is no notice to be taken of the ravings of the fever-stricken."

"Poor papa! I like to remember how much more kind and gentle than he had ever been before he grew toward me after my baby was born. I missed him sadly, Nell; for after his death Deighton became more cruel than ever, my life daily more miserable and hard to endure. Night after night he used to come home tipsy, and then he was like a madman. Many a time have I fallen on my knees before him, and begged that he would let me take my baby and go away from him, never asking help, only that he would let me go in quietness; and, Nellie, he has answered me with cruel words and cowardly blows."

"Blows! The wretched man!"

The exclamation comes from Christian. The faithful, waiting, longing heart beats angrily; for a moment the hands—the firm, well-shaped hands—are clenched convulsively, as though the impulse to give battle were strong within him.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE ARGUS PHEASANT OF SUMATRA AND BORNEO.

It is a singular fact in geographical distribution that the peacock should not be found in Sumatra or Borneo, while the superb argus, fire-backed and ocellated pheasants of those islands are equally unknown in Java. Exactly parallel is the fact that in Ceylon and Southern India, where the peacock abounds, there are none of the splendid lophophori and other gorgeous pheasants which inhabit Northern India.

Mount Ophir, in the peninsula of Malacca, is, says Wallace, the country of the great argus-pheasant, and we continually heard its cry. On asking an old Malay to try and shoot one for him, he told Wallace that although he had been for twenty years shooting in these forests, he had never yet shot one, and never even seen one except after it had been caught. The bird is so exceedingly shy and wary, and runs along the ground in the densest part of the forest so quickly, that it is impossible to get near it; and its sober colors, and rich, eye-like spots, which are so ornamental when seen in a museum, must harmonize well with the dead leaves among which it dwells, and render it very inconspicuous. All the specimens sold in Malacca are caught in snares, and my informant, though he had shot none, had snared plenty.

## THE LAST SCENE.

By William Winter.

Here she lieth, white and chill;
Put your hand upon her brow;
Still her heart is—very still,
And she does not know you now.

Ah! the grave's a quiet bed,
She shall sleep a pleasant sleep;
And the tears that you may shed,
Will not wake her—therefore, weep!

Weep! for you have wrought her woe;
Mourn—she mourned and died for you;
Ah! too late we come to know
What is false, and what is true.

## THE SCHAFFHAUSEN CROSS AT FREIBURG, BADEN.

The market-crosses are one of the most beautiful class of monuments bequeathed to us by the Middle Ages. Rich with all the fancy which inspired Gothic architecture, they tower in the squares of most European cities, and with their niches and statues, often of exquisite design and execution, compel the Nineteenth Century to respect and preserve them, utilitarian as it is.

The Cathedral of Freiburg is noted as one of the most beautiful and perfect specimens of Gothic architecture in Germany, and this cross attests the taste and skill of the master builders of the place.

Freiburg, with its university dating back to 1454, and its library of one hundred thousand volumes, is a small but beautiful city of the Grand Duchy of Baden, lying on the Dreisam. It has a population of only sixteen thousand souls, but is, nevertheless, a place of no little importance.

The town was repeatedly captured by the French in the wars between France and Germany, and in 1744 the invaders destroyed the fortifications of Freiburg im Breisgau, and agreeable public walks and smiling vineyards now occupy their place. The streets are open and well built, and the city in these later times has become the seat of a Catholic archbishop.

## THE ABBOT OF READING.

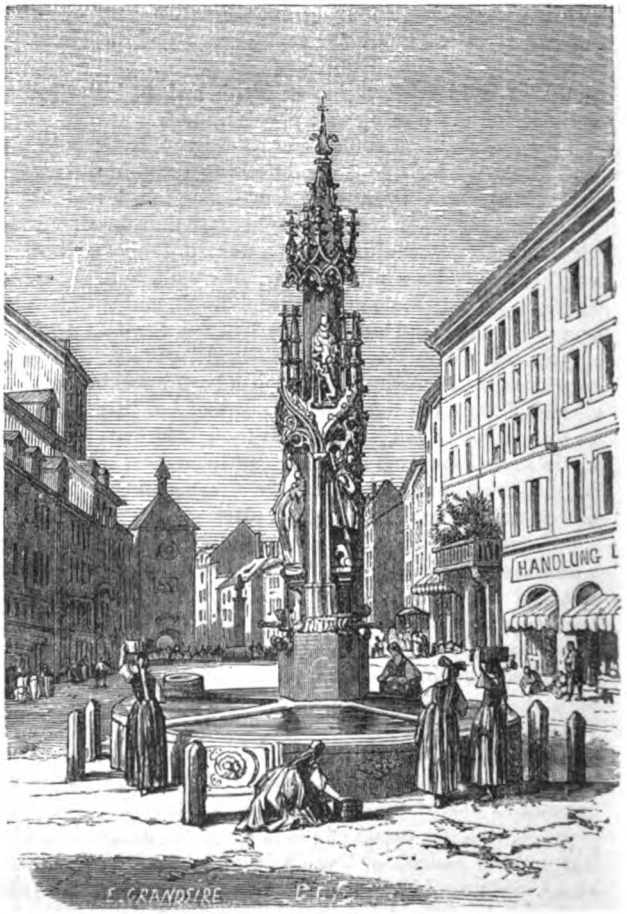
King Henry VIII., as he was hunting in Windsor Forest, either casually lost or (more probably) willfully losing himself, struck down about dinner-time to the Abbey of Reading, where, disguising himself (much for delight, more for discovery, to see, unseen), he was invited to the abbot's table, and passed for one of the king's guard; a place to which the proportion of his person might properly entitle him. A sirloin of beef was set before him (so knighted, saith tradition, by this King Henry); on which the king laid on lustily, not disgracing one of that place, for whom he was mistaken. "Well fare thy heart," quoth the abbot; "and here in a cup of sack I remember the health of his grace, your master. I would give an hundred pounds, on the condition I could feed so heartily on beef as you do. Alas! my weak and queasy stomach will hardly digest the wing of a small rabbit or chicken."

The king pleasantly pledged him, heartily thanked him for his good cheer, and after dinner departed, as undiscovered as he came thither. Some weeks after the abbot was sent for by a pursuivant, brought up to London, clapt in the Tower, kept close prisoner, fed for a short time on bread and water; yet not so empty his body of food as his mind was filled with fears, creating many suspicions to himself when and how he had incurred the king's displeasure.

At last a sirloin of beef was set before him, on which the abbot fed as the farmer of his grange, and verified the proverb, that two hungry meals make the third a glutton. I springs King Henry out of a private lobby, where he had placed himself, the invisible spectator of the abbot's behavior.

"My lord," quoth the king, "presently deposit your hundred pounds in gold, or else no going hence all the days of your life. I have been your physician, to cure you of your queasy stomach; and here, as I deserve, I demand my fee for the same."

The abbot down with his dust, and glad he had escaped so, returned to Reading; as somewhat lighter in his purse, so much more merrier in heart, than when he came thence.

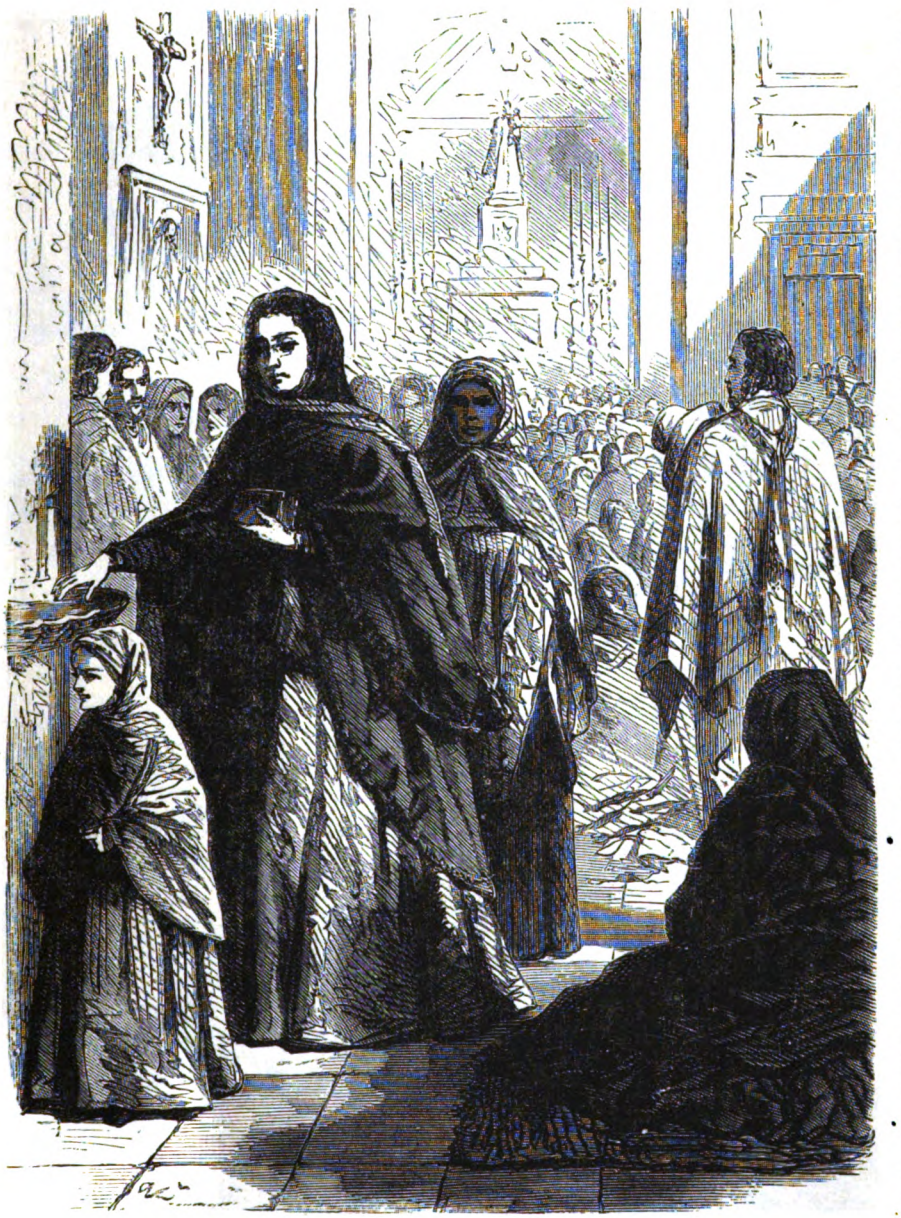



THE SCHAFFHAUSEN CROSS AT FREIBURG, BADEN.

# CHILI.

THE free and independent Republic of Chili—it dearly loves the title which records its hard-won triumph over the grim, grasping, grudging Spaniards who held and hated it so long—is fifty years old. The situation of the Republic of Chili is perhaps the most romantic and picturesque of those which the great condor, poised in the pure air about the Andes' heights, surveys from a point where the vision has a range of 10,000 square miles over which to rove. From the stern barrier of Mount Moreno to the stormy point of Horn stretches, along a coast-line of 2,000 miles, a broad valley, whose bounds are set landwards by the most extensive range of mountains in the world, and almost the loftiest, and seawards by the vastest of all the oceans.

The giant warders stand between the broad valley and the Eastern World; its northern desert tracts, where incalculable wealth hides itself in the recesses of the earth, but human life cannot be supported on its surface, so that the fertile country has to feed the mining provinces at great cost of toil; its fair central fields, fruit and cereal-bearing; its pastoral austral districts with harbors, and rivers whose banks are forests, and where great coal-fields indicate industries in the future—all these face the vast, untroubled South Pacific. How utter was the seclusion of Chili, how slumberous its life, we know from some old books of travel, written by men who reached the treasure-laden strip of earth between the mountains and the ocean by the dreary voyage round Cape Horn, or plodded thither by way of the treacherous jungles and dismal swamps of Panama. Its seclusion has only a geographical significance now-a-days, and its slumberous life has been roused to wholesome activity, with sound principles of action and honorable aims.



CHILIAN COSTUMES.

The valley, which is once-and-a-half larger than Italy, with a climate like that of Italy, has happily the great mountains between it and the other republics, the black sheep of the Western World; and any political troubles of its own would be readily settled, because the seat of Government is central, and its forces could easily operate along the shore. When the dreams of the Chilians are realized, and there is a railway across the Andes, whose passes in the old times were known only to the guanaco—their coast may become a vast landing wharf for all the "notions" of the Eastern Hemisphere.

The Transandine Railway is a very bold conception; it includes a two-mile tunnel through hard rock, and the covering-in of large portions of the road from the assaults of avalanches and snowdrifts, and it is not likely to be carried out speedily; but meantime the Transandine Telegraph line, which has been working for some years—its wires are conveyed across the mountains on stone pillars, and in the more exposed portions, underground—is an achievement to think of with respect. It is a promise of what shall be in the secluded coast-country, with its back to the world, whose desert-frontier is in the Tropic of Capricorn, whose most recent settlement at Punta Arenas, where they trade in seal and guanaco-skins, and in the feathers of the ostriches which the Patagonians hunt down with their cruel *bolas*, is the southernmost civilized community in existence, whose capital city is one of palaces and Paris fashions, and whose people prefer solvency as a rule, and like to keep the military budget at the lowest safe figure.

In contrast with the incomprehensible and innumerable "revolutions" which have rendered the South American Republics ridiculous to the outer world, it is pleasant to know that Chili has been peacefully prosperous since 1859; that "militarism" has steadily declined since that date, at

THE CHURCH ROCK, NEW BILBAO, CHILI.

CHILIANS GOING TO THE SPRINGS OF COLLINA.

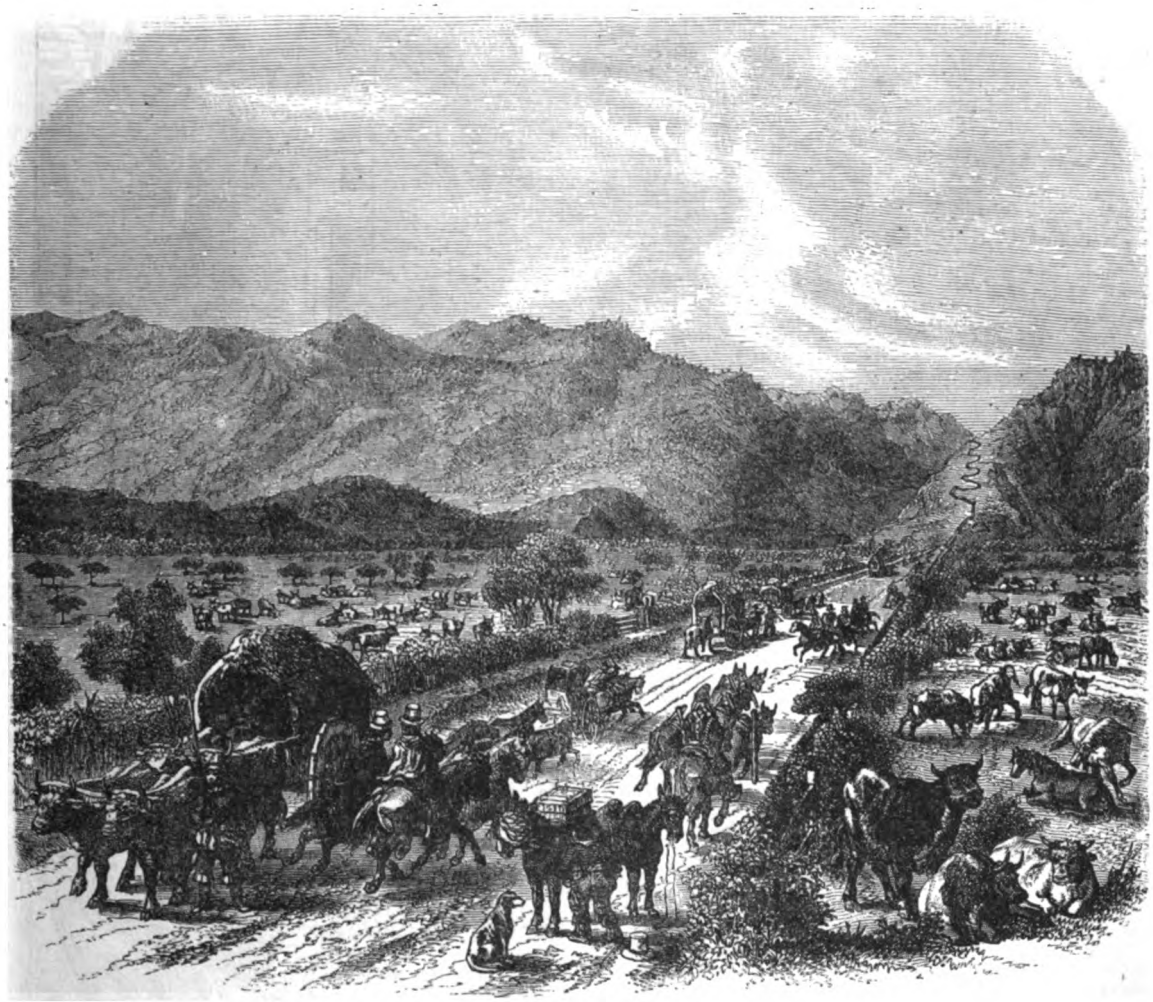
which the "rebellion" of General Cruz was suppressed, and that minding their own business—that business being of an essentially peaceful description—is the abiding occupation of the Chilians.

The successive Presidents, who have been civilians, keep the force as low as possible, and they show no special favor to military rank. "The service" has none of those charms with which it is bedecked to the youthful fancy in European countries. Its duties are of a strictly prosaic kind, mostly directed to watching the Araucanian frontier line—for the "Indians" are the chronic trouble of Chili—and chasing the bands of cattle-lifters who come over the border.

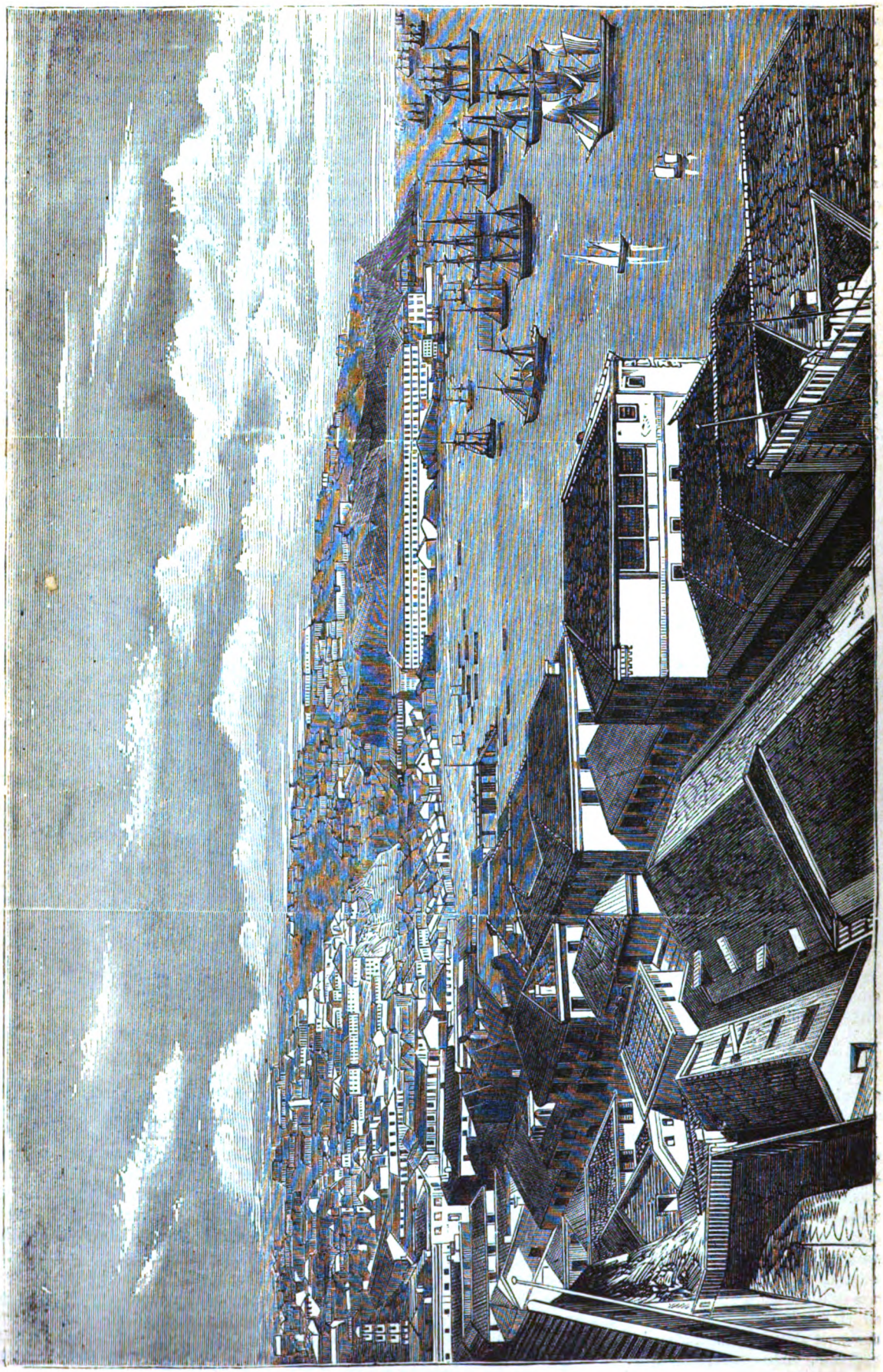
The Chilian army is, nevertheless, an efficient little force, held well in hand for any emergency, and the Araucanian Indians probably owe their longish lease—for aborigines at this time of day—of lands, liberty, and life, to the disinclination of the authorities to raise a force sufficient to sweep them, as their less lucky kinsmen in the northern latitudes are being swept, from their hunting-plains.

The country is an agricultural valley; it needs manufactures for its prosperity. Little more than one-fourth of the soil is cultivated, and its population at the last census, in 1875, numbered only 2,300,000. Central Chili, with the capital city, Santiago, and Valparaiso, the largest commercial emporium of the South Pacific, is in every sense the heart and soul of the country. It contains the largest estates, yields the most abundant produce, and supports the bulk of the population. The Government seems to go somewhat faster than the people in matters of the higher education. The more influential classes are lukewarm about it, and the Conservatory of Music, Academy of Painting, and School of Sculpture and Architecture are doing little to justify their respective places on the Estimates. In the curriculum of the Government schools "urbanidad"—or urbanity, good manners—holds a place, and most travelers in Chili agree in recognizing that the people exhibit the influence of that item in their demeanor out of school.

The Chilian peasantry in the central districts are a restless race, given much to emigration to the mining provinces and to hiring themselves as navvies on the railway lines and other public works in various parts of the Republic. Those who have it in their power to move about in this way are "peones"; the settled peasantry are "inquilinos," and live under a system which, at a first glance, seems to resemble the abolished serfage of the Russian peasants, but is not in reality so degraded and hopeless, and is likewise passing into desuetude, the "inquilino" being gradually transformed into a salaried laborer, for whom a cottage and a patch of garden are provided, as on many English estates. The "inquilino" is distinctly a free man, however humble his status among his class; and the *corvée*, or unpaid service, which is the distinctive feature of the system called "inquilinaje," is a result of the old feudal tenure introduced by the Conquistadores, but is now dying out. There are few peasant proprietors or small tenants holding leases of any duration; the land, held in large estates, is the luxury of the few; but it is well to know that the law of division of property must before long multiply the number of smaller holdings.



ON THE ROAD FROM SANTIAGO TO VALPARAISO.



VIEW OF THE HARBOR AND CITY OF VALPARAISO, CHILI.

The peasant proprietors are found, not in the centre of the republic but in the north, in the "happy valley" of Elqui, a *quebrada* highly cultivated, and rich in paradisiacal fruits and enjoying a paradisiacal climate; also in the territories that are gradually being gained from the hunting-grounds of the Araucanian Indians.

The "inquilino" is a resident peasant, who cultivates the land and does forced labor for his "ranchero," its amount and conditions varying according to the customs of different estates, or to voluntary agreement.

No written contract exists between the landlord or his representative and the "inquilino," and the worst feature of the system is that the former has unconditional power of ejectment, while the latter has no sufficient corresponding liberty to leave.

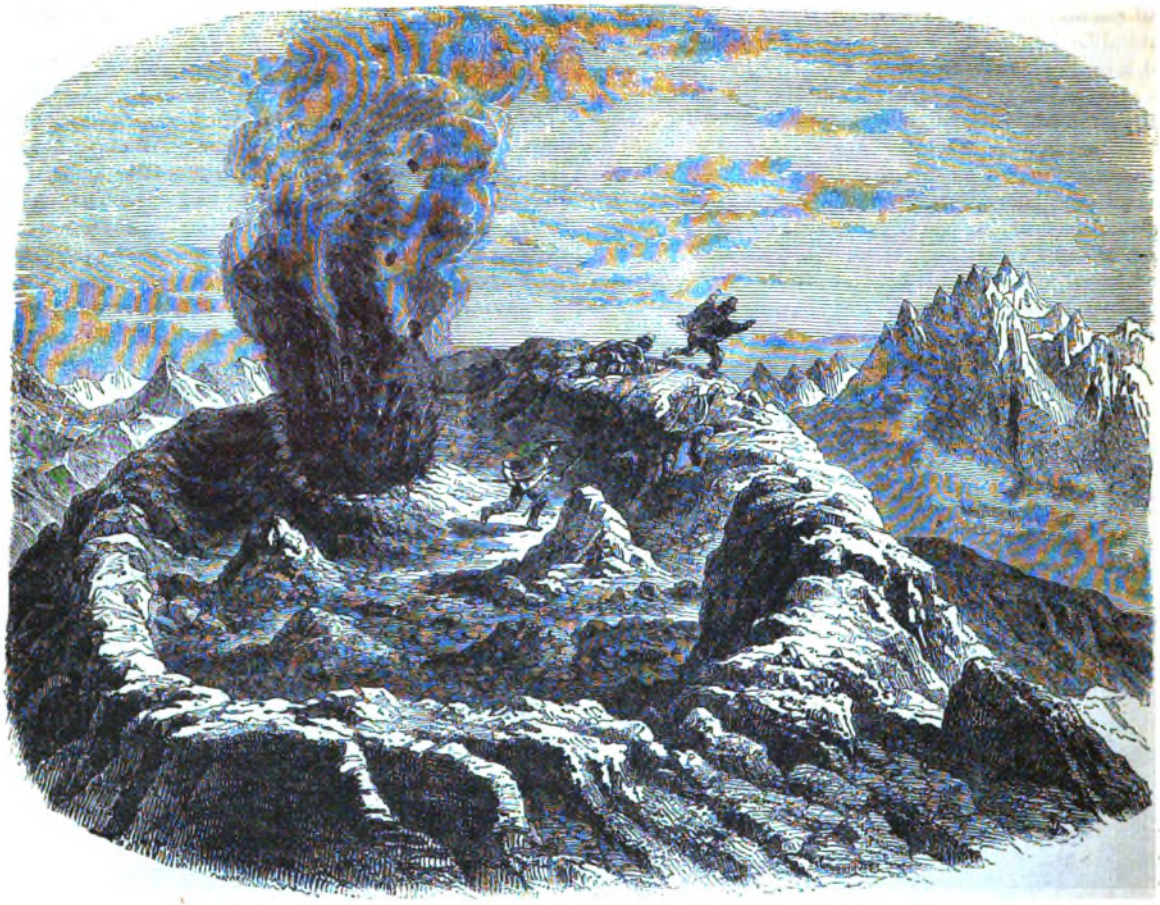
"In theory," says Mr. Rumbold, in his admirable report upon the condition of Chili from which we are taking these facts, "the tacit contract existing between the employer and the employed is terminable at any time at the will of either party, but in practice the 'inquilino' is in too defenceless a position to be able freely to exercise his undoubted right to quit the estate. Further, the powers held by many of the 'haciendados' (landowners) as 'subdelegados,' or 'comandantes de policia,' would be sufficient to quell any excessive velleity of independence on the part of the 'inquilino.'

The evil, however, is righting itself; scarcity of labor is turning the scale in favor of the "inquilinos"; but the obligation of unpaid toil by "los brazos obligados" is still fully recognized and enforced. In all material conditions of their lives, the "peones" and the "inquilinos" are all worse off than the Russian serfs ever were; as badly off as the coolies in the Cingalese "lines." They are allowed no wine, beer, or meat; they live on haricot-beans and unleavened bread; they work thirteen hours a day under a scorching sun, with wonderful endurance for long spells, and then give way to bursts of intemperance which sadly waste their small earnings. They are, however, singularly healthy, and their condition is improving, not, according to Mr. Rumbold, from the pressure of democratic opinion—Chili is the most aristocratic of republics—but owing to the initiative of the upper classes.

THE PLAZA MAYOR, VALPARAISO, CHILI.

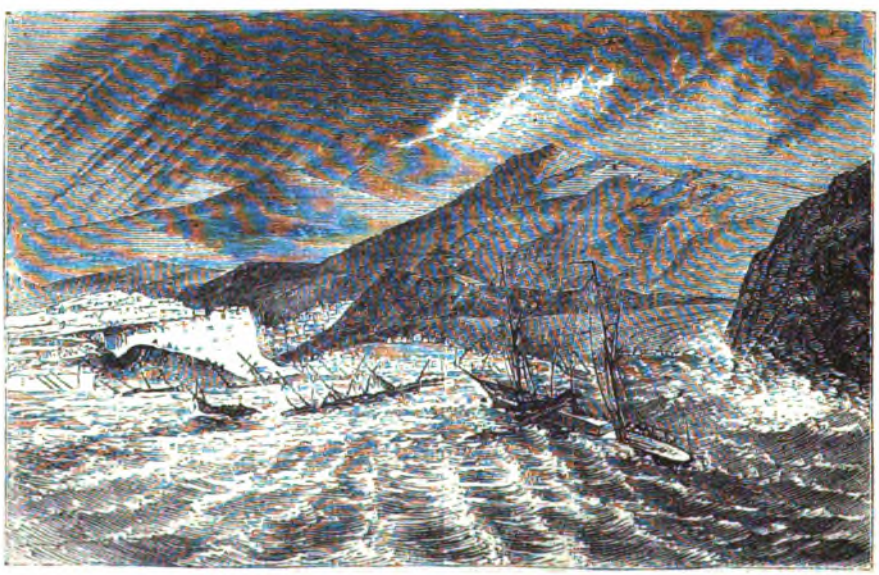
This is a good hearing, for one of the best-known characteristics of the social life of the secluded coast country between the Pacific and the Andes used to be the inhuman want of sympathy the complete severance between the rich and the poor.

The fabled city in the heart of Africa, whose silver roofs



THE VOLCANO OF ANTUJO, CHILI.

and palm-bordered terraces Dr. Mayo set gravely before us thirty years ago, in his famous romance, "Kaloolah," is hardly more attractive to the imagination than is the veritable, actual capital of Chili, ninety miles inland, built upon a vast plain, under the towering and invincible shelter of the snow-capped Andes; whose cordilleras, rich with the treasures which Humboldt catalogued, rise in grand gradations from the plateau, and help the sun to make for Santiago, with the assistance of the distant ocean, a climate as perfect as any in the world. Santiago is an expensive place and luxurious; the desire of the Chilian heart is toward her, and she is the delight of his eyes, with her broad thoroughfares, her stately dwellings, her grand promenades. Ease and exclusiveness are her characteristics; the old Spanish orthodoxy dwells there, also elegance and sprightliness purely French. Santiago is as well beloved and carefully tended, as trimly dressed, as Paris itself; and the beautiful Chilian ladies tread its pavements in the latest Parisian attire, or drive through its broad streets, by lines of Parisian-seeming hotels, and convents with white gleaming walls, in carriages which might do for the muster in the Bois. And they can look up at the Andes, and in the sultry noonday quiet the great birds may go sailing by on their way to the South Pacific.



BAY OF VALPARAISO, DURING THE HURRICANE OF 1867.

A splendid, ambitious city, with a memory of a horrible disaster hanging about it; with a maëlstrom-like tendency to attract and engulf fortunes and lives; with contrasts of wealth and poverty as dreadful as those we can see any day in London; a city which is a triumph and a snare, a great monument to the "trabajo y cordura," or work and shrewd sense, which have made Chili what that praiseworthy Republic is; but a city which would do well to consider

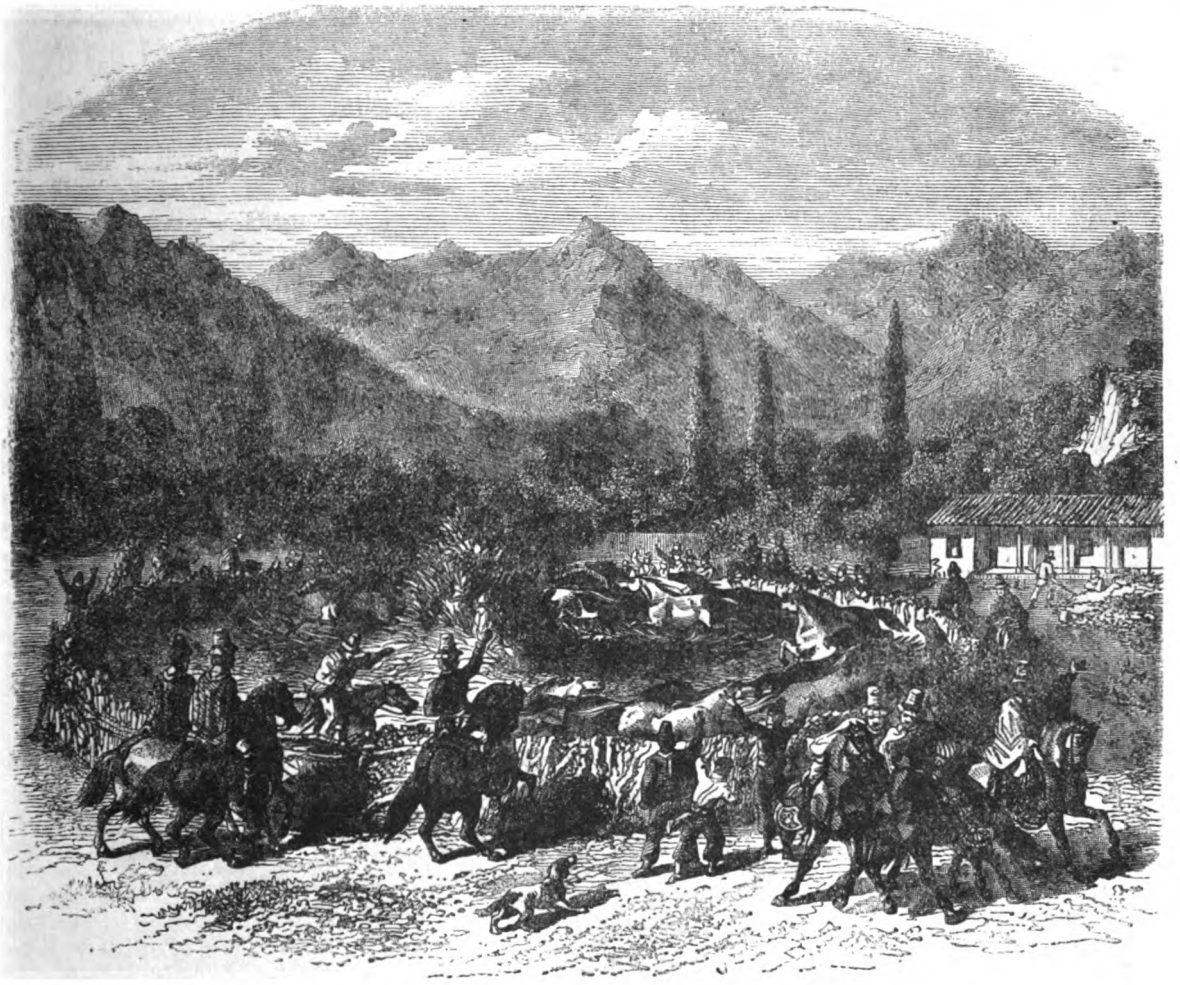
its extravagant ways, and be wise, after the example of Valparaiso. The seaboard city is growing steadily in prosperity, from thrift as well as toil.

The area of Chili, exclusive of the part of Patagonia which it claims, is about 133,000 square miles, and that portion is nearly as large, but really of little value. It is a mountain land, for it not only has the Andes on the east, but is traversed by two ranges of lower mountains, the Central Chain, and La Cordillera de la Costa. The principal valley of the country lies between the Central Chain and the Andes, which here meets a height of 14,000 to 22,422 feet, the loftiest being Aconcagua. Several of these, such as Llullaillaco, Villarica, San José, and others, are still active volcanoes. The volcano of Antujo, shown in our illustration, long towered with its crater, unapproached and unseen, in the Chilian province of Concepcion; its sides forming a strange, wild contrast, one sterile, and covered with the ashes of former eruptions, with only an occasional blade of grass to tempt the wild guanaco; the other side, sloping down to the picturesque Lake Laja, is covered with a rich vegetation, in which Nature exerts all her power to charm. As no lava had issued from the year 1812, a daring naturalist, named Pœping, in 1829, had the courage to attempt, and the perseverance to effect, its ascent, and view the crater. He was followed ere many years by Claude Gay, a scientific man from France, who with great toil at last reached the summit, with three servants, one a countryman of his own, the other two, Chilinos. The crater lay before them like a vast bowl, filled with snow, with many apertures, showing deep holes. One of these, to the east, rose like a kind of chimney, and the adventurers were approaching it for a nearer examination, when a sudden eruption of gas and smoke, with stones of various sizes, put them all to sudden flight. On recovering from the first panic, however, M. Gay made observations and sketches, determining the height at 2,818 metres. Like all the Chilian volcanoes, it is on the western slope of the Andes.

At the north, Chili is cut off from Bolivia by the lofty desert of Atacama.

The scenery in all parts of Chili is grand and picturesque. Even the coast has its stern, rugged features.

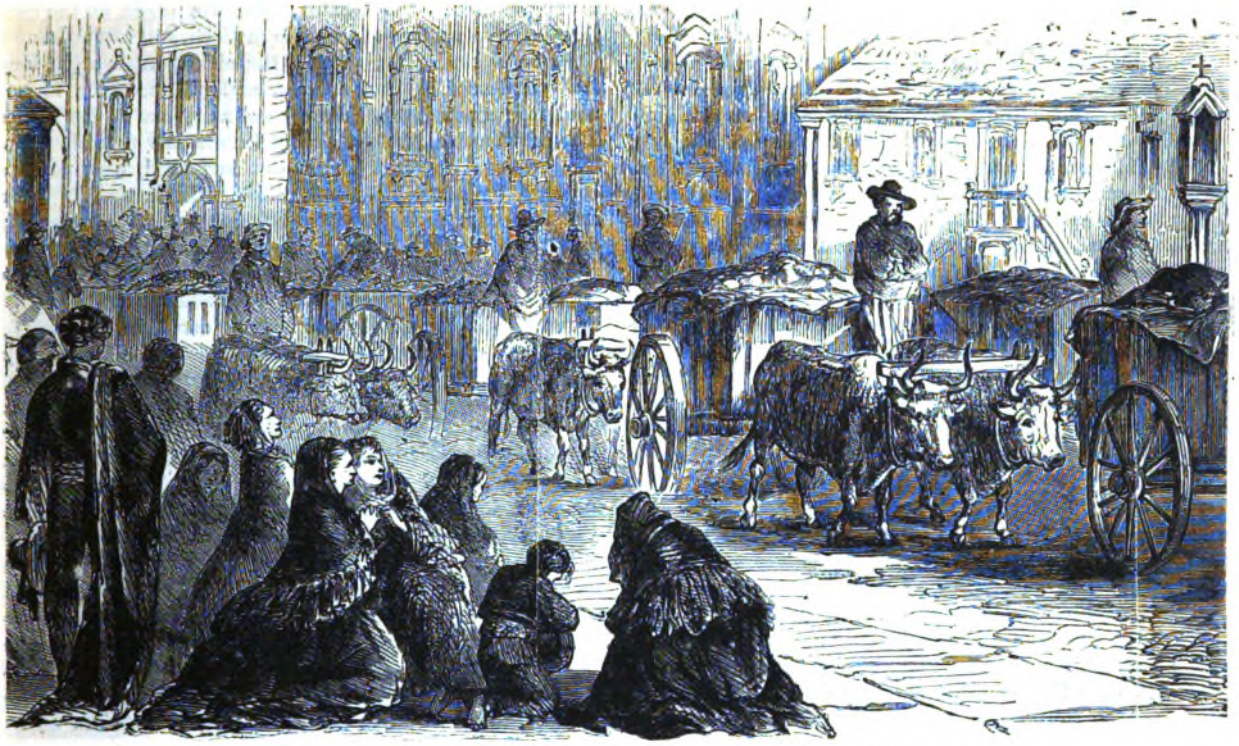
About a mile and a half from New Bilbao, or Puerto Constitucion, a thriving Chilian city, and the great depôt of the rich provinces of Talca and Cauquenes, is the curious Church Rock shown in our illustration. Permanent and good government has rendered Chili a paradise compared to the great mass of South American republics, for under its exceptional condition, giving peace and security, arts, industry and education flourish.



A TRILLA OR THRESHING IN CHILI.

The rock, like the Isle Percée in the St. Lawrence, has been channeled by water; but here the rock stands isolated at some distance from the water, and in itself looks like an old ruined church, its towers long since crumbled away, while the arched portal opens into the interior, lit with its dim religious light. It is not strange, therefore, that the people should call it the Church Rock—*La Piedra de la Yglesia*—and it is said that the name is justified by more than this mere outward resemblance, the rock having in the early times of the settlement of the country served as a chapel, the pioneer priests having celebrated Mass beneath

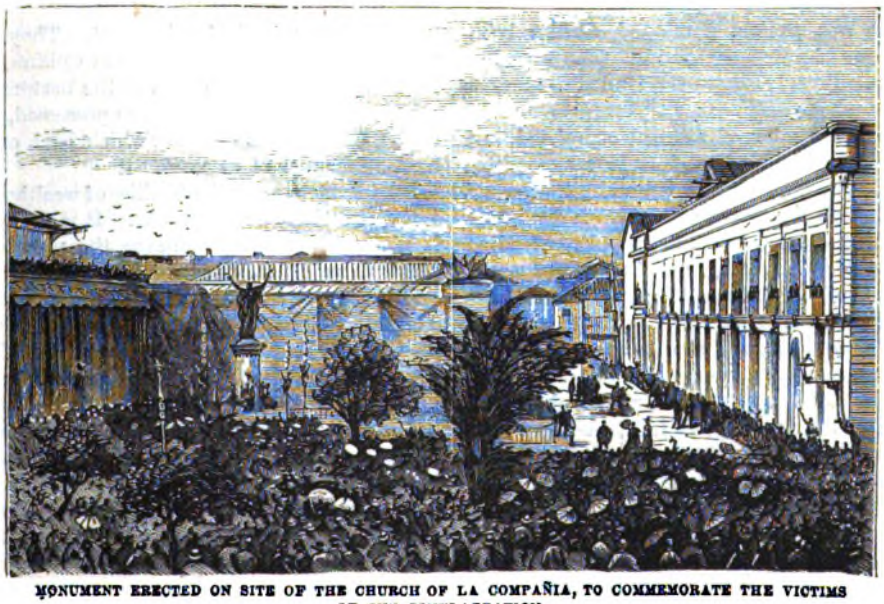
LA YAHAGUCA.



THE TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION OF THE CHURCH OF LA COMPAÑIA, DECEMBER 8TH, 1863.

the natural vaulted roof of the Church Rock. The climate of Chili is one of the finest in the globe, being equable and uniform, so that fruits, flowers, and trees of both tropical and temperate regions flourish well. The native palm and pine of Araucania, the cherimoya of tropical America, the medlar of Japan, the magnolia of Florida, and the olive of Asia, may all be found within a single garden, every one as luxuriant as in its original clime.

The two drawbacks are the earthquakes and the hurricanes. The hurricane of 1867 was particularly disastrous, and we depict the Bay of Valparaiso under the influence of the storm-king. The earthquakes are frequent, and sixteen have been especially disastrous. That of 1570 destroyed Concepcion; that of 1647, Santiago; that of 1730 again ruined those cities as well as La Serena, Coquimbo, and every village from this last place to Concepcion. In 1835 this last-named city was again visited with destruction for the fourth time, and Talcahuana, a great resort of our whalers (in whose dialect the name has become Turkey-owner), was destroyed. The earthquakes of 1851 and 1871 were felt especially at Valparaiso and Santiago.



MONUMENT ERECTED ON SITE OF THE CHURCH OF LA COMPAÑIA, TO COMMEMORATE THE VICTIMS OF THE CONFLAGRATION.

As may be supposed, Chili abounds in mineral wealth, producing almost all the metals—gold, silver, copper, lead, tin, iron, zinc, nickel, cinnabar, cobalt, antimony, bismuth, manganese, and arsenic, the copper and silver mines being especially rich. Coal, sulphur, salt, and nitre abound.

Agriculture is not carried on with the result of modern study and skill. Some of the methods are still primitive, as may be seen in our illustration of a trilla or threshing.

The trilla or threshing-day becomes a perfect holiday, combining the attractions of a horse-race with the harvest labors, as our agricultural fairs do occasionally, we must admit. The wheat is placed within a circular corral, into which a number of fine young horses are admitted, unfettered by riders, saddles, or harness. A mounted man urges them on, and the young men of the neighborhood, all mounted, of course, gather around outside, encouraging them with shouts, betting on the one that will keep longest ahead of the herd as they career wildly around the arena.

The Chilinos are to the extent of about one-fourth or half a million of pure Spanish blood; the rest are chiefly of mixed race, as their forms, features, and hair testify;

many of the laboring classes are, however, of pure Indian types.

The progress of the French fashions has in a manner banished from the world the old national and characteristic custumes by which the several nations were so distinctly marked. If there were always grace in these creations of Parisian modistes, it would be well; but the ladies themselves all agree that the fashions of three years ago are horrid, to say the very least. The fashions, as we meet them in South America, especially in the interior towns, are of this stamp—discarded French fashions, and poor, at that. In church, however, the old Spanish dress prevails, and if the rebozo gives to our eye somewhat too much of a muffled look, yet the whole effect is graceful, ladylike, and dignified. It marked the national type, and they do well to retain it in church, where, indeed, the French bonnets and dresses are regarded as a sort of sacrilege.

The long trailing dresses, however, and the manner in which the rebozo cramps the arms, are terrible enemies in case of danger. Ladies are fettered in all their limbs, and when occasion requires the quick use of arms or legs, the poor victims are unable to extricate themselves, and contribute to their own ruin. In that terrible church conflagration, some years since, this dress was the cause of the great loss of life. Caught by others treading on their skirts, and unable to use their hands easily, those in front fell, and others fell over them, so that a living mass barricaded the doors, keeping in those behind, to meet their dreadful fate. The latest papers speak of a shock of earthquake, in which ladies, rushing from the churches on Annunciation Day, were crushed down for the same reason, many limbs being broken.

The men, as will be seen in the illustration, cover all with the universal poncho, a square cloth, made rain-proof, with a slit in the middle, through which the head passes, and the poncho droops gracefully around. This garment was almost universal in the world in the olden time, and is the ancestor of the cope and chasuble of the Greek and Latin priesthood. The former is called, in Latin, *pluviale*, or rain-cloak; and the chasuble of the Greeks is a real poncho in shape, but so long that, when the priest lowers his hands to his sides, his attendants have to raise the chasuble to enable him to extricate them.

Education is advancing very rapidly, there being more than five hundred government schools, and as many municipal, private, and monastic, with normal schools and a government university.

Manufactures are not greatly developed, Chili relying chiefly on England for manufactured goods. The introduction of American inventions has, however, tended to increase activity in many branches.

Chili has more than 500 miles of railroad completed, and new roads progressing. Much of the travel over mountain paths will continue, however, to be carried on by horses and mules. The road from Valparaiso to Santiago is enough in itself to show the thrift and activity of the people. Winding amid the mountains it is very busy, and in the plains you dash by fields stocked with well-fed cattle; and as, amid the mountains, you follow the cuesta or zig-zag road, you meet the sounds and sights and odors of the mining operations, copper being one of the most extensive.

The scenery is beautiful and interesting at almost all points, especially from the tops of the hills, where you see the panorama below, and above you some mighty volcanic pile, now capped with snow, like the dormant Aconcagua. A traveler thus describes an estate near Valparaiso:

The Calera estate is not very large, but being situated on the line of railroad to Valparaiso, is most valuable, producing an income to its owner of $17,000 annually. It may be considered as a model hacienda, for on it may be found nearly every product of the country. We will begin at the dwelling-house, a portion of which is modern, and of two stories; the larger part is, however, in the old Spanish style, long, low, tiled roof, with a corridor and pillars, which forms a cool promenade in the Summer and a dry one in the Winter. The interior is elegantly, almost luxuriously furnished, and the style of living and table is not surpassed, nor, perhaps, equaled, by many noblemen's houses in England. There are two courtyards, properly belonging to the house—the outer one nicely planted with trees, and the inner one a pleasant flower-garden; then at the rear there is an extensive orchard, where some of the most delicious tropical fruits are cultivated, or, rather, had been at one time, but now are growing in wild luxuriance, producing as much, but perhaps of an inferior quality to formerly. Here you find the banana, the cherimoya, the date, the orange, lemon, peach, etc., together with the ordinary English fruit of all classes. Passing through the fruit-garden, you come into a magnificent plantation of almond trees, or "el almendral," which produces an immense quantity of fruit of first quality, and which sell well in Valparaiso markets.

The plantation occupies at least ten acres. After passing through which, you enter upon a large plantation of walnut trees, which also produce a fair income; but the grand produce of the hacienda is the grape and wines made therefrom. The vineyards are numerous and extensive, covering more than thirty acres, and the quantity produced annually is enormous. There are two classes of grapes on the estate: the green or white grape, and the red or black; the former produce a white wine of excellent quality, and are suitable for table use in season; the latter are almost exclusively used to make wine, and are seldom produced at table, although a most agreeable and delicious fruit.

We now pass into the fields, or "potreros," and find wheat, barley, potatoes, beans, hay, etc., growing most luxuriantly; the soil is extremely rich, and never requires manure, producing green and other crops year after year without any other fertilizer than the waters of the Aconcagua river, which flow down from the Cordillera, highly charged with potash and other fertilizing salts. Artificial canals are made from this river, and the water brought through the land for the use of the cattle, and for irrigating in Summer, when it never rains in this part of Chili. We observed some very fine cattle and sheep. The fields where the cattle are kept are fenced round with poplar trees, which have grown to a height of fifty or sixty feet, and serve alike for a fence and shade.

Chilians are fond of enjoyment. They have a delightful watering-place in the little town of Collina, so called because it is built between two hills at the bottom of a ravine, and celebrated because its waters are possessed, or said to be possessed, of marvelous virtues, which heal, or are reported to heal, all manner of diseases.

During the season, the families of wealthy Chilians visit the *baños*, and remain some weeks. It is the rendezvous of the fashionable society of Santiago, the place whither the physician dispatches all his opulent patients to look for the health they have not lost, but which medicine might endanger. Collina, however, finds a rival in the seashore and the baths of Valparaiso. Some members of the faculty have begun to patronize these and other resorts, which enjoy the advantage of an earlier transit from the capital.

The roads which conduct to Collina are none of the best; they are rugged, and apt to cause delay and accident. The vehicles necessary to traffic on a road so rough are none of the lightest or most agreeable. Travelers, who are not accustomed to equestrian exercise, have to make the journey in a huge, heavy contrivance—a Noah's ark on wheels—and drawn by bullocks, which, at the best, is slow and wearisome traveling, and, at the worst, is something more terrible than

tongue can tell or language can describe. A railway, with good accommodations, presents a formidable rivalry on the opposite route; but, nevertheless, Collina has not lost its charms, and in the season the visitors flock to the town, and make it as gay as Baden. There, under skies of intensest blue, Chilians resign themselves to pleasure, tippling cider, tinkling guitars, making up parties of pleasure, hunting excursions, delightful picnics, amateur races—anything, everything to while away the time. The season lasts fifteen or twenty days, and during that period the *yamacuecas* succeed *resbaloscas* (national dances) without any apparent interval of repose. The analogy between the baths of Europe and of Chili is seen especially in the fact that full facilities are given for gambling, and that those who have run away from work may ruin themselves at play.

Every South American State has its peculiar dance, all borrowed from the dance that has lived so long on the river banks of Spain, and, though differing from it in some respects, possesses all its principal characteristics, just as the various languages of Spanish countries resemble the rich old mother tongue. The dances of Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru, and Chili, and the countries east of the Andes, are all accompanied by the guitar, and are full of grace; but none of them equal the "Yamacueca" of Chili.

The people of her sister States know the "Yamacueca," and in Peru it is danced considerably, but the stranger never sees it in its glory until he has visited the Chilian valleys.

The "Yamacueca" originated in a combination of the spirited dances of the Indians of the country with the graceful steps introduced by the Spanish conquerors, and has flourished through almost countless generations in all the freshness and beauty that a spirit of romance and conquest could give it.

The Araucanians, who resemble our North American Indians, have a similar dance, retaining all the wild peculiarities that belonged to the original "Yamacueca," but characterized more by activity than grace. The Chili dance is a part of the country's history, and is as dear as his flag to the Chilino's heart. It is danced by two persons, and when the guitars strike up, accompanied with the click of castanets in the hands of a third party, a crowd collects around the swaying figures, and enters into all the spirit and excitement of the dance. There are generally three verses sung, full of passion and entreaty, which the two dancers forcibly express in their attitudes; the second and third verses, each increasing in fervor as the song progresses. The lady seems striving to resist the impulse to fall into her lover's arms, and constantly coquettes with her partner, now permitting him to hover over her, and then suddenly retreating with a swift twirl, succeeded by a voluptuous, reinviting languor of movement; while the spectators, keeping time with their hands, urge on the suitor with such cries as "*Buscalo! buscalo!*" until the end of the song, and the dance suddenly stops. Partners are changed, the music recommences with new words, and the dance goes on again, hour after hour.

The following lines give an idea of the nature of the song:

"Dices que no me quieres
Porque no tengo que darte,
Enseñame aborrecerte
Porque no sé mas que amarte."

Or, in English:

"Thou sayest that thou lovest me no more,
Because I have naught to bestow,
Then teach me to hate thee, I pray,
For to love thee is all that I know."

Some of the foreigners who have visited Chili have represented this dance as being vulgar, and tabooed by good society. Such is not the case. The dance, of course, is capable of being made so, and, no doubt, sometimes is among the peons when excited with wine, as are many of our own dances when engaged in by the lower classes, but the "Yamacueca" is really less objectionable than the American redowa, and need not offend the sensibilities of any one.

The "Yamacueca" of the aristocratic *salon* is the same as that of the peasant, but shorn of its excess of passionate expression, and is characterized by all the refinement of our most popular dances. No party, or "tertullo," is complete without it, and every grand ball winds up with the national dance, by the belle and best dancer of the evening. Then all the exuberance of the occasion culminates in a brief abandonment to the intoxication of the "Yamacueca," and the festivities are at an end.

But the great day of the "Yamecueca" is the 18th of September, the 4th of July of Chili. The country people then flock by thousands into the cities, and pitch their tents in the suburbs for a week of gayety. The scene at Santiago at such times is worthy of Rosa Bonheur's brush. For six days the broad pampas are filled with booths and gay flags, and the air with song and laughter; while the troops are parading on the green, the borders of the camp resound with the music of the guitars, and on every hand are seen waving scarfs and undulating forms of dancers. At night the scene is still more exciting, and the light of countless fires reveals weird and fantastic figures, bending like willows in the storm, and all thrilled with the fervor of the "Yamacueca."

In the long Summer evenings, when the air is still, and the mountains loom up like walls of rock in the clear, starlit sky, the traveler down the broad, smooth, shady roads knows where the haciendas are, by the sound of this beautiful dance, and as he draws near the long, low buildings, he will find a group, quiet, but all absorbed in the favorite pastime. The effect at such times is indescribable. The snow-capped Andes seem to throw a shadow over all the plains, but across them there comes floating on the fragrant air, from every hacienda, a soft, ceaseless blending of music and singing; and one rides on as in a dream until the hush of midnight settles upon the scene. The dance must be seen to be appreciated. It can never be approximately imitated on the stage, and the artist's hand must be cunning, indeed, that at all pictures its grace and animation.

Chili was conquered by the Inca Yupanqui and his brave general Chinchoruca, in 1450. The Alapuche at the north submitted after slight resistance, but the Purumans made a desperate struggle for freedom.

Almagro, in 1530, pursuing the same course, was checked by the same brave tribe. Valdivia, however, subdued Chili and founded the city of Santiago, but met a terrible foe in the Araucanians, who nearly annihilated his force. He obtained a large army from Peru, and founded Concepcion in 1550; but was soon attacked in his new city by Aillavalu, but, though Valdivia then repulsed the Araucanians and killed their chief, he was captured and put to death in 1559, and Concepcion destroyed. The Indians even menaced Santiago, and kept up the war till 1665, when the Spaniards acknowledged their independence.

Chili revolted from Spain in 1810, and secured her independence by the battle of Maypu, April 5th, 1818, under the dictatorship of General O'Higgins. A constitution was adopted in 1828.

Chili, as already remarked, has suffered but little from intestine commotions, and in this has been far happier than most of the Spanish-American republics. Chili was attacked by Spain, and her ports bombarded, in 1866, her want of a navy not enabling her to cope with her antagonist, whose fleet caused fearful destruction to Valparaiso, although she in time, with the Peruvians, taught the Spaniards some rough lessons on the se-

## JUDICIAL COMBATS AMONGST THE ANCIENT FRANKS.

During the eleventh century the means of justice among the Franks was a combat between the accuser and the accused. If a person was accused of any misdemeanor, he was granted permission to take an oath upon his innocence before the Court of State, and thus escape what was known as "Private Vengeance." If, however, there was not sufficient evidence of his innocence, the accuser had a right to annul the vow of the culprit by pushing his hand from the shrine, or reliquary (on which it rested during his oath), and challenge him to mortal combat.

If the accuser was a woman, and the accused a man, the laws of battle were as follows:

The man was to stand in a pit, nearly up to his waist, and be armed with a club, hardened at the fire; while the woman, whose motions were not confined, held a kerchief in her hand, in which a stone weighing from four to five pounds was tied.

According to the Augsburg City Laws of 1276, and the Wurzburg Battle Code of 1447, the man was to have a club twelve inches in length, the thickness of two thumbs at the end; while the woman's weapon was to be two fists longer, and to consist of a stone weighing one pound, wrapped in a kerchief.

Whenever a woman undertook "wager of battle," she did so at the peril of her life; for, if she should not be the victor, the accused would possess the power of having her sentenced to death in court, on a charge of false accusation. She would then be burned alive in the same pit wherein the man had stood. This result was looked upon as "God's Judgment"; for, the advantage a woman had over a man, in position and weapons, usually made her the victor.

Although the "Judgment of God," or ordeal, was discarded in 1250, judicial combat was nevertheless retained. Not, indeed, in cities, where its use was gradually discontinued; nor in the lower criminal courts; but principally in provincial courts of justice, where cases of nobility were tried.

JUDICIAL COMBATS AMONGST THE ANCIENT FRANKS—A WOMAN'S WAGER OF BATTLE.

Previous to this, the unconvicted accused was not bound to fight, provided he confessed his guilt. In such a case, instead of forfeiting his life, he was allowed to escape with the loss of a hand, or on payment of a fixed sum of money.

Wager of battle was used in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in the case of nobles who defied the laws of court. Whoever succumbed in a judicial combat forfeited not his life, indeed, but his claims. In all prevailing modes of this judicial combat, one rule held good. The accused was allowed six weeks' grace, time in which to practice with the prescribed weapon. On the day of combat, the weapons and clothing of the antagonists were examined, and the spectators were enjoined to observe the strictest silence.

Only the seconds were allowed to speak. The combat began at a given signal. A blow previous to the starting signal, or after the final signal, forfeited the battle. In cases of disturbance or disorder, the seconds interfered. Each combatant was allowed to call for "time" twice during the battle. If he called three times, or thrice dropped his weapon, he was deemed to have lost.

Every combatant had four seconds, one advocate, one marshal of arms, one trainer (who instructed in the mode of fighting, but whose voice durst not be heard during the battle), and one monitor, who was posted in the arena, but was allowed to communicate with the combatants only through the advocate. The dress usually consisted of close-fitting trowsers, jacket and hood, fastened with a leather strap, and cut from one piece of gray woolen cloth. The shield (which, however, was not worn in battle with a woman,) was of wood and leather, covered with white linen and ornamented with a red cross. Before the fight both combatants drank St. John's wine, to thwart all evil arts. The days of judicial combat are past and gone; but the heroism of those women who maintained their dearest rights through the only legal means allowed them is a vivid page in history.

The illustration which has called forth these remarks is a careful copy of a very rare and curious old engraving.

Ordeals, whether of battle, or tests of innocence by walking over red hot irons, or by plunging the arm in hot water and the like, long prevailed in many countries, and were not formally abolished in England till 1819.

## MANONIE, THE HEROINE OF FORT LARAMIE.

There are few places upon the American continent which combine so much varied beauty as do the plains of Laramie. To one who is not familiar with the geography of Western Nebraska, and has never visited that section of the country, it may appear singular that a name like "plains" should be applied to a section situated in the very midst of the most prominent peaks and ridges of the Rocky Mountains. But the title is far from being inappropriate.

Fort Laramie is situated at the junction of the north-fork of the Nebraska, or Platte River, and a stream of lesser note bearing its own name, Laramie River.

In this far-off Western fort, for many years after the discovery of the overland routes to California, the traveler to the "golden land" met with the only real mark of refinement, or even local civilization, after leaving the Missouri. Therefore, when the fort is reached by the adventurer, after a journey of four hundred miles through the barren wastes of Nebraska, the sight must be a pleasant one.

MANONIE.—"THE MOTHER KNELT BY THE BEDSIDE. SHE RAISED HER CLASPED HANDS TO HEAVEN, AND HER LIPS MOVED IN HUMBLE, PENITENTIAL, THANKFUL PRAYER."

Nor was the most attractive features of the fort the presence of its officers, its soldiers, and their families. Manonie, or Wild Bird, as she was called by the savages, was a "paleface." Of her parentage nothing was known save that in her infancy she had been captured in Western Iowa. The girl herself was ignorant of the fact that she was of white blood, until she learned it from one of the officers of Laramie, with whom she had become acquainted, and who had gleaned thus much of her history from one of the Indians.

Manonie had considerable affection for her dusky friends, for she had been treated with especial kindness by them.

There was, however, a brave connected with the Pawnee tribe, called Wontum, or Wild Cat, who had solicited the hand of Manonie in marriage, but had been spurned. It appeared as if the proud nature of one nobly born had been suddenly aroused within her when thus solicited, for there was such an exhibition of indignation and disgust that even Wontum slunk away in shame and fear.

The chief of the Pawnees, however, favored the suit of his brave, which resulted in an estrangement between him and the girl, and so she was comparatively left to herself.

Wontum, ascertaining this fact, lost no opportunity to urge

his suit, and even to use threats, to all of which the maiden returned her first scornful reply.

The result of this persecution on the part of Wontum was, that Manonie began to estrange herself from the Indian villages, and from her extreme cautiousness to prevent her meeting with Wontum, she attained the appellation of "Wild Bird."

At length she met a young lieutenant from the fort, who had heard her story, or a portion of it, from the settlers. He became her tutor; she, a willing pupil. At first he felt an interest, then a sympathy, and, finally, found himself deeply in love. Nor was it a hopeless passion, for that love was returned with all the ardor of an impulsive soul.

The young man discovered in her a nature of singular purity, an intellect of remarkable quickness, and a grace which might adorn a metropolitan *salon*. It was not strange that Henry Marshall loved her, and that Manonie soon became his wife.

As soon as this fact became known to Wontum, his savage soul was fired, and he resolved upon revenge. He committed a great number of depredations upon the peaceful overland travelers, which drew forth many of the troops from Laramie, but for over three years the savage had not been able to reach father, wife, or the little child who had been born a year after the marriage.

At length the villain had concocted a plan to draw the largest portion of the troops out of the fort to the distance of seventy-five miles. This was done by a general attack upon an emigrant train at "Devil's Gate." The party sent to the assistance of the sufferers consisted of two-thirds the garrison of Laramie, and were commanded by Henry Marshall, who, for the first time, had been separated from his wife and child during his marriage.

This was just as Wontum had anticipated, and so, after committing the outrages, had taken a squad of his men, and hastened, with all possible speed, to the fort. He reached it on a dark and stormy night. Concealing his men in a dense thicket, he resolved to reconnoitre only in person, although his object was to gain possession of Manonie and her child.

It was not supposed at Laramie that the attack upon the train was anything more than a thieving expedition, and, of course, there was not the most remote idea that the fort would be attacked. The guard, therefore, were not as vigilant as in more dangerous times.

Wontum determined to enter the fort. He found little difficulty in reaching the outer works, but here the greatest possible obstacle presented itself. It was after twelve o'clock at night, and the very presence of an Indian at such an hour would create suspicion at any time; but more especially now that there were rumors of depredations by the Pawnees. He, therefore, advanced with extreme caution until the entrance of the fort was reached. The huge door was closed. Beside it stood a sentinel, leaning lazily against the wall, his gun resting by his side.

While Wontum was considering how to act, the huge door or gate swung back with a heavy sound, and the relief-guard made its appearance. The drowsy sentinel sprang up, and advanced to meet his comrades.

Wontum took advantage of the momentary engagement of the soldiers, and of the heavy darkness, to glide through the open gate. Then he found himself within the coveted enclosure, but upon strange ground. He had been within the post but once before, and to gain some knowledge of its interior was of considerable importance to him. Of course he could not know the location of the several sentry-posts, and to move around, no matter with how much caution, involved no small amount of danger. But the master-passion of his soul was stronger than his fear, and he resolved to "do or die."

He heard the massive door reclose, and then the tread of the sentries as they returned to their guard-house. He had no knowledge of camp-life, but his natural instincts were sufficient to teach him that here, as well as in the Indian villages, the better class of buildings were reserved for the officers, or those highest in rank.

Before him was a long row of white buildings, or barracks, and to the right, at the other entrance, were others, much more genteel in appearance, which he judged to be those he sought. To reach them, he would be compelled to cross an open space; but the darkness was so intense that there was little danger of detection if great caution was used.

In the buildings which he intended reaching there gleamed a faint light in a lower window, and quite a number in those of the second story. All were at rest save the guard and the occupants of those lighted apartments. How well the savage understood this, his silent movement gave evidence. A shadow could not have been more noiseless, nor a serpent more alert. He glided across the open space, crouching close to the ground, ever and anon pausing to listen and to mark his course. But his progress was uninterrupted, and at length he reached the main building. Then he crept close to a window from which gleamed a feeble light. There was no sound to be heard. He tapped lightly upon the pane, but still all was silent.

"Sleep—sleep," he muttered; "this must be captain's room." The savage referred to Marshall, the husband of Manonie.

He repeated the blows upon the window, this time with more vigor. In a moment he heard a movement within. He sprang back and prostrated himself close to the ground.

The weather, although early in the Fall, was especially cold this night. The windows of the buildings were closed in consequence. But the one at which the savage had stationed himself was now thrown open, and the inmate of the room peered forth into the surrounding gloom. It was difficult to determine whether the form was that of a male or female.

At this moment another window, directly over this one, and from which streamed a bright light, was also thrown up, and a form appeared, which was easily recognized as that of a female. Apparently addressing herself to the person below, she asked:

"Did you hear any unusual sound, Lieutenant Blair?"

"I did, Manonie. Did you observe anything especial?"

"I did. I have not slept, and I have listened attentively, that I might hear the approach of my husband, should he arrive to-night. I am sure that I distinctly heard some person, or something, tapping upon your window."

"I think we are both deceived. It must have been the rain, or the rattle of the sash by the wind."

"I think not. I have listened to every sound, and this one only lasted an instant, and during the whole night it was the only one like it. I should not be at all surprised if there were Indians lurking around."

"Oh, no, Manonie! You are nervous to-night on account of the absence of your husband. It would be impossible for a savage to enter the fort without being discovered. You had better retire. This constant watching will be too much for you."

"It would be useless, for I could not rest. Besides, my little Harry has been wakeful and feverish all the earlier part of the night; but he is sleeping now."

"Well, good-night, Manonie. Your husband will probably return to-morrow. If I hear any further noise of the kind, I will go for a guard."

"God grant it! Good-night." Manonie closed her window.

Lieutenant Blair remained for a moment gazing into the darkness, and then, dropping the sash, retired.

The savage started to his feet. In the dim light which shone through the window could be seen the truly demoniac expression which lit up his face like a fire from within. His prey was within his grasp. He had learned that the husband of Manonie was still absent, and ascertained the location of the room she occupied. He knew the garrison of the fort could number but a few men at that time, and if they were surprised, an easy victory could be gained. The delighted monster with difficulty restrained the wild whoop of satisfaction which trembled upon his lips.

His first impulse was to return for his men and make the attack. But he knew that daylight must come before he could get everything arranged, and to attack even the little garrison while they were prepared for defense would be almost certain defeat. But he had heard Blair say that if he heard any further noise he would go for a guard.

The savage approached the window again, and tapped lightly. This time it was not his purpose to have Manonie hear him. This done, he sprang back again. The sash was again thrown up, and Blair called to know who was there. Of course no answer came. The lieutenant then crossed his room, and threw open the hall-door. The savage heard his retreating footsteps, and quick as thought he sprang through the open window into the vacant room. Then he concealed himself beneath the bed. Hearing the lieutenant giving directions for a thorough search, he grinned, in his fiendish glee, at the success of his ruse.

The officer returned to his room. An hour passed, when a corporal entered the apartment and reported that nothing unusual had been found, although a thorough search had been made. The lieutenant then closed his window, and retired to his couch for sleep.

An hour passed, and the heavy breathing of Blair convinced the savage that he was sleeping. Cautiously he crawled forth and seated himself by the bedside, gazing upon his intended victim. He drew from his belt a long, sharp knife, and toyed with its point, as if he wished to lengthen, as far as possible, the joy he felt at having one hated foe thus in his power. He rose to his feet and bent over the sleeper. He raised the knife. It glittered in the light; and then he lowered it again.

At length the sleeper opened his eyes. He attempted to rise, but he felt the sharp point of the weapon at his heart.

"No speak loud!" exclaimed the savage.

"What would you?" asked the lieutenant.

"Me kill you—quick—there!"

Poor Blair closed his eyes—groaned—the work was done.

The monster gazed upon the dead man, and for several moments remained motionless. At length he turned and walked to the door. He opened it, and peered into the hall; a dim light was burning, but all was silent. He stepped cautiously forth and walked along the passage. It was not long before he found the steps leading to the second floor; these he ascended, pausing before the door of the apartment which was occupied by mother and child. He listened; not a sound was heard; but through a crevice he could see that the light was still burning. He touched the latch, but the door was fast!

Here was a dilemma. What was to be done? If he attempted to force it, she would be aroused, even if she was asleep, and would give the alarm.

Satan sometimes appears to assist his own in a wonderful manner, when they are engaged in doing his work. So it appeared on this occasion.

At this moment a heavy tread of the "rounds" was heard below. Wontum listened; he also heard a movement in Manonie's apartment, and had hardly time to conceal himself behind the rubbish in the end of the hall, when she made her appearance. Tripping lightly toward the top of the stairs, she exclaimed, as if speaking her own thoughts:

"Oh, perhaps he has come." She bent over the railing and listened. While thus engaged, the savage passed, unseen, into her room. He secreted himself readily behind the heavy curtains which draped the window, and awaited her return.

He had not long to wait; the mother appeared. It was the first time Wontum had seen Manonie for three years; and it was not without some emotion on his part—something very seldom exhibited by the savage. As he gazed upon her, his face grew black as night, and he clutched his knife.

The mother approached the bed, and bent over her child. It was sleeping calmly.

"It must have been my imagination," she exclaimed; "for my darling exhibits no further symptoms of pain. Oh, if I should lose him! But I am weary; Lieutenant Blair said I needed rest; so I must sleep. It is strange. When I lived in the mountains I was never weary, and could keep the track, or drive the canoe, night and day. But now that I have become accustomed to luxury, I tire so soon. Then, my mind was free; now, if my dear husband is absent from me only an hour, I see before me images of death, and terror is ever present with me. If my child is restless, I magnify its danger. Yet I would not change again for worlds, and be what I was. Oh, no; it would be terrible—terrible. Don't let me think of losing what I have found. Well, I will rest beside my boy."

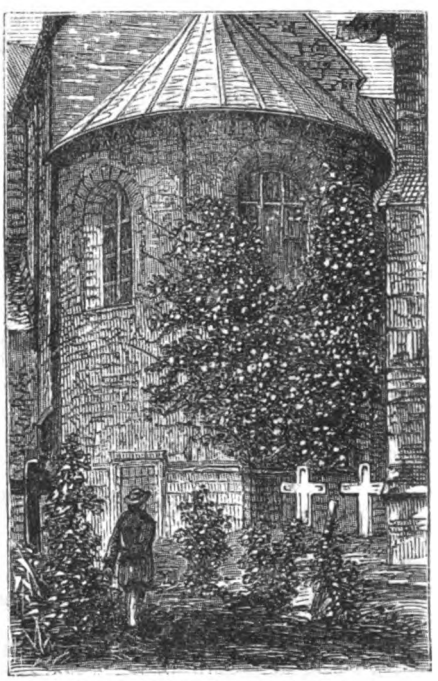
The mother knelt by the bedside. She raised her clasped hands to heaven, and her lips moved in humble, penitential, thankful prayer. Then she arose from her knees, pressed her little one's hand gently to her lips, and laid herself by its side.

Overcome with watching, she slept.

Wontum crept from his hiding-place, and approached the bed, clasping his knife for immediate use, should it be required. Carefully he raised the child in his arms—so carefully that he did not disturb either the mother or the little sleeper.

This child was to be his instrument of revenge on both father and mother. He felt sure that Manonie would follow him to the mountains for the recovery of her boy, and then both would be in his power. Softly he opened the door and passed into the hall, down the stairs, and into the apartment of the murdered lieutenant. Then he raised the window, and was surprised to find that daylight was dawning.

In passing through, the little fellow awoke; and beholding himself in the arms of such a mon-



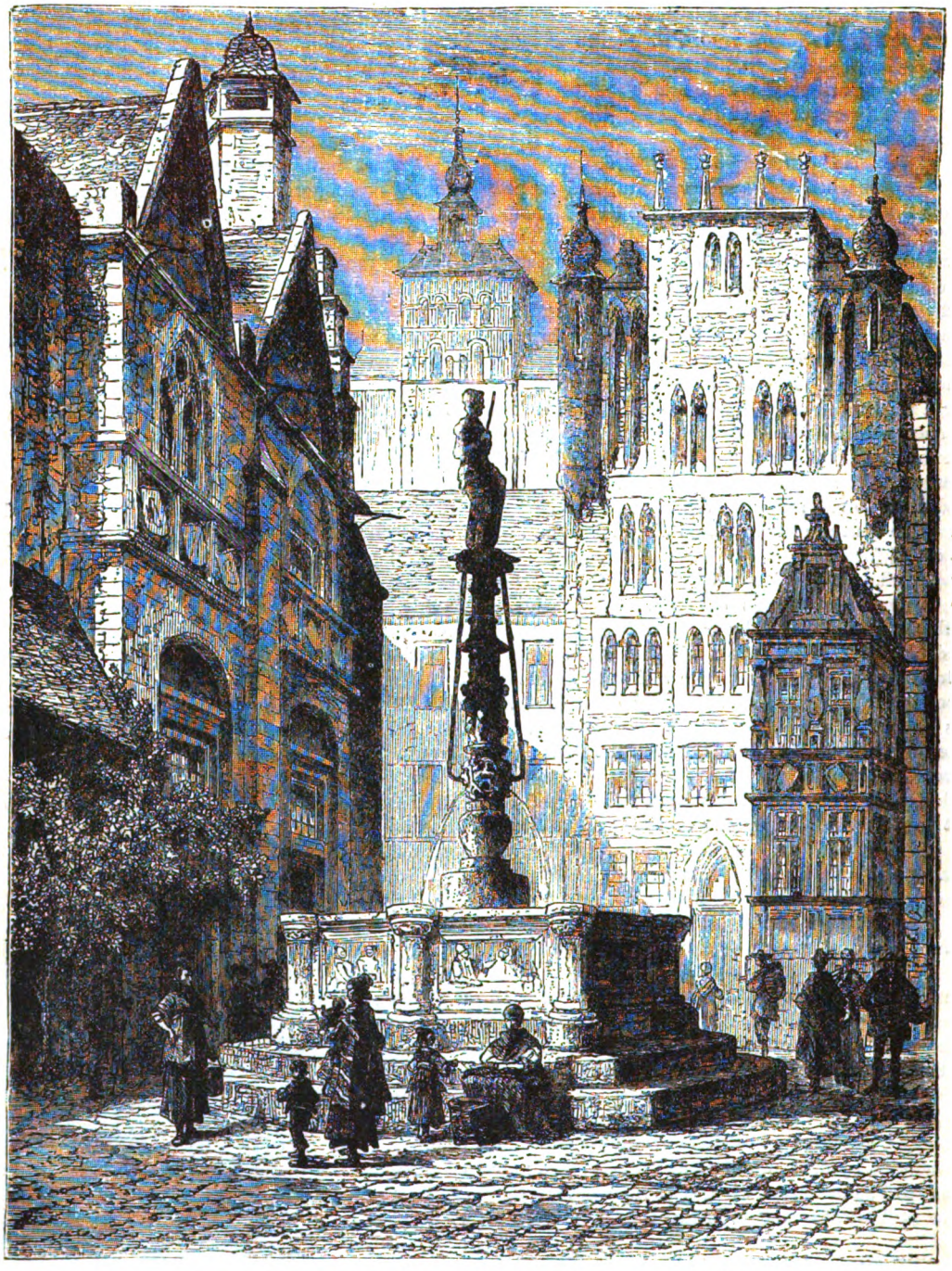
ANCIENT ROSE-TREE AT HILDESHEIM.
SEE PAGE 608.

ster, set up a wild cry. It was echoed and re-echoed from the mother's room. Indeed, her shrieks were so fearful, that the entire garrison was soon aroused.

The Pawnee heard the cries of the mother, who had been awakened by the screams of her child. No time was to be lost. He therefore dashed boldly across the open space toward the outer wall.

So unexpected was such an event, and the guard so unprepared, that before the pursuit had fairly been commenced, the Indian actually had mounted the outer wall. A dozen muskets were leveled, but no one dared fire, lest they should injure the child.

Leaping from the wall, the red monster ran like a deer toward the Laramie River. Into its waters he plunged, and made rapidly for the opposite shore. The poor mother had thrown up the window just in time to see her darling disappear. For a moment her strength failed, and she was helpless; but it was a brief moment. In a second of time, she threw off her weakness and put on her strength—strength to do and dare all things.



VIEW IN HILDESHEIM, FORMER KINGDOM OF HANOVER.—SEE PAGE 610.

Her cries were stilled, and her sobs were smothered. A flame gleamed in her eyes almost supernatural. It was not the fire of madness, but the great light of love and devotion, which burns upon every true mother's altar. With a bound she sprang through the window. It was a fearful plunge, but she appeared not in the least injured. With her hair streaming in the breeze, she darted for the spot where she had last seen her boy. She almost flew over the parade, and quickly reached the wall, dashed over it, and on into the river—on into the belt of timber beyond—disappearing like a meteor in the gloomy depths of the jungle.

A gleam of savage joy lit up the face of Wontum, as he saw Manonie leap from the wall, and follow him toward the river. He knew that three years of civilized life had not altogether eradicated the habit she had acquired while living with the Indians, and that river or mountain would not be a barrier to the chase.

And so it proved; for the frantic mother paused not when she reached the stream, but plunging in, she swam for the opposite shore with her old skill. Wontum seated himself, watching her approach, little dreaming the fate that awaited him.

Manonie approached the savage. Little Harry was seated upon the earth by the side of the Indian, sobbing; but when he saw his mother, he sprang into her arms. She turned, as if to retrace her steps, but Wontum caught her, saying:

"Wild Bird, sit."

"Not by you, monster that you are!" she cried.

"Wontum no monster. Wontum great warrior. He kill enemy."

"And steal little children. Wontum is a mean thief."

"Ugh!"

"Why have you thus taken my child? Is it not mean business for a great warrior?"

"Does Wild Bird want her child?"

"Oh, yes. Give him to me, and I will always be your friend."

"Be wife?"

"How can I be your wife, when I am already married?"

"Ugh! Wild Bird must go with Wontum."

"Where?"

"To wigwam, in Pawnee country. Wild Bird shall be his squaw, or he kill boy. Come."

The savage seized the child. The mother released her hold upon him without a struggle, but there was still that fire burning within her eyes, which spoke of a fixed purpose and a determined soul.

"You hold my boy," she said, in a meaning tone, "and by doing so, have left my hands free."

Quick as thought, and like a tigress, she sprang upon the savage. It was unexpected by him. Before he had the slightest intimation of her intention, the knife, which was still red with the blood of the murdered Blair, was drawn from his belt. It glistened a moment in the rays of the rising sun, and then its sharp point entered the breast of Wontum.

A wild shriek burst from his lips. He dropped the boy and fell back. His powerful chest heaved, his eyes rolled wildly, he struggled forward as if he would reach Manonie and her child, but the death-rattle was heard, and the villain Pawnee was a corpse.

SOUTHERN SCENES.—NEGRO BOYS PLAYING CIRCUS.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Assistance now arrived, and Manonie returned to the fort to meet her husband, and to be henceforward happy in the love of those who still call her Laramie's heroine.

## A VIEW IN HILDESHEIM, PRUSSIA.

HILDESHEIM is an ancient city in that Kingdom of Hanover which has disappeared after so brief an existence, although as an Electorate it could claim a higher antiquity. Its Electors became sovereigns of England till Victoria ascended the throne, when it passed to a younger branch, that of Cumberland, to be extinguished in the person of the second king.

Hildesheim lies on the Innerste, and was once an episcopal city. It now has a population of 15,000, two-thirds of whom are Catholics. The ancient monuments, the old houses with their fine carvings, attract many travelers. The cathedral, erected in the eleventh century, has much to interest. Its bronze doors, made in 1015 by order of Bishop Bernwald, represent, in their *basso-relievos*, the first and second Adam.

The view shown in our illustration represents one of the ancient fountains with its pillared warrior, not ill placed, for the building behind, with its lancet windows and its oriental turrets, was erected in the fourteenth century by the once mighty religious military order, the Templars, whose fall is one of the vexed questions of history.

The rose tree shown in our smaller illustration is one of the prides of Hildesheim. It dates back to the year 814, and its roots are beneath the altar of the church. It sprang up over the sacred vessels left on the ground after a hunting mass, as tradition says, and a chapel was erected on the spot by the Emperor Louis the Pious.

## SOUTHERN SCENES.

NEGRO BOYS PLAYING CIRCUS—AN ANIMATED SCARECROW.

HERE in the cold North, far away from congenial fellowship, the comic side of the negro character does not come out strong. The fun and native humor that are such distinguishing characteristics of the colored race can only be seen in perfection in the "Sunny South." The best vein of darkey humor may there be seen in its natural spontaneous growth. At every intermission of labor, or after a hard day's work, the negro is ready for grip and jest or broad grotesque caper. In every crowd some gifted individuals are found who make the fun, or engage in "ground and lofty tumbling," while a delighted audience stands around and roars approval.

Our picture illustrates a scene witnessed by our artist in Richmond, Va. The peripatetic circus had evidently been abroad in the land, and the subjects of the sketch, having visited "de show," were in the street, with only a bundle of straw to break possible falls on the rough stones, performing gymnastic feats that would have done no discredit to a party of trained acrobats, while keeping up a running fire of jest and repartee that would have been worth a fortune to a professional negro minstrel.

When a thorough-bred negro of the South sets about it seriously, he will succeed in frightening any living thing. He is not daunted by the number of foes to be vanquished, and if he be allowed his own method, will rid a district of pests in the most satisfactory manner. We see one of these remedial agents sent to the fields to conquer the hordes of hungry crows that prey upon the young grain. To him the order is imperative, and if the dusky thieves do not withdraw upon his shrill suggestion, as long as he has a stitch of clothing to his back he will flaunt and flutter until he has scattered the enemy and trampled down an acre of choice wheat.

A bull in a china-shop is about as reliable as a lively negro in a flock of crows; he shouts and whistles, and perhaps thinking to entice his adversaries to a closer companionship for a grand swoop, dances; but, if they still continue to seek the dainty bits, he calls his coat-skirt into service, and with corners in hand, sways his arms up and down with the zest of pumping water, until the intruders take compassion on his agony, and leave, to worry other scouts.

It may be that, having been swindled by the harmless effigies mounted on broom-handles or fence-rails, and capped with worn-out saucepans, they regard their new occupant in a similar light; but, woe betide the dozen or more that get between his ample foot and the ground. Whether he always succeeds in frightening away the crows, we cannot say; but we doubt if any number of human beings would wish to remain long in a field in which he is set on watch.

## THE BAY WINDOW.

IT was a decided improvement, and no wonder the inhabitants of our flourishing little city of Ireton were proud of it. Many were they who, while wending their way to and from their places of business, would do so in a very roundabout way, merely to feast their eyes upon it, and try to imagine how the city would look were it not there; or wondering how they ever contrived to live before it was built.

What is this that excites so much comment? Do you see that tall, dignified-looking man who is just turning the corner? Very well, let us follow him, as he is going to view these same objects himself. As we walk along we will introduce the gentleman, as he is the hero of this little sketch. Kind reader, Mr. John Jones, a promising young lawyer of Ireton. Possessing a good form and handsome face, combined with some natural good sense, John had won the hand and fortune of the belle of the village, Miss Carrie Mosely, and led her to the altar just one week prior to the opening of our tale. There was one failing John Jones had, the existence of which he was entirely ignorant of himself. This was—jealousy.

But we have at length reached our destination, and gazing across this way, we inwardly coincide with all, that it is a vast improvement, and an honor to the city.

Look upon that long row of handsome edifices, with brown-stone fronts, porticoes, cupola, etc. With the tasty gardens ornamented by beautiful shrubbery and lovely flowers, arbor and summer-houses, graveled walks, and shapely shade trees, all combined and mingled together with marvelous taste, evincing that an artist of great judgment had exerted his skill to its utmost extent in conceiving and executing the plans of both edifices and grounds. One was an exact counterpart of the other, even in the most minute particular; a picture of one would serve equally as well for one as another. In fine, there was no perceptible difference between them.

One point vastly pleased Mr. Jones, if we may be allowed to judge from the delighted chuckles and rapid motion of his hands, as he rubbed them together, his face beaming with delight, as he murmured his wife's name in connection with the object that so pleased him.

This was a large capacious bay window, which could be hidden from view of the occupants of the parlor by simply closing a pair of light tasty screens that usually would be concealed by the heavy damask curtains that hung so grace-

fully, casting a flood of rose-colored light across the room, lingering lovingly around the beautiful features of a portrait that was hanging from the wall, and seemed to be regarding John with a world of love beaming in her dark blue eyes.

This was the likeness of Mrs. Jones, taken a few weeks prior to her marriage.

Mr. Jones is even now gazing at the loved features, and, as he turns to depart, he half-laughingly casts a kiss toward it.

Such was Rose Villa, the residence of Mr. Jones.

For some time after his removal into his new residence, Mr. Jones's happiness was unalloyed, and not a cloud ever obscured the matrimonial heavens. All was joy and sunshine, and after office hours the time was spent in company with his idolized wife, in the recesses of the bay-window. But one day, while sitting there conversing together and fully enjoying themselves, they became conscious of the unpleasant fact that some person was watching them, and an examination discovered the form of a pale, interesting young man, who was very comfortably ensconced in *his* bay window, smoking a fragrant Havana, and coolly scrutinizing the loving couple through the lens of an opera-glass.

The adjoining house had been let.

After the first glance at the unwelcome personage, Mr. Jones turned to his wife, but the remark that was about issuing from his lips was checked, and his cheek grew pale as he saw *his* Carry blush vividly and return the young man's bow. Was he an acquaintance of hers? Did he know her? The blood fairly boiled in his veins as these thoughts coursed through his mind, and a momentary vision of "pistols and coffee for two," shot before his eyes.

He glared at the stranger with fiery eyes, amazed at his effrontery. To think that any one should have the insufferable impudence to bow to *his* wife; before his own eyes!

Now, dear reader, you must not think that I uphold my hero in this reasoning, simply because I record it. You know he *is* my hero, and, as I must not deviate from the "narrow path of truth," I am compelled to state the case exactly as it stands, even if it sacrifice effect to do so. Of course I perfectly agree with you that his conduct was silly and foolish in the extreme; but allow me to ask one question. Did you ever see a person who was *really* in *love* that was other than foolish when the object of his adoration was concerned? No, I think not; and as this is an "over true tale," we must relate it precisely as it occurred.

John turned toward his smiling wife, and with a strong endeavor to appear calm, he addressed her in a tone that he vainly strove to render careless and unconcerned.

"Carrie, dear, who is that gentleman whose bow you returned? I do not remember ever seeing him before."

Again the tell-tale blood suffused her cheeks, as she hesitatingly answered the question:

"Why, Johnnie, I thought you knew him. That is Fletcher Vilott, who used to live in the Eaton farmhouse, a few miles out of town."

"What, not the Vilott to whom you were engaged? Do you mean him, Carrie?" hastily uttered the startled Mr. J.

"Yes, it is the same. I wonder when he came back? You know he has been to Europe for his health."

"No, I don't know it, and what's more, I don't want to know it, or anything else about him, either!" angrily exclaimed the excited John, seizing his hat and rushing out of the house, slamming the entry-door behind him most emphatically.

An astonished look from his wife followed him until he turned the corner, and then it faded away into a sad, aggrieved expression, and throwing herself upon a sofa, Carrie indulged in a hearty flood of tears, for this was the first hasty word that had ever pass d b tween the two. This was the beginning of trouble at Ro e Villa, as the Jones mansion was termed.

Mr. Jones was pale and silent, hardly ever speaking, unless when addressed, and obstinately persistent in his refusal to confide to his wife the cause of his secret trouble. In vain she endeavored the elucidate the problem of her husband's change, and with anxious heart watched the continual growing and increasing of her husband's malady.

Unconsciously she was contributing fresh fuel and augmenting the blaze she was striving to extinguish, for in her anxiety to draw his attention from the one object of his trouble, she made Fletcher Vilott the subject of conversations, telling John all about him, and giving a full history of his family and his actions ever since they were schoolmates together, when he used to draw her to school in his sled, and divide all his treasures with his "little wife," as he termed her.

There was an unconscious tenderness in her voice as she lingered upon this topic, that served to strengthen John's belief that she loved Fletcher better than she did him; and at such times he endured terrible sufferings, for he fairly idolized his young and beautiful wife.

All this may sound silly, yet, nevertheless, 'tis true, for such was his disposition, and he could no more help it than a leopard can change its spots. Yes, I know it would be more sensible to have John frankly acknowledge his doubts, and then wind up with a great blast of triumphant music, letting the curtain drop upon the stage, leaving all happy and prosperous forever more; but, reader mine, do you not remember that there is *fact* as well as *fiction* in this everyday world of ours?

But such is the case, and consequently we are forced to plod on, trusting that your patience will not fail you, and hasten the *denouement* as rapidly as possible.

As if to aggravate his sorrow, Mr. Vilott was quite a frequent visitor at John's house, and as the latter was always very moody and silent on all such occasions, the conversation was principally between Carrie and Fletcher.

Matters, instead of mending, grew worse, until John at times actually meditated suicide as a refuge from the troubles and cares that beset him upon his hitherto sunny path. At length the crisis came, and it occurred in this way.

Fletcher Vilott had been absent from Ireton nearly a week. John Jones had business in a neighboring town that would, in all probability, detain him over night. So he told Carrie at dinner, and added that he should prefer her not receiving company in his absence. She begged him to set his mind at rest, for as the only person she ever cared to see would be out of town, she should retire very early. An anguished look shot athwart John's face at this apparently barefaced assertion, for he knew that Vilott was out of town, and thought that Carrie alluded to him. Nothing was further from her mind, in fact, her sole thought being for her husband.

"Very well, madame; perhaps you had better send for Mr. Vilott, or *Fletcher*"—he bitterly emphasized the word—"to return, since he is so sorely missed. No doubt he would be delighted to spend the evening with his '*little wife*,' especially as her odious *husband* will be absent. I wish you joy, madame, of your taste," he added, sarcastically, with an ironical bow, as he left the house.

So they parted.

As the distance was short, and very pleasant roads, John concluded to make the journey on horseback, as he did not often have such an opportunity for this, his favorite exercise. Upon his arrival at S——, the gentleman whom John was desirous of seeing happened to be absent, and as there was no telling when he would return, Mr. Jones determined to return home the same night. All thoughts of anger were banished, and he only remembered his harsh words, spoken to the being he had sworn to love and cherish—the being that

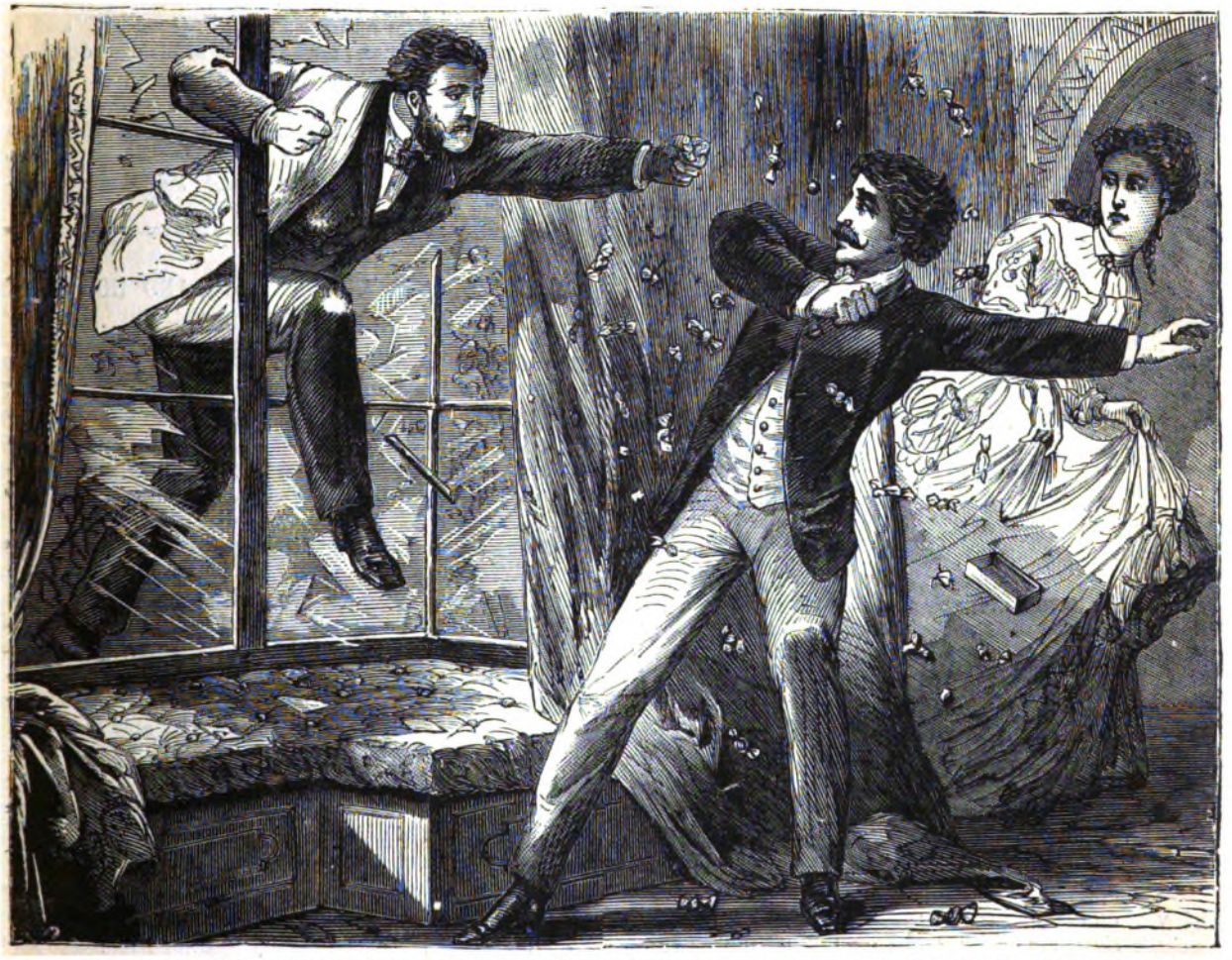
SOUTHERN SCENES.—AN ANIMATED SCHERZOVO.—SEE PAGE 610.

he loved with his entire heart. His penitence was acute, and upon his arrival was really sincere; but for all that the demon Jealousy was not exterminated—only conquered for the time-being. John, knowing his wife's peculiar weakness, procured a box of French *bonbons*, as a slight peace-offering, and was soon rapidly riding homeward. But he soon had personal experience in the truth of the old adage, "The more haste the less speed," for, while riding in a gallop his steed trod upon a rolling-stone and fell with violence. Fortunately, John was uninjured, but his horse had not fared so well, limping badly. It did not take long for our hero to discover that if he reached home that night, he would be obliged to depend upon his own exertions, as it was all the injured animal could do to limp along by himself, let alone carrying his rider.

So John was forced to make the best of affairs, and so he started, leading the unfortunate horse by the bridle. It was a little after sundown as he entered Ireton, and after disposing of the animal, he proceeded with a hasty step homeward. What happy anticipations filled his mind as he pictured the loving greetings that awaited him; how over-joyed his Carrie would be at his unexpected return.

With such fancies our hero beguiled the time as he walked with an elastic tread toward the casket that contained that priceless treasure—his wife. It was dusk; the lights were twinkling in the houses as he passed them; ever and anon a burst of merry laughter greeted his ear, and at such times John's heart beat with a responsive joy, for was not he going home? was not Carrie ready to welcome him, and with a sweet kiss to obliterate from memory those hasty words spoken when he was not himself?

Surely she was. With eager eyes he glanced at his home as he reached the first point from whence it could be seen; but the cheerful light he so confidently expected to see was not there; all was dark and gloomy. A painful misgiving shot through his mind as he made this discovery; the thought that perchance his darling was sick, in fine, a thousand conjectures, all equally painful, assailed him, as with accelerated pulse he almost ran toward the building. Soon he reached the gate, and entering, he was obliged to pause for breath, the violence of his emotions having completely overpowered him. As he stood thus, leaning against the gate-post, his ear was greeted by the low murmur of voices, that were wafted upon his hearing by the soft, gentle breeze that playfully wandered through the trees. For an instant he stood as if petrified, then with a painful gasping groan he rushed in the direction from whence the sound proceeded.



THE BAY WINDOW.—"JOHN HURLED THE BOX OF CONFECTIONERY FULL AT THE HEAD OF VILOTT. IT WAS QUICKLY FOLLOWED BY THE FORM OF THE SENDER, WHO ENTERED THE BAY WINDOW UTTERLY REGARDLESS OF THE FRACTURED GLASS."—SEE PAGE 610.

A horrible suspicion passed through his mind that his wife was faithless, and with a raging sea of hate, fury and despair burning within his heart, John crouched behind some lilac bushes that grew opposite the bay-window. Scarcely had he concealed himself when the drooping curtains were brushed aside, and—oh, how his blood boiled at the sight!—the forms of a man and a lady appeared, and seated themselves side by side, just as he had so often done.

It was not light enough for our hero to distinguish the features of the man, yet he recognized the form as that of his supposed rival, Fletcher Vilott. It was with difficulty that John restrained himself from leaping forward and throttling his treacherous neighbor, but he controlled himself.

With a composure that surprised even himself, John saw the loving caress, the kiss given and returned, the terms of

mutual endearment, the gentle placing of Fletcher's arm around her waist, as she nestled close to him, resting her head upon his manly shoulder, and gazing up into his face with a loving look in her eyes that could not be mistaken. All this he saw, and without a motion he lay in his hiding-place awaiting the further development of the plot.

Fletcher now rang the bell, and on the appearance of the servant, ordered a lunch and lights to be brought up. This was the last feather that broke the camel's back. John had seen the intruder make himself entirely at home, caress and kiss his wife, and take possession of his favorite seat; all this he had seen. But now the interloper had gone so far as to even order tea, which he probably intended to eat with his wife! Tea for which John was nearly famishing. He could endure no more, but with a loud shout sprang to his feet, still clasping the pasteboard box of *bonbons* in his hand.

The couple started abruptly to their feet, and at the same moment John hurled the box of confectionery full at the head of Vilott. His aim was true, and the novel missile took effect upon the head of the target, breaking asunder and literally showering sweets upon him. It was quickly followed by the form of the sender, who entered the bay-window utterly regardless of the wounds inflicted upon his person by the fractured glass.

With a scream the lady sprang into the parlor, and turned on the gas. The flood of brilliant light fell full upon the forms of the two men who now confronted each other, with angry looks and defiant mien. An astonished look overspread Fletcher Vilott's face as he recognized our hero.

"Mr. Jones! is it possible? Is this really you?"

"Yes, villain, it is me, as you will learn to your cost!" angrily replied John.

"Listen to me, Mr. Jones," haughtily said Vilott; that is, if you are *sober* enough to comprehend me. What is the meaning of this unprovoked assault upon me, to say nothing of the disgraceful act of eavesdropping of which you have been guilty? Answer me, sir!"

"Answer me first, sir!" shouted John; "where is my wife?"

"Your wife! What do you mean?" inquired Fletcher.

"Yes, my wife! No equivocating, sir, but reply to my question. I say, *where is my wife?*"

"How should I know? I have not seen your wife since my return. Explain yourself!"

"Liar! do not trifle with me! It is dangerous playing with a full-grown tiger; but he is an infant compared with me! Did I not see her and you both, scarce a minute since, sitting in the recess of the bay window! Oh, you villainous scoundrel!" cried John, stepping forward a pace and shaking his clenched fist full in the other's face.

"Stand back, sir! Approach a step further at your peril! I tell you, on the honor of a gentleman, that I have not seen your wife since my return, and I do not comprehend you. What do you mean?"

"What are you doing in my house, then, at this time of night? Answer me *that!*" cried John, furiously.

"Your house! What under the sun are you driving at? Are you *drunk* or *mad?* This is *my* house!"

"You—you—your what?" stammered our confused hero.

"My *house*, sir!" replied Fletcher, a light breaking upon his mind.

"Your house? Well, where is *my* house gone to, then? and who *was* that lady if it wasn't my Carrie?" confusedly interrogated John.

"Your residence is just where you left it, I presume, sir; and although it is not exactly any of your business, I will show you who it was. Mollie, come here for a moment," he called; and as the lady reappeared, he continued: "There, Mr. Jones, is the lady—Mrs. Fletcher Vilott, very much at your service, sir. Are you satisfied?"

"Are you *sure* you are not *my* wife?" spoke John, eagerly, taking hold of her hand and gazing into her face with a perplexed look upon his features.

"To the best of my knowledge, I am not," laughingly replied Mrs. Vilott, as she withdrew her hand from John's grasp.

"And it was not Carrie that was talking to him in the bay window?"

"No, sir. Mr. Vilott and I were the only occupants of the recess when you made your very unceremonious entrance," replied the lady, wonderingly.

"Then she don't love you better than she does me?" turning to Fletcher.

"Of course not, and never did!"

"Hip hip, hurrah!" shouted Mr. Jones, cutting a pigeon-wing, much to the amusement of Mrs. V. "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Oh, ain't I glad! My gracious, I feel good all over! I must go and see Carrie! Good-by!" and he hurried out of the house, and was soon at his own door, the similarity of the two having deceived him.

We leave the meeting of the wife and husband to the imagination of the reader, only adding that never since that ever-to-be-remembered evening has John Jones had an attack of that arch-enemy to peace and happiness—"*Jealousy!*"

## HOW THE GUIANA INDIANS LIVE, AND HOW THEY PREPARE TAPIOCA.

THE food of the natives of Guiana is chiefly composed of the flesh of various animals which they take by hunting, and of a kind of bread made of the Cassava or Manioc plant. Most persons have read of this plant, and are aware that bread is made from it, but they do not know how the bread is made, or that it is eaten in England as well as in tropical America.

The Cassava plant belongs to the great family of Euphorbiaceæ. This family of plants includes many well-known examples of a poisonous nature; and not the least poisonous is the Cassava itself, a plant belonging to the genus Jatropha or Manihot, and it is a matter of great wonder that the natives of tropical America, without the least knowledge of chemistry, should have discovered that the Cassava contained a nutritive substance, and should be able to drive off the poisonous element.

The plant is full of juice, acrid, bitter, and so deleterious that a small dose of it would be fatal. Now, it has been discovered that the poisonous element of the juice is of a highly volatile character, and can be driven off by the application of heat, whether natural or artificial. The process of making nutritious food from a poisonous plant is as follows:

The native goes off to the Cassava plant and digs up the roots, putting them into a peculiar kind of basket called a "quake," which he carries on his back. Having procured a sufficient quantity of the root, he takes it home and hands it over to the women, who set to work at its preparation.

The first process is to peel it—an operation which is usually performed by the front teeth—and the next is to scrape it into thin shavings. When this is done, the Cassava looks very much like scraped horse-radish, and, as it occupies a considerable amount of space, it is heaped into a large shallow basket made of rattan. The next process is to wash the scraped root. The white heap is put into another and a deeper basket, made with wide interstices so as to act as a sieve, and it is well kneaded and turned while water is poured over it. The mixed water and juice is not thrown away, but received into a wooden bowl for a purpose that will presently be seen.

Next comes a very important process. It is necessary to

get rid of all the juice, and yet not waste it. A very simple and ingenious machine is used for this purpose. It is a cylinder some six or seven feet in length, with a stout loop at each extremity. The upper end is open and the lower closed. It is made of palm-bark, and the strips are so woven that the fabric is extremely elastic. It can be shortened and thickened, or lengthened and diminished, at will, and the mode of its use is as follows:

The scraped root is pressed into this strainer, and so much is inserted that the cylinder loses its cylindrical form, and looks much more like a barrel, being short, thick in the middle, and thin toward each end.

It is now hung to the branch of a tree or a beam of the hut, and a heavy weight suspended from the lower loop.

The effect of the weight is to increase the length and diminish the thickness of the strainer, and in consequence to express the water together with any juice that may be left.

In order to produce the greatest possible effect, and to squeeze the Cassava as dry as possible, a system of leverage is next adopted. A long pole is passed through the lower loop, and the end of the pole made fast to a stump, the trunk of a tree, or the post of a house. The other end of the pole projects considerably, and forms a powerful lever. This is pressed down as far as possible, and then the woman usually sits on the end for some time, thus producing a great effect, and leaving the scraped root almost dry.

Our illustrations show a woman thus seated.

Simple and even rude as is this primitive press, nothing has as yet superseded it. Screw and lever presses have been made and tried, but, whether from the real superiority of the native article, or whether from prejudice, the Cassava and Tapioca makers have abandoned the new inventions, and returned to their old elastic tipiti and pole.

It is now ready for the mill, which usually consists of two stones worked by hand. They speedily reduce the scrapings to powder, rendering the Cassava ready for the fire, over which it is placed in shallow vessels, and is stirred briskly about until it assumes a granulated appearance. If dried thoroughly and packed at once, it can be kept for a very long period, and is therefore invaluable to the generally improvident natives.

The Cassava meal, when dried in the sun without artificial heat, is often exported under the name of Brazilian arrow-root. When ground into coarse grains it is known as Semolina. When this substance was first brought into notice as an article of commerce, I had (says Wood, the naturalist,) an argument with a lady about it. She asserted that it was a kind of little seed, and that its nature was designated by its name. I, on the contrary, asserted, judging from the aspect of the grains as viewed through a magnifying-glass, that it was no seed at all, but some baked substance roughly ground, and suggested that it might be the spoilt or broken macaroni, which was thus made serviceable. However, both were wrong, though the magnifying-glass caused me to be nearer the truth than was my fair antagonist.

The Cassava bread is employed for another and really remarkable purpose, being converted by a process rather unpleasant, according to European notions, into an intoxicating drink. The mode of preparation is almost precisely the same as that which is employed by the inhabitants of Tonga and the neighboring islands in the chewing of "kava," and its distribution is attended with quite as much ceremony.

A number of women assemble round a large vessel, and taking a quantity of Cassava bread, they begin to masticate it, placing each mouthful in the vessel when it is reduced to a paste of uniform consistency. At the same time more Cassava is pounded in a rude wooden mortar, mixed with water, and poured into the same large vessel.

Sometimes the vessel in question is made of earthenware, sometimes it is a hollowed log, and on very grand occasions, when a large number of guests are expected, a canoe is hauled ashore, well washed, and used for the purpose.

After the mixture has been allowed to stand for some hours a curious change takes place, and strong fermentation is set up, endowing the liquor with an intoxicating character. When this inviting stage has been reached, the liquid is called "Piwarri."

The guests having assembled, the chief, or sometimes the "medicine-man" of the tribe, takes his stand by the vessel, and solemnly shakes a sacred rattle, while he treads a measured dance round the Piwarri, accompanying his movements with a low song, and marking the time by stamping with his foot.

While he goes through this performance not a man stirs, and all keep perfect silence, except when they break out in simultaneous cries, which are probably of the nature of a chorus.

The dance and song being concluded, the leader takes in his hand a "cuja," or drinking-cup, dips it into the liquid, and tastes it. He then fills the cup, half empties it, and passes it to the guests. This is the signal that the feast has commenced, and from that time every one helps himself. Each man then takes up the same kind of dance and song which the chief had begun, so that when a large number of guests are assembled the scene is noisy, and would be animated but for the mournful character of the melody.

Those Europeans who have tasted the Piwarri agree in saying that it is not unlike bitter beer in flavor, and that if they had not known the method of its preparation they might even have liked it. Occasionally maize is used instead of Cassava.

The juice which is squeezed from the Cassava is not thrown away, as might be supposed from its poisonous nature. On the contrary, it is carefully preserved and allowed to remain undisturbed. After a while a sort of sediment begins to settle, and when no more will make its appearance, the liquid portion is poured away in some place where its poisonous nature will not hurt any one. The sediment is then scraped out of the dish and spread on iron plates, which are kept hot by being placed over a fire, and continually rubbed and rolled. During this process it separates into little round grains of nearly uniform size, about as large as dust-shot, and is known as Tapioca.

There is a spurious kind of Tapioca which is made of gum and potato starch. It can be distinguished from the genuine substance by being whiter in color, much more soluble in water, and by the larger size of the grains.

There are two plants from which Cassava bread is made, one being the Bitter and the other the Sweet Manioc, or Cassava. The former is the plant which is generally used, the juice of which is bitter and poisonous, whereas the Sweet Cassava is harmless even in the uncooked state. As, however, a tough woody cord runs through the heart or centre of this plant, the natives are averse to using it because their imperfect shaving tools would be broken in reducing it to shavings.

The scientific name of the Sweet Cassava is *Manihot aipi*, and the Bitter, *Manihot utilissima*. The poisonous principle of the latter part is thought to be of the nature of prussic acid.

We will now proceed to examine the various articles which have been described:

The Quake is a light basket, in which the native collects the Cassava-root. This ingenious though simple basket is only intended for holding moderately large articles, the meshes being so wide as to permit any small object to fall through. It is about seventeen inches in length, made of a kind of rattan, called by them the "itiritti" reed,

which is split lengthwise, just like the "cane" which is used in making the light chairs of the present day. Toward the bottom it swells out in flask fashion, a shape which is very common among the basket-work of most savage tribes. The pattern of the network is almost identical with those of the bottom of a "cane" chair, but the meshes are three or four times as wide.

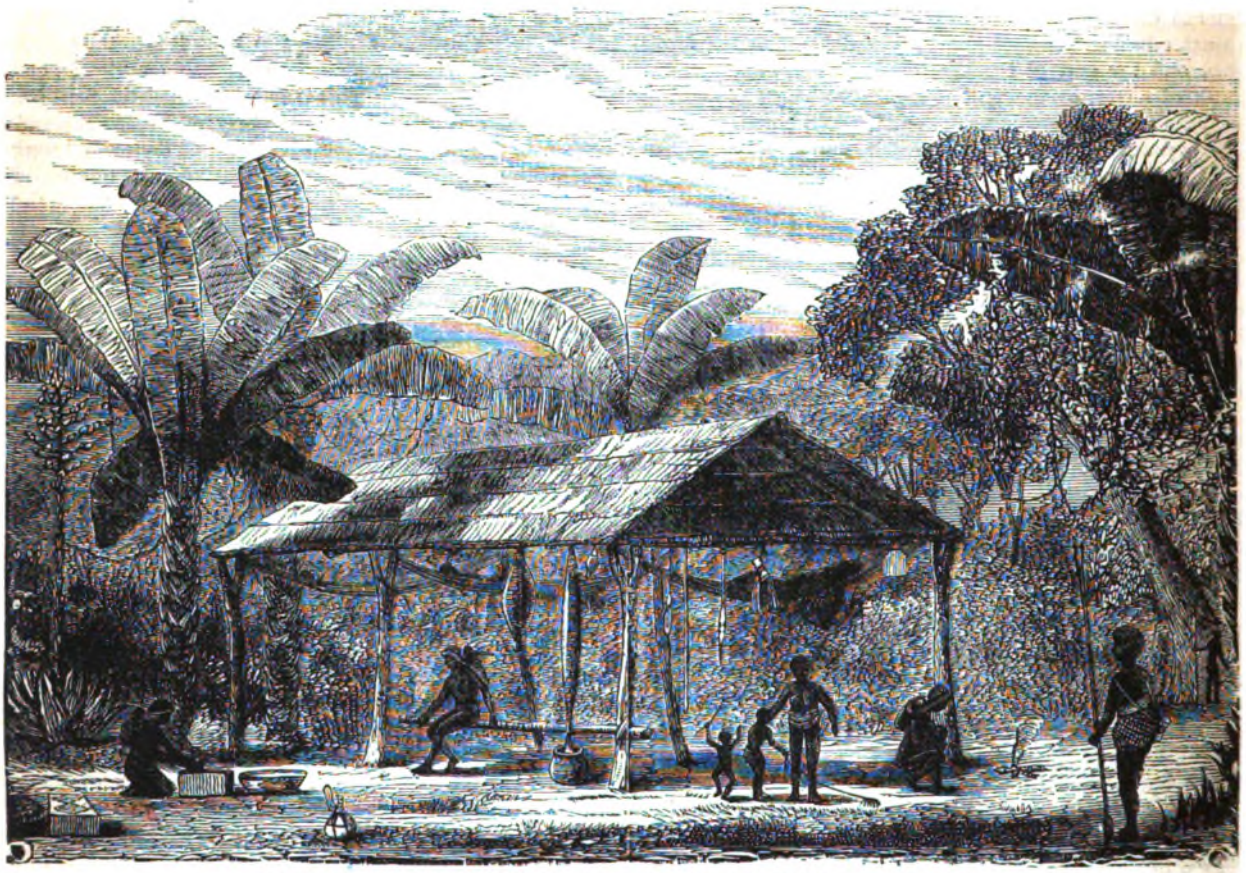
The bowl into which the Cassava is scraped is almost five feet in circumference and eight inches in depth. It is also made of the itiritti reed, and woven in a zigzag pattern of wonderful regularity. The edge is strengthened by six parallel rows of the same cane, whipped tightly with string, and kept in their places by double bands of cane, at intervals of four inches. Although of such large dimensions, this bowl is extremely light, and even when filled with the scraped Cassava-root would be but a very slight burden for a young girl.

The sieve in which the Cassava undergoes its preparatory washing is smaller than the bowl, being only four feet in circumference, though of the same depth. Instead of the closely woven itiritti reed, which scarcely allows a fine needle to pass between the interstices, the sieve is made of slight and entire reeds which have not been split, and which, except for their uniform diameter, very closely resemble the osier twigs used by European basket-makers. These reeds radiate uniformly from the centre, and are kept in their places by split itiritti, which is twisted round them at regular intervals.

The Cassava press is represented as it appears when empty and hung to the roof-beam of the hut. These articles vary greatly in size. They are generally six feet in length, and average four inches in diameter. When filled, or even when the two ends are pressed toward each other, it becomes very much wider and proportionately shorter. It is made of the bark of a palm, called "jacitara" by the natives, and scientifically known as *Desmoncus macroacanthus*. The bark is cut into strips about a quarter of an inch in width, and is beautifully woven together in a manner exactly like the whip-lashes of the present day.

At the lower end all the reeds of which it is made are gathered together and bound tightly into a rope-like shape, the effect being to close that end of the strainer. The rope is then brought round and tied up so as to make the loop through which is passed the pole, which acts as a lever. The upper side is open, strengthened at the mouth, and one end is prolonged and woven into the loop by which it is hung to the beam.

Like all the household implements of this curious people, it is exceedingly light; and it reflects no small credit on their intellectual capacity to have combined with extreme lightness such power and efficiency that European implements cannot supersede it.



HOW THE GUIANA INDIANS LIVE, AND HOW THEY PREPARE TAPIOCA.—SEE PAGE 614.

The large engraving represents life among this curious race. The chief object is one of the houses made by the natives. Nothing can be simpler than the construction of this house, if indeed it deserves such a name.

Six posts are driven into the ground, or, if the native can contrive to find a few trees whose trunks will answer the purpose, he merely cuts them at the proper height and leaves them still rooted in the ground. Upon them is laid a framework of five poles, usually bamboo, one being at each end, one along the sides, and the fifth connecting the two central posts. The roof is made with equal simplicity, and consists of a mere bamboo framework covered with dry palm leaves. This roof, although of such very slight materials, is amply sufficient for its chief use—namely, shading the inhabitants from the fierce sunbeams.

The chief article of furniture is the hammock, several of

which are suspended to the framework. Some of these are occupied, and others are empty. Three kinds of hammock are made by the natives. The best, lightest, strongest, and most ornamental, is really a wonderful piece of work. The string of which it is composed is made from the "Miriti" palm. At the top of the tree the young leaves grow thicker in a conical shape, and covered with a peculiar envelope. This is stripped off, and the young leaves are then stripped of their soft substance, leaving nothing behind but a quantity of long fibres. When the fibres are dry they are separated, and made into strings by being rolled with the hand upon the thigh at the rate of about two or three hundred feet a day. The cord thus obtained is very slender, very light, and very strong, and as it takes a dye easily, is stained of various colors, red and yellow being the favorites.

CASSAVA PRESS.

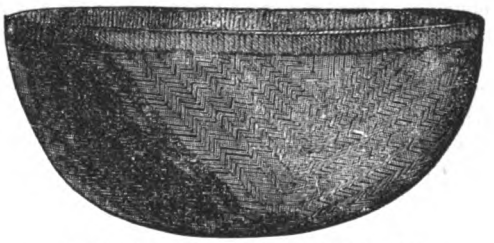
A rude kind of loom is made by fixing a couple of bamboos about twelve or fourteen feet apart from each other, and in a horizontal position. The string is passed over these bamboos, and is intertwined in a singularly ingenious manner, so as to form meshes without knots. This construction gives great elasticity to the fabric, which stretches in any direction with the greatest ease, and forms the most comfortable couch that can be conceived. When the hammock-maker wishes to produce a very handsome article, she not only dyes the string, but attaches brilliantly-colored parrot and macaw feathers along the edges. These hammocks are made more for sale than for use.

This hammock is seldom hung so high as those which are shown in the illustration, and is often but a few inches from the ground. Indeed, when resting on a journey or hunting expedition, the native seldom hangs his hammock at any height. Why this article of furniture is so useful is evident enough. The country is an essentially wet one, so that the traveler has often to walk for many hours nearly knee-deep in water. The native would therefore be unable to repose unless he possessed a means of keeping himself clear of the water, and unless that article was at once strong, light, and of such a shape as to be easily portable.

Hammock-making is performed entirely by the women, the dusky lords of creation thinking such labor to be below their dignity. They will lie in them when made, but will not condescend to any manufacture except that of weapons, nor to any labor except that of using them.

Now let us return to the illustration, and look at the natives who are grouped about it. There is a native just starting to hunt the peccary or capybara, and who is accordingly armed with his bow and arrows. He has been introduced in order to show the exceeding length of these weapons, the arrows being longer than the height of the user. The reason for this enormous length is, that as the capybara and peccary live chiefly among the underwood or the rank foliage which fringes the rivers, short arrows would be useless, because they would be deflected from their course by the stems and leaves.

The bow is of no great power, and is often even shorter than the arrow which it propels, the native trusting for success to the wourali poison in which the point is dipped,



BOWL INTO WHICH CASSAVA IS SCRAPED.

rather than to the depth of the wound which it makes. Over his shoulder is hung the peculiar basket, or "quake," and at his side is suspended the little bamboo quiver which holds the loose heads of the arrows.

The woman on her knees is engaged in scraping the Cassava-root. In front of her is the wooden scraper, set with its obsidian blades, and just beyond it is the bowl into which the shavings are thrown.

Another scraper is shown in the left-hand corner of the engraving, in order to exhibit the diamond pattern in which the obsidian blades are inserted.

The Cassava press is seen suspended from the roof-pole, and seated on the end of the lever is a woman with her cradle slung on her forehead. Another press is hung on its left-hand. This press is stuffed full of the Cassava-root, but the operation of pressing has not yet been begun.

Below the press is seen the pot into which the liquid flows. It is made of black earthenware, very rudely formed, and very imperfectly baked. The little group of children are amusing themselves with a very strange plaything—namely, one of the gigantic spiders, which they were leading about like a dog, with a string tied round his body.

Suspended from the roof-poles are sundry articles, which are generally left hung in such spots because they can be easily taken down when wanted. The long, rod-like implement, is one of the blow-guns.

Immediately on the right of the blow-gun is a paddle, kept suspended so as to be ready when wanted by the owner of the canoe, which is sure to be drawn on shore close to the hut, but so much hidden among the foliage as to be difficult of discovery by a stranger. It is about five feet in length, very thin, very light, and of wonderful strength. It is made from the spur of a forest tree, the wood of which is so soft when fresh that it can be easily fashioned by the rudest tools, but which hardens into a wood of great elasticity combined with lightness—two invaluable qualifications in a paddle.

Between the blow-gun and the post is hung a club, shaped much like the paddle, but made of a hard and heavy wood, and being thick in the middle and sharp along the edges. It is made of the wood of the piassaba palm, and is called "macana." On the right-hand of the paddle is a curious club, shaped much like a dice-box, with a squared instead of a rounded outline. This club is notable for a strong loop of cotton cord which passes round its centre, and for the loose cords which depend on either side. The latter are for ornament alone, but the loop is doubly useful. In the first place,

QUAKE, OR LIGHT BASKET.

it is convenient for suspending the weapon to the arm or shoulder, and in the next place, it answers like the thong of a sling, and enables the owner to hurl it a great distance. As the wood is exceedingly heavy, and the aim is almost unerringly certain, this club is a far more formidable weapon than it appears to be at first sight.

Close to the opposite post of the same end of the house is hung one of the fans, which these natives are very fond of using. The fans are beautifully made of reeds, plaited in elegant and varied patterns, and are left suspended so that they can be easily reached from the hammocks. Six or seven of these fans are often hung to the beams of one house.

Nearly in the foreground is seen one of the ingenious water-flasks. This is made from a gourd, or calabash, and is furnished with a loop or string, by means of which it can be suspended. The stopper is neatly made by cutting off about an inch and a half of the neck, and fitting to it a piece of soft wood which acts as a cork, so that when the calabash is closed it seems to have no aperture at all.

Surrounding the hut are several of the most notable trees of the country. On the right-hand, and rather in the background, is the cotton-tree, with its stout branches and thick foliage. Scattered about are several of the palms, whose leaves are used in thatching the hut; and a specimen of the silk-grass plant is seen, with its straight, flower-crowned stem, and the circlet of long, pointed leaves surrounding its base.

## THE PROVIDENT AND THE IMPROVIDENT.

Dore, in his illustrations, now so world-renowned, has not shown his genius more clearly than in his "Fables of La Fontaine." The French children learn them like nursery rhymes, and they are in every fibre of the artist's being, so that to illustrate them it is his pure genius developing itself.

"La Fontaine" has one charming fable to show the folly of improvidence. We translate it here, keeping, as far as possible, to the rhythm of the original, as well as to its charming simplicity of language.

THE KATY-DID AND THE ANT.

Katy-did sang her song
All Summer long,
But was wretched enough
At the Winter's first sough.
Not a fly to be found,
Or a worm on the ground.
To Neighbor Ant she flies
With her famishing cries,
To implore her to lend
Grain her hunger to mend,
Till the new season. "See!
I will pay you," said she,
"'Pon my honor, 'fore the heat,
Loan and usury complete."
Lending's not Ant fashion. Indeed
'Tis a fault she's least given to.
"What did you all Summer through?"
Of the borrower she queried.
"To each comer night and day
I sang, if you please."
"Sang! That sets me at ease,
Well, now dance away."

Doré's illustration is the moral. Here is the strolling minstrel girl, with her thin Summer attire, gay and gaudy in its season, but sadly out of keeping now with the landscape that the snow artist has begun to lighten with little drifts of his white. She stands forlorn enough at the door of the industrious woman, whose busy fingers do not cease their toil, even to consider the petitioner and her wants. The children show wonder, interest, some compassion even, though La Fontaine, who did not love children, avers they are always cruel.

Your decent, hard-working, happy housewife looks stern and hard at the wanderer. The shame-faced admission of Katy-did seems to meet the biting humor of the Ant's final rejoinder; but withal, there is in the face what assures you that she will take a kindlier view of poor Katy-did, and relieve her while she chides her for her dangerous life.

## LOVE IN A GLACIER.

IN an Alpine valley, one pleasant Summer evening, a couple might have been seen strolling through the pine forest.

Henri dwelt with his aged parents in a neighboring valley, in which Marie resided with her widowed mother. A small farm in a mountain gorge gave him daily occupation. It was a hard contest that in which he was engaged with stern nature. He had to raise bulwarks against the falling rocks, and substantial angular fortresses to resist the incursions of avalanches, otherwise his fields would often have been covered with the *débris* of the mountain. The produce of this highland farm was not likely to make him a wealthy man. But the courage, industry and tact necessary to hold his own from constant conflict, preserved him from the enervation of luxury.

Marie tended a few cows that rambled over the mountain pasture. If simple in manners and not refined in education, she was not without that sense of propriety which so often distinguishes the Continental peasant, and which confers a sort of gentleness and polish only to be procured by others in the cultivation of society. She had not been wholly neglected in school-lore, and had been an apt pupil in that grand seminary which nature had spread out there before her. Those needle-points that rose above the eternal Alpine snows, soaring towards the blue heavens, led her thoughts far onward and upward. Those cold glaciers that lay as a bed of death between the sterile mountains; those dread falls of rocks, that seemed cascades of destruction from the skies upon the blooming vales below—those yawning precipices, with their dark and fearful depths—all stirred her imagination and unfolded her nature.

On the evening of our story the young man had paid a visit to the cottage in the valley, and had then strolled forth through the forest with Marie, this Alpine flower.

It is not our business to pry into lover's secrets, nor attempt to tell the subjects of their conversation. Whatever it was, it may be granted that mathematics and logic formed no part of the conference. This much may be said, however; it was there and then agreed that on a certain day, not far removed, the worthy curé of the village should be asked to give his blessing on their union.

Henri had resolved to go home by a short route, over the neighboring mountain, though he would have to cross a glacier on the way. This rather hazardous journey appeared no great difficulty in the eyes of the bold peasant of the Alps, and the moon would give him light across the icy passage.

But lovers in all ages have failed to notice the march of time. Our young friends had so much to say, or what they had to say was so interesting—for repetitions of the story were not burdensome—that the evening twilight had long melted into the soft moonlight before the dreaded word farewell was thought of. When, however, Marie caught sight of the new moon rapidly sinking to rest, she urged the

prompt departure of her lover. Yet even then he had something else to say, and she was so smilingly attentive that a further delay took place.

But the quick approach of darkness awakened the fears of the maiden, who urged upon her Henri the necessity of returning by the regular road, longer as it was, instead of tempting the dangers of the glacier. The young man, full of the excitement of happy love, laughed at her warning, and assured her that she was no fit wife for a mountaineer if she doubted his power to thread his way in darkness. He comforted her with the promise of his haste to reach the glacier, and his extreme care while passing.

"Be not afraid," said he; "I know every block of ice in the path, and my good alpenstock would steady my steps in the blackness of midnight."

But loving confidence half swept away her fears, and the parting kiss carried off the remainder. She watched his form brushing by the pine branches till the rocks concealed him, and then she turned with a smile of happiness to the cottage of her mother—that cottage so soon to be shared by another. Peaceful were her dreams that night.

The aiguilles of the Alps had not yet caught the rosy beams of the early morn, when a knock at the door of the châlet disturbed the slumberers.

"Who could it be at that unwonted hour?" was the cry of mother and daughter. A well-known voice, in broken accents, called for Henri. It was the father seeking the son. A shudder of horror passed through the frame of the girl.

Yet all was sadly true—Henri had not returned home. A search must be made. The neighbors gathered in haste to the summons. With the earliest dawn they set out upon their melancholy errand. Alas! this had not been the first time that they had searched for lost ones in their land of dangers.

Marie led them to the parting-place. She marked the track the young man had taken. With Indian sagacity his footfalls were followed till they led to the edge of the glacier. Here greater skill was requisite to mark the course. It was Summer, and the snow had disappeared from the lower part of the glacier. The hard ice leaves no track; but as, at the hour of parting, some little softness remained on the surface from the day's sun, Henri had left faint tracings on the glacier, which the subsequent night's chill had retained. The peasants noted these with jealous, painful care. Here the alpenstock had left the impression of its iron point. Suddenly the foremost of the group uttered a cry of dismay. All crowded near. He said nothing, but pointed with his finger.

Poor Marie sickened at the sight, and fell insensible. There was the trailing mark of the slipped alpenstock, and beside it was the sliding track of the young man's foot. Both terminated at the edge of a *crevasse*, or opening in the ice.

They strained their eyes downward, in vain attempts to penetrate that gloomy passage. They shouted, but caught no voice in return. He had fallen, and the depth was terrible.

"The rope!—the rope!"—was now the cry. Several volunteered that perilous descent in search of their friend. But here the horror came upon them, with all its fell, benumbing power. The aperture had so narrowed since the lost one had sunk, that there was not space for a human body now.

Words cannot picture the consternation of the party. One sought comfort in the thought that the poor fellow must have been killed by the fall. But another told how one had been in such a chamber as that from which he could not be extricated; and, after he had been mourned over for days as dead, he reappeared, a ghastly but a living man. Henri might be still alive. Still, as the ever slowly moving mass had pressed the walls of his prison so much closer together, no prospect appeared of rescue.

Marie revived to be made even more desolate and terror-stricken by the news of the closing chasm.

What a mournful group returned to the cottage!

Here the matter was fully discussed, and plans were successively proposed and rejected. Marie listened with deepest attention. When they found no way of relief, all turned eyes of tearful sympathy to the youthful betrothed one. But it was no time yet for her to mourn. She must think and act for her beloved, who was not yet beyond hope with her.

Having heard the story repeated of the man who, returning to his wife, after having been buried in the ice-chamber, she recurred to it, demanded particulars, and wondered how he had escaped. Then she learned that the poor fellow had found a passage through the glacier, and had issued from its mouth.

"And why?" said she, "might not Henri so return?"

She quailed again when told of the depth of the *crevasse*, and the certainty of his limbs being broken, if his life was not destroyed at once. How could he escape? Love now awakened her imagination with another project. If he could not get out, might not others go into the glacier in search! Sage heads were shaken at the suggestion. The terrors of the glaciers were well known to the peasants of the Alps. Chambers were seen plainly enough. Extended caves were believed to run beneath the surface. The very exit of rivers from those icy recesses proved the existence of subterranean passages.

But there was another point of view. The surface of a glacier was inconstant. A stone upon it was known to drift down the valley, slowly but certainly. The huge blocks of ice would rise from the surface and then fall shivering toward the valley. The very height of the glacier was changing at the banks. If these outward signs of movement existed, could they fail in affecting the parts below! If the glacier glided downward from the lofty peaks to the plains, though but at the rate of a few inches a day, would the caverns retain their form? As the prisons cracked and parted above, might not the icy walls below crumble and fall?

No—there was no hope! The passage of this hour would be solid ice the next. The glacier was inconstant. To enter it was certain destruction. A mass would fall to crush the intruder, or the unexpected closing of an opening would shut up the adventurer in a prison of death. Poor Henri must be left to his fate. They were sorry, but must bow to Providence. Resignation was the duty of those who dwelt in ever-present dangers. Not so our heroine, who was not quite prepared to resign her lover so quietly to his doom.

But what could she, a woman, do, when strong men yielded to the overwhelming pressure of circumstances? It was just because she was a woman that her spirits rose with the emergency. Love is stronger than ordinary energy of manhood. She must do something. She must do all it was possible for her to do.

The life of Henri was her life. To rescue him was to sustain her own being. What would life be to her without him? How could she dwell near the ice-cavern that had swallowed up her dearest treasure!

But what could she do! One course only lay before her. She would enter the treacherous cave that yawned over the valley. She would thread the gloomy passages of the glacier. She might thus reach him. She might then save him, or die with him. If unsuccessful, and the ice close her in its cold embrace, would she not share the shroud of her lover!

It was useless to speak of her intention. So mad a scheme would lead to her forcible detention. Leaving the company,

THE PROVIDENT AND THE IMPROVIDENT.—SEE PAGE 618.

without attracting notice, she gathered a few simple appliances which she regarded as necessary, and then rapidly stole off to the mouth of the glacier. As she first passed under that icy arch the chill struck her, and, for a moment, fear possessed her. The contest was brief, for the appeal of love was irresistible. Onward she crept in this frightful recess. The semi-translucent mass provided her with some light as she slowly made her way. It was no easy path indeed. The sharp edges lacerated her flesh. The cold white stream, that flowed through the glacier, fed from the snows above, and the partial melting of the ice-rock through which it ran, was no agreeable route for the maiden. Thoroughly wet, and miserably chilled, she had to struggle on.

But there were other trials. Now and then the passage was so small as not to admit her person, though she lay in the stream She had prepared for this by bringing a small hatchet. With this she often had to cut her way, or widen a breach.

Had she been removed from a sense of peril, or unabsorbed by so deep a sorrow, there would have been much to interest and delight her mind. Beauties thronged on every side. As the light pierced through the ice, or descended the crevasses from above, it revealed gems of marvelous charms, and disclosed colors of gorgeous kinds. Fancy might people some chambers with genii of wondrous nature. Green and blue of various shades softened the brilliancy of the white. Occasionally, the roof rose, arching over her, and the stalactites were as pendent diamonds. Crystals of beauty thronged places as the fretwork of a Gothic cathedral.

But poor Marie had no eye for Nature's loveliness, and no ears for her most seraphic harmonies, while her thoughts were concentrated upon the rescue of her betrothed. She heeded them not, but pressed onward.

There was no difficulty about the route. She had but to advance, for the mountains disclosed the glacier on either side. Fatigued to exhaustion, she halted not. A minute lost might endanger the life so dear to her. Anon she paused to call upon her lover; and "Henri!" echoed through those trembling chambers.

But she could not be wholly indifferent to her position. As the ice cracked above her, or as she saw the mass move about her, she could not but shudder and close her eyes. The vast river of ice was now moving more vigorously than usual. The pressure from the melting snows above made it groan, as if in agony. The expansion of the viscid substance, melted and recongealed, thrust forward and headlong this strange living monster of the Alps. No moment was safe for her, and all seemed combined for her destruction. It was, in very truth, a valley of the shadow of death.

At last, when well-nigh sinking with despair, and almost yielding to the torpor which intense cold brings upon the brain, she heard a low moan. At once her frame received a new impulse of energy. She rushed forward, overcoming all obstacles. In a few minutes she discovered the apparently lifeless body of Henri. Restoratives were applied, and his eyes opened upon his faithful girl. What a greeting of love in the ice-grave! No time was to be lost. Momentarily strengthened by the cordial to his lips, he told a hasty tale. He spoke of his fall—his consternation—his sudden agony. Unable to rise, and thrown forward by a shelving block, which partially broke his fall, he knew no hope of escape, unless an adventurous friend would suffer himself to be lowered by a rope to his assistance. He told not of his sufferings on her account—the mental anguish he endured at the thought of her distress.

LOVE IN A GLACIER.—MARIE RESCUING HENRI FROM HIS LIVING TOMB.—SEE PAGE 618.

In brief words, she referred to the closing of the chasm above, and of her passage up the caverns of the glacier, whither she was now prepared to lead him.

Alas! both of his legs were fractured.

It was no time for grief. The brave girl bound up his limbs with portions of her garments, entreated him to take some refreshment, and then arranged for departure.

The first agony of movement brought a deep groan from the young man. But he restrained himself immediately, and supporting himself on one arm, suffered Marie to drag

him forward by the other. Frightful were his sufferings as he thus passed slowly along the narrow, tortuous passages, with his fractured limbs constantly striking against the rude ice-rock.

Marie's strength was renewed, and the vigorous powers of a mountain maiden were needed indeed. There were times when the space permitted her to carry him in her arms; but more often she could but draw him after her through the low tunnel. The same difficulties which she before encountered were now to be met under more embarrassing circumstances. The only advantage was the descent instead of the ascent.

All went on well for a time, though the progress was exceedingly slow, and the strength of both parties was rapidly ebbing forth. At length a loud cracking noise was heard, and, immediately afterward, a huge mass of ice fell forward near them, completely blocking up their path. The water, for a time stayed in its course, threatened their destruction, but it eventually formed for itself another opening.

In vain did the courageous girl deal blow after blow upon the barrier. No entrance could be gained. They were imprisoned, indeed, in a death-chamber. They resigned themselves to their end. They embraced in silence, and calmly waited their fate. They had at least the comfort of dying with each other.

But, with a sudden thought, Marie sprang up again. As all devolved upon her, she would make another effort. She resolved to try her ax on the side walls of their cell. A few strokes revealed an opening, The ax was again and again hurled forward, until a hole was made sufficient for their entrance. Then, with a look of gratitude to heaven, she once more raised her drooping lover, now rapidly sinking into the torpor of approaching dissolution.

It was not long before the dear girl found her lover senseless in her grasp. Vainly she called him, and entreated another word or glance. His eyes were closed, his body utterly powerless, and no sign of life remained except a feeble pulsation at the heart.

For a moment, and but for a moment, the intrepid maiden yielded to despair, and sank beside the corpse-like form. With a prayer upon her lips, she feebly essayed once more to resume her frightful journey. But the cold and fatigue now began to oppress her so strongly that her senses reeled, and her arm was insufficient to raise her lover. She collected her rambling thoughts; and, believing that she could not be far from the valley, she uttered a cry of distress.

Providentially, it was just at this time that the peasants, uneasy at her not returning to the room, and guessing her heroic resolution, went, hurriedly, to the cavernous mouth of the glacier. The cry was heard and answered. Shamed by the courage of the girl, two or three rushed forward up the ice-chamber.

They were but just in time. The brave Marie had sunk down into that dangerous lethargy, the forerunner of death. Both were carried off safely from the glacier, brought to the cottage, and restored to animation.

Surgical aid was promptly procured for Henri's fracture. His vigorous constitution soon rallied under careful treatment. As for Marie, her over-excited feelings occasioned a long and dangerous illness.

The heroism of this maiden of the Alps was not likely to diminish the attachment of the man she had saved. As soon as both were recovered, the acclamation of the valley called for their union to be made a public ceremony, and the day a holiday for the villagers. The curé offered up a thanksgiving for their deliverance, joined them in happy wedlock, and gave them a tearful blessing.

And long as love is known in the Alpine valleys will the tale be told of Marie, the heroine of fidelity, and of the well-tried Love in a Glacier.

## THE YOUNG MAN WITH SISTERS.

The man who has sisters has a better opportunity of selecting a wife than the man who has none, but he is in nine cases out of ten more difficult to please. In daily contact with members of the other sex, who display all their little foibles before him, he is apt to judge his sisters' friends by the same standard wherewith he daily judges his sisters—not a very logical method of procedure, but, I think, not an unnatural one.

And, be it remembered, that if the young man's sisters are paragons of amiability and unimpeachable as to dress, he cannot help seeing them occasionally out of temper with somebody, and indifferently dressed when there are no strangers in the house. No man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*, and no sister is a heroine to her brother. He is very fond of her—most men are fond of their sisters—but he cannot help noticing divers little traits of character which he suspects his future brother-in-law will reap the benefit of when the first gloss of the honeymoon has worn off, and the young couple settle down to the everyday affairs of married life. If his sister is a beauty, all the more is he suspicious of the other sex.

He hears his friends go into raptures over the young lady, and he is in no way displeased that some one related to himself is a favorite in society; but he straightway makes up his mind that women are very deceptive. He knows all about it; he has been behind the scenes, and has seen the fair performer studying the droop of a ringlet, the fall of a skirt. Her art may have been concealed from the world with consummate skill, but he has not been deceived, for the very good reason that nobody has thought it worth her while to deceive him.

He thinks she will marry well—he hopes she will; and he wonders very much whether the chosen one of his own heart will, in the privacy of domestic life, manifest a taste for pickles and a tendency to suck peppermint lozenges. He hopes for the best, but secretly he believes the very worst, "The sex are all alike"—that is what men say, and what they pretend to think. Some of them know better, I hope; for how can all women be alike if all men are not? The fact is, as every one who has studied womankind with any attention knows, that women are not all alike—not alike in appearance, not alike in temper, not alike in tastes. Seldom have we known a woman averse from flattery, but there are beings of the very superior sex who will box your ears soundly if you venture to hint, in the most delicate manner possible, that they are not absolute frights.

I know a woman of showy appearance and considerable accomplishments, who avows openly that at thirty-one she is no longer a *young* lady. She is a marvel, and would be perfect if she had not a most abominable temper. Most men have a temper of their own, and they are apt to show it when there is very little occasion for the display; women also have a temper, which is kept very carefully in check before company and given full license to before brothers, sisters, *et hoc genus omne*. The brother with sisters knows this, and if he be engaged, trembles when he thinks that perhaps his Dulcinea has a temper which will be none the colder for having been nursed a long time.

In justification of the hesitation of the young man with sisters, I must remind the reader that he is thrown very much in the way of hearing bits of gossip which, perhaps, are never intended to reach his ears, and which by no means tend to exalt the character of his sisters' companions in his eyes. He does not listen of *malice prepense;* but he cannot help catching stray comments on the behavior and character of young ladies upon whom, perhaps, he has already cast the eyes of admiration, if not the glances of fathomless love. "Vain little creature, that Lizzie! Fancies the gentlemen

admire her, and she hasn't a tress of real hair on her head!" "Julia is downright mercenary, and would marry her grandfather if it were lawful, and he had plenty of money; she told me so," and so on. Very difficult for the young gentleman to make up his mind regarding the question of matrimony, is it not? And yet, if he were to ask his sisters, who are in the main good-natured, whether Lizzie or Julia were as bad as she had been sketched, they would unhesitatingly say no, and declare that both young ladies were models of whatsoever is modest and virtuous, and of good report among men; whereat their brother would marvel greatly.

Every man knows that among the young of his sex a habit obtains of criticizing with more originality than politeness the personal appearance and mental qualities of the ladies who are honored with the acquaintance of the youthful speakers.

Generally the younger the man, the more outspoken he is. He will have no half measures—if he has been snubbed by Miss Smith he has it out of Miss Smith over his pipe among his and her acquaintances. She is plain, she is affected, she has a bad temper, she is conceited. If, on the other hand, he is smitten with the charms of Miss Smith, there is no word in the English vocabulary sufficient to express his admiration for the adorable creature. Samson in the toils of Delilah was not more infatuated with his enslaver than he is.

His good-natured friends, in their endeavor to moderate the love fever of their companion, cry down the object of his affection, and insinuate that she does not care one penny for him—that she is keeping a wealthy lover in the background—and that, after all, Miss Smith is not worth an honest man's heartache.

If Miss Smith could hear all that is said for and against her in the bachelor's smoking-room, I imagine she would be a wiser, if not a happier woman. Miss Smith's brother hears, of course, nothing disparaging to his sister; but he has before now heard Jones's sister and Brown's sister subjected to the fiery ordeal, and can pretty well guess how his own is likely to fare when subjected to the inevitable process. The knowledge does not inspire him with unbounded confidence in women.

He gives one or two of his friends credit for a little shrewdness in these matters, and when he hears a young lady styled stupid or conceited, or slovenly, or bad-mannered, or addicted to the use of fiction in the course of ordinary conversation, he pauses, he considers. All this may be only their fun—they may mean nothing against the young lady, who, peradventure, is as innocent of the vices attributed to her as Baron Grant says he is of bribing the city editors; but mud will stick if you only throw enough of it. He becomes melancholy, cynical; he eschews the society of young ladies, and addicts himself to the cultivation of a beard and the study of theology.

He sees his sisters married with a placid pity for the several bridegrooms; he makes neat speeches at the wedding breakfasts; he presents each of the brides on the appropriate occasion with a handsome token of his love and affection—and there his connection with the state of holy matrimony may be said very often to end.

If he is wealthy he makes a very good and useful bachelor uncle; but it is questionable whether, under any circumstances, he would be converted into an exemplary husband. He knows too much.

## THE ROBBER CRAB.

There is a very remarkable burrowing crustacean, called the robber-crab (*Birgus latro*). This creature is of a strange, weird-like shape, difficult to explain, but easily to be comprehended by reference to the illustration. The reader can, however, form some notion of its general form, by removing a common hermit-crab from its residence, and laying it flat before him.

The robber-crab, however, does not live in a shell, and its abdomen is consequently defended by hard plates, instead of being soft and unprotected like that of the hermit-crab, to which it is closely allied.

The robber-crab inhabits the islands of the Indian Ocean, and is one of those crustacea which are able to exist for a long time without visiting the water, the gills being kept moist by means of a reservoir on each side of the cephalothorax, in which the organs of respiration lie. Only once in twenty-four hours does this remarkable crab visit the ocean, and in all probability enters the water for the purpose of receiving the supply which preserves the gills in working order.

It is a quick walker, though not gifted with such marvelous speed as that which is the property of the racer and other land crabs, and is rather awkward in its gait, impeded probably by the enormous claws. While walking, it presents a curious aspect, being lifted nearly a foot above the ground on its two central pair of legs, and if it be intercepted in its retreat, it brandishes its formidable weapons, clattering them loudly, and always keeping its face toward the enemy. Some writers aver that it is capable of climbing up the stems of the palm-trees, in order to get at the fruit, but this assertion seems to require very strong corroboration before it can be believed.

The food of the robber-crab is of a very peculiar nature, consisting chiefly, if not entirely, of the cocoa-nut.

Most of my readers have seen this enormous fruit as it appears when taken from the tree, surrounded with a thick, massy envelope of fibrous substance, which, when stripped from the nut itself, is employed for many useful purposes. How the creature is to feed on the kernel seems quite a mystery; and, *prima facie*, for a crab to extract the cocoa-nut from its envelope, to pierce the thick and stubborn shell, and to feed upon the enclosed kernel, seems an utterly impossible task. Indeed, had not the feat been watched by creditable witnesses, no one who was acquainted with the habits and powers of the crustacea would have credited such an assertion. Yet Mr. Darwin, Messrs. Tyerman and Bennett, and other observant men, have watched the habits of the creature, and all agree in their accounts.

According to Mr. Darwin, the crab seizes upon the fallen cocoa-nuts, and with its enormous pincers tears away the outer covering, reducing it to a mass of raveled threads. This substance is carried by the crabs into their holes, for the purpose of forming a bed whereupon they can rest when they change their shells, and the Malays are in the habit of robbing the burrows of these stored fibres, which are ready picked for them, and which they use as "junk," *i. e.* a rough kind of oakum, which is employed for calking the seams of vessels, and making mats, and similar purposes.

When the crab has freed the nut from the husk, it introduces the small end of a claw into one of the little holes which are found at the end of a cocoa-nut, and by turning the claw backward and forward, as if it were a brad-awl, the crab contrives to scoop out the soft substance of the nut.

According to Tyerman and Bennett, the robber-crab has another method of getting at the cocoa-nut, and displays an instinctive knowledge of political economy which is very remarkable:

"These animals live under the cocoa-nut trees, and subsist upon the fruit which they find upon the ground. With their powerful front claws they tear off the fibrous husk; afterward, inserting one of the sharp points of the same into a hole at the end of the nut, they beat it with violence against a stone until it cracks; the shell is then easily pulled to

pieces, and the precious fruit within devoured at leisure. Sometimes, by widening the hole with one of their round, gimlet claws, or enlarging the breach with their forceps, they effect sufficient entrance to enable them to scoop out the kernel, without the trouble of breaking the unwieldy nut.

"These crabs burrow in the earth, under the roots of the trees that furnish them with provisions—prudently storing up in their holes large quantities of cocoa-nuts, stripped of their husk, at those times when the fruits are most abundant, against the recurring intervals when they are scarce.

"We are informed that if the long and delicate antennæ of these robust creatures be touched with oil, they instantly die.

"They are not found on any of these islands, except the small coral ones, of which they are the principal occupants. The people here account them delicious food."

The palm-climbing habits of the robber-crab are mentioned by Mr. T. H. Hood, in his "Notes of a Cruise in H. M. S. Fawn, in the Western Pacific."

In the Samoan group of islands, the crab is called "Ou-ou," and is a favorite article of food. While the vessel remained off Samoa, Mr. Hood asked about these crabs; and though he did not see any of them performing so strange a feat, he shows that there are very good grounds for believing the possibility of such an action:

"I inquired of them about the habits of the Ou-ou, or great cocoa-nut eating crab, common here, and found the reports previously received from the natives corroborated.

"Mr. Darwin mentions that, in the Seychelles and elsewhere, there is a species which is in the habit of husking the nuts on the ground, and then tapping one of the eyes with its great claw, in order to reach the kernel. Its congener here ascends the cocoa-nut trees, and having thrown the nuts down, husks them on the ground.

"This operation performed, he again ascends with the nuts, which he throws down, generally breaking them at the first attempt, but if not successful, repeating it till the object is attained.

"Before leaving, an Old Savage Island man, at the mission, brought in three or four immense Ou-ous, which evinced, in their efforts to escape, bursting coils of cocoa-nut sinnet, a strength sufficient to husk the toughest cocoa-nut. As to the method of obtaining the contents afterward, every native, both Samoans and Niuans confirms the account mentioned before.

"The Niuans understand their habits best. The old man who brought them to-day dug them out of the holes, in which they remain many weeks torpid. The female differs from the male in having three flippers, well-furnished with strong borers, on the right side of the sac." When full-grown, this crab is more than two feet in length, and, as may be seen by the illustration, is stoutly made in proportion to its length. The color of the creature is very pale brown, with a decided tinge of yellow. We have a burrowing crab in this country, well-known to our young people, who call it the soldier-crab, and who delight to see its martial air as it walks along with its large claw raised erect.

THE ROBBER-CRAB.—SEE PAGE 623.

## MATTIE WERNER'S PERPLEXITY.

A FAIRY STORY.

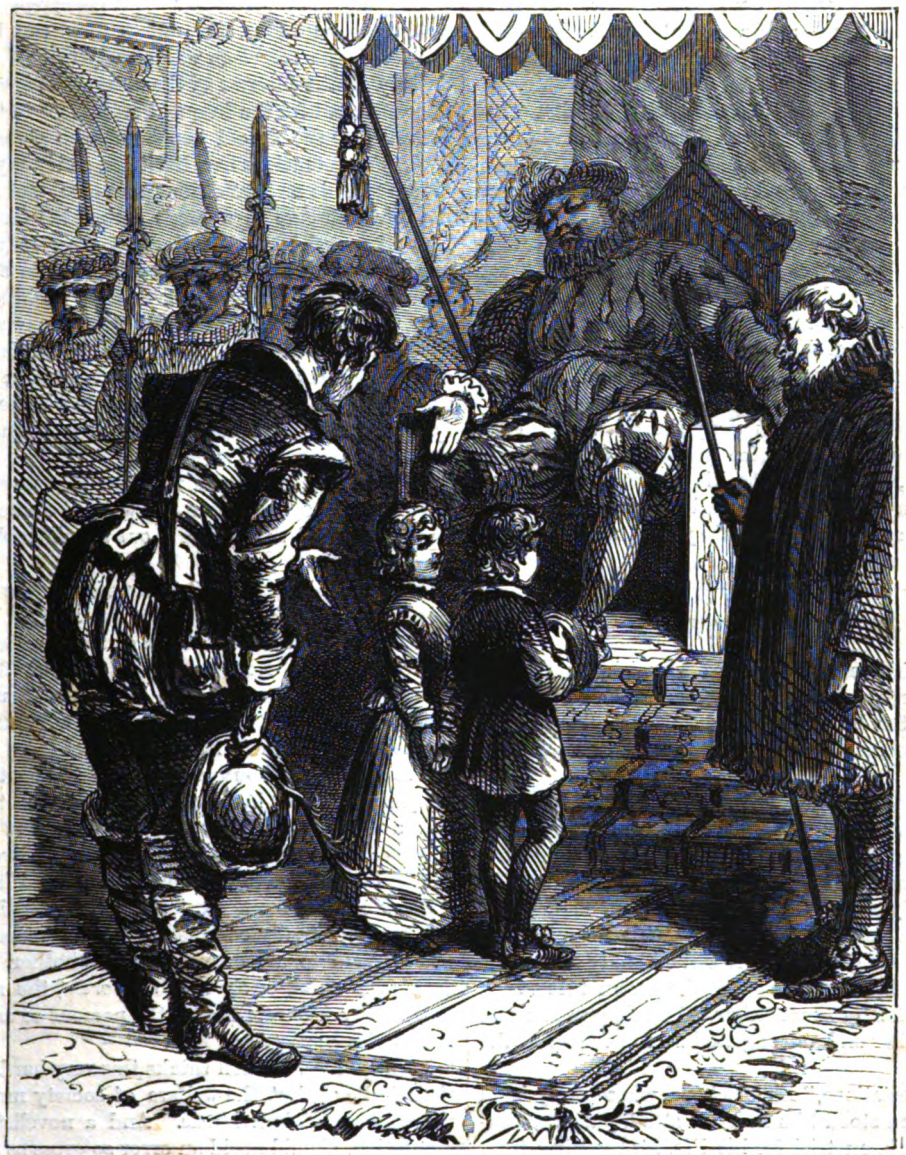
MATTIE WERNER was not the wisest monarch in the world, else he would have known better than to have incensed his powerful neighbor, Wilhada, whose territory and subjects were far superior, both in quality and numbers, to his own.

Wilhada had two children, a boy and a girl, who, report said, were very quarrelsome and troublesome, and Mattie Werner, in a thoughtless moment, remarked:

"Were I the father of two such young wretches, I would either kill them or myself, and that forthwith."

Royalty is always surrounded by spies—one of the disagreeable inevitables of greatness is treachery—and, as a matter of course, this speech reached the ears of the individual most concerned, as soon as possible after its delivery.

"Um-me!" he murmured, fiercely. "So Mattie Werner thinks it proper that either my children or myself should leave this world immediately! This suggestion may be very well meant, but as I don't propose to follow it, I'll make him eat his own words."



MATTIE WERNER'S PERPLEXITY.—"'I CAN PRESENT YOU TO-DAY WITH TWO GOOD CHILDREN;' AND, APPROACHING THE SOVEREIGN, HE PRESENTED HIS OWN SON AND DAUGHTER."

So he gathered his armies together, and, thoroughly equipped with everything necessary (in those days) for hard fighting, marched into the enemy's country.

Mattie Werner knew that it was of no earthly use to attempt to resist the mighty forces thus marshalled against him, but he fought bravely notwithstanding, and only after a desperate struggle was he overpowered and taken prisoner. After a few days' confinement, he was brought into Wilhada's presence, there to answer the charges entered against him.

"Now," thought Wilhada, "we will see what material my neighbor is made of. If he is cowardly, and attempts to lie out of this thing, I'll make short work of him; but if he sticks to his text like a man, he shall have at least one chance of his life;" so, with a very threatening scowl, he asked:

"Mattie Werner, did you say what has been attributed to you about myself and family?"

"Yes, sir," answered his prisoner, briefly.

Wilhada's face relaxed for a moment; then, with the same severity, he asked:

"But why did you say so; none of us had ever injured you?"

"No, sir," said the other, answering to this interrogative assertion. "But persons very often say a thing in haste which they repent at leisure. My tongue is never very guarded, and your children's behavior had incensed me that day."

Wilhada pondered a moment. That his children were not perfect, none knew better than himself, but no parent likes to be reminded of the shortcomings of his offspring. After a little deliberation he said, however:

"Well, Mattie Werner, I will give you a month in which to show me one good boy or girl. If, at the end of that period, you do not succeed in producing what I desire, you must die! My children's inferiority must be proven!" Mattie was a bachelor himself, and, being consequently unused to children's ways, imagined it would be a comparatively easy task to act upon Wilhada's suggestion—or rather command—so, started off in search of a perfect child.

Over hills, dales, and seas he traveled, and at last, weary and discouraged, returned to his native land, the night before his month of grace expired.

He had journeyed among children of all kinds, conditions, and nations; had viewed the youth of Africa, China, Hindoostan, France, Germany, America—and of about every other country under the sun, and finally returned home

with the firm conviction that on the morrow he must die!

"It is no use," he murmured, sadly, as the shores of King Walhada hove in sight. "I must be reconciled to the inevitable. I have tested the negro infant, and found him lazy; have tried the Chinese children, and discovered them to be dirty; the Hindoo youth is revengeful; the French, deceitful; the Germans, profane—the Americans, selfish—and, according to all accounts, *I, myself*, could not have been much in my earlier days. What shall I do?"

Suddenly a bright thought occurred to him. Wilhada had not ordered him to procure a *perfect* child, only a good one. He thought he could satisfy the old monarch, So, on the morrow, he repaired, bright and early, to the palace.

"Well, Mattie Werner," said Wilhada, with dignity, "has your journey proved successful, and have you found in the course of your travels one good child?"

"Yes, sire," was the composed reply. "I can present you to-day, not only with one, but with *two* good children;" and, approaching closer, he presented to the astonished sovereign *his own son and daughter*, saying as he did so: "I have searched thoroughly, and, although having seen many of the kind desired by your majesty, found none superior to those at home. My speech was made without knowledge, and thus I confess my wrong. Wickedness and mischief are utterly different."

Of course, Wilhada could not deny the goodness of his own flesh and blood, even had he possessed any desire in that direction, and, to tell the truth, his parental pride was so pleased, that he immediately reinstated Mattie Werner in all his former riches and dignity, and they lived near and dear neighbors ever after.

## NOVELIST'S LAW.

A RECENT English writer expresses his wish for the appointment of a barrister as a standing counsel to the writers of fiction, whom the latter should consult on all occasions when they think of introducing a legal scene. or asserting a legal doctrine.

The idea is not a bad one; but until it is carried out, we should advise an intending romancer who has a taste for law to select some remarkable trial of our own or past times, and after thoroughly mastering its details, to dish them up in his story with only such simple alterations of names and dates as may be absolutely necessary. This may restrain the inspirations of his genius, but it will certainly contribute to the stability of his reputation, for the errors into which our best novelists fall are monstrous, when they venture on ground so unfamiliar and uncongenial as the mazes of the law.

In "Great Expectations," Mr. Dickens, whose early legal experience has often stood him in good stead, puts the convict, Abel Magwitch, on trial for his life, for escaping from custody, while Pipp and his friends pass without a word of accusation for the statutable felony of assisting the fugitive. In "Orley Farm," where the legal incidents are in general very correctly given, the author jeopardizes the reputation of Mr. Justice Stavely by making him speak of libel and slander as convertible terms, and by representing that learned functionary as uncertain whether language charging an indictable offence would suffice to sustain an action. In "The Woman in White," Mr. Wilkie Collins allows a purchaser's solicitor to stand by while Sir Perceval Glyde attempts to extort his wife's signature to a deed under circumstances which would have rendered the entire transaction impeachable for fraud; and in "Recommended to Mercy," the government sends down the attorney-general to the assizes to prosecute Lady Thornleigh for bigamy, without ascertaining that her first husband was alive at the time she married her second.

Miss Braddon, the founder of the new school of sensation fiction, in which bigamy is the leading incident, avoids such mistakes by saying as little as she can help about law; but her reticence involves her in other difficulties which are scarcely less perplexing.

Aurora Floyd's marriage with James Conyers, we are told, took place in France. If so, how was it performed? Such a marriage would not be permitted at the English embassy. Did the contracting parties claim a French domicile? If so, how did they comply with the requirements of the French law as to parental consent? But perhaps it is hardly fair to put these questions, for unless they can be satisfactorily answered, the marriage was clearly illegal, and that would destroy all the interest of the story. This excuse, however, does not avail for the frequent references in "Lady Audley's Secret" to "the sly old benchers" who chuckle over Robert Audley's pretensions as a barrister, as if they had a personal interest in his neglect of his profession, and as if there were anything strange in a man's eating his terms without any idea of practicing. We thought everybody knew that not one in four of those who are called to the Bar take that degree with any intention to becoming working lawyers. We may pardon Miss Braddon for being unaware that they are not "rising barristers," but "solemn benchers," who shrug their shoulders under rustling *silk* gowns; but she ought not to peril her reputation by making these same "solemn benchers" and the *dilettanti* barristers boon companions at bachelor supper parties.

It is worthy of remark that our lady novelists especially delight in the introduction of the legal element, and that, by an inversion of the proverb, our angels rush in where men fear to tread.

Mrs. Gaskell perhaps has furnished the most startling novelty of this kind, in her "Dark Night's Work," after Dixon, the gardener, has been condemned to death by Justice Corbet, the former lover of Ellinor Wilkins. Determined to save the old man, Ellinor calls upon the judge, details circumstantially the manner of Dunster's murder, her own and Dixon's share in concealing the body, and leaves the judge's house with the assurance that Dixon shall be pardoned, and her confession kept secret. Ellinor marries a clergyman; Dixon spends the rest of his days in respectability and honor, and everybody lives as happily as can be desired. Yet we seem to have read in a book called "Blackstone's Commentaries": "So strict is the law where a felony is actually complete, that the nearest relations are not suffered to aid or receive one another. If the parent assists the child, or *the child the parent*, the master the servant, or *the servant the master*, the persons so assisting become accessories *ex post facto*."

Perhaps Mrs. Gaskell thinks this very hard. It may occasionally be so, but the welfare of society must prevail over the feelings of individuals. And a novelist, tender of her reputation, should avoid an error so gross as that into which Mrs. Gaskell has fallen, by making Justice Corbet a party to the escape of two accessories, after the fact, to a brutal murder. Surely the shock to ordinary notions of judicial duty, and the lofty traditions of judicial practice, is too violent to be excused even by the necessities of the novel.

Probably because the Law of Wills and of Inheritance is among the greatest difficulties of experienced lawyers, that particular branch is greatly affected by writers of fiction, with what results may be easily imagined.

Mr. Anthony Trollope makes Mary Scratcherd's illegitimate daughter succeed to the large fortune her uncle has bequeathed to his sister's eldest child, happily ignorant of the legal principle by which a bastard, as *nullius filius*, can take under a devise only by express words, or by *necessary* implication, to say nothing of the probability that a devise so expressed would be held to apply to the eldest male child,

to the exclusion of the female. And in "No Name," Mr. Wilkie Collins passes unnoticed the fact, that as Mrs. Vanstone survived her husband, half his personality would belong to her as of right; and if she died intestate, would go to her next of kin. Probably some legal friend informed the author that a legally executed will is not void because it has a secret trust attached to it, though no one could compel the execution of the trust itself, for, after giving his readers to understand that the will would be void if only the trust were known, he allows the story to end without the promised dénouement.

Until we read "Recommended to Mercy," we had not heard of an entailed estate conditional on the heirs professing the Catholic faith, "which, in the event of no blood relation of mother-church appearing to claim it, would go from the family to swell the possessions of an already richly-endowed monastic institution;" and even now, we are puzzled to reconcile it with the effect usually given to a certain act of parliament called the Statute of Mortmain.

We doubt whether some of Mrs. Norton's conditions in restraint of Treherne's marriage in "Lost and Saved" would not be disregarded by the Lord Chancellor; but we are quite sure that a will which ordered that "if he remained unmarried, or married in opposition to its requirements, the property was to accumulate till another generation gave another chance of marriage," would not stand good, especially as the accumulation was to continue from generation to generation, till some one was found to effectuate the deceased earl's intentions as to the devolution of the property. The numerous provisoes upon provisoes are all open to the objection of tending towards a perpetuity, and are therefore void within the Thellusson Act. An actual heir in Treherne's position might be excused for calling the will a farrago of nonsense, but he need not threaten to get an act of parliament to set it aside; any conveyancing barrister of very moderate experience would have shown him a more certain and quite as effectual a way. A resort by the parties interested to a similar authority would have quite spoiled the interest of "Verner's Pride," Mrs. Wood's last novel, where a codicil, which completely alters the disposition of the property, executed by the testator very shortly before his death, is, at the proper time, nowhere to be found. In the sequel, it comes out that it had been stolen by Mr. Verner's medical attendant, who had his own reasons for the crime; but the possibility of proving the contents of such a will by secondary evidence—of which there is abundance—does not seem to have occurred to the author. The result is a good story, turning on the wholly improbable inability of the lawful owner to obtain sound legal advice on a matter of vital importance.

Our American writers of fiction, as a rule, follow the English novelists on the matter of wills and laws of descent, as well as in regard to marriages. As each of our States has followed its own devices on these various points, there is a wonderful variety, but our writers go on in blissful ignorance of what may be the actual law of the place where they live.

While noticing these many errors arising from the confusion of novelists' minds on legal matters, we have often wondered that the excellent suggestions referred to have been allowed to remain for several years unapplied, a circumstance the more extraordinary, as our novelists are fond of introducing barristers into their works; indeed, there are few novels published now-a-days in which one or two of the characters are not gentlemen of the long robe. We would therefore suggest to our writers of fiction a trifling alteration in their plans.

Let them make an ideal barrister the hero of their story, if they please, but let an actual practitioner revise those portions in which it is attempted to lay down legal doctrines; and before they cause a complex story to depend upon the construction of a doubtful document, let them ascertain that the point raised will stand the test of an examination at chambers. Finally, if they are desirous of maintaining their character as truth-like chroniclers, it would be as well to make the success of barristerial heroes—when such are introduced—more gradual, as durable reputations are seldom built upon successes achieved *per saltum* during the first year of a professional career.

## SCHOOL FOR LADIES.

An excellent school of learning for women exists in Berlin. It is not exactly a charitable institution, although designed for the benefit of the poorer classes. The building is large, containing lodging-rooms for forty girls, kitchen, school-rooms, work-room, and a bazaar. In the school-rooms the girls are taught French and English, writing, book-keeping, geography, and arithmetic—in short, whatever will fit them for situations in any banking or commercial or mercantile establishment. They also learn type-setting and telegraphing. All sorts of useful needlework is taught in the work department, even to millinery. The bazaar is devoted to the sale of fancy articles, and orders for work are there received. The kitchen department is an important part of the establishment. It is under the charge of a matron, and the chief labor in it is done by girls who come there to perform its duties. They usually pay a trifle for tuition. Not only are meals served for the girls who lodge in the house, but any lady may go there and have breakfast, dinner, or supper. Many girls, on entering the establishment, first learn cookery in the kitchen; then they go upstairs and learn dressmaking and arithmetic. Betrothed maidens go there to obtain good domestic educations, that they may not estrange a husband's good heart by ruining his digestion. The institution is a good one, but not self-supporting as yet.

## NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.

Twenty years ago the secret of tanning the alligator hide was imparted to a partner of a Boston boot and shoe house by an old Canadian. The business of collecting and tanning the skins was at once commenced, and now from 17,000 to 20,000 are tanned yearly, which are consumed by boot and shoe manufacturers in every portion of the United States, as well as exported to London and Hamburg.

In the foreign trade, however, the French are formidable rivals, owing to their superior methods of tanning.

The alligators formerly came almost entirely from Louisiana, and New Orleans was the great centre of the business. Owing to their indiscriminate and injudicious slaughter, however, the animals became thinned out. The Florida swamps and marshes are now the harvest-fields, and Jacksonville, in that State, is the great depôt.

The animals are killed in great numbers by the passengers of river steamboats, though there are hunters who make a regular business of their capture. The alligators often attain the length of eighteen to twenty feet, and frequently live to a fierce old age.

The skin of the belly and sides, the only portion fit for use, are packed in a strong brine, and shipped to the Northern tanner, who keeps them under treatment for from six to eight months, when they are ready to be cut up.

So far, the leather has been mostly used in the manufacture of boots and shoes, for which it is especially adapted, and, by reason of the pleasing variegation of its surface, makes a most excellent and becoming protection for the foot.

Handsome slippers are also made, both of the blacked and unblacked skin, as well as shopping-bags, portemonnaies, cigar-cases, and small leather goods of all kinds.

# THE CLEARING OF THE HELL GATE OBSTRUCTIONS.

HELL GATE received its name from the very earliest Dutch visitors to Manhattan Island, who found the rocks and whirlpools at that point a source of such danger to navigation as to make all attempts to sail through like a very plunge into the infernal regions.

It was not until the War of the Revolution that the obstructions in the channels assumed any great importance, because previous to that time the tonnage of trading vessels along the New England coast was very small. The exigencies of the struggle gave an impetus to ship-building at nearly every one of the Sound ports, so that in a few years after the Declaration of Independence the records show that Hell Gate became a familiar name in the mouths of seamen, and that its terrors for the navigator grew in proportion as the tonnage of vessels was increased, and with the extension of the commerce of New York.

BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN NEWTON, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL OF ENGINEERS, UNITED STATES ARMY.

During these days adventurous American sloops-of-war would venture very close to the English lines at New York in the hope of picking up a prize from among the merchantmen that supplied the city and garrison with provisions and munitions of war. The Americans would generally slip into the East River from the Sound by the channel now guarded by Fort Schuyler and Fort Willett's Point. The daring captain and crew, keenly alive to their danger, were generally familiar with the intricate windings of the channels and the location of every pointed rock and treacherous reef, and relied, in the event of pursuit by the British ships, on the chances of the latter striking on some of the obstructions and coming to grief.

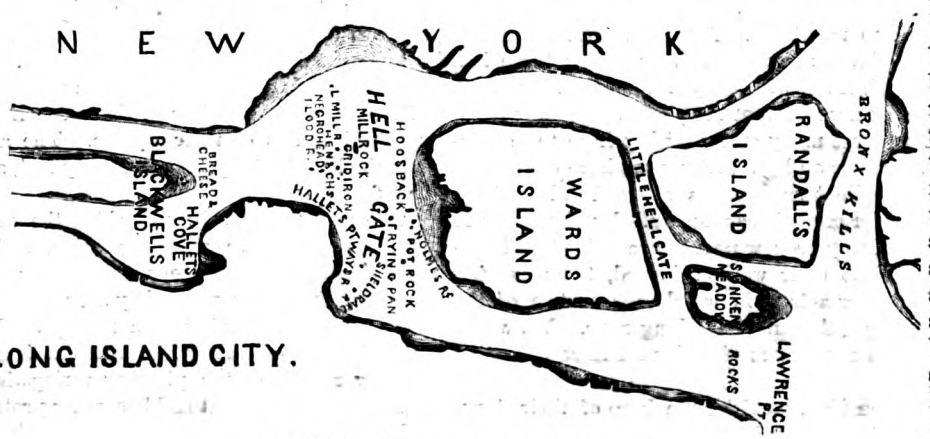
The famous novelist, Fenimore Cooper, describes such a chase in the most graphic manner in his story, "The Water Witch"; how the English ship followed closely in the wake of the flying Yankee, but did not care to cripple him, as he gave by his movements the only clue by which the pursuer could tread the labyrinth of the rocks and escape destruction. Trying to escape the Gridiron, the fated vessel might come on the Frying Pan, or lucky enough to miss that rock, would be almost certain to tumble over the Pot Rock. Getting on the Hog's Back at Hell Gate is by no means a proof of a successful career; and the sailors whose ship would strike on Holmes's Reef would be likely never to see their own homes again.

The naming of the different rocks was evidently done in a spirit of grim humor. The least inviting of them, even to a seaworn and hungry mariner, is called the Bread and Cheese, while such harmless fowls as the Hen and Chickens furnish names for a group of rocks big enough to sink the *Great Eastern* if she fouled them.

In point of hardness the Negro Head Rocks will compare favorably with the skulls of our colored fellow-citizens, if Dame Rumor does justice to their density and capacity for hard knocks. The Great and Little Mill Rocks are calculated to grind a vessel to powder should she drift between them and get caught on their rugged ledges, while like sentinels guarding a causeway Way's Reef, Shelldrake Rock, and the recently-demolished Hallett's Point Reef were aligned in battle array.

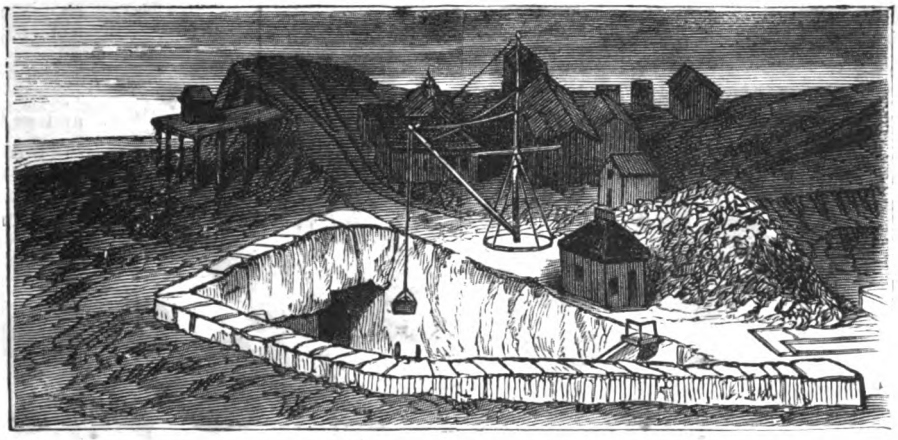
Branching from the area known as Hell Gate proper, are channels leading in three directions. One of these connects with the mouth of the Harlem River, which lies westward of the group of islands and between them and the city of New York. Another leads directly to the Sound, while the third, divided into two by Blackwell's Island, leads to the Bay of New York, which it enters at Governor's Island. All three unite at Hell Gate, and are dependent on the clearing of that passage for their navigable value as parts of a system of water communication.

Owing to the blockade of the channel at Hell Gate the islands have been devoted to public institutions, which are admirable in their way, but unproductive to the welfare of the city commercially, and should, therefore, not occupy so much valuable space that was intended by nature for other purposes.




MAP OF HELL GATE, WITH ITS OBSTRUCTIONS.

While New York has become the metropolis of the continent the settlements along the Long Island shore, such as Astoria and Flushing, and on the Westchester side, as well, have made no progress comparatively



THE COFFER-DAM AND SHAFT AT HALLETT'S POINT.

although they are almost as old as New York. The local effect, therefore, must be immense when the chief dangers of Hell Gate are removed. A new field will be opened for the extension of our commercial and manufacturing business which cannot fail to add to the prosperity of both. Frequent attempts have been made to remove the obstructing rocks and diminish the dangers, but the hardness of the stone, and the difficulty of working under the water, made the relief obtained slight compared to the expense incurred.

In the years 1851 and 1852 Mr. Maillefer succeeded, by the use of gunpowder, in surface-blasting under water, in removing large portions of several of the obstructions to the navigation of the East River at Hell Gate; Pot Rock, the Frying Pan, and Way's Reef were very considerably reduced. Ten feet of Pot Rock required 34,231 lbs. of powder in 284 charges. On the other two rocks 28,000 lbs. were expended. The more recent introduction of nitro-glycerine and its compounds gives more satisfactory results. Surface-blasting has, however, been abandoned, except for the removal of superficial or unimportant masses of rock. Where the rock is firm, smooth, undisintegrated, there is no way except to mine into the rock and form a series of galleries which can be honeycombed and filled with explosive charges.

The successful removal of Blossom Rock, in the harbor of San Francisco, under this system, was the first extensive work of the kind in America. It induced the United States Government to adopt it in the general system of harbor improvements, and apply it to the removal of the obstacles which proved so injurious to New York commerce, and rendered the water front on the East River of little value to the city.

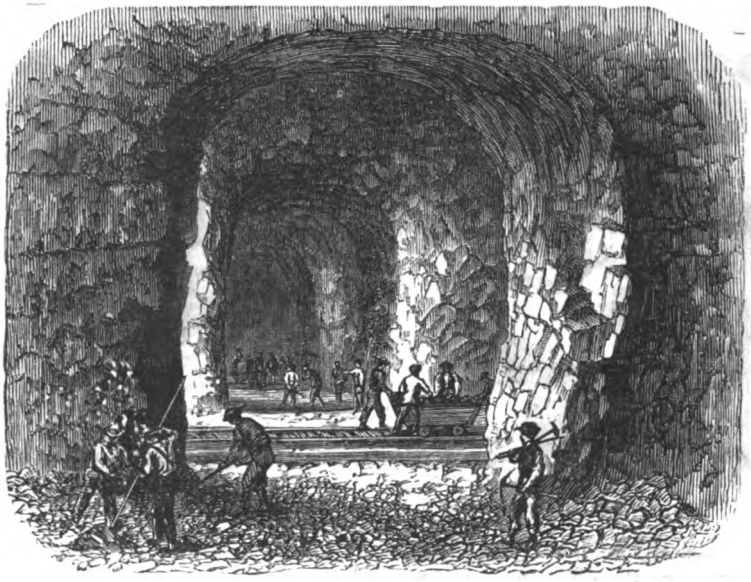
A comprehensive plan of improvement was projected in the Summer of 1866, when Major-General John Newton was assigned by the War Department to the duty of

THE VISIT OF THE ARCHDUKE ALEXIS TO THE WORKS.

examining the obstructions and making estimates of the work necessary. He submitted three plans, all based on the removal of Hallett's Reef.

Some experimental work with a rotating diamond drill was done on smaller rocks by Mr. G. F. Shelbourne, but the system was not followed up.

In the Spring of 1869 Congress made a first appropriation of $175,000, and General Newton began his operations.



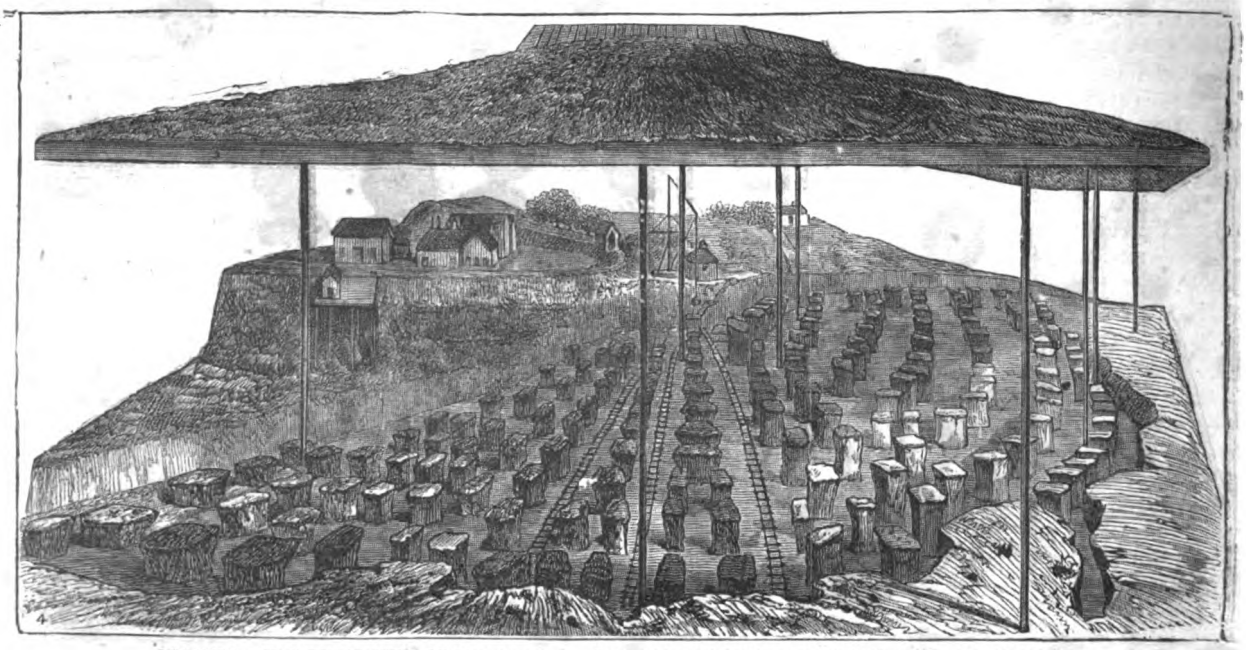
VIEW IN THE CONCENTRIC GALLERIES.

The reef lay immediately off Hallett's Point—was, in fact, a submarine portion of it. It was much in the shape of a semi-ellipse: the base running almost in a straight line from east to west, and the apex pointing nearly due north. The area of the reef was about three acres; two and three-quarters of which it was proposed to undermine.

The work was commenced on July, 1869. A coffer-dam in the form of an irregular pentagon, whose greatest diameter was 140 ft., was erected on the shore, and a shaft of 105 by 95 ft. in diameter was sunk to a depth of 32 ft. below mean low water. From this shaft ten diverging tunnels were run, and these, when pushed far enough, were connected by concentric galleries. The main tunnels varied in length from 185 ft. to 300 ft. in length—the average length being 270 ft. The width of the tunnels was about 14 ft., and their height varied from 22 ft. at the opening to 7 ft. at the end. The floor of the mine fell gradually, the roof of the excavation more rapidly—following the bed of the river above, and kept up a general average of 10 ft. of solid rock below the water. Cross galleries, of about the same height and width as the tunnels, traversed the mine at intervals of 30 ft. leaving the roof supported by enormous columns of solid rock. These columns, however, were cut through by secondary tunnels and galleries, increasing the number of rock piers supporting the roof to 173, of about 10 ft. in thickness, and giving an aggregate length of tunnels and galleries of 7,425 ft.—4,857 ft. of tunnels, and 2,568 ft. of galleries.

In order to create this net-work of tunnels and galleries, it was necessary to blast out and remove no less than 47,461 cubic yards of rock. This part of the work was finished in June, 1875, and after that time the pillars were drilled in all directions preparatory to the insertion of the cartridges for the grand and final blast. The pillars and the outside walls of the mine were arranged in what are termed battery groups; that is, for connection with the electric battery which was to fire the blast. There were 184 of these groups, each group being drilled for twenty charges, making 3,680 charges in all. But two, and generally three, cartridges were charged into the same hole, according to circumstances and the judgment of the foreman who had charge of the mining department.

The varying hardness of the gneiss formation of the reef has led to the employment of three kinds of explosives in charging for the blast—dynamite, rend-rock, and vulcan-powder; the first for the harder, and the two latter for the softer, rocks. All these three explosives have nitro-glycerine as a compound part, though they differ much in appearance. Dynamite has the appearance of a fine quality of brown sugar; the others resemble a thick, black paste. Dynamite,



EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR VIEW OF THE ROCKS, AS SHOWN IN THE MODELS IN THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

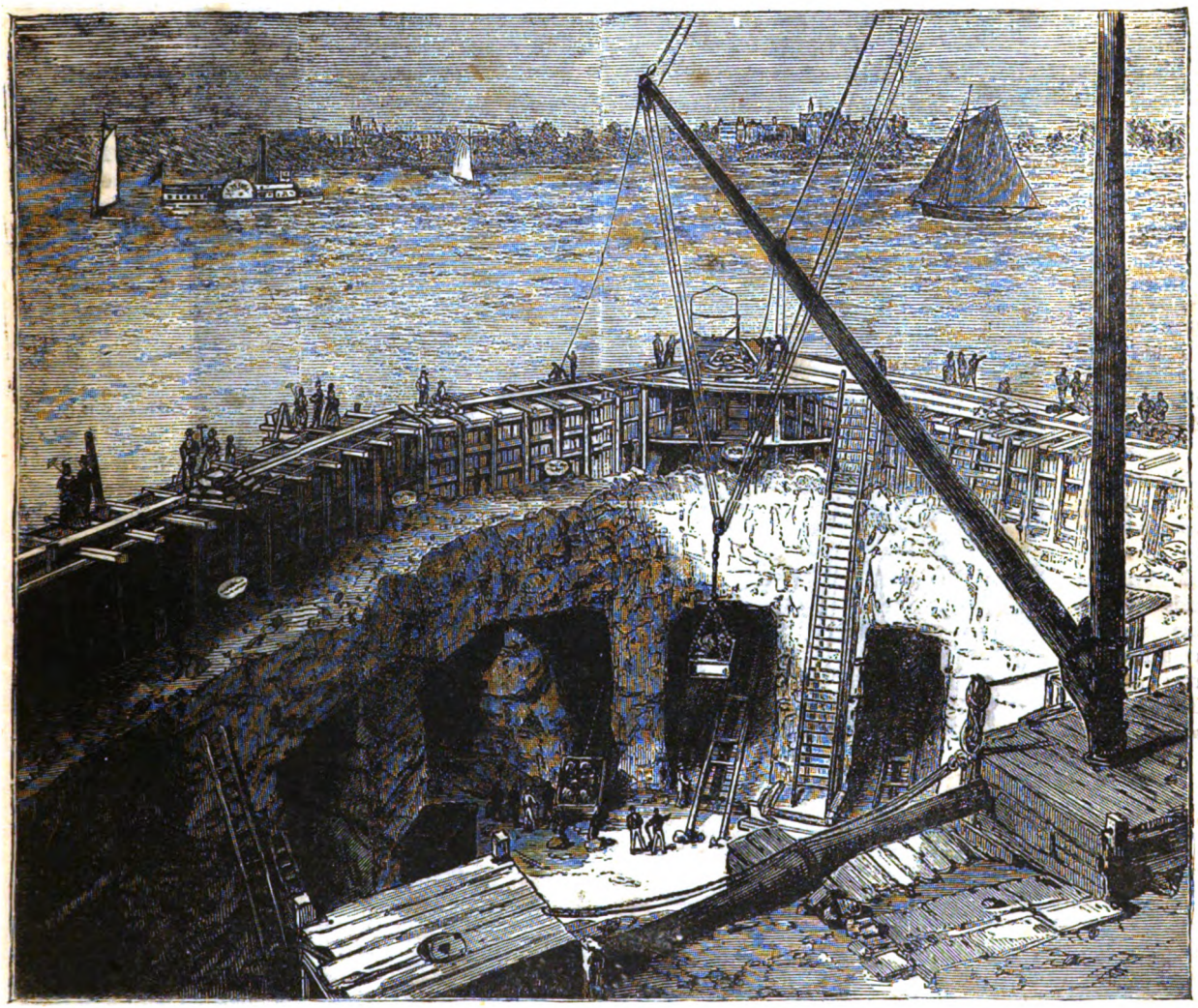
or giant powder as it is often called, is now recognized as not only the most powerful, but as the safest, of known giant explosives. It is a compound of pulverized silex, silicious ashes, or, more generally, infusorial earth, saturated with three times its weight of nitro-glycerine—that is, twenty-five per cent. of infusorial earth and seventy-five per cent. of nitro-glycerine. The 3,680 charges comprised:

| | Pounds. |
|---|---|
| Dynamite in tin cartridges | 24,812 |
| Dynamite in paper cartridges | 1,164 |
| Dynamite in primers | 2,925 |
| Total number pounds dynamite | 28,901 |
| Rendrock in cartridges | 9,061½ |
| Vulcan powder in cartridges | 14,214 |
| Total charge in mine | 52,206½ |

The interior of the works during the last few days previous to the explosion presented a picturesque sight.

Descending into the cavern, at first the tunnels were high and of a good width. From the pillars projected jagged masses of rock down which the water from the river leaked in a constant stream. As one advanced further, the darkness became so dense as to seem palpable, the tunnels, accommodating themselves to the dip of the reef above, became steeper and steeper in their descent, until the frightened visitor imagined he was going perpendicularly down into the black gulf, in the gloom of which he could see now in the distance a tiny, star-like gleam of light where the men were toiling.

The foot slipped constantly in a deposit of mud at the bottom of the tunnel, and plash! It was a pool of water up



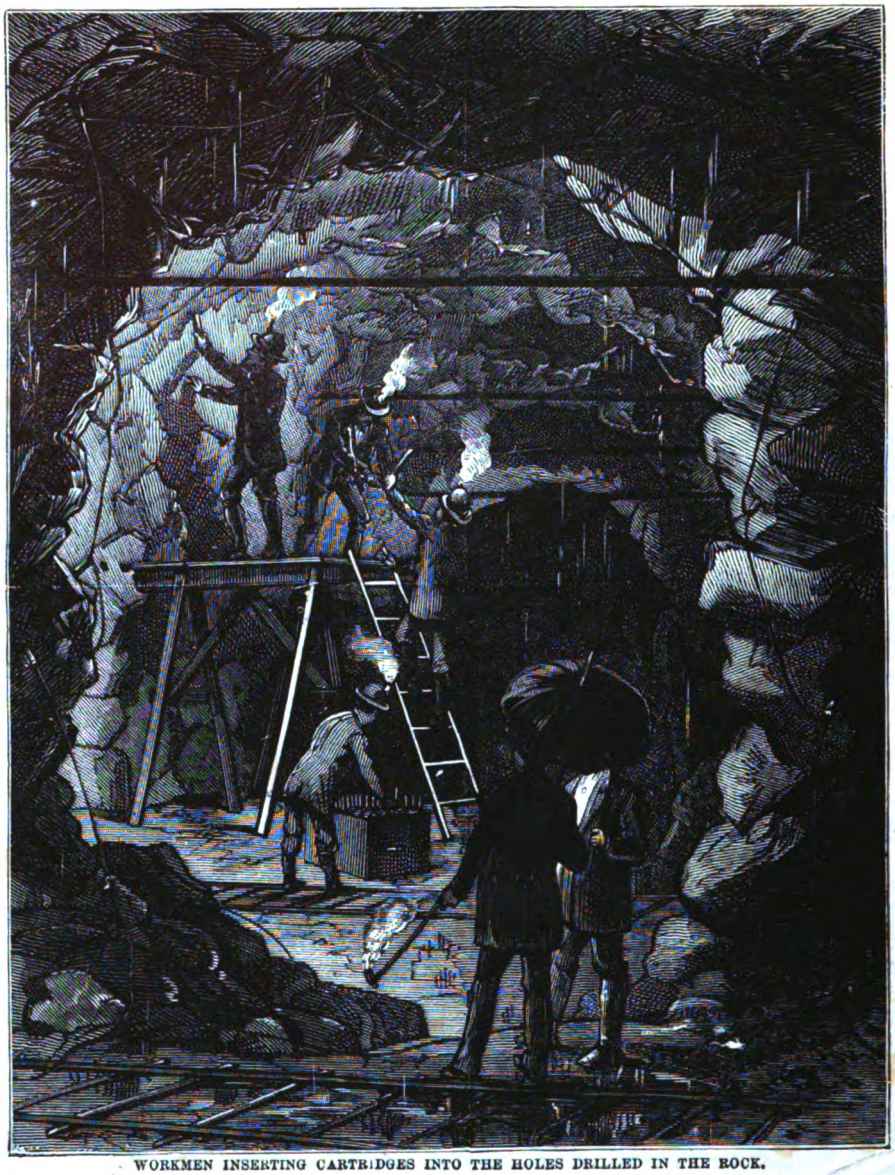
COFFER-DAM AND ENTRANCE TO THE AVENUES CUT IN THE ROCK.

| | |
|---|---|
| Total number of cartridges | 13,596 |
| Total number of brass primers | 3,680 |
| Total number of holes with primers | 3,645 |
| Number of iron pipes with primers | 35 |
| Number of holes charged and not primed | 782 |
| Total of holes and pipes | 4,462 |
| Number of feet of connecting wire | 100,000 |
| Number of feet of leading wire | 120,000 |
| Number of cells in firing battery, consisting of 12 batteries of 40 cells, 4 of 43 cells, and 7 of 44 cells each | 960 |
| | Yards. |
| Distance of firing point from shaft | 650 |

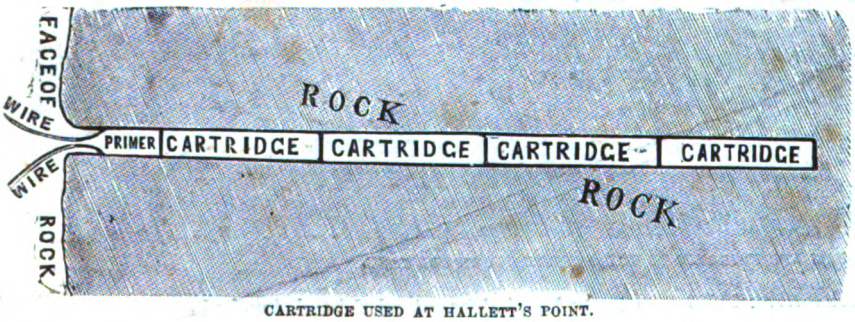
to the knee! The extended hands touched on either side the walls of the rapidly narrowing tunnel, cold and slimy, and the head struck the jagged masses of stone that projected from the roof, which became lower and lower as one advanced into the gloomy deep. Jets of water, invisible in the darkness, fell through the crevices above, and made their presence known by drenching one to the skin. Suddenly a sound like the distant roar of artillery broke the deathlike silence and reverberated through the hollow deep. The workmen were driving a plug back into a hole through which the water shot forty feet when the wooden stopper was removed.

Twinkling in the heavy atmosphere, and refracted by the

falling spray between the lights, the men seemed miles away down in the bowels of the earth. The air was heavy with vapor and thick with the smoke of the lamps, which, finding no escape, rolled in a dun cloud along the roof, so that one breathed with difficulty. In another minute the lights which seemed so far away were close at hand, and their gleam turned the spray from the dripping roof into diamonds, and caused the trickling walls to glitter in russet and silver, striped where oxide of iron occurred with brilliant bands of carmine, while they threw the forms of the miners in grotesque shadows upon the pool below. Now a sullen roar indicated the passage overhead of some massive steamer whose revolving paddles caused the thirty-four feet of superincumbent water to tremble throughout its entire depth.

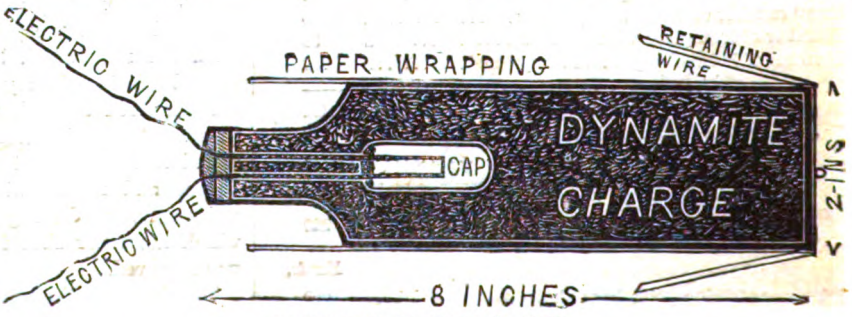


WORKMEN INSERTING CARTRIDGES INTO THE HOLES DRILLED IN THE ROCK.

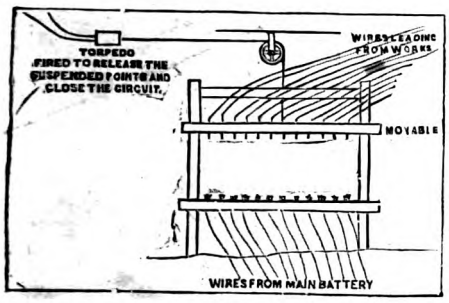



CARTRIDGE USED AT HALLETT'S POINT.

Far within the numerous holes perforated in the rocky sides of the heading, which either elbow touched, the ends of the deadly cartridges gleamed faintly as the lights were borne to and fro. The men, standing knee-deep in water and drenched to the skin, were about to fill a hole. One brawny fellow, whose livid, though massy jaw implied that the wholesome sun never falls where he toils, seized a long pole and thrust its entire length into the orifice. Withdrawing it, he named the size of cartridge required, and, his assistant selecting the one from a boxful close at hand, it was thrust into the hole endwise and quickly pushed into its place at the inner extremity. Another, filled with a less powerful compound, followed the first, and so on until the shining end of the last cartridge showed that the hole was filled almost up to the face of the rock. Then a pine plug was inserted, bearing the number of the hole, and the workmen plashed through the water to the next. A more weird and impressive scene can hardly be imagined, and its effect upon the visitor was rendered not less intense by the realization of the terrible force compressed around him, which was so soon to crumble the




PRIMER USED AT HALLETT'S POINT.

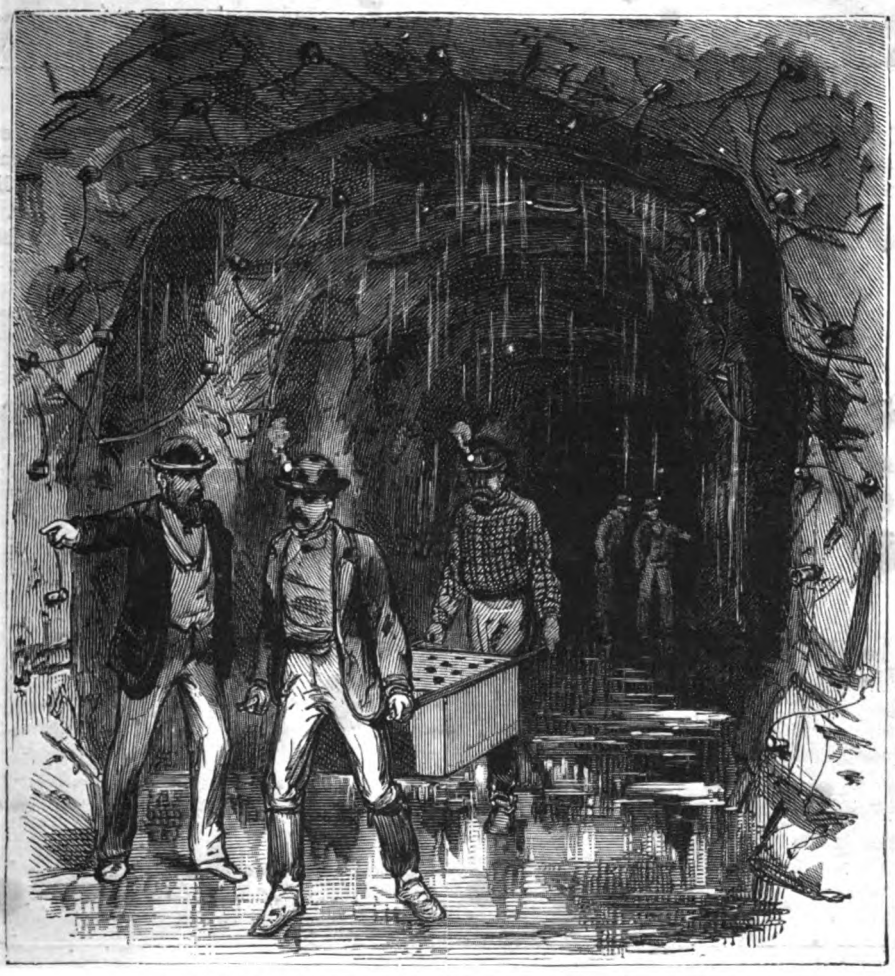



THE ELECTRIC BATTERY USED TO DISCHARGE THE MINE.

solid rock, which had withstood the storms of thousands of years, into fragments, and which might by the turn of a careless workman's hands launch him and all those about him into eternity so quickly that they would not know that it had come.

The battery or series of piles used at Hell Gate works is known as the zinc carbon battery, with a single liquid. The only thing that remained to be done when the battery was in operation was to connect its positive and negative ends by means of conducting wires, and at the point of connection the electric fluid recomposed into its original state. Suppose the ends of the conducting wires do not actually touch, but are placed very near each other, a spark is seen to leap from one point to the other with a snapping noise. It was this spark that fired the great mine at Hallett's Point. It being necessary to explode each cartridge at the same moment, or very nearly so, the wire leading the positive current of electricity from the battery would have to pass successively into each hole and be arranged in the primers; that is, a small space would be left between the ends of the conducting wires in each primer so that the spark would be emitted in the exploding cap filled with fulminate of mercury, which was surrounded by the dynamite charge. This would entail an immense length of wire, and much confusion in leading it to each hole in succession. The engineers, therefore, divided the holes to be fired into a series of groups, each of which was connected with a separate battery, but all delivered their electricity at the same moment, thus rendering the explosion simultaneous. Until the ends of the wires touched were connected by other conducting bodies the exploding spark would not pass. But the instant the circuit was closed the obedient agent flew on its mission quicker than thought itself. Owing to the number of groups to be fired, it became necessary to lead all the positive and negative wires to one place, where their respective circuits could be closed. To effect this, it was necessary to arrange the ends of the wires on an apparatus by which it would be easy to close the circuits with certainty, and at the same moment. The diagram given shows the principle on which this was done, and the plan is deserving of great admiration on account of its ingenuity and practicability. The positive wires, after passing from the batteries to their respective groups of holes, were returned to a frame and attached to a suspended board, which hung immediately over a fixed surface, on which was arranged a number of cups filled with mercury attached to the negative wires leading back to the negative poles of the batteries. Now, all that was necessary to complete all the circuits at once was that the board holding the ends of the positive wires should drop so that the projecting ends of the wires would pass into the mercury of the corresponding cup. In order that this might occur, the suspended board was dependent for its elevation over the cups on a line passing over a pulley, to which was attached a small torpedo, which was fired by a small supplementary battery. The moment the torpedo exploded, the suspending line was cut, and the board with the wire points dropped down on the cups, closing all the circuits at the same moment. The operator thus only fired the mine indirectly, for he only exploded the small torpedo that sus-

THE BOMBPROOF.

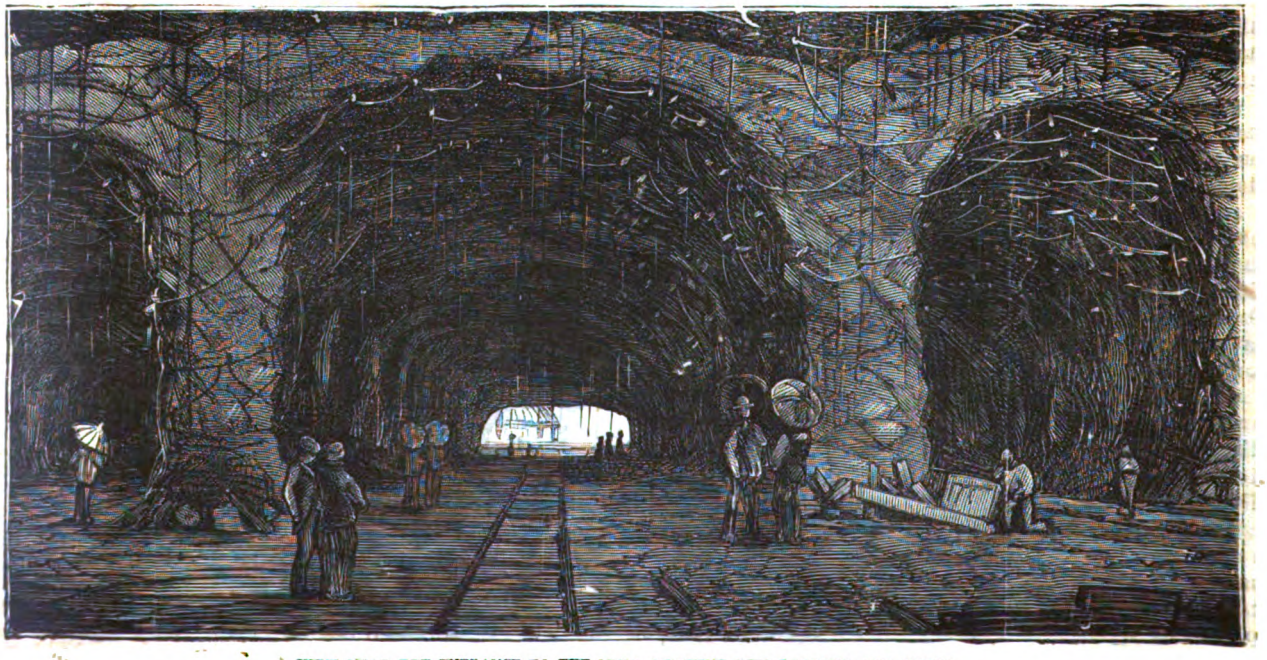


WORKMEN LEAVING THE SCENE BEFORE THE FLOODING OF THE MINE.

GENERAL NEWTON'S LAST INSPECTION OF THE MINE.

tained the wires that fired the main blast. To each group of holes, then, and along its special wire, flashed the electric messenger that caused the great reef, with its cavernous chambers and massive columns of rock, to tremble like the temple of the Philistines, when the mighty Samson shook it into ruins.

The work of inserting the primers was not completed until nearly one o'clock Saturday morning, September 23d. The men worked above and below ground by the light of miners' lamps attached to their hats, and by torches. Weird in the extreme was the scene presented by 104 of these figures flitting to and fro in the intense darkness of a starless night.



VIEW NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO THE MINE, SHOWING THE CHARGES AND WIRES.

The pumps having been removed, the water from the river as it leaked through the roof accumulated in pools upon the floor of the tunnels, so that the men were knee-deep in a short time. When the last primer was inserted the leading wires were carried out of each tunnel into the open shaft. Thence they were carried to the level of the ground above by passing the reels on which they were coiled from hand to hand up the steep ladder that led to the surface. The wire, as it unwound, was stretched in a pine wood trough leading to the level of the ground above, and thence to the battery-house. When all had been led out of the mine, Bernard Boyle, the foreman, was ordered to turn on the water in the siphon.

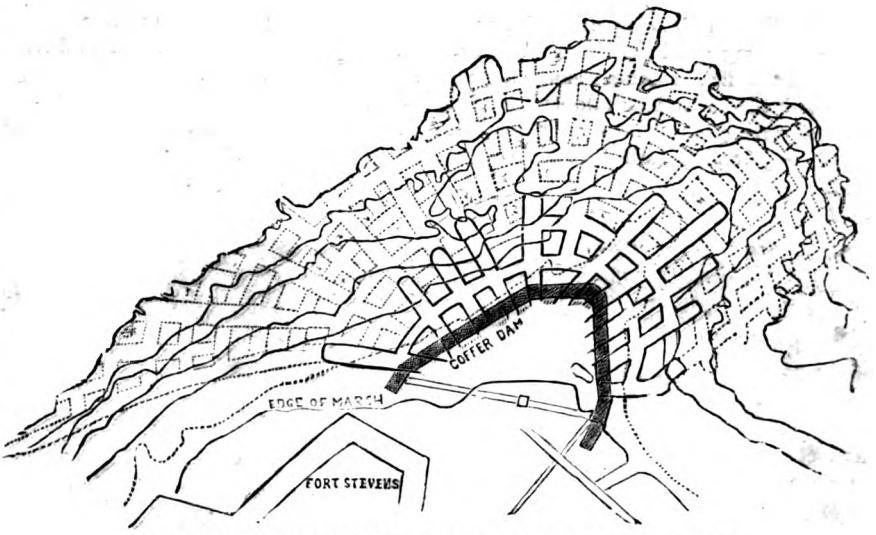
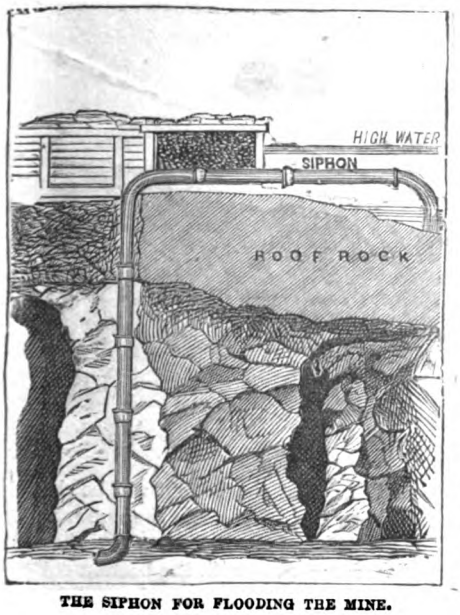



DIAGRAM OF THE AVENUES AND GALLERIES EXCAVATED IN THE ROCK.

When all the other preparations were completed, the operation of filling the workings was accomplished by means of a siphon which was arranged to pass through the coffer-dam and admit the water with an easily regulated flow. We present a diagram of the siphon and its mode of operation. When ready to be used and the tide at the full height the inlet valve was opened on the top of the siphon on which the water at once flowed in and expelled the air from the entire length of the tube. As the tide fell below the level of the top of the tube the flow ceased to depend on gravitation, and assumed the character peculiar to siphonic action. The water was drawn up into the tube by the difference of pressure of the atmosphere on the surface at the short end from that on the water on the long end. This can be expressed by the difference between the weights of the long and the short columns of water, the operation of the siphon being dependent on a disturbance of the equilibrium of pressure.

When the siphon was set in operation the tide was at its height, and as the valve of the siphon was turned the water rushed through it with the velocity of lightning, and, falling upon the floor of the shaft below, boiled in foam down the declivity into the recesses of the tunnel with a sullen roar that reverberated from arch to arch in the deep cavern as if there were a thousand wild beasts drowning in the flood below. The hollow deep roared as if in pain; the workmen assembled around the pit and replied with a shout of exultation.




THE SIPHON FOR FLOODING THE MINE.

The day was theirs; all dangers of the horrible cave with its 52,000 lbs. of deadly explosive had been safely overcome, and they exulted in their triumph, Three cheers were given for General Newton, Captain Mercur, for Barney Boyle, and for Mr. Streidinger, and a final shout was sent up in aspiration for a successful blast. Brief speeches were made by Captain Mercur and by Mr. Streidinger, in response, and the men dispersed after partaking of some refreshments provided for them. Dispatches were sent to Washington declaring the work completed. The water rose 16½ inches in the excavation during the first hour, and by the following afternoon the whole mine was flooded.

Sunday, September 24th, at 2:50 P. M., was fixed for the explosion, unavoidable delays having compelled a postponement, but the dangers, after the charging was complete, requiring prompt action.

At 2:40 the tug-boat *Star* landed at the dock Mrs. General Newton, and her nurse carrying the baby, all under escort of Lieutenant Willard.

The boom of the second gun came across the water, giving warning that but ten minutes remained to complete the work. General Newton and his assistant were seen to descend from the bombproof toward the launch—evidence that the last task, that of connecting the wires, had been accomplished. As the launch left the side of the dam and steamed toward the "firing-point," word was passed that the last man had abandoned the mine, and that everything was ready for the climax. When within a few feet of the shanty, General Newton sprang to the gangway and thence to the shore. Going into the hut, he first unpacked and adjusted the instrument. Then lifting the blue-eyed baby to the table, he said, "Do you know what you are going to do, Mary?"

Boom! broke the report of the third signal-gun upon the air. The moment had arrived. Every member of the little group held his breath as Lieutenant Willard, running out upon the pier, waved a handkerchief for the last signal to Colonel Abbott, and then sprang back inside the hut. The chubby fist of the baby-girl was stretched toward the key amid a silence like that of death. An instant of terrible suspense—two—three; the child had withdrawn her arm in fright at the general hush and looked inquiringly at her father.

"Now, Mary!" he said, and, seizing the tiny hand, he drew it toward the key. Click! and the mine had exploded, the earth quivered an instant, while a grand crown of water, boiling white at the crest, rose majestically from the mine, while a thunder-clap smote the air. Another convulsion, with jets rising here and there out of the crest—the black

mud at the bottom showing now, with masses of rock and timber struggling amid the chaos. Then a second report, duller than the first, rumbled along the water. The next second, and the mass had tumbled foaming to its place, sending a wave circling into the river; and the greatest work of engineering skill had been successfully accomplished.

to ride safely there. The great obstacle was thoroughly and cleanly removed, and Newton's channel became a blessing to vessels.

The work of removing the remains of the rock was at once begun, and the patient engineer commenced his labors at Flood Rock and other obstructions, the removal of which will give New York a safe and shorter route to Europe by

THE MINE FIRED BY LITTLE MARY NEWTON.

The result justified all General Newton's forecast. The shock was not felt sensibly at any great distance, and no damage was done to any property either on Long Island or in New York. But the effect on the rock was all that had been desired. The rocky roof and support were broken into small fragments, and the water, even while these remained heaped on the bottom of the river, was so deep as to allow vessels

fifty miles, though some think that the benefit will be confined chiefly to the coasting trade. Meanwhile the removing of the exploded rock and clearing of the bottom of the channel are going rapidly on. Even now, with the bottom covered with irregular heaps of stone, the new channel has greatly diminished the dangerous eddies, and gives pilots passing Hallett's Point over 200 feet more room.

## AUTOMATIC GAS APPARATUS.

WHENEVER a waste product makes its appearance in the course of scientific research, immediately many investigators attack it, and decline to leave it alone until some use for it is discovered. Such was the fate of the gasoline, or inflammable ether, that had to be distilled off from petroleum to avoid the danger from explosions in the lamps of innocent consumers. This gasoline was for a long time a drug on the market, and, being very cheap, it was frequently iniquitously used to extend kerosene, thereby rendering that liquid highly explosive. Happily, some one found a way of using it in the manufacture of gas. To make a good illuminating gas without fuel and without distillation was a great boon for the country where there are no gas companies.

By blowing atmospheric air through gasoline it takes up enough of the inflammable vapor to become illuminating, and a very simple contrivance, wound up like a clock, is all that is necessary to complete the operation. The tubing for conveying the gas, the jets, and burners are the same as are commonly in use in cities.

A barrel of gasoline will suffice to carburet several thousand feet of air, and the cost by the thousand cubic feet is much less than the same amount of light could be secured in any other way. In countries where petroleum is abundant, the air-gas is likely to find great favor wherever it is understood.

## CENTRIFUGAL FILTERS.

THERE have been few inventions of late years which have attracted more notice than the centrifugal filters employed in various industries. In the form employed for filtering liquids—the sides of the cylinders are made of fine wire guaze and the liquid to be filtered is poured into the interior. The cylinder is thus made to revolve with great rapidity, and by the action of centrifugal force the contents of the inner vessel are soon thrown out.

In the case of sugar, the outer jacket of water is omitted, and the moisture is removed from the sugar in a few moments.

The same apparatus is now also employed for drying clothes. The linen from the wash is put into the cylinder, and by rapid revolution all moisture is expelled. The water is actually thrown out of the clothes by centrifugal force. The same principle is also employed for the separation of liquids of different densities. Experience has shown that it is necessary to have this form of drying machines made very strong. Several have been known to explode in sugar-houses, causing not a little damage.

## SELF-REGISTERING RAIN-GAUGE.

THE usual apparatus for measuring the amount of rain consists of a graduated vessel into which the rain either falls or is subsequently poured for measurement. Sometimes the measure runs over in the night or is neglected, and the observation on the quantity is erroneous.

M. Mangon has obviated all difficulty by the insertion of a self-registering apparatus, so constructed that not only the amount of rain is recorded, but the time is also accurately noted.

A piece of paper is made to revolve between two cylinders, and a pencil attached to a plunger makes a diagram of the amount of rain in a permanent form. As the paper is moved by clock-work, the hour of the heaviest and of the lightest rain is noted, as well as the quantity. It is not unlike an instrument invented for a like purpose by Mr. Daniel Draper, of the Central Park Observatory, New York.

## RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

ARTIFICIAL IVORY.—A sort of artificial ivory, which can be carved or molded, is prepared in Berlin, by mixing phosphate of lime entimately with gutta-percha.

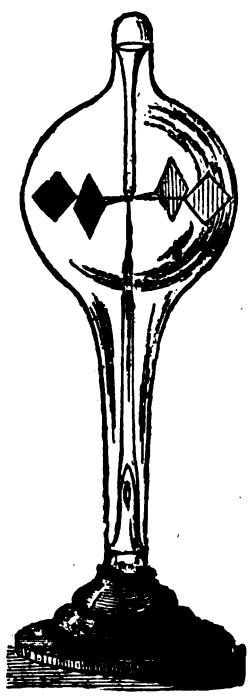
DEPTH OF THE PACIFIC.—Professor Wyville Thomson reports that between Hawaii and Tahiti the depth of the Pacific ranged between 2,000 and 3,000 fathoms, with one exception of 1,525 fathoms, and has a mean of 2,600. The bottom is mainly red clay, and the fauna is very meagre.

OZONE FOR DISINFECTING.—A convenient mixture for evolving ozone can be made by taking equal parts of binoxide of manganese, permanganate of potash, and oxalic acid. When this mixture of the dry substances is projected into water, ozone is quickly generated. For a room of moderate size, two spoonfuls of this powder, placed in a dish and occasionally diluted with water, would be sufficient. The ozone disinfects the surrounding air without producing coughing.

NOVEL MODE OF CHURCH-WARMING.—The Cathedral at Baden-Baden is warmed in Winter by the water from the hot mineral springs in the immediate neighborhood. In the Summer, these springs are visited by invalids in search of health; in Winter the water from them is led by copper piping beneath the flooring of the cathedral, and distributed as in ordinary systems of hot-water warming. A constant temperature of about 76 deg. Fah. is thus kept up without expense. The piping was put in last Summer.

PRINTERS' INK FROM GAS-WELLS.—A burning well at Cumberland, Ohio, is utilized in the manufacture of lamp-black by allowing the gas to burn against soap-stone plates, on which the carbon is deposited in the form of soot. By a neat mechanical arrangement, the soot is scraped off and deposited in large tin boxes about three feet long, a foot and a half wide, and a foot and a half deep, Scrapers are passed along the soap-stone plates every twenty minutes, and the boxes are filled on their fourth passage. A fine black carbon is thus procured.

CROOKE'S RADIOMETER.—Very much has appeared in the scientific journals in reference to the supposed mechanical action of light. In order to show this action, Dr. Crookes, of London, has invented an instrument shown in the cut which he calls a radiometer. Pith-balls are suspended on a needle-point, so as to encounter the least possible friction, and they are mounted in a receiver from which the air is nearly exhausted. One side of the pith is blackened and the other left in its natural condition. If a ray of light be allowed to impinge upon the blackened pith, a sort of repulsion takes place, and the vane begins to revolve with great rapidity and considerable force. Dr. Crookes is disposed to call this the mechanical action of light, while other physicists take the ground that the absorption of heat by the blackened surface occasions expansion, and that it is the mechanical action of heat, and not light, that causes the instrument to revolve. In the meantime the doctors disagree, and we must wait further experiments.



CROOKES'S RADIOMETER.

THE KEELY MOTOR.—The *Scientific American* loses no opportunity to proclaim the true character of the Keely motor. It turns out to be the perpetual motion in disguise. Water is vaporized mechanically, without the aid of heat, and the expense of fuel is thus saved. This water, after it has performed its allotted work upon the engine, is recondensed into its former state, and again becoming vaporized, starts anew upon its mission of mighty power. Five gallons of water is sufficient for an engine of 100-horse power, and this amount once supplied, there is no further expense beyond the wear and tear of machinery. Such is the extraordinary claim of the Keely motor, in which only believers in the perpetual motion will put any faith, and they, of course, are ready to believe anything.

MEMOIR OF CAROLINE HERSCHEL.—After the death of her illustrious brother, Sir William Herschel, in 1822, Caroline Herschel returned to her native town of Hanover, Germany. She was already seventy-two years of age, and, considering her days as numbered, she wished to go home to die. But she was spared many years (1822 to 1848), and while she lived kept up an active correspondence with her nephew, Sir John F. W. Herschel and other astronomers of the world. This correspondence, which has now been published, affords an interesting picture of the pure scientific world in which she moved. If she had remained in England we should not have had these letters, and this is the compensation for the loss of the more active scientific life she would have had if she had remained in England. It is a most interesting biography.

A NEW TEST FOR BORACIC ACID.—Mr. M. W. Iles, assistant in the qualitative laboratory of the School of Mines of Columbia College, while making some researches in nickel and cobalt, was led, on the suggestion of Professor Joy, to try the action of glycerine in modifying the ordinary results obtained with these metals. Mr. Iles was surprised to find that when nickel and cobalt on a borax bead were dipped in glycerine and gently heated, a fine green color made its appearance. As this color could hardly be supposed to come from such non-volatile metals as nickel and cobalt, the experiment was repeated with borax and glycerine alone, when the same phenomenon made its appearance, and the conclusion was arrived at that the color must have come from the boracic acid. As soon as this important reaction was discovered, Mr. Iles at once proceeded to test its efficacy with minerals known to contain small quantities of boracic acid, and always with the most satisfactory results. Datholite, finely pulverized and previously partially decomposed by sulphuric acid, readily yielded the green color on a bead with glycerine—also tourmaline and boro-natro-calcite. The test was applied to a series of borates, always with the same success; and in some instances where the presence of boracic acid was not revealed by the ordinary methods, it was at once discovered by the new test. When a borax bead, previously dipped in glycerine, is burned in a Bunsen burner before the slit of a spectroscope, the characteristic four green bands of the boron spectrum are at once brought out in all their perfection. The presence of copper and barium salts are found not to mask the action of glycerine on borax. A comparison of the new test with the results to be obtained with Turner's test; with alcohol and sulphuric acid; and with turmeric paper, showed incontestably that glycerine applied in the manner previously described affords a more delicate reaction than any method hitherto discovered by chemists. The simplicity of it, the cheapness of the material, and the ease with which it can be applied, are greatly in its favor. It is an important contribution to the flame reactions of Professor Bunsen, and will be highly prized wherever it is known.

PHOTOGALVANOGRAPHY.—Joseph Leipold proposes the following method of taking an electrotype directly from a photographic print: A plate of white glass is coated as even as possible with a mixture of 15 grs. of gum (Cox gelatin?) dissolved in 3 ozs. of water, 2 grs of bichrome dissolved in 1½ grs. of water, 1 gr. of silver nitrate dissolved in 1½ oz. of water, and ½ gr. potassium iodide dissolved in 1 oz. of water; add a little glacial acetic acid to the mixture. The sensitive plate should be dried at 36 deg. C. for some hours, and then exposed to the air in a dark room. The plate is exposed in the printing frame 3 to 5 hours in diffused light. Develop with 15 parts water mixed with 1 part alcohol. A cast is taken with a mixture of 425 parts spermaceti, 200 parts stearic acid, 170 white wax, 70 asphalt, and 70 graphite. The cast is brushed with a soft hair pencil to remove irregularities, and then dusted over with finely powdered graphite, and an electrotype taken in the usual way.

POWERFUL ANTISEPTIC FROM SALICYLIC ACID AND BORAX.—Salicylic acid combined with boracic acid as an antiseptic is more powerful than when used alone. If 6.9 parts salicylic acid are dissolved by boiling in 100 parts water; 2 89 parts bi-carbonate of soda added, and after the effervescence has ceased, 3.58 parts boracic, stirred in, a solution is obtained which causes no precipitate. Such a proportion possesses antiseptic properties in the highest degree, and can be largely diluted for most purposes. Soda can be dispensed with by taking 1.5 parts salicylic acid, 3.6 boracic acid, and 100 parts water. As this is not a poisonous mixture, its use can be advantageously extended to the preservation of many articles of diet, as well as to stop the fermentation of cider and milk.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1878.—The commission having in charge this important enterprise have issued proposals for the buildings, and have agreed upon a system of classification. They have divided all of the products and objects to be shown into twenty groups. 1. Fine Arts; 2. Education; 3. Mining; 4. Chemistry; 5. Leather and Furs; 6. Textile Products; 7. Clothing; 8. Pottery; 9. Furniture; 10. Jewelry; 11. Instruments of Precision; 12. Photography; 13. Engineering; 14. War and Marine; 15. Sanitary; 16. Food; 17. Machines; 18. Agriculture; 19. Horticulture; 20. Inventions for the Improvement of Mankind.

SODA LAKES.—Mr. Pontey, geologist of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, describes two soda lakes in Wyoming Territory, the largest of which covers about 200 acres. The other covers about 3½ acres, and during the greater part of the year it is a concrete mass of carbonate of soda crystals. The soda is nearly all carbonate, and in quality it is said to be fully equal to the imported article. Already companies have been organized for the working of this new source of soda.

THE MAKING OF DOCTORS.—Germany, with a population of 42,000,000, last year graduated 660 physicians, rejecting 180 applicants. In the same time the United States, with a population of 40,000,000, graduated 3,000 physicians, and remorselessly turned them loose upon the community. In this country the supply is likely soon to exceed the demand.

MINING IN ALGIERS.—About one-fifth of the total mining product of France is obtained from Algiers. The Aures Mountains teem with mineral wealth, which has yet to be developed. The French Consul visited them last year, and reports not a single European to be found there.

DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY BY INSECTS.—Dr. C. V. Riley, of St. Louis, estimates the loss of property in the United States caused by insects at $100,000,000 per annum. The chief depredators are the cotton worm, the locust, the phylloxera, the moth, and silk parasite.

## ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

MEN OF MARK.—Branded felons.

SHORT OF CHANGE.—The man with but one shirt.

CARPETS are bought by the yard and worn by the foot.

THE chief use of an old bachelor is to count one in the census.

ANOTHER St. Patrick is wanted in Ireland, as a snake has been discovered in County Wicklow.

CON. FROM CONNAUGHT.—Av ye plaze, sorr, when ought a monk to sit by a fire? Shure, when he's cowl'd.

PITY the weakness of the proud young man who boasted that he was the teacher of a Sunday-school class of young ladies, every one of whom wore six-buttoned kid gloves. Also pity the young ladies.

NOT A DOUBT OF IT.—"She makes all the conquests she desires," said a gentleman of a reigning belle to a lady. "True," was the sharp response, "but she'd give all her slaves for one master."

"AUNT JULIA," said a blooming girl of seventeen, "what is necessary in order to write a good love-letter?"—"Well," replied the aunt, "you must begin without knowing what you mean to say, and finish without knowing what you have written."

"I DON'T see how you can have been working all day like a horse," exclaimed the wife of a lawyer, her husband having declared that he had been thus working. "Well, my dear," he replied, "I've been drawing a conveyance all day, anyhow."

THE TENDER MERCIES OF WOMAN.—*Husband:* "My dear, why are you making such an elaborate toilet? Now that you are married you need not dress to please the men." *Wife:* "I don't dress to please the men, my dear, but to worry other women."

A LITTLE boy said at the breakfast-table, "Pa, I want some milk." "Is that the way to ask for anything?" inquired the aggrieved parent. The child hung his head. "How have you been told to ask?" was the next inquiry. "Pa," said the young extenuator, in a subdued voice, "it makes my throat sore to say 'Please.'"

NOT PARTICULAR TO A HUNDRED OR TWO.—Old people are notoriously vain of their age. There is a story of a very venerable crone, the inmate of a poorhouse in Scotland, who, on being asked how old she was, exclaimed, with evident feeling, "I dinna ken, but I'm a thousan' at ony rate."

OF A KIDNEY.—*Bill:* "Well, Jacob, I never could understand how you got off that 'ere tatur stealin'. The case were as clear as a bell agin you." *Jacob:* "I doan't think as I should 'a got off, not even 'ere, Bill; but doan't 'ee see, every one o' them same jurymen had 'ad some o' them same taturs!"

A LAWYER meeting a client who, being under indictment for grand larceny, was about to run away, said, "Don't be hasty; I'll get a stay of proceedings for you." "But I don't want my proceedings to be stayed," replied the client; "I want to proceed out of the country as soon as possible."

A CONNECTICUT peddler, calling upon an old lady to dispose of some goods, inquired of her if she could tell him any road that no peddler had ever traveled? "Yes," said she, "I know of one, and only one, that no peddler has traveled" (the peddler's countenance brightened); "and that's the road to heaven."

AN ANGLER'S PATIENCE.—A person, late on Saturday afternoon, hailed an elderly gentleman, as he was skillfully essaying the wily fisherman's art for trout, with "Hallo, there! Got anything?"—"Of course not; I only came here last Wednesday!" was the reply, as the patient angler once more cast his patent fly.

"HOW IS one to get rid of poor relations?" asked a New York millionaire of a friend. "I declare," he continued, "if they're not just like my fits of the gout; the oftener they come the longer they stay." "Well, then," responded the friend, "you should resort to the same means of getting rid of them—thin diet!"

HARDLY COMPLIMENTARY TO AUNTY.—A maiden lady said to her little nephew, "Now, Johnny, you go to bed early, and always do so, and you'll be rosy-cheeked and handsome when you grow up." Johnny thought over this a few minutes, and then observed, "Well, aunty, you must have sat up a good deal when you were young."

AN IRISH DISCUSSION.—A contractor who was building a tunnel on a certain railroad observed one morning that the face of a member of his gang was disfigured with bruises and plasters. "Hallo, Jimmy," said he, "what have you been doin'?"—"Not varey much, sorr," answered Jimmy. "I was jist down at Bill Mulligan's last night, sorr, an' him an' me had a bit av a discooshen wid sticks!"

VIEWING IT DIFFERENTLY.—An old pioneer, who believed that "what was to be would be," lived in a region infested by Indians. He always took his gun with him; and once, finding that some of his family had borrowed it, he would not go without it. His friends rallied him, saying that there was no danger of the Indians, as anyhow he would not die till his time came. "Yes," said old Leatherstocking, "but suppose I was to meet an Indian, and his time was come, it wouldn't do not to have my gun."

LANDSCAPE AND ANIMALS.—FROM A PAINTING BY TROYON.

TRIFLES MAKE PERFECTION.—A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work. His friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed: "You have been idle since I saw you last." "By no means," replied the sculptor, "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "but all these are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

THE CONVENT GARDEN.—FROM A PAINTING BY CURZON.

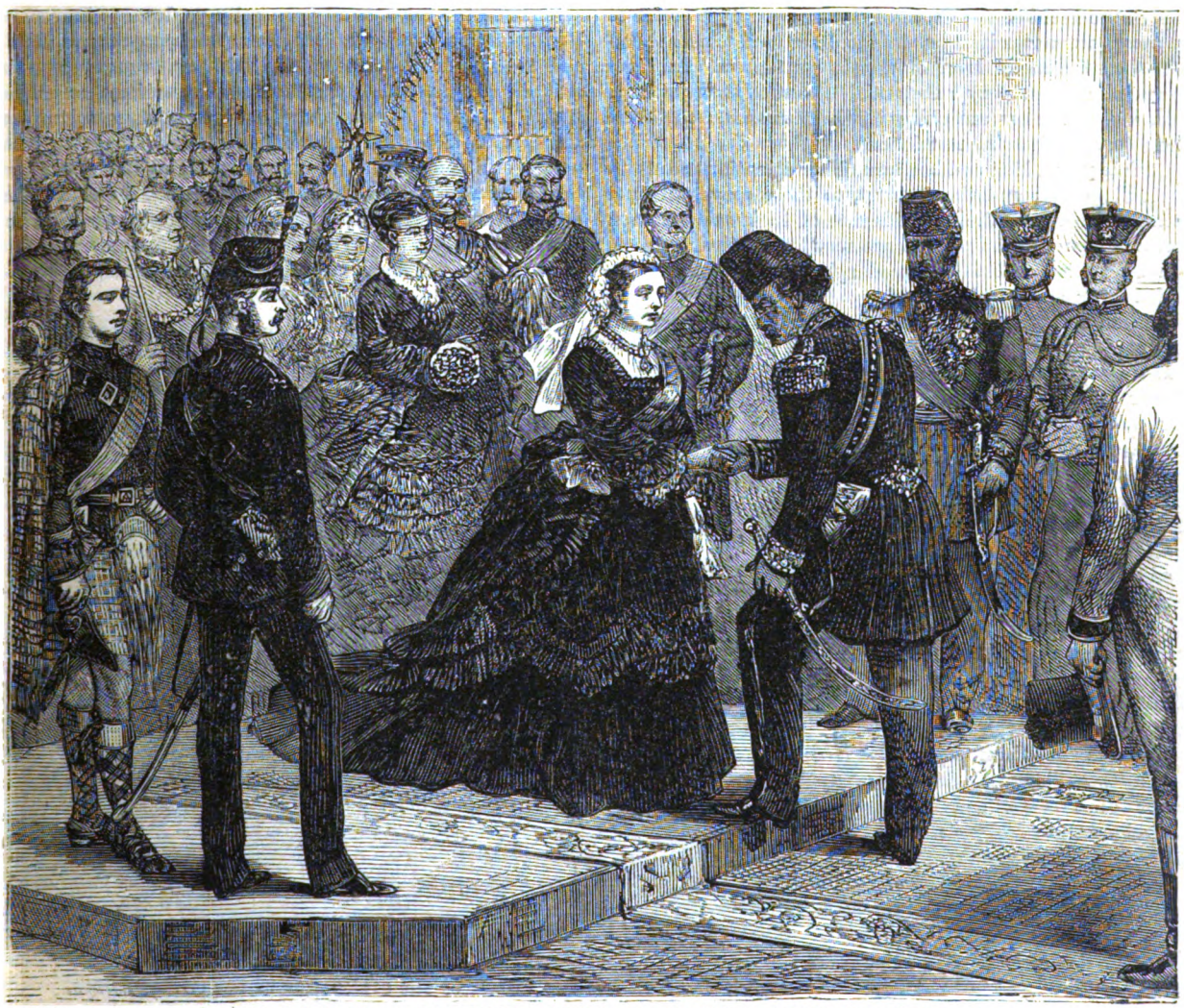
BRINGING HOME THE CHRISTMAS GREENS.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

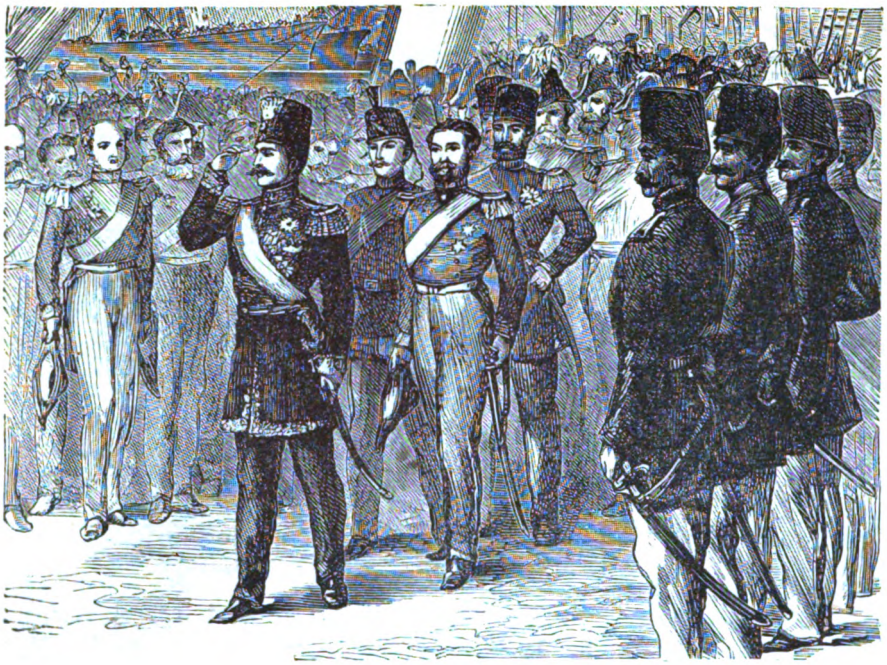
VOL. II.—No. 6. DECEMBER, 1876. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

# RECEPTION OF ROYAL PERSONAGES AND OF ENVOYS IN ENGLAND.

BY LADY BLANCHE MURPHY.



THE SHAH OF PERSIA'S VISIT TO ENGLAND—QUEEN VICTORIA RECEIVING HIS HIGHNESS AT THE SOVEREIGN'S ENTRANCE, WINDSOR CASTLE.



THE SHAH LANDING AT DOVER.

## RECEPTION OF ROYAL PERSONAGES AND OF ENVOYS IN ENGLAND.

THIS is not the day of magnificent pageants, or of meetings of the Field of the Cloth of Gold; sovereigns prefer to go *incog.*, whenever it is possible to do so, and to put themselves on the social level of simple gentlemen. And yet there remains a very substantial show of conventional splendor, and kings are obliged still to submit, upon occasions, to very tiresome restrictions.

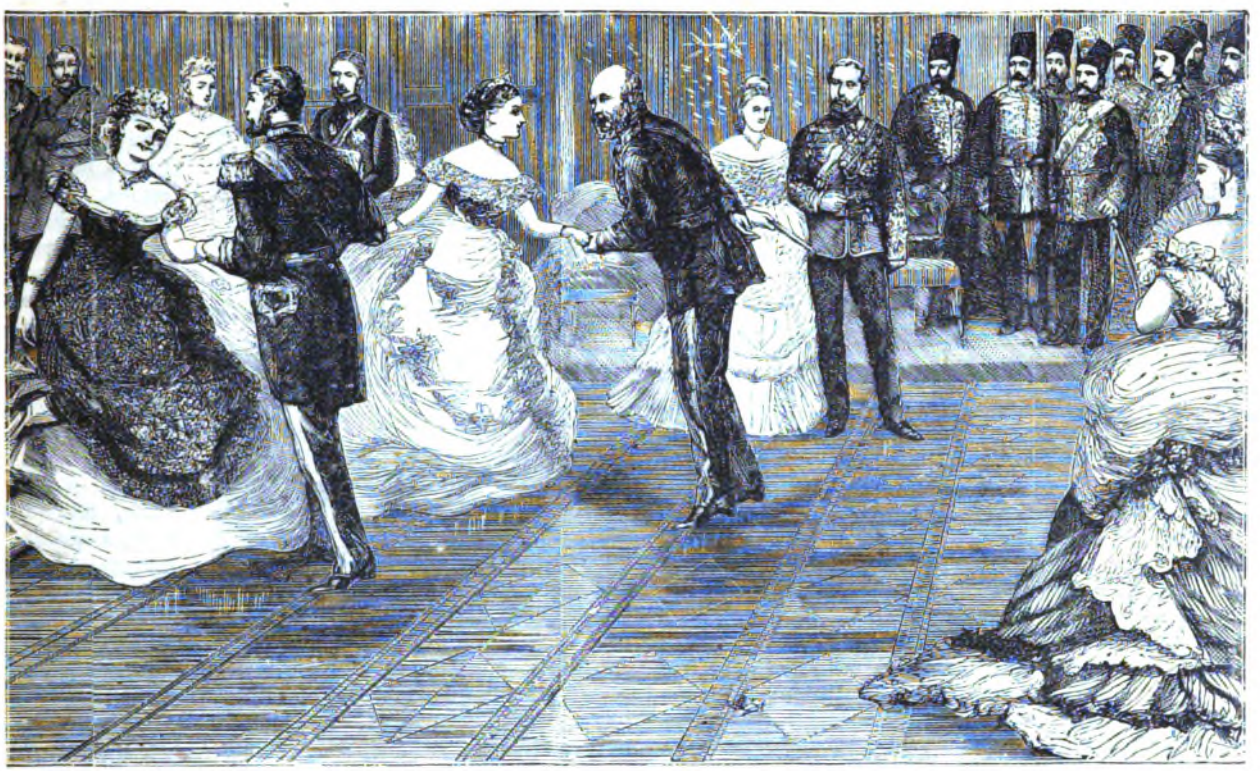
Of late years, England has turned her attention mostly to Oriental guests; and the contrast, to these grave, absolute monarchs, between the magnificence of their own common surroundings and the picturesque servility of their subjects and attendants, and the labored splendor and badly concealed "free-and-easy" style of European receptions, must be very striking.

If it were not for the remains of our Old World costumes—our antiquated stateliness of etiquette, our clinging to obsolete fashions representing things whose spirit has changed, our fortunate æsthetic conservatism, in a word—the Oriental would be shocked beyond measure by our modern life. To eyes, however, used rather to the everyday unobtrusiveness of royalty than to the occasional Court and city pageants, which the younger performers in them secretly vote a "bore," the gala-days in honor of Eastern and other sovereigns were really a splendid sight. Of course there is a good deal of repetition in these things, but to the newcomer, and to the object of royal and civic hospitality, this naturally does not occur.

At one time there was an outcry made against the shabbiness of English public hospitality as contrasted with the princely reception of even common subjects by Eastern sovereigns, and there was some foundation for this outcry. I believe it was the Khédive of Egypt to whom Lord Dudley offered the use of his house and servants during his stay in England some seven or eight years ago, because no royal palace had been placed, as was expected, at his disposal. One constantly hears of foreign potentates or ambassadors being at such and such a hotel, which scarcely sounds dignified, and which, in a lower rank of life, putting the respective relations of the guest and host in the light, say, of sportsman visiting sportsman, would never occur. But of late years this has been remedied to some degree, and the Queen herself has taken part in the entertainments given to foreign princes. The late Sultan, Abdul-Aziz, had one of the most magnificent and lengthened receptions ever known. This was in 1867.

Some of the royal family generally go down to Dover, or Portsmouth, or wherever the guest lands, to receive him; and the mayor of the town, the military, or any person in authority in the place, go there too, in uniform or official garb. There is an abundance of music, flags, triumphal arches, etc. The first impression is one of gayety, prosperity, excitement; the next is probably one of wonder, as the Eastern sovereign takes his place in the London train. Sometimes a royal car is brought down on purpose for him, sometimes only a saloon carriage, and the foreigner sees the train at its best. The hurry of the London streets, the bustle

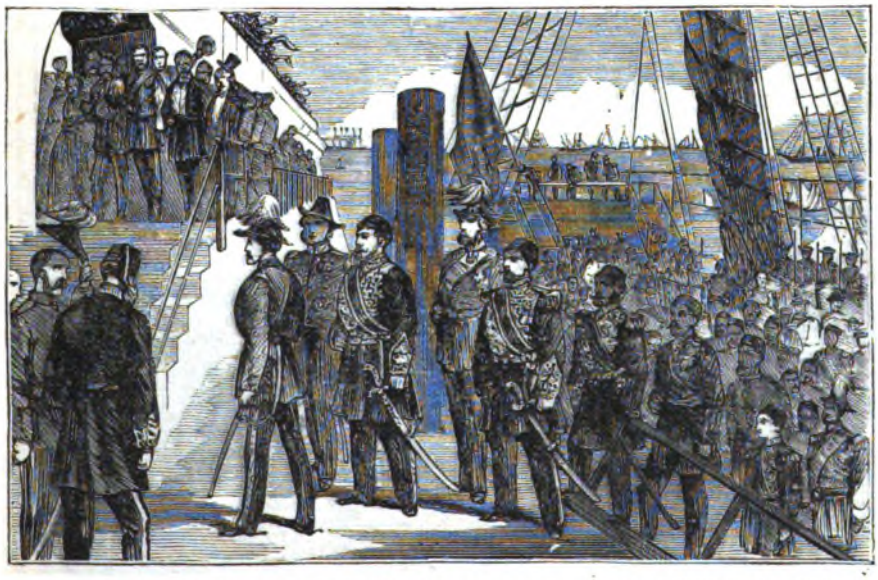
THE SHAH REPLYING TO THE ADDRESS OF THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON.



THE STATE BALL GIVEN TO THE SHAH AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE—A ROYAL QUADRILLE.

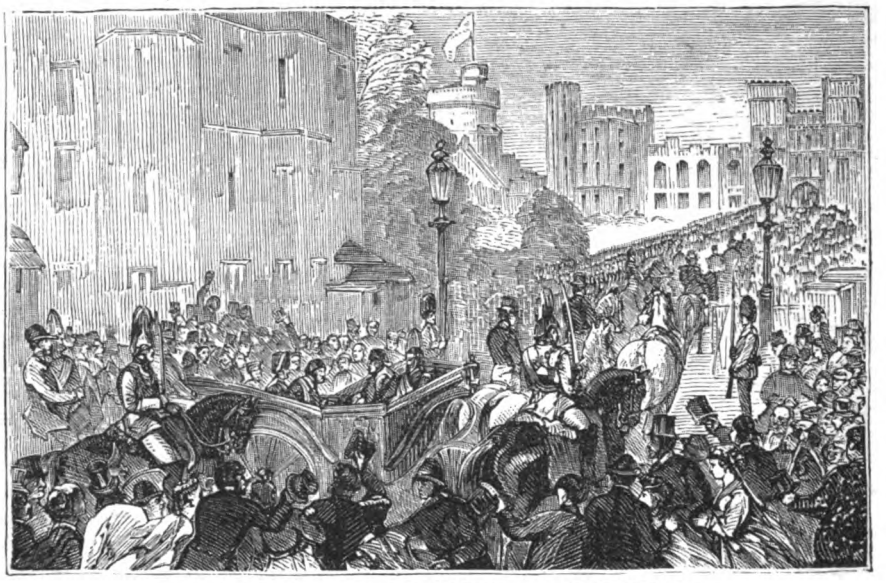
and crowd, must make him feel dizzy, and of course the prominence of unvailed women is strange to him. He need expect no truce to entertainments as long as he is in the country; if he came to see and admire and imitate, he certainly has ample opportunity; if he came to talk over matters of state, his object must be difficult to attain amid the whirl of amusement. It is generally whispered that the royal victim is wearied, and often made ill, by this perpetual and officious attention; indeed, he often, and sometimes his hosts, looks bored and fagged.

The inevitable visit to Guildhall is usually one of the most conspicuous occasions of festivity. If anything European is still stately and splendid, it is such a reception as this. There is something familiar in a review, something common and unpoetic in a royal banquet or ball, but at the Guildhall everything becomes transfigured in the light of the past. This sultan might almost be Saladin; this lord mayor, Sir William Walworth, of the Fishmongers' Company, or John, of Northampton, the turbulent draper, or any other of the mediæval mayors whose power was so great that they could close the gates and the passes of the city against the king. The rich crimson cloth and velvet robe, the broad, sparkling gold chain over the ermine tippet, that distinguish the lord mayor, accord better with one's recollections of Scott's novels than with the prosaic British *pater-familias* whose person is concealed under this mediæval grandeur. You forget the trim, stiff white collar, dress-coat, and tight trowsers of to-day, in the wealth of beautiful costumes, the dark-red cloth robes of aldermen and others with tall, white wands, the picturesque dresses of underlings and servants of the city companies, the plumes and gilding of the still rather old-fashioned English uniforms, amid which those of one of the volunteer regiments seem quite American in their plainness; the heavy carved paneling, the queer, historic giants, Gog and Magog, the musicians' gallery, high up behind a sculptured grating, the troops of be-wigged, be-powdered footmen of the guests, the masses of exotics, and, rarer still, the masses of gold and silver plate accumulated by the city for seven or eight hundred years.



VISIT OF THE SULTAN OF TURKEY TO ENGLAND—HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY LANDING AT DOVER.

I can imagine nothing more perfect, artistically speaking, than these Guildhall *fêtes*, but still, since they are but man-made



VISIT OF THE SULTAN TO HER MAJESTY, AT WINDSOR, ENGLAND.

there must be flaws, and here, as in general, the toilets of the women are a drawback. The inherent bad taste of the ordinary Englishwoman is here fully displayed; the most inharmonious colors, the most exaggerated shapes, the most unbecoming head-dresses, abound. Nor is it much better at the royal balls: the absurd conventionalism of dress in England spoils all. Old women, with bare necks and arms, remind you of the Fates, and the respect due to age is destroyed by the evident homage that age unduly pays to fashion. Hideous erections of heavy velvet and feathers conceal the scanty hair, and press upon the forehead; and young women have corresponding flaws in their dress which the peach-like complexions and golden hair that so attracted the Eastern sovereigns can hardly excuse in the eyes of an artist.

Pity that there remains no national or traditional costume for the wives of officials, as in Hungary, where the ladies wear the old costume at court; or in Rome, where the rule was for all women to wear black, with a vail over the head, when gathered either for religious or secular purposes at the Vatican. The best show of court dresses in England is at a "drawing-room," when the Court is in half-mourning, and nothing but black, white, gray, violet, lavender and lilac is allowed. Then, indeed, the eye may be pleased.

The Guildhall entertainment to the Sultan consisted of the presentation of an address and the freedom of the city in a gold box of beautiful workmanship, a concert of an hour's duration, a supper, and a ball. The Sultan led the Lady Mayoress in to supper, and the Lord Mayor the Turkish Ambassador's eldest daughter. The latter and her sisters figured on this occasion as the daughters of a sovereign.

The next great *fête* was given at the new India Office, in Downing Street, and was in all respects the very opposite of the city reception. Here all was light, airy, flowery, arabesquy, modern. The courtyard was roofed in, and served as a dancing-hall, while the galleries around were like the boxes of an immense theatre. Shrubs and flowers of rare color and leafage, and foreign perfume, filled every available corner—it was fairy-like, but not magnificent. This was simply a ball and supper. The visit to old Windsor, on the other hand, was stately enough.

Once "the Turk" was never mentioned but as the "infidel," and the enemy of all true knights; now his standard hangs among those of the Knights of the Garter in St. George's Chapel. Knighthood is but the shell of its former self, a barren, complimentary gift, attached rather to high rank than to high merit; not the grand old reality it was in the days when Money was not yet king.

A more modern scene was the naval review, when the Sultan embarked at Portsmouth, on board a barge manned by twelve British tars, in full dress, with "oars presented," and was rowed out toward the royal yacht, whence he saw the great old men-of-war, with the yards all manned, a sham fight, the trial of modern guns, the show of ironclads and monitors, and examined the engines, decks, and other curiosities of a British ship. A peaceful contrast to this were the fountains and fireworks at the Crystal Palace. Sydenham is always at hand for a day's amusement of a royal guest, and well worth seeing it is. The play of the huge fountains (for half an hour costing £300) rivals Versailles, and it is said the occasional fireworks rival Italy.

RECEPTION OF THE SULTAN AT GUILDHALL, LONDON.

About the same time as the Sultan, the Khédive, his nominal vassal, also visited London. I think he had been there once before, and has again, since. A military review was held at Windsor for him; and as he came ready to learn all European ways, and to improve, on their model, his own institutions, he was

an attentive and interested spectator.

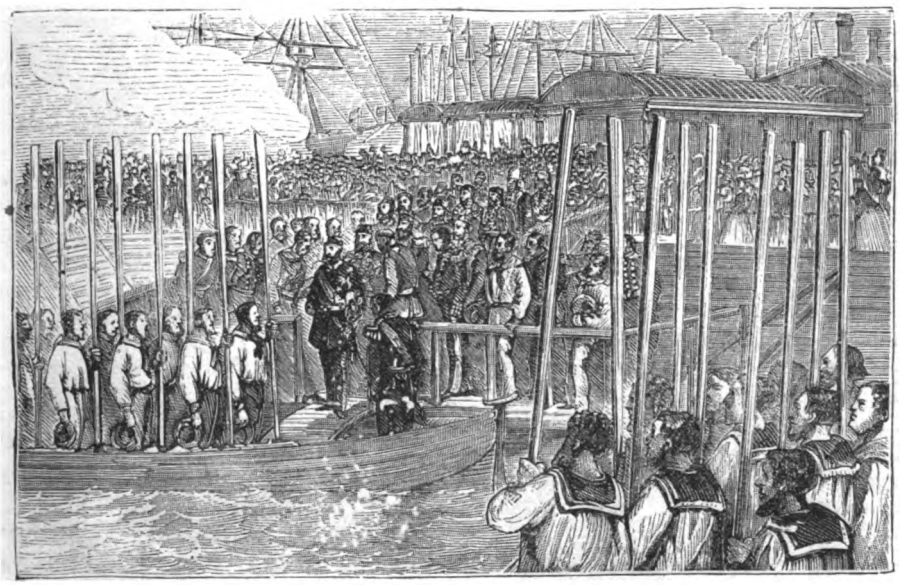
Perhaps the mere festivities were less pleasant to him, but he had to submit to them, both from sovereign and subject. The Duke of Sutherland entertained him at Stafford House, which is among the few London residences that deserve to be called palaces. It is a modern, Italian-looking house, with a wide hall, and easy, double stairway, leading to saloons and galleries, reminding you of Venetian and Genoese life in the Middle Ages. As usual in English decorations, hot-house plants filled every space not devoted to moving about.

PRESENTATION OF THE ADDRESS OF THE CORPORATION OF LONDON TO THE SULTAN, AT GUILDHALL.

A band occupied one side of the lower steps, hosts of gorgeously-liveried servants stood around, while the Duke in plain evening-dress, and the Duchess in elaborate Parisian toilet, received the Viceroy with the honors due to a sovereign.

In the identical place, the republican, Garibaldi, in his simple red shirt and muddy trowsers, as rough as any typical Western miner, had received, a few years before, the same honors from the enthusiastic Duke.

It becomes difficult to make these descriptions interesting; they are so like one another. The Guildhall *fête*, freedom of the city, and gold box included, were repeated for the Khédive of Egypt, as they have since been for the Shah of Persia and the Sultan of Zanzibar, and also, no doubt, for the King of the Sandwich Islands. There seems to be little of a drawing of the line; and just as the English magnify an Abyssinian or an Ashantee war to the line of a serious campaign, so they exalt every strange kingling (and the stranger, the more royally exalted) into a mighty monarch, capable of doing England in his own country, cabalistic harm or good. Thus even Sir Salar Jung, the envoy of a prince no higher than many a small German sovereign, has been received with such exaggerated honors as to make a foreigner wonder at what price England holds her dukes and earls, landholders of half a county, and descended from chieftains whose antiquity shames that of the English royal family.



EMBARKATION OF THE SULTAN AT CLARENCE YARD, PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND, FOR THE NAVAL REVIEW.

Concerning what etiquette is usual at the private reception of a sovereign by the Queen, it is said that even the number of steps she advances to greet her guest, and the precise spot, whether head or foot of the stairs, is regulated by time-honored precedents.

The first reception of the Emperor of the French puzzled the Court heralds a good deal. Could he be called "my cousin"? could he step into the august circle of hereditary royalty on equal footing, he who had even failed to make his heir of royal birth, at least on one side? And then he had been so well known in England; as the writer, the adventurer, people had laughed at him and pitied him, and some had been kind to him, with that kindness that unconsciously involves a sense of superiority, and of the harmlessness of the recipient. The Queen herself had a strong prejudice against him, and against his wife. But it was necessary, diplomatically, that cordial relations should be established, and the pill was swallowed. Before she knew it, she was conquered by the irresistible spell which his worst enemies could not be blind to when in his presence, and ever afterwards the friendship between the two sovereigns was as real as apparent.

The Empress, too, won the Queen's heart, and now that a common sorrow has made her more than ever a friend, there is no intercourse truer and more comforting than that between these royal widows.

The first time the Czar Nicholas of Russia visited England, twenty years at least before the Crimean war, it is said that instead of sleeping in the gorgeous curtained bed provided for him,

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA'S VISIT TO ENGLAND—DEBARKATION AT DOVER.

he had his own camp-bed set up, and used that all the time; while nothing could induce his personal attendant, a gigantic Cossack, to give up sleeping on the mat outside his master's door.

The present Czar's visits, from his near relationship to the royal family, are less formal than those of his predecessor, but fashion requires that these occasions shall be not quite a family gathering.

Reviews are a matter of course, and, probably, to these sovereigns, are really interesting, but to the ladies of their families these military displays must be very irksome. The place chosen for this one was Aldershot, where the rush up-hill of the artillery formed a grand feature. Shall we call the banquet in St. George's Hall, Windsor, a softer pleasure? That unique music of the bag-pipes, discordant as it is to unaccustomed ears, and utterly unsuited to a room, however large, has anything but a sybaritish tendency It brings to mind, rather, the banquets of the days when rushes strewed the floor, and the lord, his retainers, knights, squires, pages, and servants all sat together at one long board, removable at will and hoisted upon common trestles, than the French dinners and fastidious exclusiveness of a modern court.

But the British Islands are the very home of conservatism, a museum of living or fossil antiquities, and so the same old custom that the Bruce encouraged is kept up in these days, both at court, at the "mess" of Scotch regiments, and often at the private meals of Scotch landholders.

The music is indescribable, certainly not agreeable, but very characteristic, with a flavor of the wild moors and mountains, and the piper's costume is picturesque in the extreme. Add to this, the antiquity of the traditional strains, and the associations connected with these national airs, and you will not wonder that every one who has heard them should be glad of the curious experience.

The journey of the Shah of Persia, three years [illegible] and his subsequently published diary, were interesting [illegible] fact of his coming, like the Khédive, to learn and imitate Western ways. How such transplanted civilization will work, unless very judiciously adapted to Eastern manners, is still a question, but we should never forget, as we are apt to do, that three or four of the most brilliant periods of civilization belong to Eastern races: for instance, the Assyrian supremacy; the Phœnician, with its daring and extended commerce; the glorious if short-lived period of

SCOTCH MUSIC AT THE ROYAL BANQUET TO THE CZAR, IN ST. GEORGE'S HALL, WINDSOR CASTLE.

Solomon's magnificence; the Caliphate of Bagdad, and the rule of the Arabs in Spain. Persia was at one time no contemptible rival to her neighbors in literature, manufactures, and commerce, but what has kept her down has chiefly been the form of her government, at the time when the impatient West was fighting against restraints, and breaking bonds at every step.

The Shah, like the rest of the Oriental visitors, wore a most European-looking uniform, only his Astrachan cap and dark complexion marking any difference between him and a European.

The landing at Dover was gorgeous, chiefly in a military way, and once in London, the same round of festivities described before took place. The Lord Mayor entertained him at Guildhall, and gave him the freedom of the city, and a supper at which oriental splendor was nearly successfully rivaled; the Court gave him a state ball at Buckingham Palace, in those spacious yet commonplace saloons whose monstrous decoration shows the decline of taste from the days of Elizabeth to those of Victoria, and the Royal family danced before him—unlike Queen Vashti—showing him that peculiarly European phase of an enjoyment of which a Turkish ambassador once wisely remarked, "that he wondered people cared to undertake such violent exercise themselves, when they could afford to hire others to do it for them."

The Queen received the Persian monarch at Windsor, at what is called the Sovereigns' Entrance, and they shook hands in English fashion. He looked always melancholy, reserved, and grave; but with a courtesy that no European can boast of, he, like all Eastern people, at once fell into the habits of the country, and never showed that vulgar surprise, mixed with lurking contempt, which distinguishes the British, and not seldom the American, tourist, when he comes across customs opposite to his own.

More interesting than the royal visits were the Shah's visits to factories and mills. It is this kind of thing that he wishes to have in his own country, those marvels of steam and fire that he looks at with more admiring eyes than the faint English counterpart of a gorgeousness which in its perfection is an everyday sight in his court. He sees and understands that this growing, filthy, unlovely town of Manchester coins more gold than he can spend in a year—this is the translation into reality of the fable of gnomes and dwarfs forging precious metals in the bowels of the earth; this whirr of machinery, and smell of oil and gas, and crowds of dirty, sturdy, shouting men and women, who are greeting him in their rude way, so unlike the awed silence and averted faces of his subjects at home—this, then, is the source and shell of the riches he sees in London, the stateliness of Court and Mansion House, and this quiet, plainly-dressed, gentlemanlike man, who shows him over the Egerton Cotton Mills, is practically a prince over this crowded population.

The Sultan of Zanzibar, of all the Oriental guests of the nation, was the most oriental in outward appearance. It seems he never put on the tight trowsers and closely-fitting uniform of Western cut, but always wore his beautiful, flowing robes, a scimetar hanging from his girdle, and the time-honored turban. As a diversion from the ordinary landings of sovereigns, he landed at Westminister

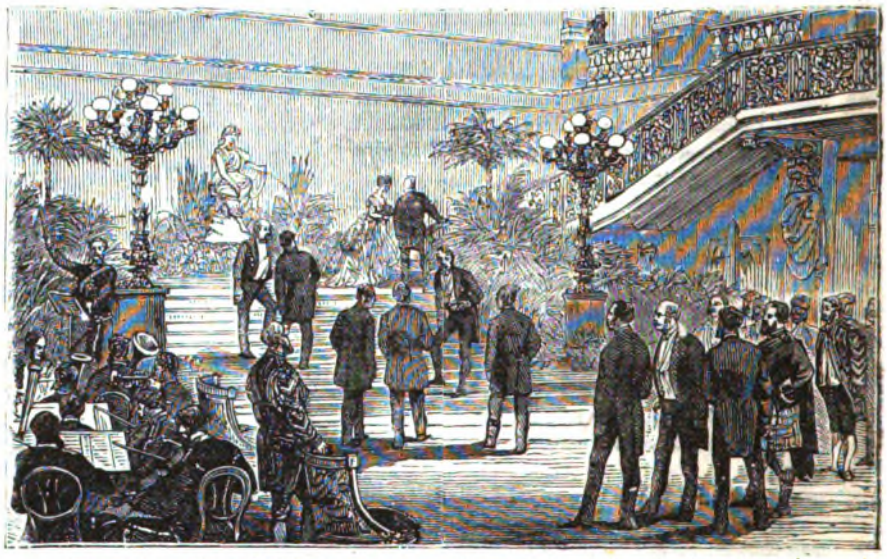
THE REVIEW AT ALDERSHOT BEFORE THE CZAR OF RUSSIA—THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY—A RUSH UP-HILL.

THE REVIEW AT WINDSOR, ENGLAND, IN HONOR OF THE KHÉDIVE OF EGYPT—THE ROYAL CARRIAGE.

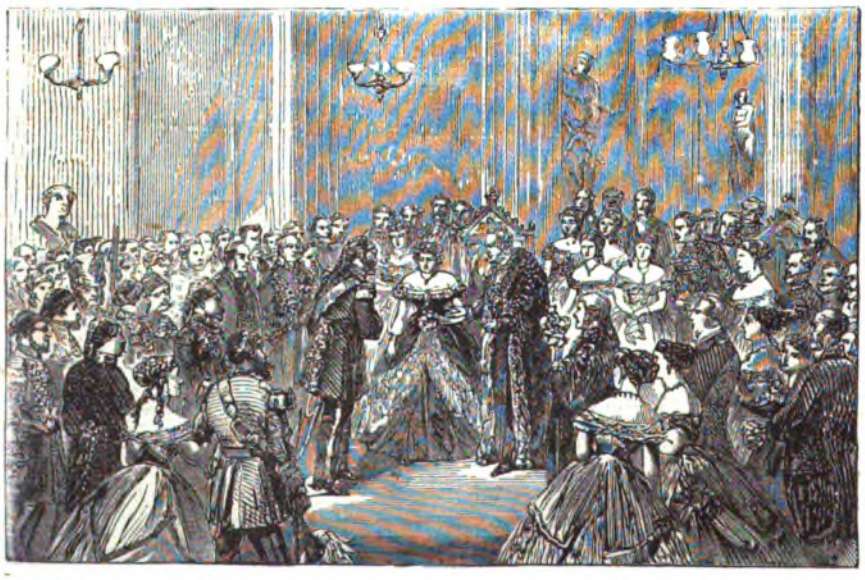
Palace stairs, having come up the Thames where, thanks to the new embankment and a few other recent improvements, the scene he saw was less likely than it would have been a few years ago to remind him of the plague-stricken slums of an Eastern city. Again, the same round of festivities was gone through, and if these amused the grave, portly Mussulman, so did the sight of him and his attendants amuse the people of London. For it is not to be forgotten that these receptions of foreign princes afford fully as much pleasure to the spectators as they do to the guest.

In London and the great, toiling cities, the people's pleasures are not very many, and those that have to be paid for are out of the reach of the majority, so that these shows and processions really fill the place of the Roman games, though it is not so clear what takes the place of the "bread" which the Roman populace so loudly, yet good-humoredly, called for.

The Sultan of Zanzibar visited, among other wonders, some of the famous factories at Birmingham, and also attended a pleasant garden-party near London, given him by Lady Frere, the wife of the traveler and explorer, Sir Bartle Frere. This was at Wressil Lodge, Wimbledon, a pretty London suburb. The Lodge was made gay with tents, flowers, streamers, flags and music, not to mention an elaborate breakfast or luncheon. At this party were gathered many of the members of the Royal Geographical and other scientific societies, philanthropists, and political economists; and, perhaps, more of the brains of the country than he had seen before.



RECEPTION OF THE KHÉDIVE OF EGYPT, BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, AT STAFFORD HOUSE, ENGLAND.



RECEPTION OF THE KHÉDIVE OF EGYPT BY THE LORD MAYOR, AT THE MANSION HOUSE, LONDON.

The address of welcome presented by the City of London to the Sultan of Zanzibar was contained in a gold box of oblong shape, with four square towers, each domed and turreted, ornamented on two sides with lions' heads in relief. One side of the box was covered by an enamel *plaque*, with a crest, monogram and Arabic motto, while on the other was engraved an appropriate inscription. The lid was a dome surmounted by the city arms, molded and chased in high relief. This work of art was by

Parnacott, a jeweler in New Bond Street, and was a favorable specimen of the majority of these presents to foreign sovereigns.

The late difficulties with Burmah about a proposed annexation of Indian territory, which England resisted, caused an embassy to be sent from the Burmese to London. It consisted of four high lords of Burmah, with attendants and interpreters. The Queen received them at Windsor Castle, and the interpreter read an address, flattering, conciliatory and unreliable. The real business is, of course, done with subordinates of the Crown, but the degree of honor shown their master in their persons is jealously watched and remembered by the envoys, and has a real bearing on the diplomatic discussions.

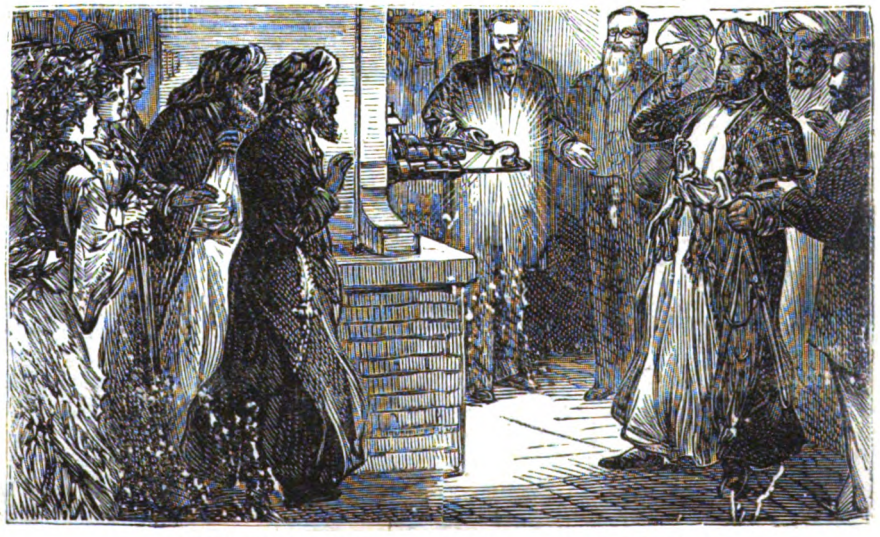
THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR AT LADY FRÈRE'S GARDEN PARTY, WRESSIL LODGE, WIMBLEDON COMMON.

SYED BURGASH BIN SAID, SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.

as San Francisco now does of Chinese; each year brings some new foreign visitor. Long ago the Queen of Oude came to claim protection and justice, and can scarcely be said to have obtained them; the son of the Emperor Theodore of Abyssinia was brought over as a ward of the nation to be educated like an Englishman; the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh is more of an Englishman than a Hindoo, and has his shooting-box in Scotland like any English gentleman; the brother of the Tycoon of Japan, Prince Tokugawa Minbutaiho, an undersized, shrewd-looking man, in loose garments and round headdress very like a low hat such as we are familiar with, visited England, and was taken to see the men-of-war lying at Portsmouth; Sir Salar Jung, a clever man, and acute observer, though not so high in rank as some of his hosts seemed to take for granted, came as envoy from one of those native princes of India whom Disraeli brought into prominence by his late attempt to "gild refined gold, and paint the lily"; and then European guests of distinction have also come to London, on business, pleasure, or on family visits. London is almost as familiar with them as are Marseilles, Venice and Trieste with Greek, Jewish and Armenian merchants and sailors; but the European sovereigns are less picturesque, and some of them are so much like

The Burmese appeared in their national costume, the full dress being elaborate to a degree, with, seemingly, petticoat over petticoat, each shorter than the other; pockets and aprons embroidered and jeweled, a triple ruff of stiff material round the neck and shoulders, and a headdress like a miniature pagoda, a tiny flag flying at the point. Their undress a dark, striped robe, and a loose white surcoat, long at the back and sides, and short in the front, while on their heads they wore a small turban cap with a colored knot on the top. The praying-carpets, rolled under the feet, served them as foot-stools.

Of such minor celebrities, London knows almost as much



THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR VISITING A FACTORY AT BIRMINGHAM.

THE BURMESE EMBASSY TO ENGLAND IN 1872.

Englishmen that they scarcely count as foreigners.

The late King of the Belgians belonged as much to the country of his first wife, Princess Charlotte, and of his niece and almost pupil, the Queen, as he did to Saxony and to Belgium; the dethroned King of Hanover is the son of an Englishman, and a near blood-relation of the Queen; the King of Denmark, the King of Greece, the Emperor and Crown-Prince of Germany, and the Czar of Russia, are now all "nearest and dearest" to several members of the royal family. The relations between the Queen and to other guests, the exiled princes of various houses, who live in peace and obscurity in neutral England, are as cordial and generous as can be. It is the boast of England that she is a refuge for all uncrowned heads. For a long, long time the Orleans family was identified with the neighborhood of Richmond, Bushy Park and Twickenham, on the Thames; many of them have their home there still, and the Empress of the French and her son are as happy as exiles can be at Chiselhurst; while, long ago, the old Bourbon line was represented by Charles X., the tenant of Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh; and a young relative of his, the last unsuccessful Bourbon the world has read of, Don Carlos, came back, disappointed, to hide his failure in England, not quite a year ago. Although these do not receive civic hospitalities and get

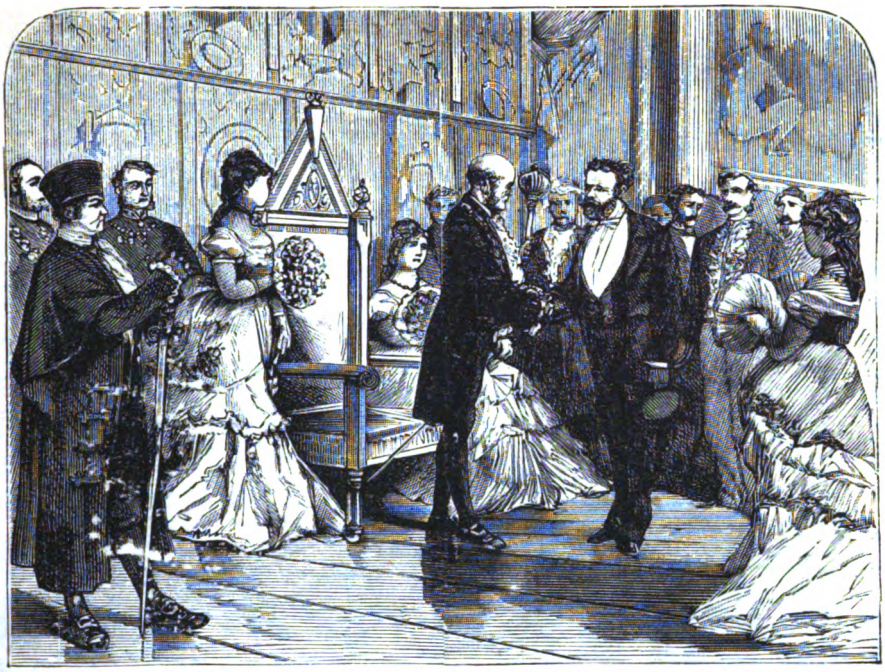
THE QUEEN RECEIVING THE BURMESE EMBASSY AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

PRINCE TOKUGAWA MINBUTAIHO, BROTHER OF THE TYCOON OF JAPAN, VISITING H. M. S. "ROYAL SOVEREIGN," AT PORTSMOUTH.

overwhelmed by state balls, public addresses, and so on, they see more of the country in its norm condition, become part of its society, bring up their children with healthy English tastes, and make a domestic happiness for themselves out of their family misfortune. The Orleans family did so especially, yet never losing their patriotism, as the Duke d'Aumale has nobly shown; and now the Bonapartes seem likely to take root also in a country whose feelings towards them have changed miraculously during a half-century.

I think the last royal visitor to England was the Emperor of Brazil. His relations are mostly of the dethroned Austro-Neapolitan stock, while his daughters have married into the Orleans family. Of all sovereigns except

the King of Bavaria, he is the most practical, studious, and intelligent. He would hardly have been at a loss to earn his own living, if Fate had placed him in the lower ranks of life, and that is much to say for a sovereign. Many have had to do it, and so thus "necessity is the mother of invention,' but we never heard of any who excelled in this compelled profession.

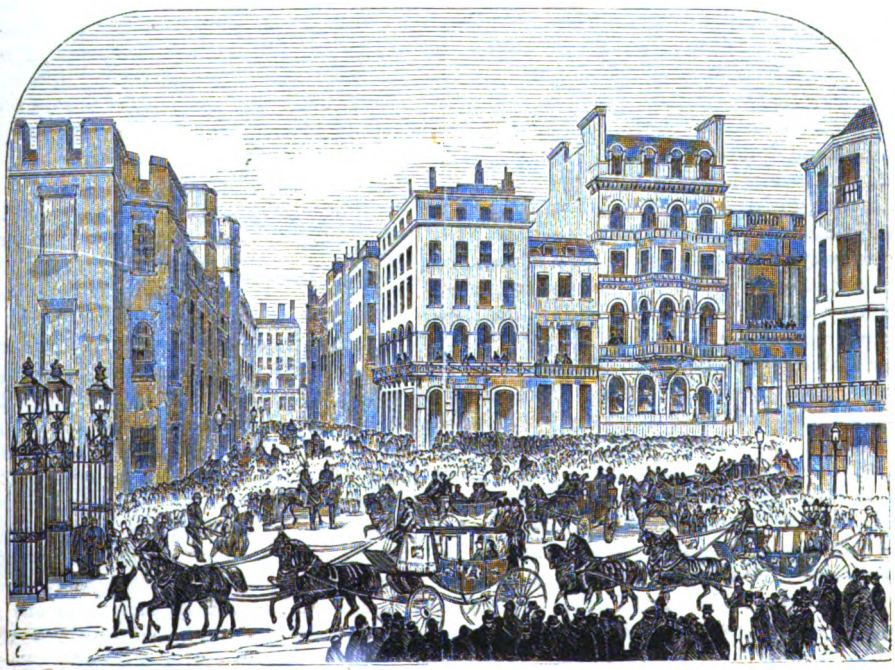


THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON RECEIVING THE PREFECT OF ROME, CAV. VENTURI, AT A BALL IN GUILDHALL.

Last year the mayors and civic authorities of various capitals were entertained at Guildhall or the Mansion House—the Prefect of Rome, Cavalier Venturi, and the head magistrate of Paris, and one of the burgomasters of an old Flemish town, being among the successive guests. To these, balls, suppers, and addresses were given; these magnates were shown the commercial and historical curiosities of the city, the Halls of the city companies, with their plate, pictures, registers, and records; the charities of the city, old and new; the schools, the bank, and the Exchange, over which, where certain pedants would have put up a Greek inscription, Prince Albert had this text of Scripture substituted in English, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof," because, as he said, it was fitting that a public inscription should be in the language of the people, and the nations of antiquity always put up their inscriptions to the gods in the common tongue.

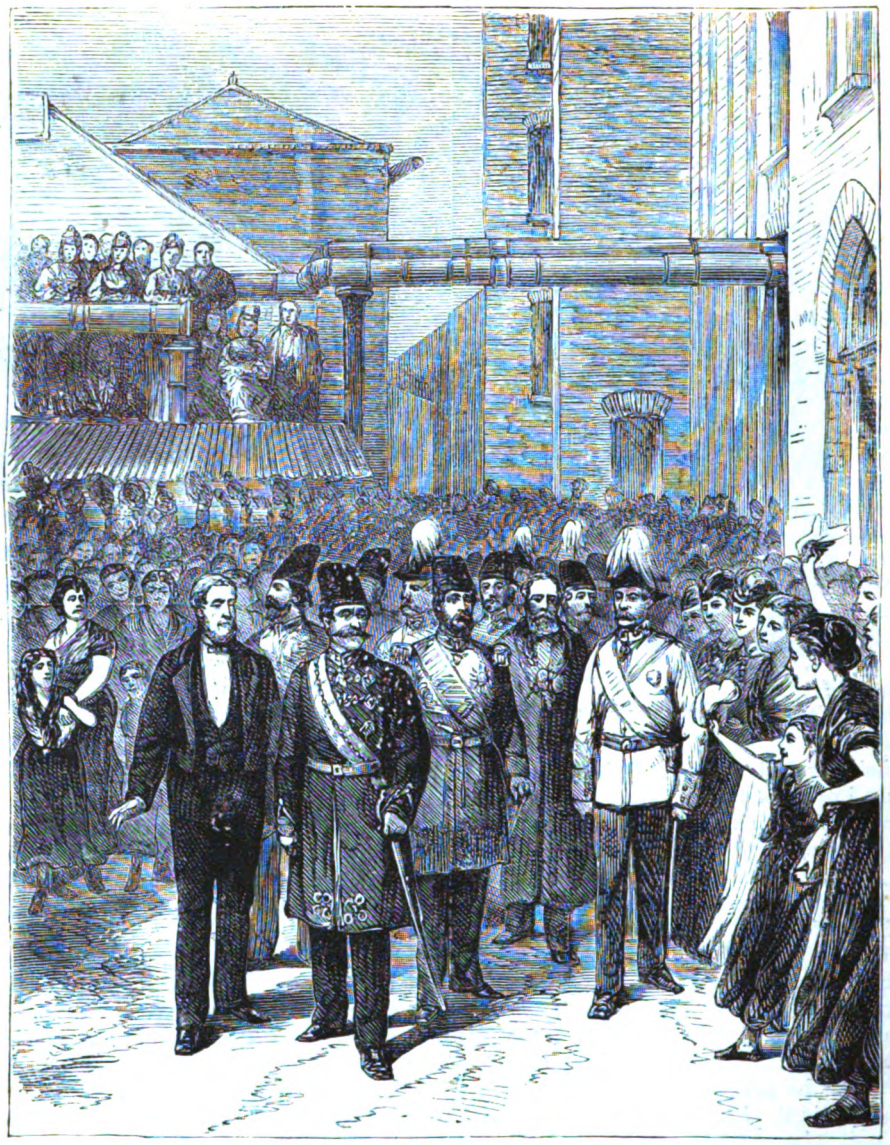
There is no lack of practice in England in the matter of public receptions, and yet public speaking, as an art, has never flourished there. When there are no foreign princes to entertain, there are always a large choice of English ones, and the occasions abound. When the Prince of Wales set out on his journey to India, the city feted him with its substantial hospitality, and the same when he came back. Once he had to be installed Grand Master of Freemasons; another time enrolled as a member of the Merchant Tailors' Company: yet another to preside at the banquet commemorating the Balaklava charge, or welcoming back the heroes of Ashantee. The other members of the royal family do duty in a like manner; receive the freedom of the city, are enrolled honorary members in one or other of the old companies, preside at volunteer banquets, receive illustrious subjects, visit provincial towns, unvail monuments, christen ships, open docks and railways, lay first-stones with golden trowels, and generally do the futile, yet really arduous, work of social representation. If they shirk it, or do it reluctantly, they displease the people, incur the reproach of churlishness, and gain an unpopularity that clings to their office as well as to their person. Their wives have almost as hard a task, for they are called upon to appear in public on many occasions, and take a prominent part in many ceremonies, which must be a vexation to their souls.

Besides these royal receptions, state suppers, state balls, state concerts, etc., there are the public dinners given to distinguished people, explorers, travelers, scientists, artists, soldiers, sailors. London is specially famed in this kind of reception, an honor more truly deserved than those bestowed on the royal strangers simply for their rank. Thus were Guizot, Berryer, and Thiers feted by the corporation; Livingstone, Sir Bartle Frere, Lieutenant Cameron, and Henry



PRESENTATION OF ADDRESSES TO THE KING OF THE BELGIANS—THE CITY PROCESSION IN PALL MALL.

Stanley; sometimes a successful commander, as Sir Garnet Woolsey, Lord Napier of Magdala; sometimes "her Majesty's ministers," when long political speeches are made; often at some company's hall, one or other of the ministry, or some author, artist, or scientist, on whom honorary membership is bestowed; sometimes at the Crystal Palace, or at Willis's Rooms, some philanthropist, who, under the "patronage" of the royal family, explains his schemes; or some veteran who represents the past glory of England's arms, and receives every year a cherished acknowledgment of his part in that glory. Indeed, there are endless occasions for public receptions, especially public eating, in England. Christmas brings the opportunity down to the level of all but the poorest; schools and reformatories, prisons and workhouses, all share in the Christmas turkey and plum-pudding, mince-pie and Christmas-tree, and speeches are made at almost all these dinners. Old foundations keep the memory of their benefactors green by a yearly dinner of the trustees (and afterwards of the beneficiaries), at which some of the royal family often preside.



THE SHAH VISITING THE EGERTON COTTON-MILLS AT MANCHESTER.

Another English way of honoring strangers is giving them honorary degrees at the universities during "commemoration." This is very characteristic, as indeed it has been said that the foreigner who has never seen a "contested election" and an Oxford "commemoration" has missed the most interesting sights in England. Then there are the Freemasons' feasts, and Oddfellows' processions, besides local rejoicings, such as the Scotch games, when the Queen and the Prince of Wales distribute the prizes. Ascot races, if they happen to take place during the visit of some sovereign, are a very English thing to show him. They are not, however, so emphatically the people's races as those at Epsom; but as occasions for the turnout of royalty and fashion, they are perfect in their way. Windsor Castle is only a few miles distant from Ascot, where the arrival of the royal party is always a marked feature of the day. The bright amphitheatre, filled with Parisian toilets and English complexions, as the row of carriages and "drags," each of which is the centre of an epicurean picnic-party, is a witness to the health and prosperity which the foreign visitor deems synonymous with the name of England, and if the weather were always as bright as the gathering, these races would be the ideal of the successful co-operation of "the world, the flesh, and the devil." Among other things, by-the-way, the latter is rather conspicuously represented by the professional betters and others not so far removed from the profession as their position and education require.

Royal visits to the country residences of the nobility are less frequent than formerly. Perhaps although the circumstances of royal progresses have changed also, the proportion between such changes and that which has come over the life of subjects, whether nobles or commons, has not sufficed to allow this kind of hospitality. A nobleman is no longer a miniature king, with guards, pages, gentlemen-in-waiting of his own; and though some reflected honor *does* still shine about him in virtue of his rank or descent, it is far from being of that kind which once made him practically the equal of his sovereign. There are no chieftains now, only private citizens, with a score of paid servants, apt to be impertinent or troublesome at times, while their master, in his shooting-coat and gaiters, looks oftener like a head keeper or a jolly farmer than the traditional being before whom a whole county trembled, and on whose word a thousand lives depended. So there is less congruity between such a host and a royal guest, though occasional visits still take place. Even when they do, they are a mixture of etiquette and informality, the royal person generally wishing to get rid of as much ceremony as possible, and coming rather for shooting, hunting, or other amusement, than for state reasons. In Scotland especially, such visits are made now and then for sporting purposes, combined with the "games," a Highland torch-dance, and a few reels. But strange guests over

the sea seldom have such opportunities, except the exiles whose many years' quiet residence in the country has procured them real friends.

How the best of European pageants pale before the gorgeous hospitality of the Indian princes to the Prince of Wales! But, then, on the other hand, it may be said that the Indian princes are not hampered by a cantankerous House of Commons to dispute every extra thousand added to the royal income, so they can afford to be more lavish than the heir to the English throne, the number even of whose dinner-services was once invidiously reckoned up against him, much in the same way as Governor Hayes's three dilapidated watches. But, as I said before of transplanted civilization, so it is of borrowed magnificence; and our plain, matter-of-fact attempts at splendor are better than the affectation of oriental lavishness, even as our old Teutonic titles are more dignified than the adopted foreign one which Disraeli has tacked on to the English crown.

## HOW I SHOT MY FIRST ELEPHANT.

SOME years ago, I was superintending the construction of a Military Road in the lately acquired Province of British Burmah, and to assist me, an English officer with a small guard of native soldiers belonging to the Sapper Corps, had been placed at my disposal; and for the purpose of transport of provisions, etc., in the mountainous country through which the road ran, the Government had also allowed me four of their departmental elephants, one male and three females.

We were one day encamped about half-way across the mountains, with half of our laborers working close to our camp, and the other half about six miles in our rear working toward us, the whole being too large a number to employ advantageously on one section of the road.

Our elephants were also divided, the three females being with us, and the male at the camp in our rear.

The work of the day was over, and toward night the sapper officer, M., and I were sitting in our tent, which was pitched on the edge of a steep bank of a mountain stream, in the bed of which were located the huts of our workmen, and the elephants picketed for the night. Everything was apparently quiet, every one preparing for repose, the camp-fires burning in every direction, and lighting up the depths of the forest around us; and over a glass of *brandy-pawnee* (brandy and water) the favorite beverage of the Anglo-Indian, we two were discussing the events of the day and our plans for the morrow, when the stillness of the night was suddenly broken by loud shouts and the trumpeting of our elephants.

HOW I SHOT MY FIRST ELEPHANT.—"WE SUCCEEDED IN GETTING A GOOD POSITION ABOVE HIM ON THE HILLSIDE, FROM WHENCE WE FIRED SEVERAL SHOTS WITHOUT ANY EFFECT."

Startled, and fearing that an attack was being made on our treasure-chest, an event which had happened once before, we immediately rushed for our rifles and pistols, always kept in one corner of our tent, ready for any emergency. Sallying forth, armed, to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, we found, on inquiry, that a cooly had just arrived from the camp in the rear with the intelligence that the male elephant had suddenly become *must*—that is, had been attacked by one of those periodical fits of madness to which all male elephants are subject, whether in a tame or a wild state, in tropical climates.

In this condition they are very dangerous, indeed; being utterly uncontrollable by their attendants.

It was reported to us that he had broken loose from the chains by which he was picketed, had run a-muck through the camp, and had killed his own *mahout* (attendant) by catching him up with his trunk and tossing him in the air; also another native whom he had encountered in his mad career, twisting his trunk around his body, throwing him down, and kneading him with his fore feet. He was, the man said, making his way toward our camp for the purpose of joining his female companions.

Of course, our camp was in an uproar at this news. Every one rushed off into the neighboring jungle, some up the nearest trees, and all hid themselves as best they could.

By this time it was pitch dark, and we could scarcely see a dozen yards in front of us. Our camp being, as I have before said, on the edge of the bank overlooking the stream, into which the elephant would necessarily have to go to join the others, we determined to lie in wait for him at the top of the bank, and shoot him if we got a good chance. M. and I had, of course, our rifles, but, to make assurance doubly sure, I called two of our Sepoys, with their loaded muskets, to join us, and we four posted ourselves on a small eminence commanding the only path by which the elephant could approach.

We had to wait for some time, a good hour, which interval we beguiled as well as we could by smoking cheroots, and debating as to which would be the most vulnerable part of the animal to fire at—it being our first experience in such large game—and also to our chances of being charged ourselves by the savage animal in the event of our not killing him; an exceedingly probable event. We well knew that an elephant in the state this one was in was far more dangerous than even a wild one, as the latter generally will not attack unless wounded, whereas a *must* one charges directly he sees any human being.

After our patience and our nerves had been considerably tried by the suspense of long waiting and one or two false alarms, we suddenly distinctly heard the heavy crashing through the bushes, and the footsteps of an elephant ascending the path from the stream directly toward the spot where we were posted.

Our nerves strung to the utmost, and our pulses throbbing a trifle quicker than usual—at least I can speak for myself—we awaited the approach of the elephant; and presently, looming up in the darkness, we saw an immense forehead appearing above the edge of the bank, not more than ten yards ahead of us. I gave the word quietly, as quickly as I could, and we all four blazed right at the object before us, and then scattered to the right and left to our rear, tumbling over bushes and rocks in our excitement, momentarily expecting to hear the brute come charging after us.

After a minute or so, when the sound of our firing had died away, and being agreeably disappointed by not being pursued, we rushed forward to the front to see the result of our fusillade. To our inexpressible delight, we beheld the huge carcass of an elephant lying prostrate on the path, our bullets having killed him instantly.

Great was our exultation, as may be imagined; and, anxious to see more clearly how we had managed to shoot him so cleverly, we shouted to our servants, who by this time had hidden themselves in all sorts of nooks and corners to be out of the way, to bring torches.

After considerable shouting and delay, torches were forthcoming, and imagine, if you can, our unutterable disgust and chagrin, when we discovered, as we at once did, that we had shot one of our own tame female elephants; all three of which their attendants had, unknown to us, let loose as soon as they heard of the approach of the male, fearing, as they afterward explained, that, should he come upon them while picketed, they would sustain some serious injuries from fighting.

Visions of an endless correspondence with the authorities on the destruction of this elephant at once flashed across my mind (visions, alas! but too truly realized thereafter), and I vented my spleen in anathematizing the wretched attendants who had been the cause of this disaster.

Of course the noise of our firing had frightened away the male elephant, and we presently had the gratification of hearing him and the other two females crashing through the bamboo forest on the opposite side of the stream, trumpeting forth their joy at their unwonted freedom. Of course it was utterly out of the question our attempting to follow them at that time of night, and in such pitch darkness; so we were forced to rest satisfied for the night with our success (?) so far, and compose ourselves as best we could under the circumstances to await daylight.

Next morning we were off by daylight, and after an arduous and weary hunt, over mountains and through almost impenetrable jungles, we tracked the runaways. About noon we came up with them.

M. and I were alone when we caught sight of them, and between us we succeeded in bringing to bay the cause of all our troubles. He had taken up his position on the side of a hill, and was wickedly eyeing us as we approached, trumpeting and making one or two ineffectual efforts to charge, which were, however, frustrated by the nature of the ground. We succeeded in getting a good position above him on the hillside, thereby gaining a decided advantage over him, from which we fired several shots at him without any effect, until at last I got the opportunity for which I had been awaiting, and lodged a bullet right behind his ear as he flapped it backward and forward. I had always heard this was the most vulnerable spot to aim at, and so it proved, for he fell at once, rolling down the hillside for some twenty or thirty yards before his fall was arrested by some large boulders.

We hailed his fall with a shout of exultation at having at once put an end to a brute which would have proved a terror to the neighborhood, and also at having avenged the death of our two natives, one of whom, the elephant attendant, had been a general favorite with us. Our joy was, however, not a little damped by the remembrance of the unfortunate *contretemps* of the previous night, and as we returned to our camp we discussed the pros and cons as to how a report was to be worded which would exonerate me from any blame as to the loss of the female elephant—I say *me*, as being the senior officer and in charge of the road.

The value of the poor elephants, about five hundred dollars each, had been charged against me, and I was the one who would be held responsible for their loss. I felt no compunction whatever regarding the male, as in destroying him I only performed a duty which would have been expected of me in shooting an animal which had already taken human life, and which would, in all probability, if allowed to roam unmolested, have killed more of our camp followers. I accordingly drew up a report, which I duly submitted, stating the whole facts of the case as above.

As I feared, the decision of the local authorities was, that I had not made out a sufficiently strong case to show that I

had taken all the precautions that I might have done, and that, as the female elephant was destroyed through such neglect on my part, I was to make good its value out of my own pocket.

To this I demurred, and requested the whole matter should be referred to higher authority, the Commissioner of the Province, who, after a patient and careful consideration, gave it as his opinion that I had only been guilty of "Elephanticide by misadventure," and that the loss incurred should be written off to "Profit and Loss" in the Commissariat Department. And this was how I shot my first elephant.

## A SINGULAR WOMAN.

It would seem, judging from the heroine of the following sketch, that cleanliness is not necessary to perfect health. A wealthy English widow of the first George's time never allowed her room to be cleansed, and the windows were so encrusted with dirt as to admit scarcely any light. She reasoned thus when asked for an explanation: If the room were wetted she might catch cold; if the windows were cleaned glass might be broken and somebody hurt. She never washed herself for fear of cold; as a substitute she anointed her face and neck with a little milk and hog's lard, finishing off with a touch of rose-pink on the cheeks. She was methodical in all her habits, eating with one favorite knife, fork and plate, and drinking out of one cup. She had excellent health, abhorred physic and doctors, and cut two new teeth at the age of eighty-seven. She had no near relations, and refused to see those more distantly related. One pleasant characteristic is recorded: she had a large, well-kept garden, in which she passed most of her time, reading. Although she lived entirely through the reigns of the first and second Georges, and far into that of the third, she continued to wear fashions of the time of George I., as being those of her married life. Notwithstanding this, she was everywhere treated with respect. Perhaps her gold had something to do with that, however. Her household consisted of one servant (an old man), two lap-dogs, and a cat; and these were her only companions. She survived until extreme old age.

## HOW TO SWEEP A ROOM.

An uninstructed Bridget, armed with a broom, is about as charming an occupant of a parlor, or a library well stocked with the pretty little knick-knacks which cultivated people like to have about them, as the celebrated bull in the china shop. Before Bridget's entrance, all fragile movables should be stored by careful hands in some neighboring closet, and the furniture, as far as possible, protected by covers and slight draperies, kept for the purpose. Then, after doors have been closed and windows opened, Bridget may be called in and instructed.

Almost hopeless the task may seem at first; but after a little she will learn to spread the moderately-damp coffee-grounds and tea-leaves, or, still better, the slightly-moistened bran, evenly over the floor; to brush the corners of the room, and under and back of the heavy articles of furniture, with a parlor-brush; then to take her broom, being careful lest its handle shall prove destructive to mirrors or window-glass, and, instead of digging into the hapless carpet, wearing off the nap, and raising clouds of dust by her short strokes, to take long, smooth, straight strokes, the "right way" of the carpet. This manner of handling the broom, together with plenty of the moist bran, will prevent the whirlwinds of dust which would otherwise arise, and, penetrating the best arranged coverings, settle everywhere upon the books and furniture.

## FEATS IN SWIMMING.

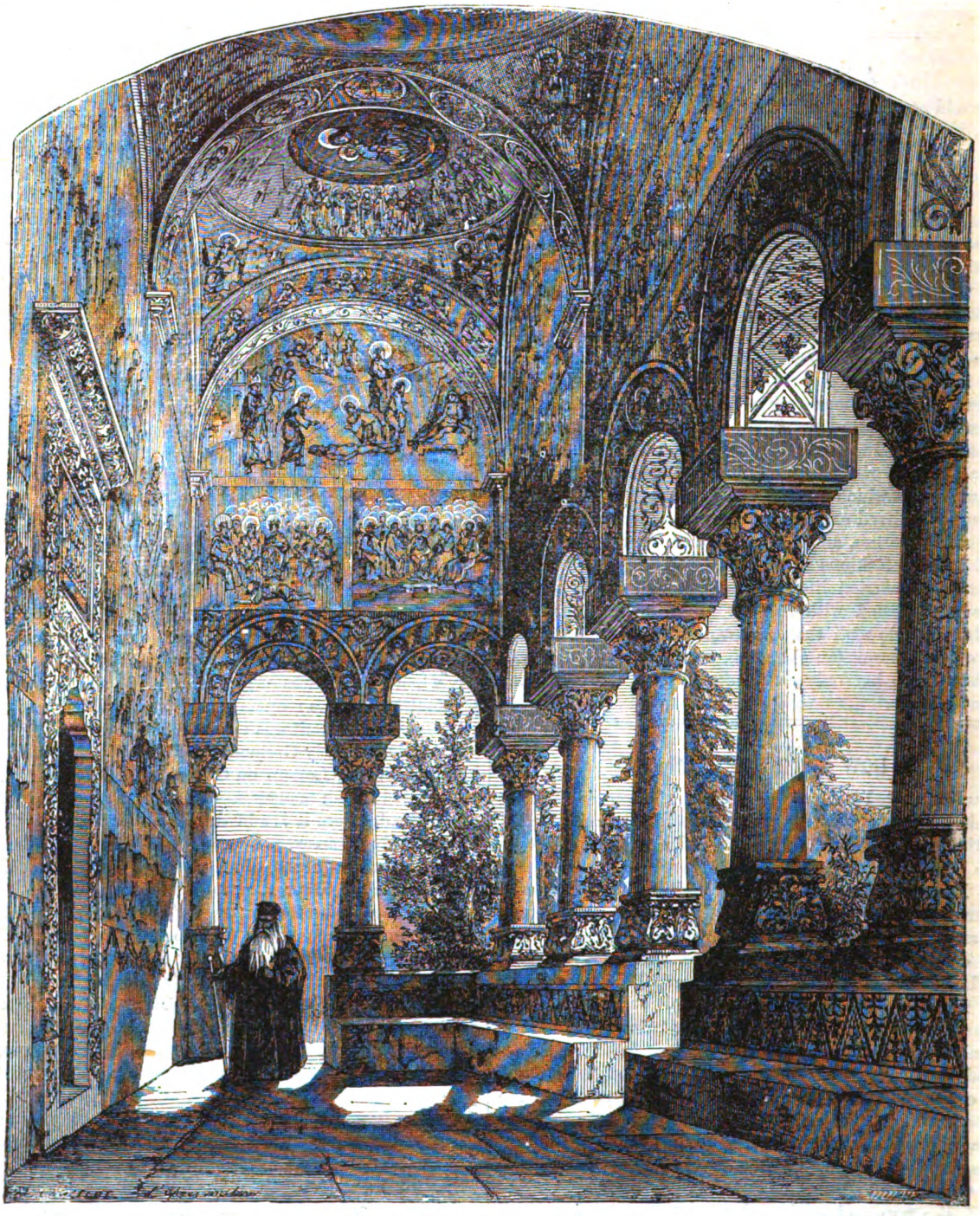
The *Journal des Débats* gives the following stories from old chronicles relating to feats of swimming: Doctor Joel Langelot reports that in the middle of the last century a gardener, in the employment of the Queen of Sweden, at Tronningholm, having fallen into a basin through thick ice, remained sixteen hours in the water before he could be released, but was taken out alive, and recovered. In a work in the library at Stockholm is an account of a woman of the province of Dalle, who fell into deep water, where she remained three days, and, after being taken out, recovered, and lived to the age of seventy-five. Herodotus says that a certain Scyllias used easily to swim two leagues under water, without being seen to rise for breath. In the thirteenth century, under Frederick I. of Sicily, there lived at Naples a man surnamed "The Fish," who used to live four or five days in the sea, catching fish for his food. The naturalist, Alexander ab Alexandro, says no fish could swim more rapidly in the depths of the sea than this man, whose name was Nicholas, and who was frequently employed to convey letters from one island to another; he would swim to vessels in the offing and convey letters to shore for them.

## THE LEGEND OF THE BEETLE.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* calls attention to a curious superstition connected with the beetle, found not merely in countries where the mediæval spirit has been preserved, but in many districts throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland to this day. This is how the legend runs: "When the Holy Family were departing from Bethlehem they passed certain husbandmen occupied in a field, and the Virgin begged them to answer, in reply to any one who might inquire when the Son of Man passed by, that He did so when they were sowing the corn, which they were doing at that moment; and the corn miraculously sprang into the ear in one night, and the husbandmen were engaged in reaping it on the following day when the soldiers of Herod came up and inquired after the fugitives. The reapers replied as the Virgin had desired them, and the pursuit was stayed. This legend is frequently represented in early German and Flemish pictures, and Lord Lindsay, in his 'Letters on Christian Art,' mentions that it was related to him many years before as current in the north of Scotland, where it is added that a little black beetle lifted up its head and answered, 'The Son of Man passed here last night'; in consequence of which the Highlanders kill the black beetle whenever they meet with it, repeating, in execration, 'Beetle, beetle, last night!' Lord Lindsay had heard that a similar superstition used to exist in Wales. That it exists also in England is curiously corroborated by an anecdote which appeared in *Chambers's Journal* for 1856. The late Mr. George Samonelle, of the British Museum, used to relate that during his excursions in the New Forest he saw a number of countrymen assembled at the foot of a tree, stoning something to death. On approaching, he found that a poor stag beetle was the object of attack. Causing them to desist, he took up the poor insect and put it in a box, asking them why it was to be stoned to death. He was told that it was the Devil's Imp, and would do some injury to the corn. What injury, unfortunately, the narrator of the anecdote did not inquire, or had forgotten." Evidently the beetle in connection with this tradition was considered to represent the devil, and here, as in the original legend, the creature is connected with the growing corn. Mr. Samonelle had apparently never heard of the legend and the superstition which thus were proved to have been transmitted from distant countries and handed down from remote times.

## PORCH OF THE CONVENT OF OREZU.

LIKE most Christian lands, in times past Wallachia has been covered with stately monasteries, of which some even now have escaped the destructive hands of time and government. In wild times of invasion and feuds, they served as a refuge for the poorer classes, and were the churches and schools of the country. These monasteries are of three kinds—the first, subject to convents in the Holy Land; the second, national, such as are found in other countries; while the third belong to special families. A family in olden time, when rich and powerful, established a convent, the inmates of which were to be directed by the heads of the family, and were to devote their time and means to works of charity. The monastery of Orezu, one of the richest and most beautifully situated religious houses of Wallachia, belongs to this class, having been founded by the Broncovano family. It stands on the slope of the Orezu Mountain, overlooking the valley of Bistritza. A fine avenue of fir-trees leads up to the porch. The monastery forms a large square, enclosing a court on which open the various offices. The church is in a second court. The porch shown in our illustration is rich in fine and delicate sculpture, and gives a favorable impression of the Wallachian architecture of the time. The entire edifice is constructed of marble, a material found in great abundance in all parts of Wallachia. The ceiling of the porch shown in our illustration is richly decorated with frescoes.



PORCH OF THE CONVENT CHURCH OF OREZU.

A POISONED DART.—"I CAUGHT HER IN MY ARMS—SHE WAS LIGHT AS A FAIRY—AND SPRANG INTO THE STERN-SHEETS OF THE GIG, FOLLOWED BY THE REMAINDER OF MY MEN, WHO SEIZED THE OARS, AND URGED THE SWIFT CRAFT OUT INTO THE STREAM."

## A POISONED DART.

"I LIKE American vessels. They sail faster than the ships of other nations, and their cabin accommodations are also much superior. Those are my principal reasons for having engaged passage for myself and family in your pretty bark," said Mr. Gordon, a hale, hearty old gentleman, as he sipped a glass of Madeira in my stateroom aboard the *Vibilia*, which vessel was then lying along the railway-pier at Sandridge, Hobson's Bay, loading for Hong Kong.

I had been promoted to the command of the *Vibilia*, on the death of her former captain, who had fallen a victim to an epidemic raging in Melbourne a few weeks previous to the date on which his vessel was advertised to sail, and I was not at all sorry that passengers were to accompany me to China, for I was fond of society, especially that of ladies.

The day previous to our departure, Mr. Gordon sent his baggage aboard, just prior to our hauling out into the bay, and the following forenoon he brought his wife and daughter off in the steamer which I had chartered to tow my vessel down to the Heads.

A fresh and favorable breeze sprang up, however, before the *Powerful* had towed us very far, so we slipped the hawser, and were soon bounding past Cape Otway under a full press of canvas.

Mrs. Gordon was a cheerful, nice-looking old lady, and her daughter Grace was a bonny, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked darling, who, only just "out of her teens," possessed accomplishments that, apart from her beauty, would have been quite sufficient to captivate the most cynical member of the sterner sex, and which, as might naturally be expected, played havoc with my heart.

But, though I was of a susceptible temperament, and of course liable to make an ass of myself, I did not allow my infatuation for the fair girl to induce me to be foolish enough to even hope to win her; for I was well aware of the wide gulf that separated us—she being lovely, talented, and the only child of wealthy parents, while I was a mere mariner, without attractions, personal or pecuniary.

Mr. Gordon was a highly intellectual man, and a very agreeable companion, when he could keep awake; but somnolency seemed to be a disease which both himself and wife suffered from when at sea, and, whether on or below deck, if either he or his spouse sat down for five minutes, the sixth would be sure to find them fast asleep.

This peculiarity did not annoy me in the least, as it enabled me, unrestrained by the presence of the old folks, to enjoy the very delightful society of the gentle Grace, who would beat me at chess in the cabin, when the weather was bad—would pace the deck with me on fine, sunny days, or bright moonlight nights—who occupied nearly all my thoughts, waking or sleeping.

With the exception of a heavy gale that we encountered off the northeast coast of Australia, the weather during our passage to Java Head was tolerably fine; but, after passing through the Straits of Sunda, our vessel was much delayed by calms and light, adverse winds.

At length the *Vibilia* got well clear of the Gaspar Straits, and a fresh stiff breeze soon wafted her past the Natuna Islands, which are situated in latitude four degrees, north, and longitude one hundred and eight degrees and thirty minutes, east.

The setting sun was tinging the sea and the sky with his crimson rays, as they faded in the wake of my bonny bark, and Miss Gordon stood beside me on the poop, watching them until they were lost to sight in the advancing shade of night.

"Were you ever shipwrecked, Captain Seymour?" inquired my fair companion.

"Never. And I have no particular desire to be, either," I replied, laughing.

"I was thinking, the other day, as we sailed along the beautiful Java coast, how pleasant it would be to tear one's self away from all the follies and vanities, the trials and troubles of society, and live a peaceful and retired life on some bright tropical spot——"

"Alone?" I interrupted.

"No! The solitariness would mar all other joys; but with only a few chosen friends," she replied.

"'Oh! for a home in some vast wilderness,
With one sweet spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her.'

It's not often I quote poetry; but Byron's verse seems rather *apropos*," I said, smiling.

"Have you any 'sweet spirit' you would particularly choose, captain?" asked Miss Gordon, with a sweet, silvery laugh.

I would have given all I possessed to have dared utter the sentiments of my heart. On my tongue's tip there were words that would have revealed my secret; but I restrained them, and, turning abruptly away, spoke to the helmsman in so austere a tone that Grace noticed something was wrong.

"I hope you are not vexed with me for being so inquisitive?" she said.

I laughed.

"Of course no, Miss Gordon," I replied. "No 'sweet spirit' is likely to become attached to a rough sailor like me."

"Why not, indeed?"

"This will never do," I thought, so I dived into the cabin suddenly, without daring to vouchsafe any answer to her question.

I retired to my berth at eleven o'clock, as was my usual custom; but, about four bells in the middle watch, I was aroused by that dreadful cry, never more terrible than when heard at sea:

"Fire! Fire!"

I sprang upon deck, and found flames issuing from the after-hatch!

Quickly as possible the pumps were rigged, and every effort made to subdue the fierce destroyer; but our labor was futile, and when rosy-fingered Morn tipped with golden light the emerald waves, a few charred timbers and two deep-laden boats were all that remained of the pretty *Vibilia*.

When I found that the fire had gained such headway before it was discovered, that all hope of saving the vessel was gone, I had the long-boat lowered, and loaded with provisions and water. In my gig I caused blankets, a compass, my astronomical implements, and a keg of water and a bag of biscuits—in case of accident—to be placed.

The chief-mate and eight of the crew manned the larger boat, and, in addition to my three passengers and myself, the second officer and four sailors formed the complement of my gig.

The ladies bore up bravely, and Mr. Gordon took trouble so philosophically, that, half an hour after we put off from the burning vessel, he was peacefully sleeping.

It was my intention to steer for the Island of Labuan, a British settlement close to the coast of Borneo, which lay due east of us, and about 350 miles distant; for, though Singapore was rather nearer, westerly winds were prevailing, and I thought we could reach Labuan sooner than the last-named port of refuge.

For four days and nights everything went as well as we could reasonably expect, and I was beginning to hope that our troubles would soon be ended by our reaching Labuan, when, on the evening of the fifth day, a fierce squall came down upon us; the deep-laden long-boat capsized, when some distance from us, and, ere I could tack and render aid, all the poor fellows that comprised her crew had sunk

"Beneath the sapphire pavement
That roofs the sea-god's world."

This accident cast a very effectual damper on our spirits, and, to add to our misfortunes, my chronometer got broken during the squall, so I was unable afterward to properly compute our longitude.

We had a very scant amount of provisions, and only a few gallons of water, in the gig, so I determined to land upon the first part of the coast of Borneo that we should chance to reach.

When morning dawned on the seventh day subsequent to the loss of our vessel, we found ourselves close to a low, palm-fringed beach; but, as breakers appeared in every direction along the shore, I did not venture to run the boat in, so coasted along until we came to the mouth of a river, which I determined to proceed a short distance up, in hopes of being able to obtain some knowledge of where we were, and also to replenish our exhausted stock of provisions, for I was well aware that both flesh and fowl are always to be found in the jungles of Borneo.

The firearms we had with us consisted of two double-barreled fowling-pieces, a breech-loading rifle, and six revolvers, and these I caused to be loaded, and kept ready to hand, in case of requirement.

The river was a sluggish stream, about two hundred yards wide; the feathery branches of Nipe-palms overhung its banks on either side, and rising here and there above the dense undergrowth of the jungle were many kinds of fruit-trees—the durian, sago and banana seeming to flourish with their usual fecundity.

At length we rowed around a bend in the river, and came to a small open space in the jungle, where I determined to land, for it was most cruelly tantalizing to my wearied crew to see clusters of ripe, luscious fruit pendent from the trees, and yet be unable to slake the burning thirst that consumed them.

I wished the ladies to remain in the boat for safety; but Miss Gordon pleaded to be allowed to land, and I could not refuse her request, though I deemed it imprudent.

I left the second-mate and two sailors in charge of Mrs. Gordon and the gig, and Mr. Gordon, his daughter, and the remainder of us, jumped upon a rock, and were soon regaling ourselves upon the dainty fruits the fertile soil afforded.

Birds of bright plumage flitted through the network of branches, above us monkeys chattered and grinned in comical dismay at the strange "white" people who had invaded their realms, and occasionally herds of tiny deer (*Cervus muntjac*) would bound past us—never without leaving some of their number a prey to the deadly fowling-pieces we carried.

We returned with our spoil to the boat, and I intended to advance further up the river; but just as I was about to assist Miss Gordon into the gig, a shower of arrows came hurtling through the leaves right into the midst of us, and a band of Borneans, nearly nude, each with the ghastly head of a former foe pensile from his girdle, sprang out of the jungle.

"Quick! boys, let 'em have it!" I cried, as I rapidly discharged both barrels of my gun.

Each savage was armed with his usual weapon—a sumpitan, which is a reed from seven to eight feet long, with a beautifully smooth and straight bore. A small wooden arrow, nine inches long, scarcely thicker than stout wire, pointed with a sharpened fish-bone, poisoned with a black substance that exudes from the anchar, or upas-tree, and fitted with a head of pith that exactly fits the bore, is placed in the tube, through which it is blown with great force and precision by the keen-sighted Kayans, who are called Nata Hutau, or "wood devils," in common with all other tribes that use the dreaded sumpitan.

A volley from the revolvers of my men brought several of our assailants to the ground; but the remainder sprang with agility behind trees, and maintained a perfect hail of arrows around us.

One of these darts pierced Mr. Gordon's right eye, penetrating to the brain, and he fell a corpse just as he crossed the gunwale of the gig.

"Get into the boat, Grace!" I cried.

Hardly had the words escaped my lips, ere one of the envenomed arrows struck her in the shoulder.

I caught her in my arms—she was light as a fairy—and sprang into the stern-sheets of the gig, followed by the remainder of my men, who seized the oars, and urged the swift craft out into the stream, beyond the reach of our adversaries.

"Shall I die?" asked Grace, lifting her holy eyes, and smiling through sad tears.

"Not if I can save you, my darling—my love!" I cried, heedless at that moment who learned the secret of my heart.

Carefully I withdrew the arrow that had pierced her flesh, quickly I tore open the light dress she wore, and placing my lips to the small incision in her ivory shoulder, sucked from the wound the subtle upas that, rankling, would have wrought her death in a short time.

"You are killing yourself to save me, John! You shall not do so! Rather I should die than you!" ejaculated Grace.

My Christian name from *her* lips! I would have died happy, if the poison had had power to slay me; but I spat the bitter blood and venom in the stream, and kissed my patient's pallid cheek, which burned in a second with a beauteous blush.

"We shall both live, I trust, my sweet spirit!" I whispered.

"In life or death, I shall be happy while you are near me!" she murmured, in reply.

She had not seen her father fall. She was unaware that her mother had swooned, until I finished "operating" upon her shoulder.

It was useless, and, indeed, impossible, to conceal what had occurred.

Though the poor girl's grief was great, she retained sufficient control over her feelings to be of service to Mrs. Gordon; and in a little while mother and child were sobbing in each other's arms over the lifeless form of the genial gentleman who had been slain by a sumpitan.

I did not dare to remain in the river, for fear some of the tribe to which our late assailants belonged might follow us in prahus, in which case we should have been entirely at their mercy.

Fortunately, most of the fruit we had gathered, and the game we had killed, had been placed in the boat before the Borneans attacked us; so I determined to coast along to the northeast, as I felt sure that we must have been carried by the current some distance to the south of Labuan.

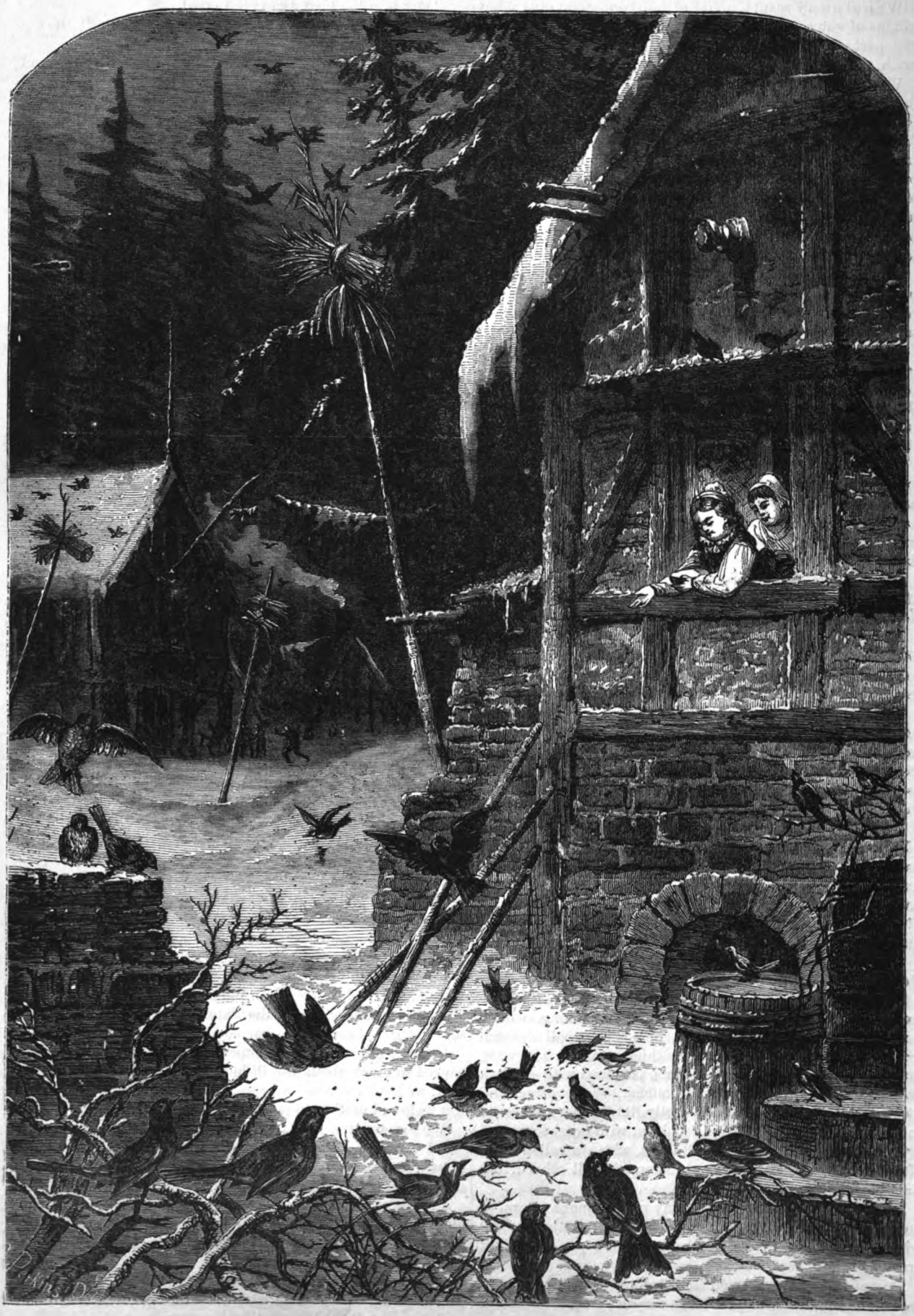
At a tiny cascade that fell plashing and glittering through a riven boulder on the bank of the river, near its *embouchure*, we were able to fill our cask with fresh water, after which we hoisted sail, and, wafted by a light southerly wind, soon left the inhospitable shores of the Tutong River far in our wake, and proceeded merrily on our way.

Seamen are proverbially superstitious, and my crew murmured so much about the ill-luck which would surely befall us if we kept a corpse on board, that I persuaded Grace and her widowed mother to permit us to bury Mr. Gordon.

We lowered the sail, I repeated such portions of the funeral service as occurred to my memory, and, silently, solemnly, and sadly, we launched the unshrouded body of the deceased gentleman into the sparkling sea.

Five days under a scorching sun, five nights beneath the shimmering stars, was our frail craft tossed upon the ever restless surges; then we arrived in Victoria Harbor, Labuan, and our trials were at an end.

The Borneo Company's steamer *Stirling* conveyed us to Hong Kong, from which port Mrs. Gordon, her daughter and myself returned in a sailing-vessel to Australia.



FEEDING THE BIRDS AT CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY.

I married my darling in Melbourne about a year subsequent to her father's demise; but, shortly after the birth of our second child, a longing to revisit my native land came upon me, and I induced Gracey—my wife—to once more brave the perils of the mighty deep.

My eldest boy is a big fellow now, but I tell you he prizes the poisoned dart that I drew from his dear mother's shoulder on the day I first told her the story of my love.

## FEEDING THE BIRDS AT CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY.

In this country, where every one can possess a gun and every boy turns sportsman, we have almost in many parts exterminated the feathered creation. No protecting hand is outstretched to save them; the game laws, increasing in stringency, avail little to diminish the slaughter; and while the insects swarm, devouring the land, we have no feathered favorites to rout their armies, and render our homes more cheerful by song and graceful movement.

In England the robin is, in a manner, sacred; in Germany, the stork. Love for birds is a feeling to be cultivated; if for no other reason, no higher reason, than for the very selfish reason that it will pay.

During the Middle Ages there was a renowned minnesinger, or minstrel, in Germany, to whom birds were friends and companions. He made them heirs of all his fortune, which he left to a monastery with directions to expend the income in grain to be thrown out to the birds. As years ran on, they seemed to know their granary, and, at the appointed days, the old monastery, with every point of the Gothic chapel, and the trees around, was vocal with the thankful notes of the little choristers.

In a similar spirit the peasantry in Norway, at Christmas, would have all creation join in the general joy, and, most of all, the birds. On every house and barn they put up bundles of unthreshed grain that the little winged creatures may, like man himself, find cause for thankfulness, and show his exultation and his joy.

The idea is as poetic and as beautiful as that of the old minnesinger; and thus the illustration teaches a lesson not without its moral.

As the day opens, the young especially gather to spread the table for their feathered friends, and hyirpe, tiur, roy skovrype, all and any flock around, conscious, apparently, that no deadly missile will mar their enjoyment on the day of days.

## THE FLOWER WITHOUT LEAVES OR STEM.

The *Rafflesia Arnoldi* is wholly a flower, without either stem or foliage. As a parasite, it grows on the trunks of trees, near to the ground. It was discovered in the year 1818 by Dr. Arnold, who was walking with Sir Stanford Raffles in the Island of Sumatra. A Malay servant came running to them, crying:

"Come with me; come! A flower very large, beautiful, wonderful!"

The doctor went with the man a short distance into a jungle, and there found a gigantic flower attached to the lower branches of a bush. In the middle was a nectary, or cup, over which many flies were hovering. This was so large as to hold twelve pints of liquid. Five large petals surrounded the cup. The whole measured three feet across, and weighed fifteen pounds. The pistils were nearly as large as a cow's horns. The color was a dull red, with yellowish-white spots raised on its surface; but the scent was very offensive, being like putrid beef.

The natives of Sumatra call it *krubut*, or "the great flower," and *ambun-ambun*, the "wonder-wonder."

## HARTLEAP WELL.

Among the beautiful poems which Wordsworth has left as a legacy to all who love humanity, there are few which preach a gentler and deeper sermon than his "Hartleap Well." It is one that the philanthropic Bergh ought to have engraved on some monument, to inculcate humanity to the mute creation, as some writer has called the animals. It is conceived in the most artistic spirit. The opening verses are—

"The knight had ridden down from Wens'ey Moor
With the slow motion of a Summer's cloud;
He turned aside toward a vassal's door,
And 'Bring another horse!' he cried aloud.

"'Another horse!' That shout the vassal heard,
And saddled his best steed, a comely gray:
Sir Walter mounted him; he was the third
Which he had mounted on that glorious day."

We have not space to give the entire poem, which is well worthy of a careful study. The story turns upon a knight, already introduced to our readers, with a gallant retinue hunting to the death a stag. The knight outwearies all his companions, and is left alone in pursuit of his prey. Even the dogs are left behind—

"The poor hart toils along the mountain-side;
I will not stop to tell how far he fled,
Nor will I mention what death he died;
But now the knight beholds him lying dead.

* * * *

"Upon his side the hart was lying stretched;
His nose just touched a spring beneath the hill,
And with the last deep groan his breath has fetched,
The waters of the spring are trembling still."

In commemoration of this victory of human endurance over animal speed, the knight said—

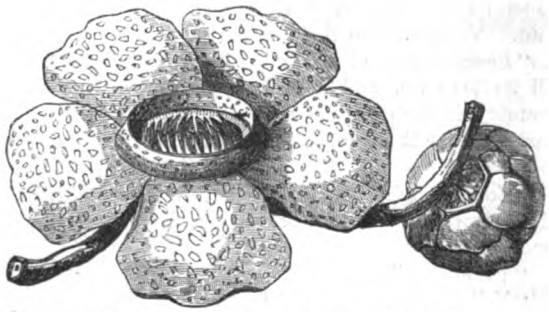
"'I'll build a pleasure-house upon this spot,
And a small arbor made for rural joy;
'Twill be the traveler's shed, the pilgrim's cot,
A place of love for damsels that are coy.

"'A cunning artist will I have to frame
A basin for that fountain in the dell;
And they who do make mention of the same,
From this day forth, shall call it Hartleap Well."

But mark the revenge of Time. The marble font, the pleasure-house and bower, have all passed away with the cruel blood-hunter, Sir Walter, but the tradition of the stag, and the little spring at which it took its last draught, remain a perpetual fane over the scene.

We must find room for the last verse, since it inculcates a lesson which, if carried out, would change the entire aspect of society, and convert what is now a scene of crime and violence into a Paradise—

"One lesson, shepherd, let us two divide,
Taught both by what she shows, and what conceals:
Never to blend our pleasure, or our pride,
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."



THE RAFFLESIA ARNOLDI, A FLOWER WITHOUT LEAVES OR STEM.

# THE HUNTER'S PRIZE;

Or,

Hans Von Peleter's Stratagem.

THE Winter of 1857 was one of the most severe ever known in the region of the Rocky Mountains—at all events, in the vicinity of Fort Laramie and the adjacent peaks. The mountain's side glistened with masses of ice hanging from every branch and twig of the huge trees; the valleys were covered, to a depth of many feet, with snow, while the passes were completely blocked up with immense drifts. For nearly two months, even the hardy hunter and trapper had not ventured far from his own cabin unless driven to it. Game was scarce, and the fierce animals of the mountains were desperate from want of food.

The day had been bitterly cold. The wind had been blowing from the nor'west, hurling the broken ice across Laramie plains with little less force than the soldiers from the fort would have hurled their *iron* hail upon their red foes, the savage Sioux. But as night came on, the weather began to change. Heavy clouds covered the sky, and then a kind of sleet and rain set in. The wind still blew a gale, and the hail was cutting in the extreme.

Near the junction of the Platte and Laramie Rivers, standing upon the latter stream, and within rifle's shot of the fort, was a little cabin, entirely hemmed in with trees.

In this cabin, and seated by a blazing fire, were three little children, their mother and two men. One, not more than eighteen years old, wore the dress of the Western hunter; yet his general appearance was not in keeping with his costume, and told of city rather than frontier life.

The second was a jolly-looking personage, weighing not less than two hundred and fifty pounds, and was decidedly Teutonic in feature. He had been eyeing the young man for some time, and then, bursting into a loud laugh, he said:

"Yah, Gilpert Von Belter, you ish polt enough, put you ish no Ingen fighter."

"I know, uncle," replied the young man, "that I am not up to the tricks of the redskins; but, as you say, I think I am bold enough to try my hand with some of them."

"An' get your har raised."

"I confess that would not be very agreeable. But so long as I can handle a knife, revolver and rifle very well, I should enter a very decided protest to such a proceeding."

"But lishten to me. You ish a city bug. You ish my nephew, it ish true; but I am half a goot mind to deny you."

"Why so, uncle?"

"Pecause you dropt de Von. You tink it sounts too much like de Dytche, and you was ashamdt of your Faderlant. Vat you drop the Von for?"

"I can't tell, uncle. But as I have given up city life, with all its luxuries, and come to join you in this outlandish country, it ought to be a pretty good proof that a name, no matter what it might be, would amount to but very little with me."

"You ish right, Gilpert. But I tinks you will get sick of de backwoods country before you have been here many months."

"I doubt it."

"Vell, we will try a hunt to-day.

"And now, uncle?"

"Yaw, we will go *now*, my poy. But look at dem children. Dey and de ole voman is very tear to ole Hans; and he wouldn't like to hab any harm come to dem."

"Do you fear any harm to them?"

"No. Dey ish too near de fort. De Sioux never come here."

"Then let us go at once."

"Very goot."

In half an hour the two men were ready for a start. Snow-shoes were hung at their sides, each carried a rifle and a knife, while Gilbert had a brace of revolvers. A plentiful supply of dried venison had been furnished, a blanket each, and then the parties set forth.

For three hours they trudged along, and then for a fourth and fifth. The Dutchman did not show the least signs of fatigue, although Gilbert could scarcely stand. At length, turning to Hans, he said:

"Hans, how do you expect with my small legs, that I can travel with your large ones?"

"Don't expect nothing of the kind. Expected you'd give out long afore this."

"Well, you expected about right. But where do you intend to stop for the night?"

"You see dat cedar yonder?"

"Yes."

"Vell, we stops under him."

"That is rather an exposed place, now, it strikes me. Can we build a fire there?"

"Ve cannot build a fire no vare, without de Ingens seein' us; yes, we ken build a fire; but de Ingens may come upon us, an' lift our har afore we are awake."

"Then we must sleep with our eyes and our senses wide open. But sleep I am going to have some, and that too, very soon."

"Den ve goes to dat pine thicket, an' we snooses there. It is plain we can't get any buffalo or deer to-night."

"But we have our smoked meats."

"Yaw. And py tam, de Sioux may smoke us pefore taylight. Dey is getting very much ugly of late. But you can walk a mile further, can't you?"

"I suppose so. But I thought you were going to stop in that thicket."

"No; I only say so to try your spunk. We ish goin' on a little way to de cabin of a frient."

A further walk of fifteen minutes brought them in sight of a small log hut, and Gilbert saw with pleasure that a fire was burning within, for the blue smoke was curling up from the chimney.

On reaching the cabin, Hans rapped loudly at the door; and in answer, a voice from within asked, "Who is there?" On the reply, "Hans von Belter," the door flew open with a hearty greeting.

"Come in; you are welcome. But what brings you so far from home, Hans?"

"I wanted to give this young man a touch of a Winter hunt. Besides, I heard dat de Sioux up dis way was gettin' troublesome, and I wanted to find out if it was true."

"There is some truth in the report, or you would not have found my door locked. I am not much afraid of the reds; but still I don't like to have them take me altogether by surprise."

"Have they done any mischief yet?" asked Gilbert.

"Nothing very especial. But sit down and warm and dry yourselves."

The party had scarcely seated themselves, before there was a second application at the door for admission, and to the question as to who was there, the voice of a female replied:

"For heaven s sake, Mr. Morton, open the door—quick!"

"It is Jane Moss!" exclaimed the hunter, as he sprang to

admit the female, his flushed face and his rapid movements plainly evincing his excitement.

And it was not without cause; for no sooner had the door been thrown open than the girl staggered into the cabin, exclaiming as she did so:

"Close it—quick—quick!"

It was well that Morton did so, for in an instant after, some party outside threw themselves with great violence against it, trying to force an entrance.

A glance was sufficient to reveal the real state of affairs to Morton as well as to Hans, although Gilbert did not so readily understand.

Jane Moss, covered with blood, had fallen to the floor insensible. Gilbert sprang forward and raised her in his arms, and then gazed inquiringly at Hans, who answered:

"Ingens, my boy. Put de gal on de bed, an' get ready to fight."

Gilbert needed no second bidding, but obeying, seized his rifle, and asked:

"Mr. Morton, how thick are the boards of that door?"

"Too thick to be pierced with a rifle-ball."

The reply had scarcely been given before the young man fired. The report was followed by a savage yell, and then all became silent without.

"I thought I could reach one of those red rascals. My rifle is a good one," exclaimed Gilbert.

"You did not reach any one," returned Morton.

"Didn't I? Then why did that fellow howl in that manner?"

"Simply to lead us to believe that we have one the less to deal with. They would like very much to draw us out."

As the girl had now recovered, Morton asked:

"What has happened, Jane?"

Her sobs choked her utterances; but at last she gasped out:

"Father—mother—all killed."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes; and I only escaped after I could fight no longer."

"Is it the Sioux?"

"Yes, and led by Red Jacket."

"I feared it would come to this. That greasy dog dared to ask for you in marriage, and your father spurned him. I anticipated just such a result. But are you sure that all your family have been killed?"

"I saw them all cut down."

"How many of the Sioux were there?"

"I saw ten when the attack commenced. Five of them we killed."

"Then we have but five to meet," exclaimed Gilbert, "which will be nothing but child's play, as I can settle that many, or even double the number, in as many seconds. Let us go out at once and attack them."

"You know but very little of Indian fighting, Gilbert, or you would speak differently. It is very likely we will find more than five to encounter."

"Well, suppose we have twenty. I have twelve shots, every one of which I can make tell. Then you have one each, and your knives will finish up the job."

"Exactly, if they would stand still and take our shots quietly. But as they will be upon the watch, and shoot us down as we pass that door, I think we can hardly act upon your suggestion."

"Oh, that's their game? Of course it is. But we can be even with them there."

"In what way?"

"They have been pounding away at this door for admission. Open it, and let them come in. We will talk to them as they enter."

"Your plan might answer if they would do so; but that is not likely. They know that I am not alone, and they will not show themselves until they can get a good shot at us."

"How do they know that you are not alone?"

"They know that I am an old hunter, and never would have fired that shot into the door. None but a greenhorn would have done it."

"Then what do you purpose doing?"

"I have provided against just such an emergency as this. By lifting a trap in the floor you will see a dark hole beneath. From thence there is a narrow passage-way leading to the open air behind a ledge of rocks, about forty feet back of the house. While you remain here in conversation with Miss Moss, and loud enough to be heard by the Indians if any of them are still listening, myself and Hans will pass through the passage. Once safely on the outside, we can make our calculations, and, no doubt, punish these red devils as they deserve."

"That's all very nice, Mr. Morton. But when you talk of leaving *me* behind I must object. I want to have a hand in the fight if there is going to be one."

"Very well; Miss Moss can speak occasionally, loud enough to be heard by the savages. That will do just as well. So you may both follow me, but first look well to your weapons."

Everything ready, Morton opened the trap, and descended into the passage-way, followed by Gilbert and Hans.

They had proceeded but a short distance, when the Dutchman exclaimed:

"I can go not no furder!"

"What is the reason?" asked Morton.

"De reason ish that de hole ish too little, or else my corporation ish too big."

"Well, you had better turn and enter the cabin again."

"But I can't turn. I is smash in here like a wedge."

"Well, back out."

"Yaw, I neber thought ob that."

While Hans was making an effort to work his way back into the cabin, Morton and Gilbert pushed forward. They had advanced but a short distance, however, when the hunter found himself clutched by strong hands, and then he felt a sharp instrument strike his shoulder, but without inflicting more than a severe gash.

The savages had discovered his secret passageway, and were trying to enter the house from that direction. They had met in that gloom, but it would only be man to man, on account of the narrowness of the vault.

Morton caught his unseen foe in his iron grasp.

The struggle commenced. It was brief, but fearful. The savage began his wild yells, and they were taken up by others behind him. There were not less than half a dozen voices, probably the entire number of Indians engaged in the attack.

The one who had met Morton put forth all his strength, and struck wildly with his knife, inflicting several severe cuts on his antagonist. But the hunter had managed to draw his own blade from his belt, and drove it to the hilt into the breast of the savage, who fell back with a groan, while the hot blood spurted from the wound.

This first foe disposed of, Morton retreated a few feet, and then said to Gilbert:

"Give me one of your revolvers."

The weapon was passed over, and taking it, the hunter fired the entire six barrels into the darkness beyond.

The reports rang out fearfully, echoed by wild cries, which could not be misinterpreted. The flash of the powder cast a momentary and uncertain light throughout the vault, but it was of sufficient duration to reveal the hideous features of the savage foes.

In a moment more all became silent, and Morton and Gilbert returned to the cabin.

It now became a question with the friends whether they had killed all the savages, or whether some of them were not yet alive in the vault. If the latter was the case, they would make their way with all possible speed into the open air again. This it was desirable to prevent.

"Do you think they have left a guard at the door of the cabin?" asked Gilbert.

"I am certain of it," returned Morton; "but I must venture forth for all that. I want to reach the mouth of the passageway before any of the red-skins can leave it. This will give me decidedly the advantage."

"If you go out I will go with you," said Gilbert.

"I'll tell you what to do," said Hans.

"Well, what shall we do?"

"Dey leave no more dan one guard outside. Now, you take some of your clodings and stuff 'em out to look like a man. Den throw dem out of de door. The Ingen he shoots, and den we can get him, an' pay him up for his tricks."

Morton soon arranged his figure, and, cautiously opening the door, he threw it out upon the snow. Instantly there came a savage yell, and then a dusky form leaped upon it. A bright blade flashed in the pale moon-rays, and then fell on the unconscious figure.

In an instant the savage discovered the ruse, but it was too late, for Morton had already dashed at his enemy, driving his own knife into the heart of the red demon.

SIR WALTER OF HEARTLEAP WELL.—SEE PAGE 661.

A second one had been left on guard, however, and he darted to the assistance of his brother. But Gilbert was prepared for this, and for the first time he encountered a savage. He could not make up his mind to shoot his antagonist, as the savage approached him simply with a raised tomahawk, and to use his revolver appeared too much like taking an advantage; so he drew his own knife, and, placing himself in an attitude of defence, he said:

"Come on, Mr. Ingine, and I'll teach you a lesson you won't forget in a hurry."

But the red man was not a foe to be despised. Indeed, he appeared to feel a contempt for Gilbert, for he paused and burst into a mocking laugh.

"Oh! it is funny, is it?" retorted Robert. "Well, I will show you just where the joke comes in."

As the young man uttered these words, he sprang upon the savage; but the Indian caught him, tore the weapon from his hand, and then threw him several feet into the air, apparently as if he had been a mere child.

When Gilbert alighted, he looked up and found the savage standing with his arms folded, and the young man fancied that he could see a smile of contempt resting upon his face, spite of the darkness. He felt mortified himself, and now, more than ever, disliked to shoot his foe.

But he had only an instant for deciding upon his course. Morton had dispatched his enemy and had arisen to his feet. The savage saw this, and, finding that he had two men to contend with, he sprang toward Gilbert with his weapon raised. Of course the young man had but one chance now, and, drawing his revolver, he fired. The Indian uttered a groan, and then fell forward upon his face. He struggled for a moment, as if making an effort to reach his enemy, but then he became quiet, while the crimson blood stained the snow around him.

"Quick!" said Morton. "Let us reach the entrance to the passageway before we have half a dozen more upon us."

When Morton reached the rocks, he found that the Indians had not yet come out. But scarcely had the two men arrived at the mouth of the passage before a dusky head appeared. Gilbert dealt the Indian a heavy blow with the barrel of his pistol. The savage uttered a yell, and disappeared.

"That's right!" exclaimed Morton. "We have got one of the red fiends caged alive, at all events; and if matters are as represented by Miss Moss, I will teach this fellow a lesson before I am through with him. But, in the first place, we must secure this end of the passage so that he cannot escape. By removing a little more snow, you will see a large, flat stone; it is perched upon rollers, and will be easily got into position over the hole. Then it is fastened down with chains. I don't think the red-skins will dig around it very easily, for the ground is frozen almost as hard as the

THE HUNTER'S PRIZE.—"JANE INSTANTLY SPRANG FORWARD, AND SEIZING A TOMAHAWK, RUSHED TO THE SPOT WHERE THE SAVAGE WAS HANGING, AND RAISED THE WEAPON."—SEE PAGE 662.

rock itself. It required considerable effort to get the stone trap into position, but it was done, and finally secured.

"Now for the house, and see what Hans is doing."

The Dutchman was found at his post, holding his rifle in readiness for instant use.

"Have you seen anything, Hans?" asked Morton.

"Yaw, I see some tings, an' py tam, I feel some tings, too."

"What have you felt, Hans?"

The Dutchman extended one of his hands, which was bleeding, and then pointing to his face, which was cut across the cheek, continued:

"One tam red tivel shoot up at me from de dark."

"Did you pay him back again?"

"I tink so; I shoot an' he makes squeal."

"Well, we have one, and perhaps two of the rascals alive and tightly caged. We will close this end of the vault, and then we will go down to the house of Mr. Moss. If we find matters as I fear we shall, we will return and attend to these fiends. Jane, will you go with us, or remain here?"

"I will go along; but I feel as it would almost madden me to look upon the mangled remains of my poor parents and little sisters."

"They may not have been murdered."

"I saw them prostrate and bleeding."

"For all that they may yet be alive. It is possible they may have been wounded merely, and that with care they may recover."

"I have no such hope. I had even rather believe the worst now, for I am sure we will so find it."

The trap was firmly secured, and then the party set out for the scene of the slaughter.

It appeared a little strange that the savages had not fired the building, as they did on most occasions like this. But when the cabin was reached, it was found that such an attempt had been made, but the wet logs did not take the fire. Had it not been for one thing, it would have been well had not such been the case, for the sight presented was a fearful one.

A bright fire was still blazing upon the hearth, and threw a red glare all around the apartment, rendering everything distinct. As Morton entered and glanced quickly around, he turned to Miss Moss, and said:

"Don't come in, Jane."

But at that instant, the cry of a child fell upon her ears, and springing past her friends, she entered the room. Then she called.

"Mattie!—Mattie!"

A little girl, some three years of age, pale and trembling, came tottering forth from concealment from behind an humble bed. As she saw her sister she uttered a wild cry and sprang into her arms, sobbing and moaning. Poor Jane clasped her close to her bosom, and mingled her tears with those of the child.

Perhaps it was well that tears did bedim her sight, for as it was, she nearly fainted, and, staggering, fell into the arms of Morton; and well might she weep, for even the strong men could not keep back their tears.

Lying upon the bed was the mother, her face ghastly and streaked with crimson. A gash upon her throat showed how she had died. Upon her breast was an infant, dead, its head nearly severed from its body.

Near the bed, and lying upon the floor, was the father, lying in a pool of blood. That he had died nobly in defense of his loved ones was attested by the fact that in his right hand he clutched an axe while his own body was literally cut into pieces.

Morton gazed upon this picture for a moment, and then, turning the face of the girl from it, he said:

"Come, Jane, you can do nothing more here. You had better return to my house with your little sister, and when we have buried our friends and avenged them as far as possible, we will go with you to the fort. It will not be safe for you to remain here any longer, for the Sioux are aroused. They think the troops from Laramie cannot reach them on account of the deep snow; but they will find themselves greatly mistaken, I think."

The poor girl had dried up her tears, and appeared quite calm; but there was a wildness about her eyes which her friends observed, and the question Morton asked plainly expressed his fears:

"Janey, you know me, don't you?"

She looked up into his face, and replied:

"Oh, yes. You need not fear for my reason; I am calm, because calmness will be required in the action I shall take."

"What do you intend doing?"

"I wish to see all that is done, and participate in the work."

"As you wish. Our first duty will be to place these murdered ones in the grave."

When the party reached the house of Morton, again, their first business was to examine those Indians who had been killed outside. Red Jacket was not among their number.

Then they entered the house, and for some time sat silent. At length, Morton asked:

"Well, we may as well commence our work, now, for, that over, we must go to the fort. You are all ready?"

"Yes; all."

"Jane, you are the judge in this case; we the executioners. What manner of death shall be inflicted upon the fiends?"

"The death of all murderers—hang them."

"It shall be as you say."

"How ish we going to get at dem?" asked Hans.

"There may be some trouble in that; but we can accomplish it. I have a plan that I think will work."

"What is it?"

"We will fill the mouth of the vault at the rocks with light wood and set it on fire. The smoke must be forced through the passage, and they will be compelled to come out here, or suffocate."

"Den dey vill suffocate, fer dey knows dat dey vill pe kilt just as soon as dey come up."

"We will try the experiment, at all events."

The matter was tested, but failed to produce any definite result. Not even a sound was heard, and the friends began to believe that their prisoners had either effected their escape in some manner, or that they had been suffocated, and that they were cheated of their full revenge. This was suggested, and Hans replied:

"Not one pit of it. Dem red tivels can't pe smoke out; dey iss too used to dat in de wigwams. Just try dem wid hot water. Scald 'em."

"There is some sense in that suggestion," returned Morton. "The passage declines very much from here to the cellar, and if we pour in a quantity of scalding water, it will produce some result."

Hans was delighted with this idea, and in a short time a kettleful of water was boiling over the cabin fire-place. Then the experiment was tried, and pailful after pailful was poured into the aperture.

Gilbert remained in the cabin watching the trap, which had been thrown open, and it was not long before he saw a savage struggling to reach the main room. The young man stepped back until the Indian had gained a footing above, and then placing the muzzle of his rifle close to the head of the villain, he commanded his immediate surrender. But quick as thought the savage dashed the rifle one side, with a violent blow of his fist, and sprang for the door.

Hans happened to be entering the cabin at that moment,

and he made an effort to stop the redskin, but was unsuccessful, for the fiend sprang against the Dutchman, throwing him backward upon the snow. Then he sped onward at a rapid rate, and was soon lost to view, as he disappeared up the ragged side of Laramie Peak. Several shots were fired after him, but did not take effect.

"That is the principal villain, and he has escaped!" exclaimed Miss Moss, as she saw the flying savage.

"Is that Red Jacket?" asked Gilbert.

"Yes, that is the chief."

"Well, I will take care that another don't escape."

"There may be no other alive."

"You think so? Look there." Gilbert pointed to the trap, where were visible two savages, who were trying to gain the room.

By this time Hans had regained his feet, and to seize and bind the Indians was no very difficult matter, as they were weak from loss of blood. Their condition was enough to show the fact that no other living being was in that vault, if they were able to work their way out at all, as the skin was literally peeling from the face and hands of these wounded, scalded wretches.

In a moment after, Morton entered the cabin, and questioning the savages, learned that there were three dead in the vault, and that Red Jacket had escaped to his band, which had been destroying Ashley's settlements beyond the peak.

"Where were you going from here?"

"Down, and burn all the pale-face wigwams between here and fort. Kill all pale-faces."

"This is just what I have been expecting from the infernal Sioux for a long time. And they have taken a time when they think it will not be possible for the troops to move. But, thank heaven, we have learned their intentions in time to warn a portion of the settlers and save them, even if we cannot save their homes."

"Do you think these fellows tell the truth?" asked Gilbert.

"I have no doubt of it."

"And that Red Jacket will be back again to-day?"

"We may expect him at any moment."

"Then we had better finish up this work at once, and be off. We may meet a much larger number than we would care to contend with. Besides, we don't want to expose this poor girl and the child any further. And we may save other valuable lives."

"You are right. We have ropes here, and will use them."

Preparations were at once made for the hanging. The savages looked on with considerable emotion, and finally began to beg for their lives. But the executioners gave them no heed, and in ten minutes more the fiends were dangling to a tree in front of the house.

"Let us now explore the passage, and see if any of the savages still remain alive," said Morton.

This was done, and only the bodies found. They were removed outside the building, and Morton said:

"This will be a warning to the Sioux. They will find ten of their number lifeless. The cost is greater than the advantage they have gained."

"Will they not revenge it upon the innocent settlers?"

"No doubt they would if they could. But until they can be thoroughly subdued, all defenseless parties must seek refuge in the fort."

Scarcely had these words been uttered, before something up the mountain's side attracted the attention of Morton. He gazed eagerly in that direction a few moments, and then said:

"We must be off. If I am not mistaken there are some savages hurrying toward us."

The friends looked well to their weapons, and then started off at a rapid pace. And it was as they had anticipated, for in a moment more some fifty of the Sioux appeared in view from among the trees, not a mile distant from them. Then an exciting chase began.

The savages came yelling onward like so many human fiends. But when they reached the cabin and saw the dead bodies of their companions, and those hanging to the trees, they became perfectly frantic. They leaped into the air, and shrieked and brandished their tomahawks. But they halted only a moment, and then began the chase again.

Meantime the friends had been speeding forward as rapidly as it was possible for them to do. But Miss Moss could not keep pace with the men, and the party were thus delayed. Morton carried Mattie in his arms, and this additional weight, together with his own, was too great for the crusted snow; and himself, as well as Hans, were constantly breaking through, thus still further delaying them.

It became evident that they would soon be overtaken, for the savages were gaining rapidly upon them.

"You have twelve shots, Gilbert?" asked Morton.

"Thirteen, with revolvers and rifle."

"And Hans and myself have two each—seventeen in all."

"You forget to count mine," said Miss Moss.

"Well, that will be eighteen. We must take to the mountains. If we can get safely under cover, we can fire upon the savages as they approach us, and, from the number and rapidity of our shots, they will think we have been joined by others, and they will be cautious about approaching us. This will give us time to reload, and it is possible that we may successfully contend with the entire number."

"Yaw," exclaimed Hans, "we vill go to Rattlesnake Gulch. We can do de job up dere."

"Where is Rattlesnake Gulch?" asked Morton.

"Vell, it is a mile up dis peak. Ve can fix de red tivels if they follow us there."

"Which they certainly will. But lead on."

"Dat's jest vot I ish a doin'. Ve vill be there in a few minutes."

On sped the friends up the steep sides of Laramie Peak, and on came the foe, gaining upon the flying party at every step. At length Hans said:

"You see dat clump of bushes covered mit snow-banks?"

"Yes."

"Vell, ve gets pehind dat. But you mustn't go straight to him, or you'll all tumble down a pig hole, vare you never see daylight again. Follow after me, an' den ye is all safe."

Hans made a kind of circle, and then took refuge behind that which appeared to be a sort of wall, formed of bushes.

"Ish you all ready to fire?" asked the Dutchman.

"We are all ready."

"Vell, vait till de redskins begin to tumble down de hole, and den blaze away."

"What do you mean by falling down a hole?"

"You see in a minute. Vait. Now get ready to shoot."

The savages had approached within a few feet of the place where the friends were lying concealed. They were sure, as they supposed, of their victims now, and their howlings of exultation were fearful. On they came, led by Red Jacket, although there appeared to be a rivalry between them as to who should be the first to seize the victims.

But upon a sudden the snow gave away under the feet of the foremost savages, and down they went—down into darkness, while fearful cries came up from the pit into which they had fallen.

That was Rattlesnake Gulch—a gulf or cavern the depth of which is said to be at least eighty or a hundred feet. The mouth of the gulch is narrow, and the snow had nearly filled the space, but had been settling for some time, and was now scarcely able to sustain itself. So when the weight was

brought upon it, the result was just what Hans had anticipated. The fact that the savages were not familiar with the place is accounted for thus: The location is infested with venomous serpents and reptiles, as well as with poisonous weeds, and game is never found there. Hence it was seldom visited by them.

Some ten of the Sioux were precipitated into this chasm, and the others, just in time to check themselves, started back in horror. At the same instant the rifles belched forth their streams of death, and then came the rattle of Gilbert's revolver. At each shot a savage fell, dead or wounded, until they became panic-stricken, and fell back some distance, with the loss of half their number.

This was just what the defenders wished, as it gave them time to load again. Morton watched their movements for some time, and then said:

"They are preparing to advance again; but they will divide into two parties, and flank us. And I think we must depend upon our rifles now, for they will not come near enough for us to use our revolvers, unless they discover our numbers."

The savages divided, and began to move around cautiously. In a short time they had reached a position where they could see just how many they had to contend with. They consulted together for a moment, and then with furious yells, made a charge.

THE YOUNG CHEVALIER BAYARD.—SEE PAGE 670.

The friends held their fire until the Sioux were within a few yards of them, and then opened. The effect was terrible, and the Indians paused, evidently as much from astonishment as fright.

But they rallied again, and leaped forward to the attack. Scarce had the echo of the first volley died away when another was heard a short distance away, and a shout, which all present understood to be that of hunters, was heard.

"Help is at hand!" shouted Morton, as he leaped up and sprang among the Indians. Hans and Gilbert were not slow in following, and in a moment after, a dozen strong white men joined in the battle. It was a brief one, however, for the now thoroughly frightened Sioux broke and fled down the mountain's side like maddened demons.

"Just in time, wasn't we?" asked one of the newcomers.

"Yes," returned Morton; "you were just in time. But how did it happen that you arrived so opportunely?"

"Oh, the reds have been at our settlement. We suspected they were coming, so we got the women folks and children all safe down to the fort. We made a pretty good fight of it, and beat the devils off. Then we thought we'd follow after, just to see what was up; and here we are. But it strikes me you have done a pretty good job here."

"And has Red Jacket again escaped?" asked Miss Rose, after a careful examination of the dead.

"I think he must have fallen into the gulch, for I saw him in the advance. No! — Look — there he is."

True. The chief had fallen in, but had caught a sapling, and was still clinging to it with desperation, and hanging over the chasm. He was glaring upon his foes like a wild beast at bay.

Jane instantly sprang forward, and seizing a tomahawk, rushed to the spot where the savage was hanging, and raised the weapon. But she paused, trembled, and turned away, exclaiming:

"I thought I could; but I cannot."

"Give me the hatchet," said Morton, as he took the weapon from her hand, and passed her away from the spot. The savage uttered a low moan; but it was too late. The

ON THE WAY TO CHURCH.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

twig was severed at a blow, and the body of Red Jacket went whirling down into the darkness below.

The settlers became thoroughly aroused; and from the distance of fifty miles they gathered to one point, determined to subdue the Sioux and to avenge their homes. They were joined by a body of troops from Fort Laramie, and as Red Jacket was not with them, they were easily subdued, and for some time after remained peaceable.

A year had elapsed. Jane Moss had not ceased to mourn her murdered friends; but she found consolation in the love of Morton, whom she had consented to marry. They were to reside near the house of Hans. Gilbert has had many a hunt; but none half so exciting as his first.

## THE YOUNG CHEVALIER BAYARD.

Few names in historical chivalry sound sweeter than that of the young Chevalier Bayard, who has earned by his gallantry and virtues the title of the Knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. His exact name was Pierre du Terrail Bayard, and he was born in the Château de Bayard, near Grenoble, of a noble Dauphiny family, in 1475, and died April 30, 1524. At the age of thirteen he became one of the pages of the Duke of Savoy, who at that time was an ally of France, whose king, Charles VIII., attached the gallant youth to his service. After a glorious career, to speak as a warrior, he was killed at Sesia, fighting against the Spaniards.

The picture we give on page 668 represents him as a youth leaving his father's castle to commence the exciting career of arms. Three years after the death of the heroic Bayard, one of the old writers published a work entitled, "The Chronicle of Bayard," in which is related at considerable length the parting of the young knight from his paternal home. It describes with amusing quaintness the banquet given by the old knight in his baronial hall, where he has summoned around him his chief relations and retainers, to debate upon the choice of a leader for the youngest of his sons, the one who has chosen the profession of arms.

One recommends the King of France, but the Bishop of Grenoble, uncle to Pierre Bayard, so strongly advocates the claims of Duke Charles of Savoy, that the old chevalier consents, and the bishop escorts his nephew the next morning to his new destination. The old chronicler's recital of his parting with his mother is very touching. Her handing him a little silken purse, knitted with her own pious hands, containing six crowns in gold and one in change, is full of natural pathos. Altogether, the picture of medieval life is vivid, and brings us face to face with the age of chivalry.

## THE ROMAN PONTIFFS.

The whole number of Popes from St. Peter to Pius IX., is 257. Of these, 82 are venerated as saints, 33 having been martyred; 104 having been Romans, and 103 natives of other parts of Italy, 15 Frenchmen, 9 Greeks, 7 Germans, 5 Asiatics, 3 Africans, 3 Spaniards, 2 Dalmatians, 1 Hebrew, 1 Thracian, 1 Dutchman, 1 Portuguese, 1 Candiot, and 1 Englishman. The name most commonly borne has been John; the 23d and last was a Neapolitan, raised to the chair in 1410. Nine Pontiffs have reigned less than one month, 30 less than one year, and 11 more than twenty years. Only 5 have occupied the Pontifical Chair over twenty-three years. These are St. Peter, who was Supreme Pastor twenty-five years, two months, seven days; Sylvester I., twenty-three years, ten months, twenty-seven days; Adrian I., twenty-three years and ten months; Pius IX., who celebrated his thirtieth year in the Pontifical Chair, June 16th, 1876.

## ON THE WAY TO CHURCH.

This picture will recall the passage in "Hamlet,"

"He slew the sledded Polacks on the ice."

The frozen surface of lake and river has always been, in Northern parts, a favorite road, Nature here presenting the surface that engineers seek for roads of man's construction.

This style of sled adopted in Upper Bavaria may give a hint. There is something so attractive in this method of propelling a fair friend to the church, if not to the altar, that it may come into vogue among us. It has the advantage of excluding officious company, and of leaving behind any unwelcome intruders. The young lady evidently enjoys it, and is at the same time certainly contributing to the muscular development and health of her cavalier, or, perhaps, attendant.

The man stands on the back of the sled, using two iron-shod and pointed staves in his hands, as a means of propulsion, plying them alternately with such skill as to drive the stout sled skimming over the frozen surface.

The young man in our illustration is displaying his skill to such an extent as to elicit a hearty cheer from perhaps a rival, who has stopped for a moment on his own celibate sled, to admire the young lady in her flying passage to church.

The population of Bavaria is chiefly Catholic, as the illustration here indicates, and they are evidently on their way to Mass, to some old shrine honored for ages, dark with the incense of years, and all the more hallowed to the minds of the votaries.

## COLKITTOCH.

The name of Colkittoch often occurs in the history of the great rebellion in the reign of Charles I. By some he is denominated Macdonald of Colkittoch, by others Colkittoch, and by many he is confounded with his son. His name was Coll, or Colle, Macdonald; he was a native of Ireland. His father was Archibald Macdonell, who was an illegitimate son of the Earl of Antrim. With the aid of his partisans, Coll took violent possession of the island of Colonsay, one of the Hebrides, having driven away the Macfees, who had held it for many centuries. Coll was denominated Kittoch, or, more correctly, Ciotach, from his being left-handed. Coll had distinguished himself in the unhappy disturbances in Ireland; and when Lord Antrim sent troops to Scotland as auxiliaries in the royal cause, he served as an officer under his own son, Allister, or Alexander, who had the chief command of the corps. The father and son were well qualified for this service, both of them being well known in the Highlands, and connected by blood or marriage with some of the best families in that country.

Coll was noted for his strength and prowess, though tainted with the cruelty too familiar to his countrymen at that time. He fought in all the battles in which the Irish auxiliaries were engaged under Montrose; he was also concerned in their plundering expeditions in Argyleshire, where private revenge was unfortunately added to the horrors of war. Many of the lyric compositions of those days extol his bravery and his bloody vengeance on his antagonists, the Campbells, though it seems he was on very friendly terms with some of that name.

Coll had possession of the Castle of Duntroon, and having placed a garrison in it, he went to another quarter; but in his absence it was taken by stratagem. He was ignorant of this misfortune, and on his return he steered his boat direct for the castle. His own piper was then a prisoner there; and knowing his master's boat, to warn him of his danger, he played a tune which he composed for the purpose; and so accurately did the sound correspond with the meaning, that Coll understood the intention, and avoided the castle.

After the defeat of Montrose at Philiphaugh, and the retreat of his son Alexander to Ireland, Coll was left in command of the Castle of Dunaovaig, the ancient seat of the Macdonalds of Islay. The garrison consisted of 150 men; but the pipes which conveyed the water being cut by the

enemy, on the assurance of Sir David Leslie, who commanded the Parliamentary forces, Coll was induced to go out of the castle, to hold parley with his old friend Campbell of Dunstaffnage. Leslie basely broke his word, and made Coll prisoner. The Marquis of Argyle was present on this occasion, and was blamed for this. After the Restoration, when Argyle was brought to trial, he was accused of the heinous crime of having ordered this garrison to be put on a rock, surrounded by the sea, to perish without food or water. He denied all knowledge of any such thing; and the proof on this point does not appear satisfactory, nor could we find any tradition in that country of such an atrocious action.

Coll was committed to the custody of the captain of Dunstaffnage, in whose castle he was confined, and the tower where he lay is still named after him. That gentleman being no doubt sensible of the dishonorable treatment his prisoner had received, gave him every possible indulgence. He permitted Coll to walk about the place, but he had cause to repent his lenity. The Marquis of Argyle charged him with misconduct; and dreading the well-known severity of his chief, Dunstaffnage denied it. Argyle swore that if Coll should be found at large, the captain would be severely punished, and a messenger was dispatched to ascertain the fact. Dunstaffnage being at Inverary at the time, ordered his foster-brother to set off with all speed, and outrun the other, which he did; and on coming in sight of the castle, he cried out, *Coll in irons! Coll in irons!* Coll was occupied in superintending the shearing of corn at the time, and was the first who heard the cries. Conjecturing what the cause might be, he instantly retired to his dungeon, and with his own hands put on the irons. He was soon after this brought to trial before the Sheriff of Argyle, in the castle where he was confined. Maclean of Ardgour, who originally had been on the royal side, was on the jury; and wishing to display his zeal for the republican cause, which, with many others, he then espoused, asked Coll if he had been present at the battle of Inverlochy; the prisoner boldly replied, "*By my baptism! I was so, Carle, and did more service there than thyself!*" He was condemned to die, and was executed, by hanging from the mast of his own boat, laid across the cleft of a rock. He suffered death without dismay, requesting that his body might be laid so near that of his friend, the captain of Dunstaffnage, that they might exchange snuff-boxes in their graves; and this request was complied with. The fate of Colkittoch was amply avenged: at the Restoration, his death and sufferings formed some of the most serious and fatal charges against the Marquis of Argyle.

Coll's execution took place in 1647.

## A FRENCH MUSSEL-FARM.

The mussel is not popular in England as an article of food, but there is a great demand for it as bait, and the fishermen along her coasts experience no little trouble in collecting a sufficient quantity for their ever-increasing wants. Hence it is that public attention has lately been directed to the desirability of establishing mussel-farms.

Under these circumstances, little apology is needed for giving the following abridged account, from the third edition of Mr. Bertram's "Harvest of the Sea," of the mussel-farm at Aiguillon, on the west coast of France, how it came to be established, how it is worked, and what amount of profit it yields annually.

Aiguillon is a little out-of-the-way place hard by the port of Esnandes, which in its turn is about seven kilomètres from La Rochelle, and not far distant, therefore, from the Ile de Ré, so famous for its oyster-grounds.

It happened, as far back as 1235 A. D., that an Irish vessel laden with sheep was wrecked in the bay, and all the crew save a man named Walton perished. This Walton was a man of some ingenuity; and no sooner did he find himself safe and sound than he turned himself about to provide a regular supply of food, so that he might not prove a burden to the kind fisher-folk to whom he was indebted for his safety, and who were themselves almost destitute. But no matter in what direction he looked, he could see nothing but an expanse of liquid mud, which it was well-nigh impossible to traverse, at least on foot. Accordingly, he set about constructing a sort of canoe, still in use at the present day, and called a *pirogue*. In this he managed to explore the coast; and soon found that large numbers of land and sea birds were in the habit of settling on the water and in the mud, for the purpose of collecting food. Walton therefore made himself a number of long, stout stakes. These he fixed in the mud, and attached to them a kind of purse-net; the result being the capture every night of a large number of aquatic birds. It was not very long before he found the posts to which he had affixed his nets covered with the spawn of the edible mussel. These grew rapidly, and when mature, were found to have a much finer flavor than the mud-grown molluscs whence the spawn had floated.

Walton at once saw how he could not only multiply his food supplies, but likewise create a lasting industry for the benefit of the folk among whom he had been thrown. So he went on multiplying the stakes, and found there was comparatively no end to the produce.

"In ten years after the shipwreck," says Mr. Bertram, "the bay was covered with an appropriate and successful mussel-collecting apparatus, out of which has grown the present extensive commerce."

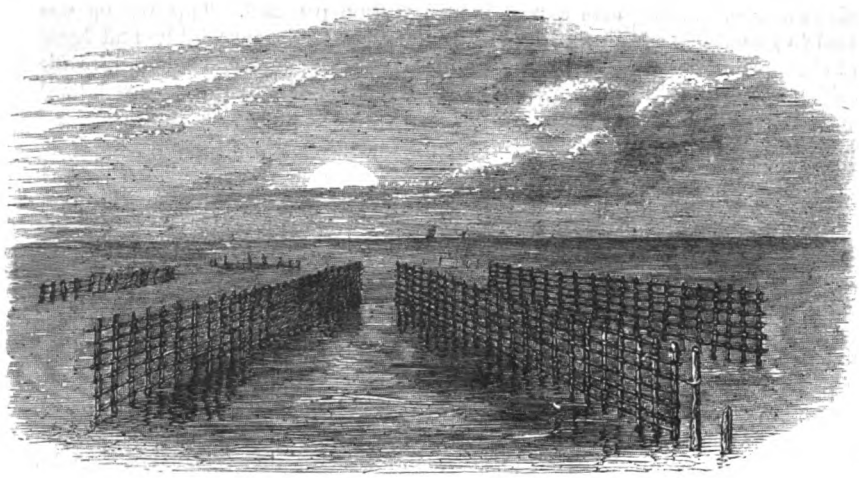
The work of cultivation is carried on very systematically, the same method prevailing now as in the days of Walton. One singular feature in connection with it is the mode of progression over the mud-banks, the mud being very soft and smooth, and without any sun-baked furrows to interrupt the progress of the canoes.

The propulsion of the vessels is after a very primitive fashion. The man kneels in the little boat with one leg, while the other, incased in a huge boot, is planted deep in the mud. A lift of the vessel with both hands, and a simultaneous shove with the mud-imbedded leg, "and lo! a progress of many inches is achieved." This frequently repeated soon carries the industrious laborer from one field to another.

When a new *trousseau* has to be provided for the *bouchots* (as we shall presently explain), or a stranger has to be taken over the fields, two men load a canoe and work it out between them. Sometimes three canoes are lashed together, when the *boucholier* in No. 1 propels with his left leg, and he in No. 3 with his right, by which means they get along in a tolerably straight line and with considerable speed.

Besides the stout stakes to which he originally affixed his nets, Walton planted others "in long rows in front of the double V, with their apex open to the sea, the sides being interlaced with branches of trees, to which the mussels, by means of their byssus (beard) affixed themselves with great aptitude." These form the *bouchots* above mentioned, and are "so arranged one with another as to serve as traps" for the fish that frequent the coast; so that the fishermen have a chance of catching some fish, while they are always certain of securing a canoeful of mussels. To this end the men in search of fish set out for the *bouchots* a little while before the tide recedes, and affixing small nets to the various openings, are sure to intercept any fish that may have come in to feed with the previous tide.

The farm covers eight kilomètres, being laid out in four fields or divisions, each of which has its peculiar name and use. The number of *bouchots* is stated to be at least five hundred, each representing a length of four hundred and



A FRENCH MUSSEL FARM.—SEE PAGE 671.

fifty mètres, and the whole forming a wall of strong basket-work, equal in length to two hundred and twenty-five thousand mètres (a little over two hundred and forty-six thousand yards), and rising six feet above the mud.

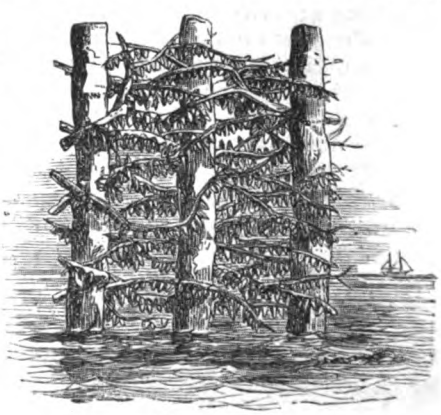
Great pains are taken to keep the *bouchots* in order, the work of repair being constant. Along the cliff-wall which protects the bay are kept the strong wooden stakes, twelve feet in length, and of considerable girth, which form the *trousseau*, as it is called, of the *bouchots*. These are sunk six feet in the mud, the upper part being furnished with a number of strong, supple branches, twisted into the form of basket-work, on which are grown the annual crop of mussels. The *bouchots* have different names according to their different uses and positions. Those farthest away in the water, and rarely, therefore, uncovered by it, are called *bouchots du bas*. These consist of large, strong, single stakes, planted close to each other—three to the mètre—and serve as spat collectors, the spat being locally called *naissain*, so that there may be always a store of infant mussels ready for any of the stakes which may accidentally become vacant. The spat voluntarily fixes itself to these *bouchots du bas*. About February or March they attain the size of a grain of flax-seed; in May they are about as big as a lentil; and in about two months more they are as large as a haricot bean, and are then called *renouvelain*. This is the time for planting to begin, the process being very simple. When seedlings are required for the more inland *bouchots*, the men proceed, at the lowest stage of the tide, to the spat-collecting stakes, and, with the aid of long poles having blunt hooks at the end, scrape off as many basketfuls as are required. They then paddle to the inland stakes and commence the first stage or work by planting, known as *la bâtisse*. A good handful of the young mussels is skillfully tied up by one of the mussel-men (*boucholier*) in a bag of netting or canvas, and cunningly made fast to the interstices of the basket-work, leaving ample room between each group or bag. They soon attach themselves by the byssus, and as the nets or bags soon rot away by the action of the water, are left hanging in clusters on the *bouchots*, where they increase in size so rapidly as speedily to require thinning out and transplanting, by a repetition of the same process, to stakes still nearer the shore. This twofold process of planting and transplanting is observed in order that the mussels may be as much as possible covered with the salt water, as they then fatten better.

It will easily be imagined that all this work of repairing the *bouchots* and planting and transplanting is going on incessantly, even at night-time, when the tide is suitable. Some portions of the farm are always under water, and those mussels are the best in quality which are the longest submerged. Care is, of course, taken to keep the mussels as much as possible from being deteriorated by any mud deposits, and for this purpose a good flow of water is provided for between the base of the *bouchots* and the sea-surface. But, in spite of all precautions, many bunches are affected, and this greatly distresses the *boucholiers*, who think more of quality than of quantity. They bear in mind the first experience of Walton, who was induced to turn mussel-farmer by the superior flavor of the mussels which grew on his stakes high above the mud. When a year's farming has been completed, the mussels are ready for the market; and by the care of the farmer, they are in season the whole year through, though they are best for food in the Autumnal months, when Mr. Bertram describes them as being deliciously fat and savory. In April they become milky and less palatable.

If the mussels are to be sent any distance, they are first carefully separated and freed from all kinds of dirt, then packed in hampers and bags, and sent away on the backs of horses and in carts, there being no less than 140 horses and 100 carts employed in the business. The mussels thus sent away are distributed within a radius of about 100 miles of Esnandes, more than 30,000 journeys per annum being made in the service. Those retained for local consumption are kept in pits dug at the bottom of the cliffs and within the inclosure where the men keep the *trousseau* of the *bouchots*. In addition are some 40 or 50 barks, making about 750 voyages in the year, which convey the mussels to still greater distances.

As to the question, "Does the mussel-farm pay?" Mr. Bertram furnishes the following statistics: Every *bouchot* will yield a load of mussels for each mètre of its length; a load is worth six francs, and the whole farm at Esnandes "is said to yield an annual revenue of about 1,250,000 francs, or, to speak roundly, upwards of $250,000 per annum. When," adds the writer, "it is taken into account that this large sum of money is, as nearly as possible, a gift from nature to the inhabitants, as there is no rent to pay for the farm, no seed—as is the case at the oyster-farms—to provide, no manure to buy, only the labor necessary for cultivation to be given, fishermen will easily comprehend the advantages to be derived from mussel-farming."

And when, as Mr. Bertram tells us, a *single* little fishing village in Scotland requires, for its share only, for the baiting of the deep-sea lines in the cod and haddock fisheries, close on *five million* mussels, it is time, we think, British fisher-folk followed the example of their brethren at Esnandes, and set to work cultivating mussel-farms, if not for purposes of food, at least to obtain excellent and cheaply-acquired bait.



MUSSEL-NETS.

OLIVER CROMWELL.—FROM THE PORTRAIT BY CUYP.

## CROMWELL AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

THE aspect of Europe in the middle of the seventeenth century must have suggested utter despair to the timid lover of freedom—to the pale doubter in the progress of humanity. Despotism, enthroned on the ruins of the feudal system, and surrounded by disciplined armies dependent on the sole will of the monarch, had extinguished or enslaved all the independent jurisdictions of the continent. The Parliaments of Paris, which the war of the Fronde vainly strove to maintain in virility and power, were virtually subjugated; and in that country a government of autocratic *will* was, by the genius of Richelieu, rapidly consolidated, and covered by the ægis of success and victory.

The Councils of Castile and Arragon had long since disappeared; and many years previously Cardinal Ximenes told the deputies of Castile—pointing from a window to the armed battalions of Charles V.—that it was by virtue of those men the King of Arragon commanded in Castile. The United Provinces was a republic but in name and form, so that the faintly acknowledged liberties of these countries were the sole *rights* remaining to the human race.

Happily for Europe, for the world, the English and Scotch peoples were faithful to their great trust, and neither kingly nor sacerdotal force or fraud was found able to bend them to the yoke imposed upon the nations of the continent. To the Puritans and Covenanters of that period England owes the freedom which she now enjoys. The Parliamentary leaders—and there can be no higher praise—were equal to the high mission imposed by the time; and no unprejudiced man, versed in their histories, can refuse acquiescence in the testimony borne to their merits by Bishop Warburton, "that the interests of liberty were conducted and supported by a set of the greatest geniuses for government that the world ever saw embarked together in a common cause."

The wars for the retention of France, the conflicts of the White and Red Roses, the troubles, confiscations, persecutions, strife, and discontent occasioned by the change of religion, and the alternate triumphs of Catholic and Protestant, thrust for a time all constitutional theories and maxims out of sight. They seemed lost amid the tumultuous hurly-burly of polemical warfare and sanguinary reaction; but they were rock-based, and again raised their sun-lit pinnacles above the deep as the fury of the social storm subsided.

The long and wary reign of Elizabeth closed amidst the rising murmurs of the people against the despotic authority which, taking advantage of the troubles of the time, had dared to tax the people by means of patents for monopolies, without leave of Parliament. Cecil, going down to the House on the 26th of November, 1601, was alarmed at the expression of the growing discontent, and warned the Commons that a dangerous spirit was abroad. His royal mistress would withdraw those patents, since they had proved hateful to the people. "But, gentlemen," continued the minister, "remember that whatsoever is subject to public expectation cannot be good while the Parliament matters are ordinary talk in the streets. I have heard myself, being in my coach, these words spoken aloud, 'God prosper those that further the overthrow of these monopolies! God send the prerogative touch not our liberties!' I think those persons would be glad that all sovereignty were converted into popularity, we being here but the popular mouth, and our liberty but the liberty of the subject."

Elizabeth soon afterward died, and James I. ascended the throne, his head full of notions of divine right, and confident that the devices of king-craft, on which he plumed himself, would enable him to successfully govern the most restive and stubborn nation in the world; a perilous experiment at all times, but especially so now, when the printing-press had become a power, and men were reading their Bibles after their own interpretation, by the light of the fires of Smithfield, and garnering up thoughts and aspirations—debased, it is true, but at the same time hardened, strengthened, by alloy of bigotry—which were anything but favorable to domination of any kind over the wills and consciences of men.

The Parliaments which the necessities of James obliged him to have recourse to were much more lavish of advice and remonstrance than of money; a mode of help which terribly exasperated the upon the whole good-natured, well-meaning king. It was in this reign that the Commons again drew forth their ancient but long-disused weapon of impeachment. The first person that sank before it was the Lord Chancellor Verulam (Bacon), accused of receiving bribes from the suitors in his Court, and prosecuted to conviction. The Lord Treasurer, Cranford, Earl of Middlesex, was next impeached of both oppression and corruption, and convicted.

The Duke of Buckingham—the favorite of the king and of Prince Charles—a weak, haughty man, in a fit of popular caprice, coincided with and supported the Commons in their attacks upon the great officers of state. James, who was a shrewd observer, warned Buckingham—Steenie, as he called him—of the dangerous nature of the weapon the Commons were wielding with such decisive effect.

"By God, Steenie!" exclaimed the king, "you are a fool, and will shortly repent this folly; and will find that in this fit of popularity you are making a rod with which your own breech will be scourged. You will live to have your belly-ful of Parliamentary impeachments."

James, in this instance at least, was a true prophet; but he did not live to witness the fulfillment of his prediction, having died "mysteriously," as was said, on the 1st of June, 1824—not, however, till some time after he had with his own hand torn out of the journal-book of the House of Commons "an insolent remonstrance" of that body, and had sent Pym, Sir Edward Coke, and several other members to prison, avowedly for their speeches and doings in Parliament.

Such was the state of affairs when Charles I., at the age of twenty-five, ascended the throne, his head as full as that of his father—more so, perhaps—of notions of a king's divine, indefeasible right to absolute sovereignty. He was, no doubt, willing enough to govern with a Parliament, provided the Parliament willed what he willed, but otherwise quite resolved to rule by "other counsels."

The nation was in an ill-humor for such assumptions; and it was evident from the first, to all calmly-reasoning men, that there was nothing for it but to frankly and sincerely accept the situation as it presented itself, and submit to conduct the affairs of the kingdom in accordance with the views of the Commons' House, now grown too powerful to be permanently controlled, much less ignored, by the sovereign. The new king thought otherwise; and when his first Parliament, which met in 1825, after granting the usual subsidy, showed a disposition to inquire into "grievances," especially that "grievance of grievances," the Duke of Buckingham, whose insolence and power and manifold corruptions had not only disgusted the nation with the favorite, but partially alienated its affections from the crown, Charles, under the pretense of the plague, then raging, hastily dissolved it. In 1626 a new Parliament, "a great, warm, ruffling Parliament," as Whitelock calls it, was summoned to Westminster to aid the king with counsel and money. The former part of their duty they set about with alacrity; a "committee of grievances" was appointed, and an unmistakable determination shown to put an end to the government of favoritism and corruption which marked the commencement of the young king's reign.

"Are not honors," exclaimed Sir John Eliot, of famous memory, "sold and made despicable? Are not judicial places sold, and do they not sell justice again?"

The king's rage was excessive. "I must let you know," said his majesty, "that I will not allow any of my servants to be questioned amongst you, much less such as are of eminent place and near my person. I see you especially aim at the Duke of Buckingham. I would have you hasten my supply, or else it will be worse for yourselves!"

Brave words these, but utterly thrown away on the stubborn Commons. The preparations to impeach the Duke of Buckingham, "the source from which all this bitterness flows" went on as vigorously as ever. Amongst his other crimes, Buckingham was indirectly accused of assassinating the late king, by administering to him "a plaster and a posset-drink" without the knowledge or authority of the royal physicians.

In a transport of fury, the king arrested Sir John Eliot and Sir Dudley Digges, and committed them to the Tower. This manifest breach of "privilege" the monarch had speedily reason to regret. The Commons not only declared their approval of all the imprisoned members had said, but refused to proceed without them. After eight days' confine-

ment, they were released, and the accusation against Buckingham was pressed as earnestly as before. All efforts to subdue the spirit, or mollify the resentment, of the Commons having failed, the Parliament was dissolved, the king determining thenceforth to be governed by the "new counsels," of which he had previously forewarned the opposers of his will.

The new counsels, it soon appeared, were simply counsels to mulct and oppress the people, under form and color of law, and by the naked exercise of the prerogative. Forced loans, as they were mockingly termed, were demanded, chiefly of gentlemen obnoxious to the court party, under threat of imprisonment. Commissions were appointed, armed with the most inquisitorial powers for extracting "Benevolences" from reluctant subjects. In the words of the royal warrant, "They were to treat apart with every one of those who were to lend, or should make delay or excuses, and persist in their obstinacy; that they examine such persons on their oath, whether they had been dealt with to deny, to refuse, or to delay to lend, or make an excuse for not lending!"

Charles, moreover, in order to give his new counsels a fair chance of success, in imitation of the practice of Elizabeth, "tuned" his pulpits, as it was popularly termed, and reverend doctors were found to preach illimitable obedience to the king, under pain of illimitable damnation. Those of the clergy that refused to lend themselves to so impious a device were persecuted without mercy, at the suggestion of William Laud, then bishop of Bath and Wells, who had drawn up the instructions for the clergy, and who, not very long afterward, for that esssential service, was made Archbishop of Canterbury.

Beside the loans, tonnage and poundage, or import and export duties, unvoted by Parliament, were forcibly levied. The city of London was peremptorily commanded to furnish the king's majesty with £120,000; the outports were compelled to equip a number of war-vessels, under pretense of danger of invasion; and the lords-lieutenant of the counties were ordered to impress and train men to arms to put down civil tumult.

These lawless proceedings, instead of intimidating, served but to inflame and exasperate the public mind. Mr. John Hampden, of Buckinghamshire, refused to subscribe to the king's loan, so did Sir Thomas Wentworth, John Pym, Sir John Eliot, and more than a hundred other of the principal gentry of the kingdom. They were all thrown into prison for their refusal. Hampden was first confined in the Gate-House, London, and afterward imprisoned in Hampshire. Wentworth and Pym were incarcerated in the country. Mr. George Catesby, of Northampton, when imprisoned in the Gate-House, was visited by the Lord President, to whom he pleaded that he did not care for the money required of him, but that he feared to violate Magna Charta, and that his compliance might be construed as a precedent. The Lord President told the man in bonds that "he lied"! "I came not here to dispute with your lordship," was Catesby's answer, "but to suffer!"

As for the common file who resisted, *they* were sent to serve in the king's ships, impressed as soldiers, treated, in short, as the trusty and well-beloved commissioners deemed fitting and proper.

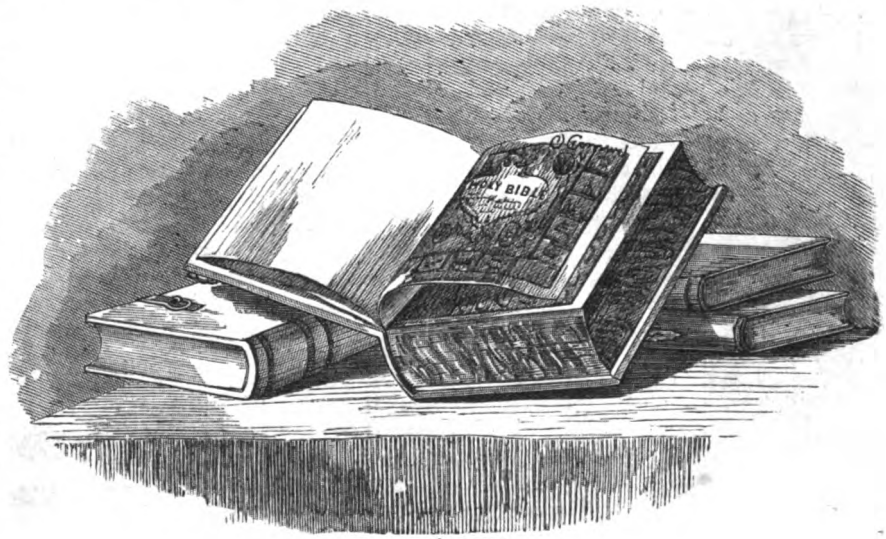
The parasites of the Court were especially delighted to find that the judges of the land were all on their side. Law, if its dignitaries were to be believed, was clearly against gentlemen imprisoned for refusing, or for being unable to lend, the king any sum of money his majesty chose to name. Sir Thomas Darnel, Sir John Corbet, and others, sued out their *habeas corpus*, and demanded to be released; but the judges refused all relief. The king's warrant, according to them, justified everything. Not, however, without shame and remorse was this done by the learned judges. "The Commons little know," exclaimed one of them, "what letters and commands we receive!" Certainly the Commons did not; neither till long afterward were they aware that the wording of the judges' patents had been changed from the old clause, *quamdiu se bene gesserit*, to *durante bene placito*. How could they suspect dignified functionaries of accepting offices under such disgraceful conditions?

When all was done, these torturings and imprisonings were found to avail but very poorly and insufficiently in procuring money for the king's necessities, however much they might have gratified his pride and love of power. He was daily getting poorer and poorer—could not, with all his counsels and contrivances, find any adequate remedy for that consumption of the purse—and, as a last and desperate resource, again in 1628 summoned his faithful Commons to meet him at Westminster.

Charles on this occasion, in order, our historians tell us, to show a magnanimous example, released all the gentlemen, nearly eighty in number, whom he held caged for non-compliance with the voluntary loan; and the people, grateful as his majesty was magnanimous, returned nearly all of them to the new Parliament. Yorkshire sent Wentworth; Cornwall, Eliot; Hampden sat for Wendover; Pym for Grampound.

The meeting of the king's third Parliament was a very notable event in the world's history. The old leaders were all there, and another was now added to them. A stout, strongly-framed man, of very "slovenly" appearance, as gentlemen curious in tailoring deemed him, entered the House for the first time, accompanied by Mr. Hampden, who introduced him to Eliot, Pym, and others congregated about the Speaker's chair, as "my kinsman, Mr. Oliver Cromwell, member for Huntingdon."

Pym was soon in deep conversation with the stranger; there was something in him, he soon perceived, more than even the massive forehead, swift-glancing eyes, and firm-set lips at first indicated. He was not much of a speaker, this Cromwell. Sir Philip Warwick says his voice was untunable and harsh; and he (Sir Philip) marveled that so great an



CROMWELL'S BIBLE.

assemblage should have listened with so great a respect to such an ungainly fellow. He had a habit, too, we are told, of suddenly grasping the hilt of his sword with a fierceness that would have probably crushed Sir Philip's dainty fingers to a jelly, as if *there*, in his mind, lay the true argument, or, at all events, that which would, all others failing, assuredly prevail.

"Who is that sloven you came in with?" asked Digby of Hampden.

"That sloven," was the reply, "if we should ever—which God forbid!—come to a rupture with the king, will be the greatest man in England."

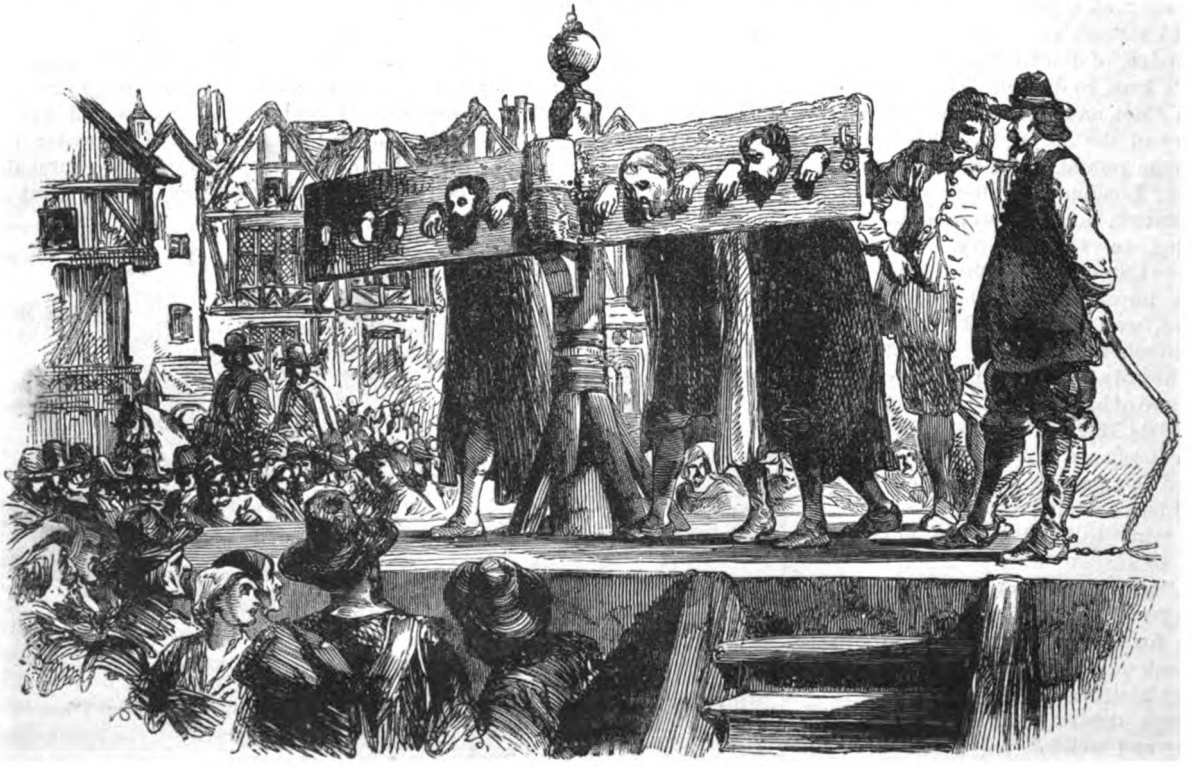
The calm, keen eyes of Cromwell's kinsman had, we are now aware, read the character of the new member for Huntingdon aright, and it is supremely absurd to suppose that a man who could suggest such a prophecy to a mind like Hampden's, was the confused, heavy dullard, and hypocritical buffoon which prejudice and folly would have us believe. Not an eloquent phrase-maker, if you will, but clearly of the true metal which discerning men had but to sound in order to discover its essential and sterling qualities.

Oliver Cromwell—to recapitulate briefly all that history has told us of trustworthy of his youth and early manhood—was the son of Mr. Robert Cromwell, a gentleman of good family and moderate means, settled at Huntingdon—a brewer there, some say, but without much likelihood of truth. The Cavaliers used, we know, to call Harrison a butcher, for the excellent reason that his father was a large grazing farmer. Be this, however, as it may, Oliver, since his father's death, managed his mother's business, whatever it was, whether farming or brewing, and succeeded in doing so reasonably well. He had also received a good education, or at all events, what in those days passed for one; for we find he was entered of Sussex College, Cambridge, on the very day, it is not uninteresting to remark, that Shakespeare died!

The stories told of the dissoluteness of Oliver's youth may equally, with the prophetic marvels which, after he had achieved greatness, were said to have marked his infancy and boyhood, be dismissed with almost entire incredulity. He was related to Hampden by marriage only, having espoused, on the 22d of August, 1620, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Bourchier, a kinsman of the anciently-descended Buckinghamshire family. Cromwell appears to have been a thoroughly sincere and fervidly pious man; and well would it have been had the charity of his religious zeal equaled its earnestness and fervor. An excellent neighbor, too, helpful to all who needed help, and a zealous protector of the Noncomforming lecturers, whom Laud was hunting and persecuting through the country; a man, in short, fitted for the perilous and anxious time; watchful and patient of passing events; eagle-visioned to the dawnings of the future; and, to use Milton's expression, "nourishing his great soul in silence," whilst calmly but mournfully awaiting the moment when the contest, now thickening, should be removed to a more decisive arena than that of the Commons' House, and men of bold deeds more than of eloquent words would be required.

The shadow of that time already lowered visibly over the land. The king was in no humor to part with the reality of the despotic power he had usurped, though he was profuse of promises that he would for the future, out of his own royal grace and favor, deal tenderly with the liberties of his subjects. It was not for a moment to be supposed that the Commons would be satisfied with mere words, and after agreeing to grant the king five subsidies, they clogged the gift with the precedent condition of redress of grievance, especially the intolerable one of arbitrary imprisonment, which his majesty claimed of divine, hereditary right.

All in vain was it that the Court party, seconded by the Lords, urged that, the affectionate duty of the Commons shown by passing the supply bills, the monarch would be in a more complying humor, and likelier to accede to their demands. A Petition, or, more correctly, a Declaration of Right, was framed by the House on the basis of the following resolutions: 1. That no freeman ought to be restrained or imprisoned unless some lawful cause of such restraint or imprisonment be expressed; 2. That the writ of *habeas*



BYNNE, BASTWICK AND BURTON IN THE PILLORY.

*corpus* ought to be granted to every man imprisoned or restrained, though it be at the command of the king or privy-council, if he pray for the same; 3. That when the return expresses no lawful cause of commitment or restraint, the party ought to be delivered or bailed; 4. That it is the ancient and undoubted right of every Englishman that he hath a full and absolute property in his goods and estate, and that no tax, loan, or benevolence ought to be levied by the king or his ministers without consent of Parliament. This Petition of Right was eloquently enforced by Sir John Eliot, Sir Thomas Wentworth, and others. Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford, who had not yet abandoned the cause of the people, said: "We vindicate what? A new thing? No! but our ancient, legal, and vital liberties, by reinforcing the laws made by our ancestors by setting such a seal on them that no libertine spirit shall dare hereafter to disregard them."

Coke and Selden argued unanswerably for the legal soundness of the position assumed by the Commons. "It is not under Mr. Attorney's cap," exclaimed Coke, with natural exultation, "to answer one of our arguments."

But the king could not be persuaded to forego the power of arbitrary imprisonment, and the peers declared that the king's word was, after all, the chief security. "The wrath of a king," said their lordships, "is like the roaring of a lion; and all laws with his wrath are of no effect; but the king's favor is like the dew on the grass—then all will prosper." His majesty, moreover, condescended to send a letter to the Commons, stating "that he would not part with the power of imprisoning the subject, but would promise not in future to imprison any man for refusing a loan, nor for any cause which in his judgment and conscience he did not conceive necessary for the public good."

The House, we find by the journals, "laid the king's letter aside." They could only take his majesty's word in a parliamentary way, and they sent the bill embodying the Declaration of Right up to the Lords. The peers passed it with the addition of a clause, "reserving his majesty's sovereign power."

"Let us take heed," exclaimed Coke, when the bill came back to the Commons with this amendment tacked to it—"let us take heed what we yield unto. Magna Charta is such a fellow, that he will have no sovereign." The amendment was struck out, and the peers reluctantly acquiesced. Nothing now remained but the king's formal concurrence; and that given, the coveted subsidies were at his disposal.

Charles hesitated long, but finding the Commons inexorable, came down to the Lords, and the Lower House was summoned in due form to hear the royal assent given to the bill. To the surprise and indignation of all who heard him, the king, instead of using the legal formula, "*Soit droit fait comme il est desiré*" ("Let right be done as desired"), said, "The king willeth that right be done according to the laws and customs of the realm, and that the statutes be put in due execution, that his subjects may have no cause to complain of any wrong or oppression contrary to their just rights and privileges, wherein he holds himself bound in conscience as well as obliged of his own prerogative."

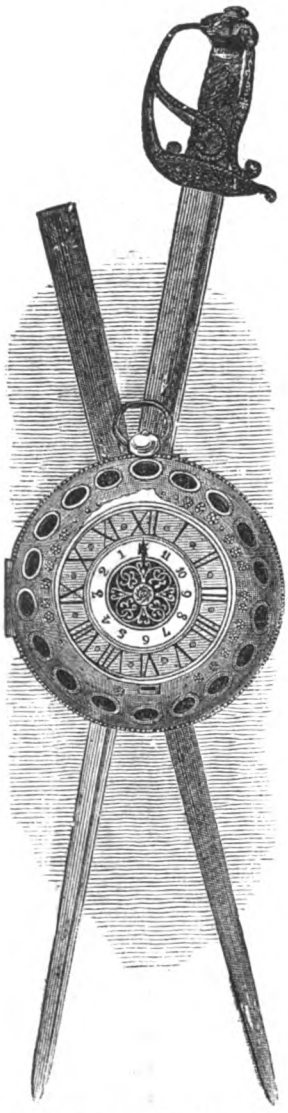
SIR HARRY VANE.

The wrath of the Commons against the advisers of this subterfuge was unbounded. Sir John Eliot thundered against the Duke of Buckingham as the prime source of all the evils which afflicted the nation; and the fatal weapon of the Commons, impeachment, was again about to be drawn forth, when the king, alarmed at what was going on, hastened down to the Lords, and gave his assent to the Bill of Right in the accustomed legal form. The money-bills were at once voted, and London was in a blaze of illumination at the supposed triumphant termination of the struggle with prerogative. They reckoned too hastily.

Soon after Sir Thomas Wentworth abandoned the opposition, and regained Court favor by the sacrifice of his former principles and friends. The indignation of Pym was extreme when Wentworth began to break the tidings to his old friend.

"Say no more!" interrupted Pym; "I understand it all; but remember what I tell you—you are going to be undone. And remember, also, that though you leave us now, I will never leave *you* whilst your head is on your shoulders!"

Wentworth smiled in superior scorn; and well, apparently, might he do so, for before the year was out he was a baron, then an earl, and finally Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and speedily approved himself the ablest and most devoted of the king's instruments. Not long after, Buckingham was assassinated at Portsmouth.



CROMWELL'S WATCH AND SWORD.

The Parliament reassembled in January, 1629, and the dispute between the Commons and the monarch became more vehement than ever. At length, March the 2d, Sir John Eliot rose to move a remonstrance against the levying of tonnage and poundage without authority of Parliament. The Speaker declined to entertain the motion, having been ordered by the king to adjourn the House.

A tumult ensued. The doors of the House were locked, and the Speaker held in his chair by Holles and Valentine, whilst the resolution passed, "That whatever merchant paid tonnage or poundage was a traitor to the liberties of England."

Whilst this extraordinary scene was going on, Charles had come down to the Lords, and commanded, in the usual form, the attendance of the Commons. His messenger found the doors closed. His majesty next sent for the sergeant-at-arms, but that officer was not permitted to obey. Charles finally directed the captain of his guard to break in the doors of the House. Before this could be executed, the Commons adjourned to the 10th of March. The king, on dissolving the Parliament, denounced the leading members as "vipers who should suffer for their conduct." He was as good, or rather as bad, as his word. Sir John Eliot, Holles, Valentine, and several others were, notwithstanding the passing of the Bill of Right, by his order thrown into prison. Each sued out a writ of *habeas corpus;* but Charles changed the custody before the return was made, and the judges refused a hearing to the prisoners' counsel in the absence of the fraudulently-withheld bodies of their clients! Soon afterward Mr. Attorney-General filed a criminal information against Sir John Eliot in the Court of King's Bench. Eliot insisted that no court had power to review the proceedings of the Commons' House of Parliament. The judges, however, decided that they *had* jurisdiction. Eliot steadily refused to acknowledge or plead to their authority, and was condemned, in default, to pay a fine of £2,000 to the king, and to be imprisoned till he made submission.

But he disdained to purchase personal freedom by the surrender of a great principle. His estate, in contemplation of such a sentence, had been passed to trustees; his two sons were intrusted to the generous care and guidance of Hampden, and Eliot resigned himself to bear his fate as patiently as might be. He perished gradually of the rigor of the confinement to which he was subjected, and which was constantly increased in harshness and brutality. He died on the 27th of November, 1632.

The slovenly, ungainly-looking member for Huntingdon was at this time, 1632, a farmer at St. Ives, a place about five miles eastward of that borough, and was in the habit of pouring forth long prayers before his friends, neighbors, and laborers.

Immediately after the dissolution of the celebrated third Parliament, patents conferring monopolies in every article of consumption were publicly and unblushingly sold. There was scarcely an article which the hands of monopoly did not grasp; salt, starch, coals, iron, wine, pens, cards and dice, beavers, felt, bone-lace, meat dressed in taverns, tobacco, brewing and distilling, kelp and seaweed, linen cloth, hops, butter, hats, spectacles, combs, tobacco-pipes, saltpetre, gunpowder, down to the privilege of rag-gathering. Next, a commission issued for "curing defects in titles to land," from whom any one, for a money consideration, could purchase a title, good against all claimants.

The ingenuity of Mr. Attorney-General, Noy, afterward devised a new and very profitable expedient. "A writ," says Lord Clarendon, "was framed, and directed to the sheriff of every county in England, commanding them to provide a ship-of-war for the king's service, and to send it amply fitted such a day to such a place, and with that writ were sent to each sheriff instructions that, instead of a ship, he should levy upon his county such a sum of money, and return the same to the treasurer of the navy."

This device, enforced by threats, brought in the king full £200,000 per annum. This was indeed a windfall, or, rather, lawyer-fall, for his majesty consulted the judges, for the relief of the royal conscience.

Their lordships, who delivered their opinions in the hall of Sergeant's Inn, declared his course legal, by a majority of ten to two. It was immediately promulgated in the Council and Star Chambers, and the judges were ordered to read and enforce it at the assizes.

Mr. John Hampden, who had already suffered imprisonment for refusing to subscribe to the "voluntary" loan, was nothing daunted. He firmly refused to pay the twenty shillings demanded of him as "ship-money." With leave of the king—for without Mr. Attorney's concurrence the learned judges would hear nothing impugning his majesty's prerogative; Lord Say and Sele for one, vainly endeavored to be heard by counsel against "ship-money"—Hampden brought the matter before the Court of Exchequer. It was said that the king, sure of his judges, preferred having a man of the "rare temper and modesty" of Hampden as plaintiff to any other person. The case was elaborately argued; on the part of Hampden with consummate talent, by Mr. St. John. It was learning and labor thrown away. Judgment was given for the crown by nine out of the twelve judges.

As far, then, as legal resistance to usurping power went, the matter was concluded; and no one, except it might be that praying farmer of St. Ives, seemed as yet to contemplate any other mode of settlement.

William Laud, now Archbishop of Canterbury, was zealous for surplices, prayings towards the east, and other formalities very repugnant and disagreeable to many even of the established parochial clergy. Those who did not conform to the archbishop's teachings were necessarily hunted out of their livings, banished the country, and many of them very happy to escape so. Leighton, a Scotch divine, for having libeled Laud and his coadjutors, was fined £10,000, publicly whipped in Palace-Yard, Westminster, had one ear cut off, one nostril slit open, and one cheek branded with the letters S. S.—Sower of Sedition. At the expiration of a week, the same operation was performed on the other ear, nostril, and cheek! The sufferer was then thrown into jail, from which he did not emerge till ten years afterwards, and then by the grace of the Long Parliament. Prynne, Bastwick and Burton were pilloried, and had their ears cut off, for similar offenses; and indeed scarcely a week passed but some

spectacle of human suffering was exhibited in the public streets.

Vast numbers of people, in utter despair of England, embarked for America. But even this refuge was after a while denied them. An order was issued that no person should embark for the New World without leave of the king; and on the 1st of May, 1638, eight vessels bound for New England were arrested in the Thames. It has been said that Hampden, Pym, Cromwell, and Haselrig were on board these vessels. There is no truth in this story · though there is no doubt that most of those persons, and many others of the same position and opinions, were disposed to emigrate to America.

During these doings there was little heard of Farmer Cromwell. He had, however, manifested his quality very distinctly in his own locality and neighborhood. The Bedford Level in the fen county was in process of reclamation, when the king's commissioners quarreled, not only with the Earl of Bedford, a popular nobleman, but with a number of small proprietors, relative to the spoil accruing to the crown from the drainage that was going on. Matters looked badly when Oliver struck in, and by his fierce, restless energy, agitating here, haranguing there, so scared the commissioners, that they gave over the business in despair, and Oliver was unanimously decreed the title of "Lord of the Fens." He was by this time the father of a somewhat numerous family, three sons and four daughters, besides two boys who died in their infancy.

In Scotland the feeling against Laud's attempted innovation, as far as regarded the Lowlands, was a national one; and finally, an army was raised, which in 1639 marched southward to maintain the ecclesiastical independence of the Scottish Church, and what the Covenanters deemed its purity. The words, "For Christ's Crown and Covenant," were conspicuously displayed at the entrance of each captain's tent. The king advanced to meet them, at the head of what seemed a splendid army—and the Marquis of Hamilton was despatched by sea to the Firth of Forth with a force of 5,000 men. It was all a vain show. For the first time in English history an English army refused to fight — positively retreated before the Scottish skirmishers! and the king, finding how matters stood, was fain to consent to what was called

AT THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

the "Pacification of Berwick." A good understanding had been early arrived at between the Scotch and English malcontents. At the London meetings of the Scottish conveners, headed by Lords Loudon and Dumferling, it is well known that not only Pym and Hampden took an active part, but also the Earls of Essex, Holland, Bedford, and Lord Say and Sele; and that it was to the sagacity and genius of Sir Harry Vane the subsequent union between the English and Scottish malcontents was due.

Strafford was in the meanwhile getting on prosperously in Ireland. He established the linen-trade there, and put down all opposition to his will. He had got together a considerable army, with which, he suggested to the king, his majesty "might subjugate *this* kingdom." This was the grave and fatal charge urged against him by the Commons in support of their impeachment.

And now we come, passing over as immaterial the short-lived Fourth Parliament, to the famous one which met in November, 1640, overthrew the monarchy, and remained rulers of the nation till the day on which they, in their turn, were compelled to yield to violence. Hampden was member for Buckinghamshire; Cromwell represented Cambridge, where he had been elected by a majority of one over Wheatfield, poet. Coke and Eliot were dead, but Pym, Sir Harry Vane, Holles, Denzil, and Valentine, were again returned.

The king opened the session with a threat, though he in the same scornful breath said "he disdained to threaten any but his equals;" and the chiefs of the opposing parties were at last fairly in the presence of each other. Strafford had come over from Ireland, where he had summoned a Parliament, and not only procured from them a supply of money, but a declaration that they were ready to aid his majesty with their lives and fortunes in all eventualities. The earl, it was rumored, had obtained written, incontestable proofs of the collusive "treason" of the Scotch and English leaders, and meant in a few days to make efficient use of them.

On the 11th of November, the House of Commons sat with closed doors for four hours. Then the doors were suddenly thrown open, and forth issued the Commons of England. "The Commons of England," pealed forth the firm, sonorous voice of Pym, "impeach Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, of high treason!"

The astounded peers could not, after the recent examples of Bacon and Middlesex, refuse or delay to entertain the accusation; and my Lord Strafford, ignorant of what had passed, was suddenly arrested as he walked gravely into the House with his hands full of official papers, and immediately hurried off in custody to the Tower. His carriage was not in attendance, and he would have waited for it. "You must go in mine," said Maxwell the usher. There was no help for it, and the so lately haughty lord passed forth—"no man," says Baillie, "capping to him, before whom that morning the greatest in England would have stood discovered."

This blow for a time paralyzed the court. Mr. Secretary Windebanke and the Lord-Keeper Finch fled at once—one to France, and the other to Holland. Archbishop Laud was next impeached.

EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

HENRIETTA OF FRANCE

The sheriffs who had executed the writs of ship-money and other vexatious exactions were passed over in this retributive visitation; not so the judges who, through corruption or cowardice, had pronounced manifestly false judgments. They were subjected to the full penalty of their misdeeds. Sir Robert Berkeley, one of the most favored of them, was dragged from his seat in the King's Bench to prison, and the others were obliged to find heavy bail to answer the charges to be brought against them. The Commons soon afterwards declared their sittings permanent, and the revolution fairly began. Early in the Spring of this year, 1641—a large number of long, heavy swords, marked in the hilt with the letters O. C., arrived at St. Ives, and were distributed.

The Earl of Strafford was convicted, and the king, with great pain and reluctance, gave his formal assent to the bill of attainder, which sent the ablest, the most devoted, and the most unscrupulous of his friends and servants to the scaffold — partly, it appears, induced to do so by a romantically - generous letter from the prisoner, absolving him from his promise to save his, the Earl of Strafford's life, and requesting that no thought or care for the attainted victim should be permitted to interfere with the chances of a reconciliation between the king and his people! That the earl never for a moment believed the monarch he had unhesitatingly served would take him at his word, is manifest from his indignant and reproachful exclamation when the news of the king's assent was brought to him—"Put not your trust in princes nor in the sons of men, for in them there is no salvation." The unfortunate earl, a man perhaps as much sinned against as sinning, soon recovered his usual sad equanimity. He died calmly, almost heroically.

SIR RICHARD WILLIS'S PLOT AGAINST CHARLES II.

There is not much else of importance to be noted till the beginning of January, 1642, when the attorney-general preferred a criminal information before the Lords against Lord Kimbolton and five members of the House of Commons—Hampden, Pym, Haselrig, Halden, and Stroud—and warmly requested their lordships would order their immediate arrest. The peers, all aghast, hesitated—knew not what to do; they would, however, search for precedents, and report thereon. The next day the king, having, we suppose, no faith in precedents, went personally to the House of Commons, accompanied by a large number of armed men, to demand the five members. But the birds were flown.

Four days afterwards the five members returned to the House by water, escorted by the civic authorities and two thousand armed seamen. Four thousand horsemen came up from Buckinghamshire to receive and greet their representative, and it was evident to the dullest eyes that the decision of the question had passed from the men of the gown to the men of the sword. The king retired, first to Hampton Court, next to York, and finally set up his standard at Nottingham—as nearly as may be the centre of the kingdom—on the 16th of August, 1642.

The Parliamentary commander-in-chief, the Earl of Essex, had not received authority to levy forces and do battle, in the legal jargon of the time, for the king *and* parliament, when Cromwell was at work down there at St. Ives and Huntingdon, getting his troopers into order and practical soldiership. The friends, neighbors, with whom he had so long held spiritual communion, eagerly enrolled themselves to fight what they deemed the "battle of the Lord" under his guidance. They formed the nucleus of the world-famous Ironsides, so called from the long, heavy swords they wore; and their leader was indefatigable in his exertions to train them for efficient and decisive service. Incessantly active also was the leader in other matters besides drilling. He promptly stopped the plate of the Cambridge University from being sent off to be melted down for the king's use, then waited upon his uncle, Sir Oliver, a stanch Royalist, accompanied by a few troopers—craved his blessing, would by no means be covered in his presence, but at the same time respectfully and positively insisted that Sir Oliver's plate must be delivered up, that it might not be misappropriated! At Lowestoffe in Suffolk, where a considerable amount of arms and stores had been collected, a meeting of persons of influence and distinction, partisans of the king, was held to devise plans for his majesty's sustainment. Thirty-two gentlemen attended, and so did Cromwell with a sufficient number of his half-drilled troopers, and carried the meeting unanimously off, not forgetting the stores and weapons. The next act of this terrible farmer was to seize Sir Thomas Coningsby, high-sheriff of Herts, who, on market-day at St. Albans, was reading to the shouting populace a proclamation of the king, which declared the Earl of Essex,

the Parliamentary general, and all who should aid or abet him, to be traitors. Six of Cromwell's troopers first dived into the mob after the high-sheriff, but were repulsed; then twenty, and Sir Thomas was effectually secured, proclamation and all, and trundled up to London. Cromwell was rewarded for these services by the commission of a colonel of cavalry, and the independent command of a thousand horse, which he was to raise, arm, and train, as speedily as possible. He set to work at once. Night and day he drilled and exercised his stalwart yeomen, nearly all freeholders or the sons of freeholders—preaching, exhorting, instructing, with tameless activity and zeal, and fully determined to undertake no work of importance till his men sat in their saddles as if they grew there, and handled their long, heavy swords as freely as if they had been willow-wands.

Every county, city, village, and hamlet of England now resounded with the din of warlike preparation. The queen, Henrietta of France, sped to Holland to pawn the crown jewels for arms and ammunition. The great mass of the nobility, gentry, and populace, except that of London, were gathering, or preparing to gather, round the king. The burgess class and the yeomanry, especially of the south, west, and midland counties, were arming for the Parliament. In London, four thousand men enlisted in one day. Hampden was down in Buckinghamshire at the first signal, and soon got together two thousand men, dressed in green coats, and waved over by smart flags, bearing their leader's motto, *Vestigia nulla retrorsum.* The Earl of Essex, Sir William Waller, the Earl of Manchester, held chief commands in the Parliamentary army. Hampden served as colonel under the Earl of Essex. Neither of the Parliamentary generals possessed military talent, though individually brave. The opposing armies first met, it is well known, at Edge Hill, and fought an indecisive battle. The king's nephew, Prince Rupert, was met at Keyning, three miles from the field of battle, by Hampden, at the head of his green-coats, and Grantham's regiment, and sent quickly to the right about. Hampden, however, it seems, could not follow. It is unnecessary to enumerate the marchings and countermarchings of Essex, Waller, Rupert, Newcastle, and others. Their victories, when they gained any, were indecisive. Neither the fate of Charles nor that of England lay with *them.*

At last Cromwell had got his thousand troopers ready. They were disciplined to perfection, and every man of them was brimming over with enthusiasm. He posted, Heath tells us, a number of trusty men in ambush, who, as his soldiers trotted by at exercise, were to suddenly burst forth upon them with blare of trumpet and war-shoutings. It fell out as Cromwell desired; and his keen eye marked about twenty men affected by panic. Men liable to panic were not fit soldiers for him; and, having called them together, he mildly pointed out that, willing and zealous as they might be, they were not fitting instruments for the required service, and they would not, therefore, he trusted, object to transfer their horses and accoutrements—their own property, be it remembered—to men more capable of fighting the battle of the Lord. They acquiesced with as good a grace as possible; and, all being ready, the men drawn up and awaiting the signal, Cromwell addressed them: He would not, he said, seek to perplex them as others did, about fighting for the king *and* Parliament. He was a plain man like themselves, and did not understand such subtleties. It was for Parliament alone, for the liberties of the land, for the establishment of God's righteous rule on earth, that they were about to fight. For himself, he declared that if he met King Charles, he would as soon discharge his pistol upon him as upon any private man; and any soldier present who was troubled with a conscience that might not let him do the like, he would advise to retire at once. A fierce shout from the Ironsides was the welcome answer; the trumpet sounded, and away went the first levy of that astonishing cavalry, the most decisive soldiers the world has perhaps ever seen—men who never hesitated before any odds, however great, or any enterprise, however perilous, and with whom the day of battle was invariably that of victory,

On they swept through Lincolnshire, overawing Royalists as they passed. Stamford and Burleigh House were taken, and they at length came up, near Grantham, with young General Cavendish at the head of a large body of cavalry, "twenty-one colors of horse and four of dragoons"—rather more than double the number commanded by Cromwell. He had been dispatched to secure Lincolnshire for the king.

After some slight skirmishing, Cromwell gave the order to charge; and the Ironsides burst furiously upon the Royalists, and overthrew them with prodigious slaughter. Many prisoners, colors, horses, and arms, were the result of the action. "I believe," says Cromwell in his letter—"I believe some of our soldiers slew two or three men a-piece."

Cromwell's next considerable exploit—for the sleepless man rested not by day, and scarcely, it should seem, by night, and numerous services, small, singly considered, but of immense general result, must be omitted from this brief summary — was the relief of Gainsborough, unprovided against the attack of Newcastle's army, who, having beaten Fairfax at Atherton Moor, was advancing against it. When Cromwell's cavalry arrived in sight of Gainsborough, they found they had been anticipated by the advanced division of Newcastle's army, which, in thrice the numbers of the Ironsides, were drawn up upon an eminence commanding the town, and the only means of approaching which was through a narrow gap in a high, impassable fence.

Cromwell did not pause a second. Regardless of a plunging fire of artillery, he passed through the gap, drew them up section by section, and then charged at their head *up the hill* upon the opposing force, pushed them fiercely over the ridge, and pursuing them into a bog, slew them without mercy!

Gainsborough was provisioned with powder and other stores, and then it behoved Cromwell to retire, for Newcastle's main victorious army was coming swiftly on. The Ironsides retreated slowly, before that overwhelming force, halting occasionally in defiance, and to pour forth, in unwavering chorus, a verse of a psalm, and then again slowly, leisurely retiring. Newcastle, it appears, thought it better to let them go quietly—was very glad, indeed. that they *did* go, slowly as it might be.

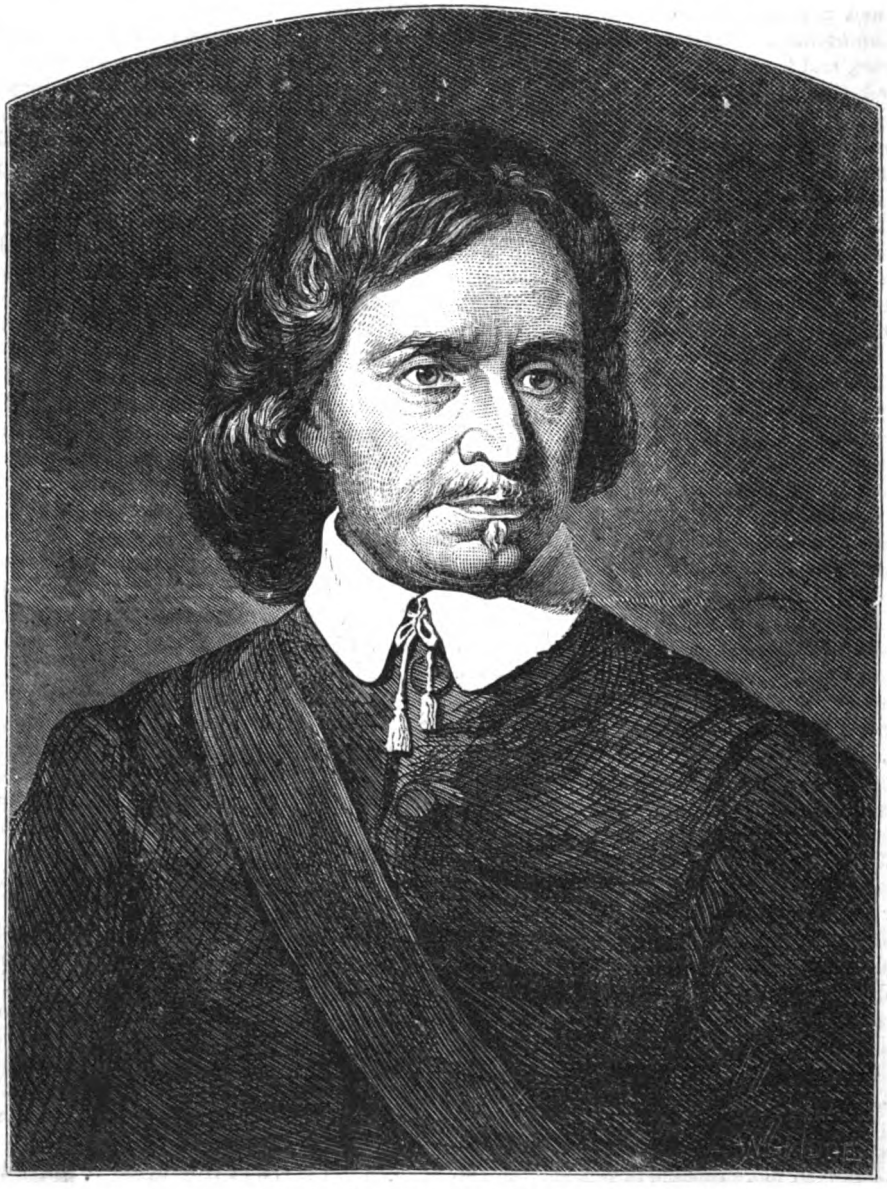
This exploit not only flashed the name of Cromwell vividly before the nation, but procured the victorious colonel a distinguished associate; Ireton, once a B.A. of Oxford, and at the breaking out of the war an embryo barrister, was so charmed with Colonel Cromwell's conduct in the Gainsborough affair, that he immediately exchanged into the Ironsides, and two or three years afterward married Bridget, Cromwell's eldest daughter. Ireton, a valiant and sagacious soldier, saw at a glance where the true hope of the revolution lay, and very wisely associated himself with the rising fortunes of the farmer of St. Ives.

The successes of Cromwell were gratefully recognized by the Parliament, and he was empowered to increase his cavalry to 3,000 men, or as many more as he could contrive to mount and discipline. Recruits, attracted by the commander's growing fame, were numerous; but none but God-fearing men, and of them only the strong-limbed and bold-hearted, were accepted. The drilling of these men, as heretofore, was incessant. Cromwell prayed with them, exhorted them, showed them especially how a cavalry soldier should always have his horse well fed and in good condition, himself a secure seat, his sword sharp-edged and freely-handled, his powder always dry, his trust in God perfect and unchangeable

The campaign of 1643 was disastrous to the Parliamentary armies, and one death-note especially, which rang through the heart of the nation in June of that year, awakened emotions of the deepest sympathy and grief. Hampden had fallen !—had perished, too, in consequence of the sluggish incapacity of the Earl of Essex.

After the fall of Reading, in Berkshire, so loose a discipline was maintained by Essex, that Prince Rupert surprised two regiments at Portcombe and Chinnor, and slew them almost to a man. A few days after this disaster, news was brought to Hampden that Rupert had attacked a detachment posted at Wallingford. First dispatching a message to the Earl of Essex to occupy Chiselhampton Bridge, which would intercept the Prince's retreat, Hampden threw himself on horseback, and hastened, at the head of Captain Sheffield's horse, to engage Rupert till a sufficient force could be collected to bar his return to Oxford.

Hampden encountered the Prince at Chalgrove, and in the unequal fight was struck by two balls; and Rupert ultimately got safely back to his quarters unmolested by the Parliamentary general. Hampden withdrew slowly from the fight, with bridle ungrasped and loose, and his arms dropped nervelessly upon his horse's neck. It is said that he was seen to turn for a moment wistfully towards the house of his father-in-law, Sir Richard Symeon, visible from Chalgrove, from whence in his youth he had borne his first wife, Elizabeth, as if he would fain die there; but Rupert's troopers ranging between him and the desired haven forbade the attempt. Very slowly, and in great agony, he continued on his way towards Thame, reached at last the house of one Ezekiel Browne, and was there assisted off his horse, and carried to his deathbed. Several days of extreme anguish were patiently endured, and then with the words "O Lord, save my country! O Lord, be merciful to"—— trembling from his choked and fainting voice, the noble spirit fled.



OLIVER CROMWELL, FROM HEADE'S COPY OF THE COOPER PORTRAIT IN THE BUCCLEUCH GALLERY.

In the Fall of the year, the Earl of Manchester was ordered to join Cromwell with 7,000 infantry, and Sir Thomas Fairfax's horse. The junction was effected on the 9th of October, and on the 11th the earl, urged into activity by the restless zeal of Cromwell, commenced the campaign. On the 12th, Sir John Henderson, at the head of a considerable body of troops, intercepted Fairfax and Cromwell's march at Naseby Field, near Harborough. Slow-moving Manchester was several hours behind with the infantry, and the royal troops greatly outnumbered Cromwell's. He and Cromwell hesitated for a moment, for Henderson was an experienced leader, and his troops tried soldiers.

The keen eye of Cromwell glanced along the serried ranks of his troopers; there was no hesitation there, and his own vanished in an instant! The words "Peace and Hope" were passed along the line, the triumphant psalm pealed forth, and as the last accents died on the ear, the swords of the Ironsides flashed in the sun, the piercing tones of Cromwell, as he galloped along their front, bade them charge home, "in the name of the most High God!"—the trumpet rang forth its signal-peal, and away they went, a destroying whirlwind! A close volley, fired in their faces, did not for an instant check their speed; they closed upon the astonished royalists, and resistance soon became as hopeless as it was desperate. Cromwell's horse was killed, and he himself wounded, it was said by Sir Ingram Hopton; luckily he caught the "sorry horse" of a slain soldier, and was again in the *mêlée*. Henderson's troops gave way in utter confusion and hopeless rout, pursued with terrible slaughter for

upward of six miles. This success threw a gleam of triumph over the otherwise unsuccessful campaign. "I would," exclaimed the king, when he heard of Henderson's defeat—"I would that some one would do me the good service of bringing me this Cromwell, alive or dead." Bring him Cromwell! They could as easily have brought him the Tower of London or the Peak of Derbyshire! Soon after this the Earl of Manchester persisted, after the fashion of those times, in going into Winter quarters, and Cromwell was compelled to acquiesce.

Early in the following year twenty thousand Scots, chiefly veteran soldiers, under the command of Lord Loudon and General Leslie, entered England in aid of the parliamentary cause. This timely reinforcement was counterbalanced by the arrival of numerous detachments of the Irish army to the assistance of the king. Indeed, Ireland remained devoted

MILTON PLAYING BEFORE CROMWELL AND HIS FAMILY.

to Charles throughout the struggle; it was his great recruiting field; and this accounts for, though it in nothing excuses, the revengeful animosity afterward displayed by Cromwell and others toward that country. One Irish detachment of 3,000 men, under Lord Byron, laid siege to Nantwich. They were attacked by Fairfax, and utterly routed. Monk, afterward Duke of Albemarle, was amongst the prisoners. After a short confinement, he purchased his liberty by abandoning the king's service, and obtained a commission in the army of the Parliament.

The Scottish army laid siege to York, garrisoned by the Marquis of Newcastle. The Scots were soon joined by 14,000 men under Manchester and Cromwell, and the siege was pushed with vigor. Essex and Waller were at this time marching and countermarching in the vicinity of Oxford and Worcester, marking time with that of the king, who in this playing-at-soldiers' game seems to have possessed considerable talent. At all events, he puzzled and out-bothered the Parliamentary generals. Essex went off to the west, leaving Waller to try conclusions with his majesty, and Waller got, of course, very roughly handled. But before this, the king had sent off a very pressing order to Prince Rupert to hasten to the relief of York, and, in conjunction with Newcastle, attack and disperse the English and Scottish forces. Rupert obeyed, and at his approach the siege of York was raised, and the investing army—much to the disgust of Cromwell and Fairfax, who, it is said, vainly opposed Loudon and Manchester—instead of fighting, retreated.

Prince Rupert, with his characteristic impetuosity, determined, spite of the remonstrance of Newcastle, to pursue the retiring forces, and compel them to an action. It was necessary, he said, "to disperse—annihilate" those audacious rebels. They overtook the Parliament army drawn up in grim array on Marston Moor. Along the front of the Parliamentarians ran a deep, wide drain; their left, where Cromwell commanded, was protected by an extensive tract of broken and difficult ground. The right was free and clear. Rupert hesitated to attack men so strongly posted, and the two armies, together perhaps about 60,000 men, stood gazing at each other till a quarter past seven o'clock in the evening of the 4th of July, 1644. Cromwell could remain inactive no longer, and with a brief, passionate address to his Ironsides, he went off to make a circuit on the left. Manchester and Loudon, seeing this, advanced their infantry, and the battle on the right commenced at the same time. The fight in the centre was terrific: the infantry and cavalry of Newcastle and Goring sweeping the men, as they emerged from the drain they were compelled to pass, with fiery destruction. Some writers assert that the Parliamentary troops were, after prodigious efforts, thrown into irretrievable confusion, and that Manchester, Loudon, Fairfax, and others, abandoned, or were about to abandon, the field. Others say that the fight in the centre was obstinately and equally disputed. It is, however, quite certain that the right, where Fairfax commanded, was broken through, defeated, and dispersed. It was more than half-past eight o'clock when the dark squadrons of the Ironsides, having at last extricated themselves from the broken and tangled ground, were seen charging upon Newcastle's flank. In brief space the aspect of affairs changed, and the royalist infantry were either dispersed or slain.

But the victory was not yet won. There was Rupert's triumphant cavalry returned from victorious pursuit, and far more numerous than Cromwell's horsemen, to encounter. The ranks of the Ironsides, slightly disordered by victory, closed sternly up at the call of their chief, and again his piercing tones, echoed by thousands of voices, rang along the line—"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!"—and Prince Rupert was literally swept from the field, with frightful carnage. Cromwell, in his letter to the Speaker of the Commons, dated July 5th, 1644, says: "God made them as stubble to our swords"; and of the large army the prince brought into the field, Oliver, though he was too hurried at that moment to give the particulars, is of opinion "that Rupert has not more than 4,000 men remaining with him." It was ten o'clock before the battle and pursuit had ended, and the Summer moon, as she arose, threw her pale, melancholy light upon the white death-faces of 5,000 Scotch and Englishmen, slain there by kindred hands!

The Scotch and English forces soon separated: the former remaining in the north, while Manchester and Cromwell turned to encounter the king, who was strongly posted at Newbery. The left of the royalist forces was protected by the castle of Donnington, and the centre and right were held by numerous troops, masked and shielded from attack by the nature of the ground, and the numerous buildings by which it was dotted. Spite of an obstinate resistance, supported by the fire of the castle, the king's position was forced, and the royalist troops driven into the town. Manchester's attack on the right failed, and it was a drawn battle. The king, however, finding that, from the success of the Ironsides, his position was no longer tenable, withdrew silently in the night. The sleepless vigilance of Cromwell detected this movement, and hurrying to Manchester's tent, he urged him to throw himself at once upon the king's flank. The earl refused. "A forward movement of the horse, then?" "No." The commander-in-chief would not permit it, and in gloomy discontent Oliver returned to his quarters, not, we may be sure, to sleep.

What was to be done? must have been the incessant self-questioning of Cromwell. Waller had been beaten all to pieces at Devizes; Essex had got cooped up in Cornwall, and though his cavalry, bursting through the royalist lines, had escaped, the infantry had surrendered, and the earl had narrowly saved himself from capture in a fishing-boat, which had landed him at Plymouth; and now this Earl of Manchester was refusing to fight, or to allow others to do so! A sad termination to a campaign that had witnessed Marston Moor! Oliver's mind was soon made up. He was off to London, and in close conference with Sir Harry Vane. The result of their counsels was the proposition to the Commons of the "Self-Denying Ordinance," which enacted that no member of either House should hold any civil or military commission. The proposal had all the gloss of high-flying patriotism; and it apparently aimed at Cromwell himself as member for Cambridge, as well as the military earls. The ordinance passed, and the noble commanders were in consequence deprived of their commissions and authority. The army generally was also remodeled—weeded of all whom the "Independents" deemed untrustworthy. The king appears to have been much pleased with the new arrangements in the army of his foes. The new commander-in-chief, Sir Thomas Fairfax, although as brave as steel, was a general of slight capacity; and the royal forces had never been so numerous, so completely equipped, or in higher spirits.

His majesty opened the campaign of 1645 by taking Leicester, garrisoned by 1,500 men; and he wrote to the queen, on whom he appears to have literally doted, "that his affairs were never in so hopeful a way." The dreaded Cromwell was no longer in his path, and the crown appeared once more within his reach.

If he could have perused the resolutions of the Commons "*permitting* Sir Thomas Fairfax to confer the command of the horse upon Lieutenant-General Cromwell as long as the House should be pleased to dispense with that honorable member's services," it might have enlightened him. The resolution was instantly communicated to Fairfax, and he the same day wrote to Cromwell soliciting his immediate presence with the army. The letter reached Cromwell on

the 9th of June, and on the 11th he had joined Fairfax at Northampton with 1,000 chosen horse.

"Well, where was the king—the king's army?" Fairfax did not quite know. Cromwell suggested that this should be ascertained at once. Ireton drove in one or two of the king's outposts, and from the prisoners ascertained that Charles was posted a few miles distant on a rising ground, not far from Harborough. Cromwell at once decided for battle—decisive, thorough battle on the next day Fairfax agreed, and the generals, with Ireton, immediately surveyed the ground in the neighborhood, and selected a fallow-field about a mile and a half in width, about half-way between Harborough and Naseby, as an eligible spot whereon to intercept and encounter the king's numerous and formidable forces.

There, accordingly, the parliamentary army drew up at sunrise the following morning. Cromwell was on the right with his Ironsides; Fairfax and Skippon commanded the infantry in the centre; and Ireton, with a strong body of horse, was posted on the left.

Charles, yielding to Rupert's impatience, advanced to battle. The main body of the infantry, more than 15,000 men, was commanded by Lord Ashley; and Rupert on the right, Sir Marmaduke Langdale on the left, headed his fine and numerous cavalry. The king's Life-guards, Prince Rupert's regiment, and the Royal Horse-guards, formed the reserve, commanded by the king in person. Rupert's impetuous charge on the king's right, spite of Ireton's fierce and valiant resistance, was completely successful. Ireton himself was wounded, and taken prisoner, but rescued during the subsequent rout. Rupert, as usual, went off in search of the baggage, from which, however, he was driven back by a few smart discharges of the strongly-posted baggage-guard. The fight in the centre was bloody and obstinate. Fairfax and Skippon, forgetting, in the growing confusion and thickening danger of defeat, their position as generals, fought desperately in the ranks. Spite, however, of their frenzied efforts, their troops were manifestly giving way before the terrible odds opposed to them, when decisive help came from that astonishing farmer of St. Ives. He had pushed Langdale completely off the field, and leaving one or two squadrons to hinder him from rallying, wheeled with the mass of his Ironsides full upon the flank of the almost victorious royal centre. The shock was decisive; the king's infantry gave way at once, and the reserve shared the same fate. One regiment, more obstinate than the rest, was destroyed almost to a man. Rupert returned to the field; but his exhortations, aided by the prayers and commands of the king, failed to induce the cavalry to encounter that of Cromwell. They fled, and with them the last hope of King Charles. The victory was thoroughly decisive. Eight thousand prisoners, a hundred colors, the royal standard, the king's carriage, and his cabinet of letters remained in the hands of the victors; and all effectual resistance on the part of the Royalists was over.

Then Cromwell swept like a destroying tempest through the land. Taunton, besieged by Goring, and defended by Blake, was relieved. Leicester had been retaken. Bristol, into which Rupert had thrown himself, surrendered upon terms after one assault. Devizes, Cromwell carried by storm. Berkeley Castle and Winchester surrendered to him. Basing House, held by the Marquis of Winchester, and in those days esteemed almost impregnable, was carried by assault. Sweeping westward, he overthrew Lord Wentworth at Bovey Tray almost without an effort, capturing 500 prisoners and six standards. Lord Hopton he routed at Torrington. The last English force in the field for the king was about 3,000 cavalry, commanded by Sir Jacob Astley. These were overthrown, and Sir Jacob himself made prisoner

"Your work is done," said the baronet to his captors, "unless, indeed, you choose to fall out and fight among yourselves."

Cromwell was approaching Oxford, where the king had sought refuge. His majesty could not but perceive that he had lost the game. The defeat of Montrose at Philiphaugh had quenched the hopes raised by the meteor successes of that remarkable man in Scotland, and by the advice of Montreuil, the French envoy, the king left Oxford, disguised as a groom following his master Ashburnham, and surrendered himself to the Scottish forces at Kelham. The English Parliament at length claimed the custody of the king, and the Scottish generals surrendered him, it is said, for £200,000.

Captivity and misfortune, especially of fallen greatness, appeal strongly to the sympathies and imaginations of mankind, and thousands of persons who had strenuously resisted Charles the despot, were moved with compassion for Charles the captive. An insurrection in his favor, headed by Colonel Poyer, broke out in Wales; the English fleet, consisting of six ships of war fully equipped, mutinied, and sailed for Helvoetsluys, to place themselves under the command of the young Duke of York; and, worse than all, the Scotch government, having secretly concluded a treaty with the king to restore him upon conditions, sent an army across the Tweed under the Duke of Hamilton.

Cromwell, having finished with Colonel Poyer and the Welsh insurgents, hastened with rapid strides to the north. Hamilton was near Preston, on the left bank of the Ribble, when Cromwell joined Lambert at Otley Park; but his rear-guard under Munroe were miles off, at Kirby Lonsdale. Cromwell, as usual, attacked at once, and Hamilton and Langdale were overthrown with immense loss.

The defeat of the Scottish Royalists induced the Covenanters to rise in arms again; and headed by Lords Loudon and Eglington, the Whiggamores marched on Edinburgh. They could not, however, have successfully withstood the disciplined forces under Lanark and Munroe, and Cromwell proffered his assistance. It was accepted, and Oliver marched to Edinburgh; matters were arranged, and the English general turned slowly towards the south.

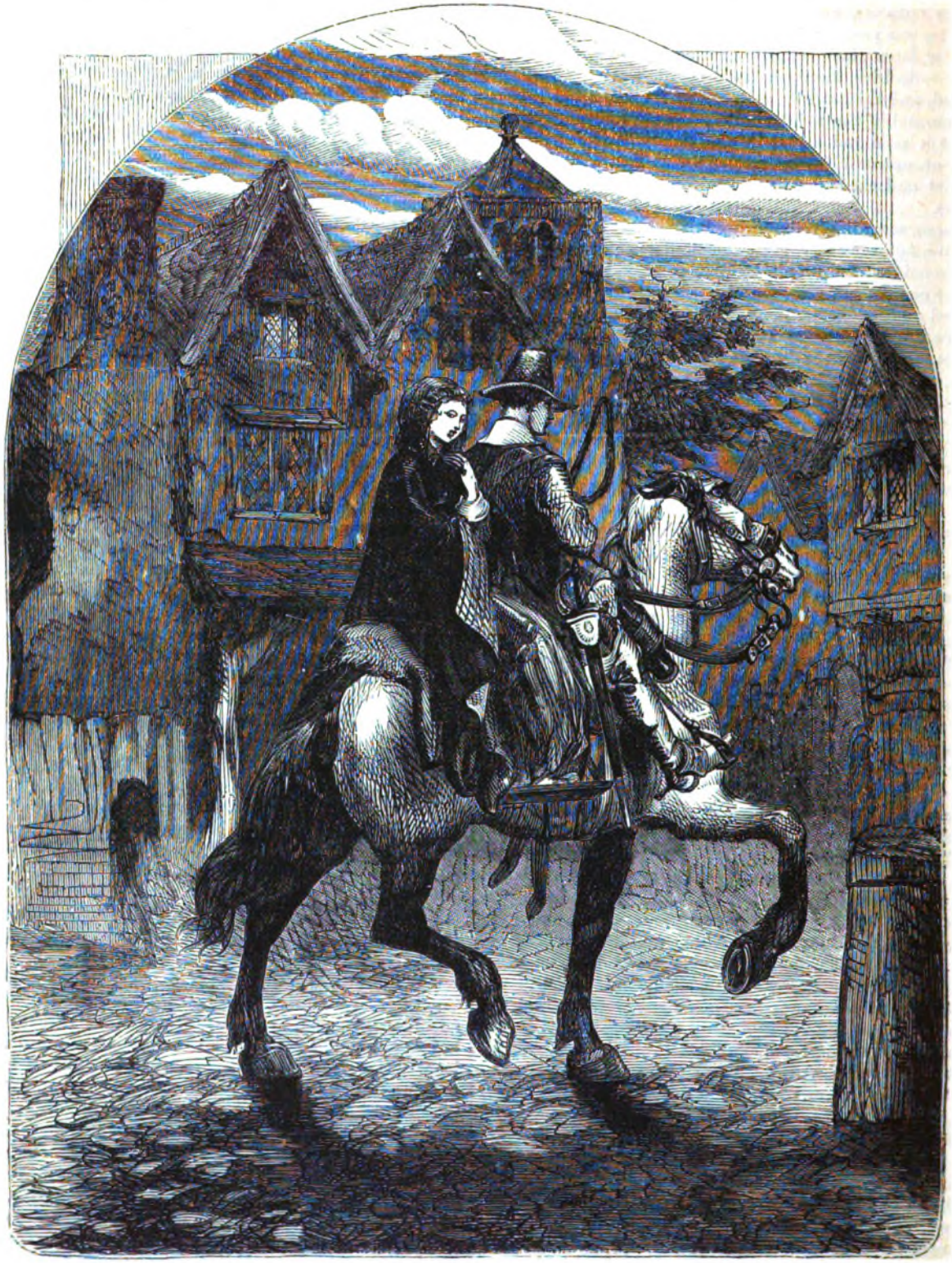
The army, through its officers, now openly demanded judgment on the king; and the "purified" Commons sent up a declaratory vote to the Peers, "that it is high treason in the king of England to make war upon his people." The Peers' House, consisting of but twelve members, negatived the proposition. On the next day they again met, to the number of six, disposed of some formal business, and adjourned till the morrow. That morrow was the 25th of April, 1660; for a few hours after their adjournment the Commons voted their Lordships' House "useless and dangerous," and abolished it.

With the particulars known of the trial and execution of Charles I. for high treason every reader must be abundantly familiar. The men who presided there were executioners; but certainly not *judges* met to inquire into the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, and to decide calmly and impartially according to the evidence. It was previously determined to execute the king; and better far—more manly and honest at all events would it have been—to have pronounced his doom without going through all that hideous and mocking formality. The palpable hypocrisy of the whole affair makes even the king's assumptions of divine irresponsibility appear respectable. And if the putting the monarch to death under the pretext set up was a crime, it was far more conclusively a blunder: the instant the head of Charles I. rolled on the scaffold, Charles II., who was beyond the reach of Parliament, started into life.

There was much work yet to be done by Cromwell. The royal cause was again in the ascendant in Ireland. The revolted fleet under Prince Rupert rode triumphantly along the coast, for Sir Harry Vane had not yet had time to

organize the dreaded fleets which afterward won England the sovereignty of the seas. Inchiquin in Munster, the Scottish regiments in Ulster, and the great body of the Catholic population, had proclaimed the king. Cromwell, armed with the highest civil and military authority, must go over with his Ironsides, and quench that mischief. He did so effectually and remorselessly. We cannot, after a careful perusal of the pleas put forward in defense of those Irish massacres, find any, even the slightest valid excuse for them. They appear to have been as unnecessary as they were frightful, hideous.

Scotland again rose for the king. Charles II. was invited over and crowned there. This was esteemed a declaration of war against England, and Cromwell hastened to meet the new danger. He crossed the Tweed at the head of 20,000 veterans, before the raw levies of the Scots were in any condition to encounter him. The battle of Dunbar followed; Cromwell was once more in Edinburgh; and although his



THE ESCAPE OF CHARLES II.

military measures were vigorous, he appears to have treated the Scottish people with respect and consideration.

Some years afterward, in his correspondence with New England in America, he expressed to the Puritans there the deep regret he felt at fighting against the Scottish Covenanters. "He was afraid he had slain many of the godly at Dunbar."

In the next campaign his flag waved over Perth; and further resistance seemed hopeless, when the young king, seeing that the country was clear toward the south, prevailed upon his Scottish army to march upon England. A wilder project, with such a general as Cromwell in his rear, was perhaps never conceived. Oliver, as soon as he heard of the king's march, dispatched letters to the Parliament to be under no alarm at the southward movement; and to Harrison he sent directions to press the flank of the Scottish forces from Newcastle. Lambert he at once dispatched from Fifeshire to hang upon the king's rear, and speedily as possible follow him with 10,000 veterans along the east coast toward Yorkshire.

Charles was overtaken at Worcester, and, spite of the gallant resistance offered by the Scottish troops—"five hours of the hottest fighting he had ever known"—Cromwell obtained a complete victory on the 3d of September, 1652, the anniversary of the battle of Dunbar, and thenceforth called his "lucky day." The young king, at the head of a brigade of cavalry, burst out of the city by the northern road, and escaped. This event Cromwell called "a crowning mercy." It was the last military resistance offered in England whilst he lived.

MAKING UP.—"'POOR WILL OSMOND HAS GONE!' SAID HARRY BLAKE. 'THE DEUCE HE HAS!' REPLIED FRED TRACY."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

The next important page in this eventful history records the dissolution of the remaining members—the Rump, as they were called—of the Long Parliament by Lord-General Cromwell, who, with the aid of his soldiers, turned them unceremoniously out of the House, locked the doors after them, and walked home to Whitehall with the keys in his pocket. The Parliament had just before been debating, and were about to pass, a "reform bill," of which one of the provisions was, that the present members should continue to sit without re-election.

The only possible justification of this act of violence would have been to immediately assemble a new, full, and legal House of Commons. A Parliament of a certain sort was, it is true, summoned. Gospel ministers were directed to take the sense of the congregational churches in the several counties, and return the names of "faithful men, fearing God and hating covetousness," and out of these the Council, in the presence of the lord-general, selected one hundred and thirty-nine for England, six for Wales, six for Ireland, and five for Scotland.

These men assembled, only two being absent, on the 4th of July, 1653, and set about reforming the common law and abolishing the Court of Chancery, until one day Colonel Sydenham proposed, as they had evidently no talent for government, they should resign their authority into the hands of the lord-general. This was accomplished by the aid of a little gentle violence, and the "Little Parliament," as it was termed, was dismissed. Others followed of various patterns and devices, none of which, however, suited Cromwell, now Lord Protector, with a civil list of £200,000 per annum.

In 1658 the last new constitution had extemporized two Houses, and we find his highness addressing the new Parliament as "My Lords and Gentlemen!" To further show how power had corrupted, dwarfed, vulgarized, shrunk up, this once great, vigorous-minded man, we make one quotation from the *Court Circular* of that day: "Yesterday afternoon his highness went to Hampton Court; and this day the most illustrous lady, the Lady Mary Cromwell, third daughter of his highness the Lord Protector, was there married to the most noble the Lord Fauconbridge, in the presence of their highnesses and many noble persons."—*Merc. Pol. Nov. 19th*, 1657.

The old fire had not yet burned out; but its flashes were visible only in the Puritan-farmer's foreign policy. "I will make the English name more terrible than ever the Roman's was," was Cromwell's vaunting expression; and had life been granted him, he appeared likely to have gone nigh to realize his vain-glorious boast. The undisputed maritime supremacy of the Dutch, supported as it was by the genius and bravery of Van Tromp, De Ruyter, and De Witte, was destroyed during the protectorate chiefly by the skill and

valor of Blake. Prince Rupert took refuge from the pursuit of that admiral in the Tagus. Blake demanded permission to pursue and attack him there. Portugal refused, and Blake made reprisals upon the Portuguese commerce. The king was forced to submit, paid a large sum of money for the expenses of the war, and conceded a commercial treaty which secured great privileges to English merchants. The piratical powers of Barbary were humbled; Spain was crippled on the seas, and Jamaica was wrested from her. The last exploit of Blake was the destruction of the Spanish fleet in the harbor, and defended by the batteries, of Vera Cruz. France courted the protector's alliance, and four thousand of his veterans co-operated with Turenne in the reduction of Dunkirk.

But the bright page of the Protector's foreign policy was the firm stand he made in the defense of the Vaudois, persecuted by the Duke of Savoy "for conscience' sake."

The once lion-hearted man, betrayed from the high path he had once so firmly trod by the enticements of power, and vainly struggling in the mires of intrigue and fair-seeming falsehood, now visibly declined in mind and body; became even personally afraid of the miserable Royalists who threatened him with private assassination. How could he be otherwise than afraid as the names of Eliot, Hampden, gleamed through his troubled brain, and he felt that he had betrayed the great cause for which they died; brought it in the eyes of the unreflecting into derision and contempt? Albeit as the Lord Protector, after patient watching by the lingering deathbed of his favorite daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Claypole, came himself visibly within the shadow of the tomb, his old spiritual strength seemed to return again.

The world with its vain shows was vanishing, and as it rolled away, the Heaven of his youth and healthy manhood flashed, with its awful and unspeakable splendors, light upon his soul. They read to him, at his own request, a passage of St. Paul to the Philippians—"Not that I speak in respect of want, for I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content. I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." As these words fell upon his ear, he ejaculated in broken accents, "This Scripture did once save my life when my eldest son—died; which went as a dagger to my heart; indeed it did." He alluded to his son Oliver, slain in the civil war.

The day before the Protector died, when his wife and children were weeping round his bed, he exclaimed, speaking of the Covenant of God with man—"It is holy and true—it is holy and true—it is holy and true! Who made it holy and true? The Mediator of the Covenant! The Covenant is one. And even if I do not, He remains faithful. Love not the world," he continued, addressing his family; "no, my children, live like Christians. I leave you the Covenant to feed upon."

The tempest of the night of the 2d of September, 1658, extending to the shores of the Mediterranean, and strewing land and sea with wreck, was the appropriate death-dirge of that great, stormy being; and on the morrow—his fortunate day, the 3d of September—the mighty, reverential, erring—for he was human—spirit passed from earth, its last aspiration a prayer for the country he had strongly loved and bravely served.

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## MAKING UP.

"I HATE 'em!"

"Singular!"

"I don't think it is singular."

Fred Tracy lit his cigar over again, and resumed his favorite recumbent attitude. His friend, Harry Blake, kept on whittling, now and then casting wondering glances at this handsome woman-hater. After a moment's silence, Harry remarked:

"How any man can dislike women, is more than I can tell."

"Bah!" interrupted Fred; "you forget that I had a stepmother, and——"

"Was jilted?"

"No, *sir!*"—this with emphasis—"no woman ever jilted me!"

"But what about your engagement with Sue Osmond? Something happened. Whose fault was it—yours or hers?"

"If you want to know, I'll tell you, and leave you to judge whose fault it was. That girl ran away with every bit of sense I had, for a brief period—only a brief period. I woke up one night to a realization of what a fool I had been! Of course, every fellow who is engaged to a girl supposes he has won perfection. I did."

"A very foolish thing to suppose, to begin with."

"Pshaw! You don't know what you are talking about. For about six weeks after our engagement, everything was lovely. She was pretty, fascinating, deucedly intelligent and accomplished; and I spared no pains to take her everywhere she wanted to go. My team was kept pretty busy in those days, I can tell you. Sue couldn't ride in a hired coach; and as for the cars or stage, why, bless your heart! I should never have dreamed, in any emergency, of suggesting either."

"Do you mean to tell me that Sue Osmond is such a fool as that?"

"She never said anything about the way she should go; but, don't you see, I made such an idol of her that I couldn't bear to feel for a moment that she had stepped outside of her own especial sphere?"

"Fiddlesticks!"

"All right. Fall in love yourself, and then see! Well, this was my manner of treating her. One evening, last Winter, I was returning from the office. It was about seven o'clock, and it never rained harder since the deluge. It was a cold, slippery, horrible night, and Jim Hawkins and I walked straight through the crowded boat, and stood outside under the awning. There weren't but two or three there beside us. I noticed a woman leaning against the opposite side of the window. I saw that she had on an old waterproof cloak, and the hood was drawn over her hat. Finally, after considerable squinting at the figure and side-face of the woman, Jim said, with a nudge:

"'Don't you know who that is, Fred?'

"'How the mischief should I know?' I asked.

"'You ought to, if anybody. Take a good look, now.'

"Just then the boat touched the dock. I looked, and as sure as I live, there stood Sue Osmond, my lady-love. She drew the hood closer over her face, and while I was deciding what to do the chain was lowered, and Sue was lost among the crowd."

"'The man who hesitates,' you know."

"Yes, I know all about it. An hour after, I called on Miss Osmond. She was dressed, ready to receive me. I never saw her eyes so bright; there was an indefinable glitter all over her, and her manner was fascinating to the last degree. After a while said I:

"'Sue, I could have sworn an hour ago that I saw you on a ferryboat!'

"'Could you?' she laughed, without changing color. 'Never swear to personal identity. I knew a man who got into a horrid scrape once by doing so.'

"'Well, it wasn't you, was it, Sue?' I asked.

"'How ridiculous!' she answered; and then, with a most unusual touch of defiance in her manner: 'Suppose it was—what then?'

"'Nothing much,' said I; 'only good-by, Miss Osmond!'

"'Truly?' said she, in the calmest possible manner.

"'Yes, truly,' I answered, 'unless you can account satisfactorily for conduct so questionable!'

"'So what?' she asked, growing as white as death.

"'So questionable,' I repeated.

"She rose in a white heat. This is what she said:

"'About seven o'clock this evening I crossed the ferry from New York to Brooklyn; and I refuse to give any account of the circumstances which made such questionable conduct necessary. So good-by, Mr. Tracy.'"

"What then?" inquired Harry.

"Why, she swept out of the room like a tragedy queen, and I haven't spoken to her since."

Three weeks after. Same room, same company.

"Poor Will Osmond has gone," said Harry Blake.

"The deuce he has?" replied Fred Tracy.

"Yes. I was over there this afternoon, and had a talk with his widow. Will's health failed immediately after his marriage, and his father was so angry with him for marrying his daughter's governess, that he would not do the least thing for him. Mrs. Osmond said that if it had not been for Sue they would have certainly starved. She pawned and sold most of her jewelry, and managed so skillfully that Will was surrounded with every comfort. I found out something, Fred."

"What was it?"

"Do you remember the date of the night you saw Miss Osmond on the ferryboat? Was it the third of December?'

"Yes, *sir!*"

"Well, that day Sue spent with her brother. He was a great deal worse, and she was determined, come what would, she would not leave him until he was easier. He grew more comfortable, and when she got ready to start for home, it rained hard. So she borrowed her sister's waterproof, and hurried off. Now, what do you think?"

"That I was a brute, and I'll make it up this very day."

Evening. Scene—parlor in the house of Osmond. Sue Osmond in the library, alone. Fred Tracy is announced.

"Good-evening, Mr. Tracy;" and Sue extends a very steady little hand to her visitor.

"I have just heard to-day of your brother's death, Miss—Osmond—and—and——"

Fred Tracy was never known to stammer, but now the English language failed him.

"Will had been ill several months," was the calm answer.

"And to think," said Fred, almost sobbing, "that I should have been such a brute! I found out all about it to-day! I wonder if you can ever forgive me?"

"Certainly," replied Sue. "I forgave you a long time ago."

"Angel!" whispered Fred. "How can I ever be thankful enough!"

The hands he tried to seize were withdrawn as she replied:

"By remembering, Mr. Tracy, that no woman worth having will endure the high and lofty treatment you attempted with me! and that where there is true love, there is true confidence!"

"Sue, dear Sue, what do you mean? Why are you so cold?"

"Mr. Blake!" announced a servant.

"Good-evening, Fred," cried Harry, cordially.

"And how's my little Sue?"

"Very well, thank you," cried Sue, lovingly.

"This, Mr. Tracy," she continued, with a deep blush, "is my intended husband."

"How long has this been?" inquired poor Fred.

"About three months," replied Blake, nonchalantly.

"And you allowed me to come round here and make a fool of myself in this manner?"

"What manner? I was delighted that you and my Sue were going to make up and be good friends again."

Before Harry had concluded his sentence Fred was gone.

The hall-door shut with a bang, and the lovers were alone.

## THE KING OF SIAM OPENING A MINT.

Some time ago the King of Siam opened a new mint at Bangkok. We are told that the king arrived at the mint at five P. M., the time appointed, and repaired to the upper hall, where his Majesty lighted sacred tapers as offerings, and the priests worshiped in their usual manner, as a commencement in the ceremonies of opening the new mint. The worship continued two hours. The next morning the ceremonies were completed. The king lighted the tapers, and a high priest recited in the Bali language the five commands—that is, do not kill, do not steal, do not commit adultery, do not speak falsehood, do not drink strong drink. At the propitious moment instrumental music was played, and the priests worshiped, dedicating the place. The king sprinkled with sacred water the new mint machinery, and from a consecrated cake of flour with his finger rubbed the flour on parts of the different kinds of machinery. Then the workmen set the machinery to making the new coins. In the meantime the king fed the priests who had performed the ceremony, with his own hand. After the repast the king distributed the new money among the princes and nobles and officials present, and the decree to use the new coin. When the money and the decree had been distributed the king viewed all the halls and the grounds, and at noon returned to the palace. In the year 1869 the old mint ceased to be usable, and the king and councilors consulted, and ordered new machinery from England. When it arrived a building was erected for the new machinery similar to the former. The new money is the same in quality and value as formerly. The stamp is as follows: On the one side is the bust of the king in a military dress, with a decoration called Nopp'a-ratana-racha wara-p'aun, and the decoration of the new order Chula Chaum Klow. There is an inscription around the figure of the king, viz.: "Somedetch P'ra Paramindr Maha Chula Longkorn P'ra Chula Chaum Klow Chow Yu Hua." On the opposite face is inscribed the seal of the kingdom, in three divisions. In one is the triple-headed elephant, in another an ordinary elephant, and in the third a speary sword, the royal crown, sceptre, staff, shoes, etc.

## WRITING AND SPEAKING.

An eloquent piece of writing gains much by being read or spoken with good elocution; and even an inferior production will often appear well when delivered with effect. On the contrary, the most splendid composition may be spoiled by a poor delivery. Lord Erskine, one of England's most distinguished orators, said of Burke: "He is, of all writers, the most eloquent, and of all speakers the most tedious." The person thus addressed expressed surprise at this startling dictum, but he proceeded: "One evening when Burke was delivering one of his interminable harangues, I became anxious, with many others, to go away. But I sat just under Burke's eye, and I was afraid I could not leave without his noticing me. At last I dropped my handkerchief, and, stooping to pick it up, I crawled on all fours behind the benches, and thus succeeded in escaping. The next morning, on reading the report of his speech in the newspapers, I was astonished. What a splendid effort! No longer marred by his wearisome manner and Irish accent, it riveted my attention. I read it through again and again, and carried the paper with me into the country, and kept it in my pocket till it was completely worn out."

## THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

By Claire Crofton.

Over the snow, over the snow,
Like a shaft let loose from an archer's bow,
Like a deer on the foot, when the hunters are nigh,
Like a bird on the wing, when the fowler is by,
Like the rush of a stream when its frost-fetters break,
Like the surging of billows when tempests awake,
Like the crash of the avalanche quitting its place,
Like a red-streaming meteor careering through space,
Like the sweep of the whirlwind when forests are bowed,
Like the flash when the thunderbolt leaps from its cloud,
Like the swoop of the eagle as he darts on his prey,
Like the message the lightning speeds forth on its way,
With a wild sense of freedom exulting we go,
Over the snow, over the snow.

Bear away! for our comrades are drawing too near;
Be alive, man and horse! lest we fall in the rear;
To your speed, Bucephalus! the van is our place!
Hurrah! we have won! and we lead in the race.
I knew that not one of their coursers in speed
Could match for a moment our mettlesome steed.
Clear the track! is the word, as we dart on our way,
And inanimate objects the mandate obey;
The farmhouses wheel to the left and the right,
And stupidly stare as we vanish from sight;
The fences fall back, and the trees stand aside,
And make way, with a will, for our hurricane ride,
As on like a band of wild huntsmen we go,
Over the snow, over the snow.

How the stars wink and laugh as they watch our mad course,
And the moon gravely quizzes each rider and horse;
Laugh away! in your orbits celestial you go,
Much faster than we, in our planet below.
Then the girls—bless their hearts—how their sweet voices ring,
Like the gushing of bird notes that welcome the Spring!
Bright-eyed! cherry-lipped! Oh, 'tis glorious to ride
With the girl that you love nestled close to your side!
While you talk in low tones—for the others are near,
And the dear little head bends closer to hear
The whisper that sends the soft cheek all aglow,
Under the rose and over the snow.

What a volume of melody surges and swells
Abroad on the air from our musical bells!
The clash of the cymbals, the clarion's breath,
The trumpet that summons to glory and death,
The peal of the organ where censers are swinging,
The harp of the minstrel through lordly halls ringing,
The blast of the bugle when squadrons are wheeling,
The strain of a lute on the charmed air stealing,
Are less sweet to the ear than the pæan that swells
In the rhyme and the chime of our musical bells.
And life seems more glorious, humanity dearer,
The heart, hand, and brain, warmer, firmer, and clearer,
And our pulses keep time with our bells as we go,
Over the snow, over the snow.

## MARRYING A "MUFF."

"I'm so disappointed, Harvey, you can't think! Here we have hurried all the way from Italy, to Juliet's wedding, as if she had been going to marry a perfect Prince Charming, and behold the bridegroom is—well, I call that man a 'muff'! There now!"

Pretty Mrs. Courtenay Barrington, as she uttered this indignant protest, flung herself back in her velvet *marquise* chair with such energy that her chignon shook, and one of her slippers—wonderful things!—flew off.

"Harriet, you are terrific!" exclaimed Courtenay Barrington, "and you speak too loud. What if one of those servants, who perpetually haunt the neighborhood of our door, should hear you express this horrid opinion of our brother-in-law elect?"

"I hate him!" exclaimed Harriet, with tears in her eyes. "For Juliet of all girls to throw herself away so! A queenly creature like that!—for you'll admit, Courtenay, that we saw no one to compare to her the whole time we were abroad—to marry a light-haired, lackadaisical, languid, lolling—oh, I've no patience with her!"

"My dear Harriet, you really do not pay proper attention to rounding your periods. The natural termination of such a sentence as light-haired, lackadaisical, lolling, is Launcelot; don't you see?"

"Well, his name is almost as bad; it's Lawrence."

Harriet beautified the name by drawing it out till it seemed as if it must be a quarter of a yard long. "Lawrence Lathrop—L a w r e n c e L a t h r o p."

"He did not name himself," said Courtenay.

"If he had, that's just the name he would have chosen; he looks exactly like it. I'm sure I should have guessed his name to be either that or Jeremy Diddler," persisted Mr. Barrington's pretty, pouting wife.

Now we all know that if we go to the root of the matter, there's a want of truth as to hair now-a-days, but certain it is that, in spite of her chignon—false as a traitor's heart!—Mrs. Barrington's would have stood on end, could she have imagined who was under the window, listening to her. Whisper! Lawrence Lathrop himself!

Courtenay Barrington, still defending the absent—that was his way, good soul!—quietly remarked that "he had had no evidence that Lathrop was a fool;" at which observation the invisible auditor below Harriet's window calmly caressed his rather faintly-hued moustache, and smiled behind his hand.

"I don't believe he's a fool, Harriet. Quiet people are not always empty-headed, you know."

"He don't look as though he were able to say a word in defense of self or friend," cried Harriet.

Perhaps Harriet changed her mind a little that evening when she entered the parlor. The gentleman whom she had stigmatized as a "muff" formed the centre of a brilliant group, all of whom were listening, with animated countenances, to Mr. Lawrence Lathrop's anecdotes—for, lo! a change was there.

"Capital, 'pon my soul," laughed a young lieutenant, who was courting a third pretty sister, Ida Fairham.

"The cook came in with the dish of *cappelletti*. Madame Ristori asked the price.

"'Five dollars,' replied the cook.

"'What!' exclaimed Madame Ristori; '*che? che?* I have bought it of you, when you were in Rome, a thousand times, for a *mezzo-paolo*.' (About five cents).

"'And I,' retorted the cook, 'only paid—the Signora Marchesa will remember when she acted in Rome—five cents for seeing her play.'

"Ristori refrained from further speaking, and handed the cook his price. "But I think the *cappelletti*," added Mr.

Lathrop, "did not taste quite as well as it might have done had she held her tongue."

Harriet listened with surprise. Lawrence Lathrop not only conversational, but anecdotive!

Presently music was suggested, and, to Mrs. Barrington's surprise, the "muff" got up, walked to the piano, at the request of his fair *fiancée*, and played, with a charm of execution suitable to the subject, a well-chosen and excessively difficult selection from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" of Mendelssohn. The company were in raptures.

"Won't you sing?" said pretty Ida.

Lawrence Lathrop ran his fingers over the piano.

"Now he's going to be horrid," thought Harriet, with a kind of triumph.

But when the glorious tones of that *aria* from the "Ione" of Pacini, which the tenor gives voice to previous to entering the amphitheatre, where he is about to encounter the wild beasts—the plot of the opera is taken from "The Last Days of Pompeii," by Bulwer—flowed through the rooms, and the faces of the guests turned pale with emotion, Mrs. Courtenay Barrington changed her mind, and rather regretfully remembered that her lord and liege could not sing.

On the morrow the gentlemen proposed to fence a little while. Both the lieutenant—Ida's suitor—and Courtenay were considered perfectly *au fait* in that exercise. The former challenged Lathrop to a trial of skill. Perhaps both he and the husband of Harriet were a trifle vexed at being shone down by the suddenly attractive bridegroom-elect.

At all events, Lieutenant Hale had rather more color, and an angrier sparkle in the eye, after his foil had flown three several times to the right of the long vaulted hall where the gentlemen were fencing, than the exercise, violent though it was, would altogether account for.

Harriet Barrington bit her lip.

But she bit it to a deeper crimson when, his turn having come, Barrington's foil was three times sent whirling away precisely as that of Lieutenant Hale had been.

"Why, he fences better," muttered Harriet to herself, "than that young officer in Vienna, who, they said, used to be on Bismarck's staff!"

Juliet, who during all these developments of the novel and charming had looked on with a quiet smile, seemed, from the laughter lurking in her eye, to think it was too good.

"Lawrence does not often show off," at last remarked she, demurely. Harriet did not reply.

About a week later there was a riding party formed. Two foreigners, an Italian artist, one Giovanni Lammi, and a Frenchman, a writer on political economy, named Gassier, who were rusticating in the neighborhood, and who had become acquainted with the Fairhams in New York, at balls, the Winter before, had been invited to join the party "to *excursh*"—as the lieutenant termed making an excursion—to a lovely lake near by.

All went merrily till—cause unknown—the horse which Juliet rode suddenly began to behave as no well-bred horse, especially with a pretty and rather timid young girl upon his back, would ever have done or thought of doing.

MARRYING A MUFF.—"'BRAVELY DONE!' SHOUTED COURTENAY BARRINGTON, AS LAWRENCE, GASPING, LAID HIS SENSELESS BURDEN ON THE GRASS."

Lawrence Lathrop, riding near Mrs. Courtenay Barrington—not for love; oh! not for love, for there was none of it lost, as the phrase is, between them—and brilliantly conversing, now in French, now in Italian, with the foreigners, showing himself equally "well up" in both art and political economy, began to look anxiously toward the restive steed and the nervous rider.

All at once, and as if a whole pack of fire-crackers had been set off at his heels—no earthly provocation, however, was visible—the absurd "Zephyr," as Juliet insisted upon calling the brute, started off and dashed madly forward. Harriet turned pale. Not so Juliet; she had nerve when the trial came, and held bravely on to her seat and the reins.

The party had by this time neared the lake, when Zephyr developed his sense of humor by some scandalous circus

capers, and betrayed his antecedents, which no one would have previously suspected—for this daring impostor had hitherto managed to keep his footing in good society as a "desirable lady's horse." The lake, which the party had preferred to reach by a path called the Mountain-way, was but a few yards off. It was after his capers that Zephyr made his forward rush, and, in doing so, went "over the hill and far away"—went, in fact, into the water!"

Lawrence Lathrop had set his teeth firmly, and started his steed after the runaway horse; but, as usual in such cases, the fact of being pursued only urged the runaway forward, and it was not many minutes before all the formerly smiling faces looked pale, for fair Julia Fairham was—in the lake and sinking!

So, in a moment more, was Lawrence. He had sprung lightly from his horse, cast off his coat and hat, and leaped into the water.

The heavy riding-dress of Juliet, despite all the efforts of her lover to reach her, twice bore her under. They had been borne many yards away, and the pale faces had grown paler still, ere, by one tremendous effort on the part of her lover, her robes were grasped, then her hand caught, and the hero of the day appeared, bearing his lovely prize ashore.

"Bravely done!" shouted Courtenay Barrington, as Lawrence, gasping, laid his senseless burthen on the grass, where Juliet lay, white as the pond-lilies her habit had caught and borne along with its clinging folds.

"*Ma foi!*" exclaimed the Frenchman, who—perhaps he was afraid of depriving the world of the light of his knowledge in political economy—certainly had not honored the *Tri-color* by any exhibition of bravery on this occasion, "it ees vayray mooch like one *ballade* of Goethe, or one *rôman* by Vilkie Collins."

The Italian—he had seemed about to make a plunge, when the riding-habit and its pretty wearer had been whelmed—assented.

"*In questo momento*, the young *signorina* would make a subject fine for a picture;" and he twirled his beard till it looked like an emaciated leech.

Juliet, talking to Harriet next day—by which time a sherry cobbler—oh! tell it not in Gath!—hot blankets and sleep had "brought her round," mildly remarked—she was never otherwise than mild—"I felt perfectly safe when I heard him behind me. I knew he would plunge in after me, dear, and I *felt* that he would save me, for, the way I came to fall in love with him was seeing him, last Winter, in that horrid fire back of our house in the city. He flew up a ladder into a third story, and brought out *on his back*—would you believe he could, Harriet?—that poor crippled daughter of the woman whose husband takes care of papa's stables. He looked *magnificent!*"

At the wedding, which took place the other day, Mrs. Courtenay Barrington bestowed her benediction, in a sisterly way, upon the young couple; and a diamond bracelet, joint gift of self and husband, upon the bride.

"I'll attend to all the little commissions you have left in my hands, and especially have the new cards sent you at once. Lathrop is quite a pretty name," added she.

"Yes," replied the bridegroom—and he never betrayed in any other way that he had been *under the window*—"it is rather better than Jeremy Diddler!"

## THE STUMP OF A PIPE.

We were making the upward trip from Memphis. A motley crowd, such as is usually found on a Mississippi steamboat, thronged the saloon, but a party of us, ladies and gentlemen, had withdrawn to one side. We were having quite an animated discussion on the use and abuse of that universally esteemed narcotic, tobacco, brought on, no doubt, by the fumes of an old clay pipe, held tightly between the teeth of a rough, weather-beaten man, sitting at no great distance from us.

Though our words were not intended for his ears, many of them, no doubt, reached him, for who ever heard a discussion carried on in a low tone? He apparently paid no attention to us, however, until Miss Carr, a beautiful brunette from Southern Georgia, gave her opinion.

"For my part, I do not like the stuff," said she, in a clear, musical voice, at the same time casting an arch glance at the unconcerned knight of the clay pipe; "but there are many things that I do like, and I should feel very angry if any one presumed to take them away. So I say, if any one enjoys a good smoke, let him enjoy it; and if you, or you, or you, do not like the particular kind of pipe that one uses, move out of the way of it, or—buy another."

"That's so, every time!" said the smoker, rising and coming toward us. "Beg your pardon, all of ye, but I've heard everything ye said, and if ye've no objections, I'll tell ye what makes me think so much of an old clay pipe. And I'm obleeged to ye, marm," turning to Miss Carr. "Them's my sentiments every time.

"You see, I'm an out-and-out backwoodsman, hunter, trapper, and guide; born in Tennessee, edicated in Indiana, and went into business from the Missouri to the mountains, and there I've flourished ever since.

"I was way out in the mountains. I had just took a train through, and was on my way back with two other chaps, old trappers like myself. Somehow I took sick, and we were obliged to camp for a week, to give me a chance to pick up agin. It was real purty weather, and I enjoyed myself rollin' round on the grass, while Jack and Joe were scoutin' round for game. But I did feel a leetle anxious to be goin'.

"One day I was layin' down under a tree, and I got sleepy. All at once I thought I heard something moving through the brush. I raised my head and looked all round, but I couldn't see nothing, the bushes were so thick. Thinks I to myself:

"'Ye're dreaming, old boy. Better take a smoke, and get waked up!'

"So I drawed the old stump. It was just like this, only four or five sizes bigger—a reg'lar old settler, and black as yer hat, sir. I'd smoked it a sight, and got kinder 'tached to it. Well, I filled it—Joe used to say it took a quarter of a pound to fill it handsomely—and then went to the fire to light it. When I got onto my feet agin I heard a noise, and I was sure of it then. I turned purty quick, and there was a good-sized grizzly, just ready to make for me.

"Now, ye see, they ain't no pleasant chaps to run afoul of, even when ye have yer shootin'-irons with ye; and I tell ye I felt as though I'd rather be excused. My rifle was in the wagon, and the critter was between me and *it*. I couldn't no more have got there than I could have jumped over the moon; so as he was comin' purty lively I thought I'd tree.

"The trees wasn't much—scraggy little oaks and elms; but they were enough sight better nor none—so I sprung for a limb just within reach, and commenced to swing up.

"Old grizzly knowed in a minute what I was up to, and afore I could get out of his reach, he raised and grabbed me. He got his paws round my legs, and one of my old boots into his mouth, and there he stood, and there I hung. He didn't pull very hard, but I was kinder weak, and couldn't have hung onto the limb an awful while if there hadn't been any bear at the lower end of me. I knowed if ever I dropped it would be my everlasting drop, so I set my wits to work to scare up some plan to make the grizzly let go.

"The old pipe was atween my teeth yet, and I was smokin' away right smart, and thinkin'. I looked down and seen

a corner of his mouth that my boot didn't fill. Don't laugh, stranger. 'Twasn't because the boot was small, but the b'ar respected the size of it, and only took hold of the heel.

"Well, as I said before, there was a little corner open, and I thought I'd jest drop the old pipe into it, tobaccy, ashes, fire, and smoke, and see how he'd like it. It was a leetle risky, for, you see, I should have to hang by one hand; but something had to be did, so I loosened my right hand and got the pipe.

"I never shot a rifle ball truer than I sent that old pipe, plump right into old grizzly's mouth, and when I seen that it was in, I kinder give a kick with my old boot, and kept it from falling out again.

"I tell ye, stranger's, b'ars don't like tobaccy much better than you do, especially when it's mixed with ashes, and fire, and an old clay pipe. Soon as ever he got a taste of it, and 'twan't long, he let go of me and commenced playing about on the grass, spitting and chewing and snorting, to beat the old scratch, while I naturally climbed up into the tree and watched him smoke.

"I enjoyed it more than he did, for ye see it was a new thing to him. He rolled and tumbled about beautifully, for I expect the fire burnt his throat, and the tobaccy didn't help it any. At last he got into the camp-fire, and that ended the performance.

"He started off through the brush, tumbling along quite funny, and I watched him, or, raither, I watched the bushes as long as I could see 'em move. Then I climb down, and went to gettin' supper for the boys, feelin' purty well tickled with the way I'd escaped.

"I felt kinder sorry for one thing though, and that was because the varmint had chawed my pipe all to bits. I found some of the pieces, and I've got 'em yet. I might jest as well have saved the old pipe, if I'd only thought, for, ye see, the tobaccy and the fire would have done him jest as well."

## THE DEAD MAN IN THE LIGHTHOUSE.

I COULD scarcely at first believe that they were all dead—that I was never more to hear the voice of parent, brother or sister—that I was utterly alone in the world. But so it was: within the space of eight months, as the worthy curate told me, the grave had closed over the whole of my family. It was some consolation that my mother had died blessing me; but, nevertheless, I now bitterly repented that I had gone to sea, instead of remaining, as I might have done, to stay and comfort her in her old age. Yet she had approved of the step I took, and, after all, I acted for the best.

It was now necessary for me to shape my course anew. So now, being a tolerable seaman, and seeing nothing else to do, I made up my mind to stick to the only profession I had acquired and seek another ship.

On reaching Devonport, I found there was no ship fitting out for sea just then; but as I still had some money left, and could afford to be idle for a week or two, I resolved to wait for a short time and see what might turn up. I lodged at a tavern called the "Rodney," and the time went by quickly enough, for I had never been in that neighborhood before, and there is a good deal to be seen there.

However, at the end of a fortnight my reckoning at the "Rodney" was presented; and when I paid it, I found I had not money enough left to keep me afloat much longer. I told my situation to the landlord, a very honest man, who said it was not probable that any king's ship would be commissioned at Plymouth for some time.

Just as we were talking about it, over a glass of grog, a man came in and said:

"Here's a rum go, Jem (that was the landlord's name); that other chap has left the stone, too! I'm blest if it isn't the third within the last eight weeks!"

"Why, now," said the landlord to me, "that's the very thing for you, my man—that's to say, always supposing you don't dislike a little confinement and regular hours!"

"What is it?" said I.

"It's one of the keepers of the Stone Light," replied he, "who has given up the job. What do you say to it? It's the very thing for a man like you, who seem to be a bit of a scholar, and not to like to work overmuch."

Nothing at the time could have been more to my mind, for I little imagined what the nature of the situation was. I lost no time in applying for the post, and my certificates being good, and besides—most unaccountably, as I then thought—no one else offering, I was almost immediately accepted. They said I must engage for six months, as they were tired of men leaving the place almost as soon as appointed. I said I would engage for a year if they chose; but they smiled, and said six months was enough to begin with.

When all was arranged, I began to congratulate myself on my good fortune. I thought, with the landlord, that it was the very thing for me. I could not understand why my predecessors had given up the service, and thought they must have been men who did not know when they were well off. Nevertheless, I thought I might be a little dull now and then; so, that I might have something to amuse myself with, I bought a pack of cards to play with the other keeper, a second-hand musical snuff-box, and an excellent jest-book, with a collection of songs at the end of it. Next morning I went on board the lighthouse tender, and we sailed for the Eddystone. On the way, one of the men remarked to me, significantly, that it was a Friday.

"What of that?" said I. "All sensible people ridicule your suspicions about a Friday."

"Well, well," said he, "we shall see."

The weather was fine, and the wind favorable, though light; in about three hours we reached our destination, and effected a landing without difficulty. There was little time lost; some stores the tender had brought off were quickly got out of her; in half an hour she was standing back for Plymouth, and I was left to establish myself in my new abode.

"Well," said I to myself, as I looked about me, "here I am, snug and comfortable! After knocking about the world as I have done, it is something to find such a resting-place; and, disgusted as I am with the coldness and selfishness of society, it is still better to find myself so effectually removed from it."

The other light-keeper—good reason I have to remember him—was an elderly man, and a Scot. I was by no means taken with his appearance, for he looked grave and unsocial, anything, in fact, but a jolly companion. However, he was courteous enough at first, showing me all over the lighthouse, pointing out the different apparatus, and explaining to me my various duties.

The day passed away pleasantly enough; I had never before seen the interior of a lighthouse, and I found considerable amusement in examining everything about it. The lower part is solid; above that there are four small chambers, one over the other, besides the lantern, or light-room; the lowest two are for holding stores, the third is the kitchen, and in the fourth are the men's berths.

I found everything fitted up with the same economy of space and neatness of contrivance which distinguished the arrangements of a ship; indeed, at times, I fancied for a moment I was actually on board of one. The great difference was, that there was so little room to move about in—at least, horizontally; for as to going up and down, I soon found that very tiresome. Of that, however, I thought little;

keeping a watch in that comfortable lantern was evidently a very different thing from keeping one in cold and darkness on a wet deck, step fore and aft as one might there; and if I had now and then the trouble of going aloft, it was not to reef topsails in a gale of wind.

The first day passed pleasantly enough, and I was more than contented with my situation, till the evening came. As it began to grow dark my comrade and I went up to the lantern, and he showed me how the lighting was managed. After this lesson, being tired of his prosing, I left him to keep his first watch; and, understanding that I was to re-relieve him at midnight, I went below again to our berth. And then I first began to feel a little lonely.

I sat awhile, musing over my past life and adventures, and then it occurred to me that now was a good time for carrying out a project I had often formed, but never had found opportunity to execute — namely, that of writing my memoirs. I jumped at the idea, and immediately began to think how I should begin; but after I had smoked two or three pipes, my musical box had run down several times, and I found the time had passed more quickly than I had thought it would, and that it was within an hour of my watch. So as it was not worth while setting myself to begin my memoirs that night, I thought I might as well go up and sit with the Scotchman for the remaining time.

THE STUMP OF A PIPE.—"HE ROLLED AND TUMBLED ABOUT BEAUTIFULLY. AT LAST HE GOT INTO THE CAMP-FIRE, AND THAT ENDED THE PERFORMANCE."—SEE PAGE 694.

I do not know how it was, but there was something about this man which, from the first, exercised a most dispiriting influence upon me; there was something so fixedly melancholy in all he said and in all he looked. However, I was resolved not to let myself yield to the impression. The hour passed away; and at midnight, after much prosing about the lamp, the reflectors, and so on, he went below. When he was gone, I could not help thinking what a hard thing it was that a man like me, gifted with natural ability, and having received so excellent an education, should have the same fate assigned me as that stupid and uncultivated old Scotchman.

These and such thoughts occupied me some time. I then wound up my watch and tried to settle myself for the night. It was, however, in vain; I was in a restless humor, so I thought I would go down and bring up a glass of grog to keep me company, and also my musical box, which I had forgotten. I went down, therefore; the Scotchman was asleep; but some slight noise I made in passing by the berth awakened him, and he started up.

"What is it?" he cried. "What is it? What is the matter? Speak—quick!"

"Nothing at all," old fellow, I coolly replied; "I only want a can of grog and my musical box."

"What! and have you dared to leave the light for that?" exclaimed he; and as he spoke he rushed up the ladder like a lunatic.

When I had mixed my grog and put my box in my pocket I followed him, laughing exceedingly at his excitement; for though I knew it was a little irregular for me to have left my post, I thought his conduct most ridiculously absurd.

"Come, old boy," said I, when I reached the lantern, "don't look so glum. Where's the harm of my mixing myself a little three-water grog? Off to your cot with you, or else you'll catch cold in those thin legs of yours, and then I shall have to nurse you. Down with you; I shall not leave the light again."

"Can I depend on you?" said he, in a doubting way, that made me laugh anew.

"Oh, yes," I replied; "there is nothing more I want. There, down with you, and turn in again—all's well."

He said nothing more, and went below; I played my musical box for some time, and finished my grog. Then, whether or not the grog acted as a soporific, or I was tired after the jovial night we spent at the "Rodney," I do not know; but I fell fast asleep, and did not wake till daybreak. When I awoke, and found the day dawning, I instantly

THE DEAD MAN IN THE LIGHTHOUSE.—EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE. SEE PAGE 595.

extinguished the lamp and descended to rouse my mate. We breakfasted, and then, as I expected, he began.

"Young man," said he, "it was not right for you to leave the light last night, and you must not do it again."

"This morning, you mean," said I. "But never mind that. As to leaving the light for a moment, why, what harm could it do?"

"You have been to sea," returned the Scotchman, "and you must know you should not leave your post when upon duty."

"Yes," said I, "but a lighthouse is not a ship. There is no fear of squalls for this craft; there are breakers enough around, but there is no danger—at least, for us."

"That's just the thing! that's just the thing!" cried he. "We are, perhaps, safe enough; but if anything were to go wrong with the light, what would become of those for whose benefit the lighthouse was erected?"

"But for five minutes——"

"Not for a single moment may your post be deserted," interrupted he. "You are here to tend that light; and if through our negligence anything happen to it, and a vessel were to be lost on the rock, the deaths of all and each of the crew would lie at our door! we should be manslayers—murderers! Do not attempt to justify yourself, for you know you were wrong. If I thought—but I dare say it was mere thoughtlessness on your part. You will not do it again? Let us forget it!"

And I did forget it at the time; at least, I did not think of it. But deeply did subsequent events—and they came very soon—grave his words upon my mind: "If through our negligence a ship were lost, the deaths of her crew would lie at our door!"

How often has that dreadful sentence rung in my ears; how often have I in vain tried to shut out the conviction that it was true. Manslayer!—Murderer! Long after that man's tongue became forever silent, the words seemed to sound in my ears like the voice of an accusing angel. But, as I have said, I thought nothing of them at the time; nay, I secretly laughed at the old man's language—secretly, for there was then something imposing about him, which prevented my doing so openly.

However, though I did not care for what he had said, I disliked him more than ever, and it was fated that the day was not to pass over without a downright quarrel between us. It arose thus. I had helped myself several times to a little grog—more from want of anything to do than because I cared for it. This he discovered from seeing the rum in the case-bottle getting near low-water mark. When he observed it, he locked the place where the spirits were kept, and put the key in his pocket, without saying a word. I pretended at the moment not to see this; but soon after, wishing another glass, I went to him (he was aloft out on the gallery) and said, civilly:

"I'll thank you for the key of the locker where the rum is."

"No, young man," said he, "I will not give it you. You don't seem to know when to stop; therefore you shall have your allowance regularly, every day, and no more."

"What!" cried I; "what right have you to stop my grog in this fashion? Give up the key, or I'll make you!"

I seized his arm as he spoke; but with the quickness of lightning, and before I could prevent him, he heaved the key over the gallery into the sea.

"Now!" said he, "you thought to use force, because you are younger and stronger than I am. See the consequence! You'll get no grog at all now, for you dare not break open the locker; at least you had better not, since if you do it will speak for itself; but if you let it alone I shall say nothing, for I am no tell-tale;" and from that moment we were enemies. It was true enough what he said about my not daring to break down the locker; that would have been discovered the next time the tender came, and the whole story would so have to come out. I tried all the other keys I could find, but none would fit. It was also unfortunately high water when he threw away the key; and though I went at ebb to seek it with some faint hopes, my search, as might have been expected, was fruitless.

After a day or two had passed, I could no longer conceal from myself that my situation was insupportable; and after a long but fruitless effort to keep up my spirits, I abandoned the struggle. I had nothing—nothing to do, nothing to look forward to, nothing to wish for, nothing to care about, nothing to excite an idea. And then I was condemned not only to mental but also to bodily inactivity. I could not relieve my mind by taking physical exercise, for I was caged

THE DEAD MAN IN THE LIGHTHOUSE.—"I WAS STANDING AT ONE OF THE WINDOWS TO LET THE WIND COOL MY FEVERISH HEAD."

in that slender tower, and a single step brought me to the extremity of my den. I began to understand and sympathize with the restlessness of wild animals in captivity; but I considered them much happier than I was, seeing that they did not possess, as I did, a soul to which imprisonment extended.

The ships that occasionally passed brought none of that interest and excitement which at sea the appearance of a sail always does. I knew that their crews were socially united together—merry, careless, and happy. A ship's appearance only tantalized me; I felt like a wretched castaway, who sees a vessel sail by which sees not him. The land had the same effect. With a glass I could make out various objects—one or two houses; there the laborer returning from his toil found his fellows to associate with, but I, who could almost see this, was doomed to utter and unchangeable solitude. Sometimes I burst into tears and cried like a child for an hour; but tears brought me no relief. Each day seemed as if it would never end; and when it did come to a close, there was no satisfaction for me, for I knew all succeeding ones would be like it.

I had heard that people often came off to see the lighthouse, and I looked wistfully for such a pleasure, but none ever came in my time. And so day after day passed. I need not describe each; I could not if I would, for I have no distinct recollection of them. That time is a blank to me—I even lost my reckoning, and ceased to know the days of the month or week. The time seemed an eternity; nevertheless I knew it must be short, and that it bore a very small proportion to the six months I had to endure.

Every day I grew worse and worse. Well did I at last know why they had smiled when I offered to engage for a year, and why my predecessors had given up the place. It was, indeed, terrible. At times I was inclined to dash my head against the wall, and so end my miserable life at once; often I was about to throw myself into the sea—it was easy, and all my wretchedness would be ended with the plunge. Several times I went down at low water with the fixed resolution of leaping from the rock, and each time I recoiled. I could not take the decisive step. An indistinct hope of better days withheld me. It was not want of courage, but every time something seemed to say to me, "Not yet—a moment longer."

Time went on, and still I grew worse and worse. Sometimes I thought I was going mad—nay, sometimes I even thought that I had gone mad. I detected incoherency in my thoughts; strange and fantastic ideas wandered incessantly; they were without object or connection. I do now believe that I was in a state of incipient insanity, and I would fain be sure of it, for if such were the case, I was not, of course, responsible for what afterwards happened. Sometimes, in those terrible days, I doubted if I were walking or not; sometimes, indeed, I thought and hoped that the whole was but a frightful dream, from which I should soon be relieved, and smile at having been so troubled at it. But the time passed on, and there was no awaking for me.

Such was my life in the Eddystone Lighthouse.

During this terrible period I sought refuge as much as possible in sleep. After the first few days, whenever I had the second watch, I regularly laid myself down for the purpose on the floor of the light-room, and generally at that time I slept. This ultimately led to another quarrel with the Scotchman. It took place thus: One night, soon after my watch had commenced, my mate came up and found me asleep. This, as I found out afterwards—for I had lost all my reckoning of time—was just three weeks subsequently to my arrival. When I awoke I found him quietly seated beside me, reading his Bible. He merely said that I might go below if I liked. I took him at his word and went down. Next day he asked me if I was not ashamed of myself for having fallen asleep, and said he wondered I had not a more conscientious feeling of my duty. I told him my conscience was my affair, not his; and that as for sleeping, I slept so lightly that I certainly awoke the moment anything went wrong with the light.

"What!" exclaimed he, "do you really excuse and defend your conduct, friend? Suppose the lighthouse were to take fire—don't you know it has been burned already, and that the lead from the roof ran down the throat of one of the keepers, and was found to the weight of eight ounces in his stomach when the doctor opened his body?"

"Humbug!" said I. "Do you think to frighten me with your ridiculous inventions——"

"It is as true as I am here," interrupted he.

"What!" cried I, "do you persist in your lying story? I wonder what your conscience is made of, since you talk of conscience—who can believe that molten lead could run down a man's throat? Such tales won't go down mine, I can tell you. Keep them for those who are fools enough to swallow them."

He looked at me steadily for some time, but made no reply. Then taking down the signal-book, he consulted it for a moment; next he selected two signals from the rest and went up to the gallery. He soon returned, drew the table aside, and took the writing materials out of the locker he kept them in. Then he said, "I have made the signal for the tender, and now I am going to write a letter to the board—it is my duty to let them know that you will not do yours."

"Do what you like," said I, carelessly.

The truth was, that I heartily rejoiced things had taken this turn, for though I knew I had rendered myself liable to punishment for a breach of my engagement in having fallen asleep at my post, yet the prospect of being released from the dreadful place, even though it were to go to prison, was perfect ecstacy to me. I immediately went up to the gallery and fixed my eyes eagerly on the point where I expected the tender would appear. For a couple of hours I remained there; and so wrapt in the idea of escape, that it was only then I remarked, what I might have seen in a moment, that the sea was running so high that it would be impossible for any boat to come near the rock. My disappointment was great, for it was the time of the equinox, and there was every prospect of a continued gale. Nevertheless, thought I, even if it blow for a fortnight, a fortnight is not six months. So I kept up my spirits.

"Come," said I to the Scotchman, "you may keep your epistle till the next post. No boat can come alongside in a sea like this. Your letter can't go, nor I neither—more's the pity."

"We shall see," said he; and as he spoke he made up his letter into a large roll, took up a bottle which he had placed beside him, and slid the paper into it. He then corked the bottle and sealed it carefully.

"Well," said I, "there's a new kind of envelope. I understand now, but I confess I did not think of that."

When the tender came off, which it did in the afternoon, my comrade signaled them to lie-to a little to leeward; and when they had done so he heaved the bottle into the sea. It soon drifted down to them, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that my misconduct was fully made known. On each of the three following days the tender came off, and they made an attempt to land, but in vain. On the fourth and fifth it was blowing a tremendous gale from the southwest, and they did not come at all. During this time the Scotchman did all the duty of the lighthouse, and took all the watching every night, for he said he would not trust me again. I was very well pleased he would not. During these five days I was much less miserable than before, for I had the certainty before me of a speedy release.

On the night of the fifth day I turned in shortly after sunset, as I usually did. I had slept, I suppose, some hours, when I was awakened by the sound of the alarm-bell, which communicates between the lantern and the berth. I threw on a pea-jacket and ran up the ladder, not without a smile at the idea that it was during the watch of my careful comrade that something had gone wrong. "We shall, perhaps, see the experiment of the molten lead performed," said I, laughing to myself. But my laughing was quickly to be stopped. When I reached the lantern I found the Scotchman stretched upon the floor. He had evidently been taken suddenly ill, and he seemed to be suffering great pain.

"Ah," said he, as I appeared, "you are come at last—what I was afraid of has happened—I feel I am dying, young man."

"Nonsense," returned I, much terrified at the idea. "Cheer up, old boy; what is the matter with you?"

"Worn out—too much anxiety—worn out," said he; "but no matter for that—what will become of the light when only you are here?"

"Never mind the light," said I. "What can I do for you? What will do you good? I'll get you anything you wish——"

"It's of no use," replied he, beginning to speak with difficulty. "Come near, and attend. You must keep watch to-night; and, as soon as day breaks, signal that they must come off at all hazards—do you understand? The signal-book is there, under my Bible."

"Yes, yes," said I, scarcely noting his words, for I began to fear his anticipations might be but too well founded, and I was very anxious.

I knelt down beside him and took his hand—it was cold and clammy, and I let it fall again. A minute or two elapsed; I remained silent and motionless, for I did not know what to say or do. Then a strange expression passed over his face—he was evidently getting worse. I grew very frightened. "What is to become of me? I cried. "Rouse yourself, man, throw it off—rouse yourself."

He tried to articulate something, but I could not make out what it was; after a while, however, he suddenly exclaimed distinctly, "I have done my duty; I could do no more." Then his face brightened—he started convulsively, and made a feeble effort to rise; but, failing to do so, he fell back again, murmuring, "The light! the light! the light!" Thon he was still.

I watched him for a short time in silence, and with terrible feelings; then I called to him several times, speaking louder and louder, but there was nothing except the echo of my own voice. At last I ventured to touch him—a strange thrill passed over me as I did so. I raised his head; his lips were contorted and his eye was glassy.

Through me shot a frightful shudder at the look of that eye, whose fixed, unmeaning stare—for he was dead—nothing can ever efface from my memory; a cold sweat came out on my brow, and I fled from the place in an agony of fear. I rushed down to the chamber below, drew to the hatchway and made it fast. Death was in the place with me. I lay there in a half-frenzied state, all huddled together; and in an agony of fear I pressed myself against the wall lest something should get behind me. Every now and then a shiver of horror passed over me; my blood seemed to flow backward in my veins; I was utterly overwhelmed and possessed by a tremendous fear. For I was left alone with death.

That night seemed as if it would never pass away. At last, however, the morning began to dawn, and, worn out with excitement, I fell asleep. My dreams, strangely enough, were pleasant, and I awoke with a smile on my lips—it was then broad day. For a moment, a single moment, I did not remember what had happened, but instantly it flashed across my mind, and I fell back as if I had received a blow. I felt the full horror of my position. Death was beside me, and I was alone!

Nevertheless, I endeavored to fullfil the old man's last injunction; indeed, I was most desirous to do so, for it was the way of escape for me. Once I began to ascend the ladder for the purpose of making the signal, forbidding myself to think, what, of course, I was but too well aware of, that I would have to pass by the dead body to accomplish it. I took a few steps, but it was in vain, and I descended again.

Afterward I strenuously endeavored to brace my nerves to the resolution of going up and throwing the body into the sea. It occurred to me, however, that if I threw away the body without any one having seen it, I might subject myself to the suspicion of having murdered my companion, more especially as I might easily be supposed to bear him no good will after the informing and accusing letter he had written. So, even if I could have brought myself to go near the corpse, I would not have touched it. As for the signal, it would, after all, have been of little use, for the storm continued unabated, and it would have been utterly impossible for the tender to have come off.

The evening came. Of course I did not light the lamp in the lantern; I wished to do so, and that most earnestly, for I knew my responsibility and the dangerous consequences that might follow from my not doing it. But it was in vain for me to strive to perform the duty; I dismissed the thought of it from my mind in despair. How often since have I wished that I had had the resolution to do it. But it is idle to think of it; no fear of punishment or future suffering could have induced me, in my then state, to have entered the place. I felt the presence of Death all about me, but that lantern—it was his very throne!

The night came—that never-to-be-forgotten night! The gale was at its height; the weather, though cloudy, was clear. I was standing at one of the windows, which I had opened to let the wind cool my feverish head. I was looking seaward, listlessly watching the waves breaking on the rock, as they rolled on in huge masses, fell against it with the weight and thunder of avalanches, and streamed away in long, diverging sheets of phosphorescent foam I had been observing them for some time, carelessly and calmly, for to my first paroxysm of horror and fear, a kind of idiotic insensibility had succeeded, when my attention was suddenly attracted by the momentary appearance of a light to windward. I thought I must have been deceived, but in a few seconds I saw it again. I then watched for its re-appearance with intense excitement. Again I saw it—there could be no mistake now—again it disappeared. Then I knew for certain that it was the light of a vessel, which the heave of the waves was alternately showing and concealing. The next time I saw it I marked its position carefully, that I might determine what course the vessel was steering, and fervently I hoped to find it was moving across my line of vision. But, alas! no; at each successive appearance it was still in the same direction, and then I knew that the vessel which bore it was steering straight, or nearly so, for the fatal rock on which I stood. Then a tremendous foreboding seized me, and the voice of my self-accusing conscience spoke terribly. For through my fault the faithful lantern, which should have warned that ship from the path of destruction, was dark, and gave no caution; the noble purpose of the lighthouse was defeated through me, and before me, rapidly approaching, was the sacrifice of my crime.

My first impulse was to run up and light the burners, and I think at that moment I could have braved the horrors of the lantern. But a moment's reflection told me that half an hour would not suffice to put it in working order, for, as it had burned till it had gone out of itself, all the oil must have been exhausted, and to arrange such a lamp requires some

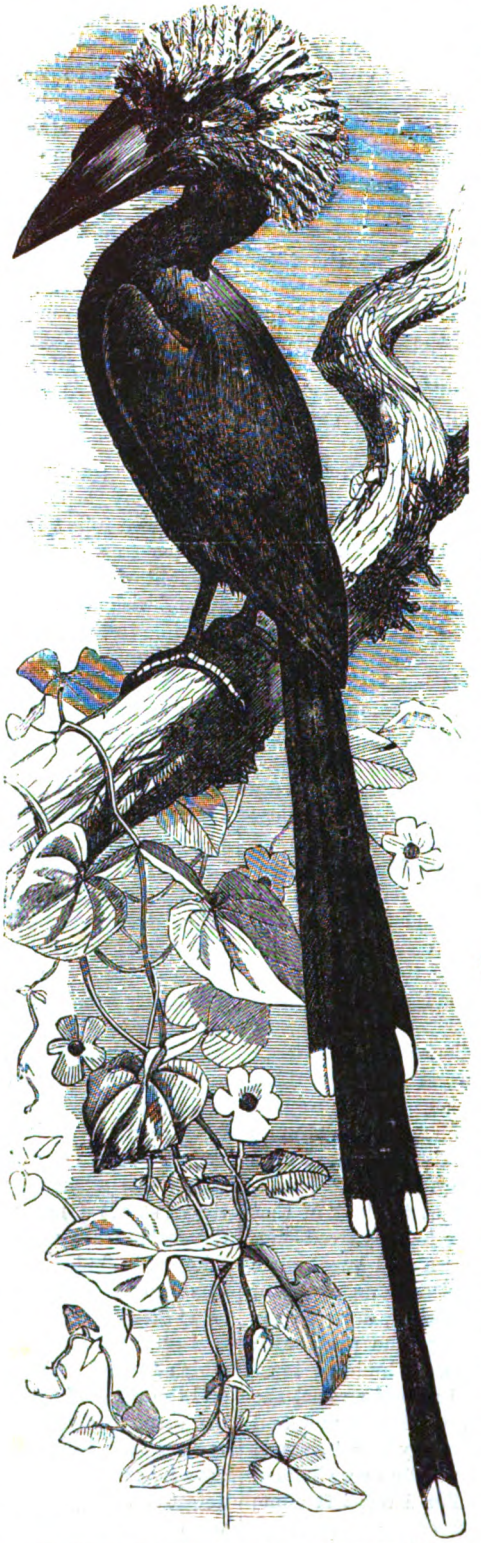
considerable time. And half an hour! I knew that in a few minutes the vessel must be either on the rock or have passed by in safety.

The light came on—rapidly. What were my feelings as it approached! I forgot all my own suffering in my absorbing anxiety for that ship. She was bearing directly for the rock. I was shaking all over, and could scarcely keep my post at the window. There came the ship; only one man in the world knew her danger; that was I, and I could do nothing.

The ship still came on—the light was within half a cable's length of me. There was no chance now of her passing by. She must have been steering right on the point where I stood. Swiftly and steadily she came on. I screamed uselessly at the top of my voice. Suddenly the light swerved from its course. I saw that they had descried the breakers, and put down the helm; they had kept a good lookout—it was no fault of theirs, poor, faithful, and trusty crew. I heard the creaking of the yards as they swung round, and the fluttering of the canvas as it shook in the wind. I saw something white fly past—probably it was a sail blown from the bolt-ropes. But I was now in no suspense, for I knew it was too late, and that all was over. The next instant there came a booming crash, the light disappeared, and I heard the crackling and rattling of the masts as they fell over the side. There was a moment's pause. Then rose loud over all the noise of the storm a confused and general cry; then I distinctly heard the ship's bell tolled—it was their knell, for after that there was nothing more.

I shut the window, and seated myself on a stool. I must have become insensible immediately after, for I recollect nothing further till I came to myself and found it broad day. I rose, and began putting the place in order; once or twice I stopped to curse the memory of my late companion, who had been the chief cause of all; but I did not then think much about the catastrophe of the night—it was not to be realized in a moment. "It is all over now, and what cannot be helped should not be regretted; besides, after all, it is only a ship lost, as many a good ship has been before her; we all owe heaven a death."

Even so did I talk with myself as I continued busying myself about the apartment, moving things hither and thither without a purpose. But lightly as I thought of it then—it was a kind of insanity to do so—ever since has the burden been increasing which that night laid upon my soul—less and less rest has my troubled conscience known from day to day. The secret, too, which I carry about with me—for no living being, except I, knows where that ship was lost—is insupportable. I have been, and am constantly, in dread of telling it out in my sleep, and I perpetually think that people are making allusion to it, or that they suspect me. What, however, is more strange, and I cannot in any way account for it, is, that I have a perpetual desire to tell it to some one—I feel as if I should be better if I did. This, however, of course, I dare not do. It is this feeling which has led me to execute my often-formed intention of writing my life, and although, before my death at least, no eye will ever see this, I do feel some relief in having reduced it to narrative. Heavy, heavy has been the load I have borne these many sad, weary years—fain would I hope that the few which may remain for me may be less painful.



THE WHITE-CRESTED HORNBILL.—SEE PAGE 702.

As it happened, the wind had completely fallen soon after the catastrophe, and that day the sea went down sufficiently to allow the tender to come off. Two or three men landed from her; the first was he who had remarked to me, when I was on my way to the place, that I had set off upon a Friday.

"Told you so, my boy," said he, as soon he as saw me; "you've found out what comes of sailing on a Friday. Sleeping on duty! A pretty idler you are! What if the light had gone out?"

I groaned involuntarily. The man, mistaking the cause, said:

"You may well be ashamed of yourself. Where's the old man?"

"He's dead," said I.

They all started.

"His body is in the lantern," I continued; "I did not like to move him, and so left him where he died."

I then detailed the circumstances, giving as my reason for leaving the corpse untouched the fear I entertained of being suspected of foul play.

"It must have been bad enough sitting watching the light, and he lying there," said the officer, an old midshipman; "you must have had an uncomfortable time of it, my lad. I did not think you were in such an unpleasant situation when I saw your light last night."

"When he saw the light last night!" Was he mocking me? Was it all known?

It was not. Unaccountable as it may seem, that man was perfectly convinced that he had seen the light the previous night. I am sure he would have sworn to it.

And no one, indeed, suspected the truth. It was soon known that the ——— Indiaman had been lost on the coast,

ON TIPTOE.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

for spars and pieces of her, indicative of the ship to which they had belonged, came ashore in a day or two. But no one for a moment thought of her having struck upon the Eddystone.

As for me, the authorities, considering what I had undergone, contented themselves with mulcting me of my wages and discharging me. I sold my watch to a Jew for twenty-seven shillings and a glass of grog. I was sorry to part with it, for it was my mother's; but what could I do? On this small sum I lived miserably enough for a fortnight, when I got a berth in a coasting vessel, the *Margaret Turnbull.*

## ON THE TIPTOE.

In one point of view the happiest part of a man's life is when he is on the tiptoe. Expectation is the cream on the top of every day's life. Pope puts this fact in the well-known line:

"Man never is, but always to be blest."

A celebrated gourmand declared when he had eaten his dinner that the glory of the day had departed; and a cynical philosopher defined gratitude as a keen expectation of favors to come.

Thus, in every aspect, the anticipation is the real sweetness of all things. Dead Sea apples look fair at a distance, but turn to ashes on the lips. Even so with human life, the hidden woe is the poisoner of enjoyment.

The artist has painted the moral of this story in the celebrated picture which we have engraved, and it is as eloquent as one of Chapin's sermons.

## TWO PETS.

Two pretty birds, so bright and gay,
Sing and frisk the livelong day.

The father's pet, with light-blue eyes,
The daughter's pet—the cage's prize.

Each guards the trust, each loves the treasure,
Rejoiced they seem in equal measure.

Intent upon their pets, the pair,
With faces flushed with joy, stand there.

## THE WHITE-CRESTED HORNBILL.

There are many strange and wonderful forms among the feathered tribes; but there are, perhaps, none which more astonish the beholder who sees them for the first time, than the group of birds known by the name of hornbills.

They are all distinguished by a very large beak, to which is added a singular helmet-like appendage, equaling the beak itself in some species, while in others it is so small as to attract but little notice. On account of the enormous size of the beak and the helmet, which in some species recede to the crown of the head, the bird appears to be overweighted by the mass of horny substance which it has to carry; but, on a closer investigation, the whole structure is found to be singularly light, and yet very strong.

On cutting asunder the beak and helmet of a hornbill, we shall find that the outer shell of horny substance is very thin indeed, not even as thick as the paper on which this description is printed, and that the whole interior is composed of numerous honeycombed cells, with very thin walls and very wide spaces, the walls of the cells being so arranged as to give very great strength when the bill is used for biting, and with a very slight expenditure of material. The whole structure, indeed, reminds us greatly of that beautiful bony network which gives to the skull of the elephant its enormous size and lightness. The general appearance of the dried head of a hornbill, with its delicate cellular arrangements, and its thin, polished bony shell, is not unlike the well-known shell of the paper nautilus, and crumbles in the grasp almost as easily.

The white-crested hornbill is a bird which is remarkable for the peculiarity from which it derives its name.

Its beak, although very large in proportion to the rest of the bird, is not so prominent a feature as in the other hornbills; and its beautiful white, fan-shaped crest takes off much of the grotesque aspect which would otherwise be caused by the large bill. Very little of the helmet is visible in this species, as it is of comparatively small dimensions, and is hidden by the plumy crown which decorates the head. The tail is very long, and, as will be seen by the engraving, is graduated and colored in a very bold manner, each feather being black except at the extreme tips, which are snowy white. The general color of this bird is deep, dull black, through which a few very small, white feathers protrude at distant intervals; the tail is black, each feather being tipped with white; and the crest is white, with the exception of the black shaft and black tip of each feather.

## THE DIAMOND RING;
### Or,
### ROXIE'S FLIRTATION.

"ROXIE, Roxie, child!"

A young girl, lovely as the morning, disengaged herself from the laughing group about her, to reply to the lady who called her.

"Well, auntie?" she said, with a backward toss of the softest, brightest curls, and a look of saucy defiance out of arch, hazel brown eyes.

"What did you say just now?"

Roxie colored and laughed.

"I don't care," she said, pouting very becomingly; "I do like Frank Thorley, although he is papa's clerk. I shouldn't have said so, only Ellen Richmond was making fun of what she calls his assurance in dancing with me so often to-night."

"I wouldn't dance with him again, my dear."

"Why not, pray?" Roxie exclaimed, elevating her graceful eyebrows.

"Because you are a very pretty girl, and he is a very handsome young man. You may do him much harm."

"I?"

"Such flattering preference as you are evincing for young Thorley's society is enough to turn any young man's head; and coming from a girl in your position, to a man in his, is calculated to do harm. Take my advice, Roxie; he already sees no one in the room but you. Lavish your witcheries on some one less liable to lose his wits through them."

Roxie turned away from her aunt a little pettishly, and stole from under her thick lashes a furtive glance in young Thorley's direction. He was indeed watching her, with his heart in his handsome eyes; and the vain little beauty flushed with pleasure.

It was not long before Frank Thorley asked her to dance with him again.

"He is so handsome, and graceful, and so entertaining," Roxie mused during the instant's hesitation before she put her little white gloved hand in his, "I will dance with him—there!" And away she floated in airy circles.

"It can't do any harm," she continued with some inward misgiving, as her eyes met auntie's mildly-disapproving look, or fell beneath the impassioned and almost too frankly admiring glance of her companion; "of course he knows I am particularly kind to him, because he's papa's clerk; and he can't be so ridiculous as to fall in love with me really, and it isn't likely we shall ever be together this way again."

Miss Roxie, however, was mistaken in her calculations. She had indulged a momentary whim, and had insisted upon his attending her party.

As a consequence, somebody else invited him, and then somebody else, and he was so handsome and entertaining—such a graceful addition to any circle—that before the Winter was over he had become very popular, and received more invitations than he was able to accept. Roxie was surprised, but secretly pleased at this, and at the continuance of his undisguised and almost romantic devotion to herself. Roxie accepted this devotion with occasional reluctance, occasional misgivings as to where it was to end; but she liked it too well to lose, and was, perhaps, more interested at heart than she realized herself.

Imagine her consternation when Frank Thorley asked her to marry him.

"I—I'm sorry, Frank," she murmured, almost incoherently, as she dropped into a seat.

Thorley's eyes flashed momentarily.

"You've done a wicked thing, Miss Roxie Lyle," he said. "If ever woman led man to believe she loved him, you did me."

Roxie stopped him there with a haughty gesture, and an angry—"You forget yourself, Mr. Thorley;" and she swept imperially past him, back to the drawing-room she had quitted a moment before on his arm.

Mr. Vincent Lyle was at the head of one of the oldest firms in the city. He was a man of sterling integrity and uprightness himself, and sternly severe upon any dereliction in another. His clerks were all liberally paid; and a young man who could obtain a situation, be it ever so subordinate, with Lyle & Co., was considered to have secured an uncommonly good start in life. Dishonesty or unfaithfulness among the clerks of the firm was rare; partly because of the discrimination exercised in engaging them, partly because of the severe and summary reckoning exacted from the few offenders.

Mr. Vincent Lyle was not inclined, therefore, to deal leniently with the author of some small but daring peculation that had been going on of late. Woe to the guilty one, when he discovered him; and from the searching investigation he was making, he was likely to do that soon. The matter worried him so long as it baffled him; and he was sitting in his luxurious library at home, pondering it, when Frank Thorley sent in a note to him.

The merchant started, as he read, muttering, "Sharp fellow, Thorley. I wasn't deceived in him! Show him up, John."

Mr. Lyle shook hands with him warmly when he came in; but Thorley seemed strangely reluctant, and remained standing on the hearth opposite, his face pale, and his eyes in an unwonted glitter.

"Glad to see you, Thorley, glad to see you. Shan't forget it if you can give me any clue to the author of this scandalous business," Lyle said.

"Behold him!" Frank said, getting whiter yet.

Mr. Lyle started.

"It was I who stole your money," Frank repeated, with a half desperate emphasis on the words.

Mr. Lyle stared incredulously a few moments still, before he could realize the stupendousness of the fact. He was terribly angry then. He remembered suddenly the gay life the young man had been leading of late, vague rumors of which had reached his ears, and said, sternly, as soon as he could master his voice enough:

"If you come here, thinking to move me to thoughts of clemency, you will find yourself mistaken."

"Not for myself, Mr. Lyle," he said, at last, speaking with difficulty; "but for my mother's sake, I do ask your clemency; not to retain me in your employment, but to give me a chance to begin again somewhere else."

"And serve some one else as you have me?" the merchant exclaimed, with ironical anger; "it is rather late to think of your mother, young man."

"I know it, sir. If I had suffered no other love to enter my heart but love of her, I should not stand here the guilty wretch that I am to-night. I am her only son—her only support. If you expose me, you strike her to the heart."

Mr. Lyle made an impatient movement.

"I tell you, you should have thought of this before. It is too late now; you have had your chance, and abused it wickedly. You must take the consequences."

Thorley was trembling, and could hardly stand.

"Mr. Lyle," he said, huskily, "do you know how old I am? I am nineteen, sir, and I never touched a farthing that was not my own before."

"It is time to end this," Mr. Lyle said, rising and approaching the bell.

"Wait one moment, sir," Frank Thorley said, passing between him and the bell-pull; and his desperate, anguished look stayed Mr. Lyle an instant; "shall I tell you who tempted me to do this—whose beautiful face came between me and right, and lured me on to my ruin? As you hope for mercy hereafter, sir, hear me! Hear how I came to fall, and then refuse to be merciful, if you can."

"I am listening," said the merchant.

"I never saw New York till two years ago, and you yourself have commended me for withstanding its temptations. You know, sir, that I neither drink nor gamble. The smallness of the amount I have taken must prove that your money was not spent in that way. You have been pleased to be very kind to me, sir. Do you remember urging upon me the acceptance of an invitation to a party given by your daughter? I was reluctant, but I went, and from that hour my fate was sealed. The most fascinating, as well as the most heartless coquette, did not scorn to set her snares for me, to dazzle me with her loveliness, and lure me with her smiles. There is no intoxication like the first love of youth, sir; don't you know that? There is no frenzy like that inspired by a woman who makes you love her. I lived in a delirium; I was mad on account of this woman whom I loved, and who seemed to love me, and I incurred a debt for her—a debt which, in a wild moment, when I had just been scornfully cast off by her—I paid with your money."

"What was your debt?" Mr. Lyle asked, briefly.

"It was for a ring."

"A ring with a diamond set in a cluster of rubies?" the merchant asked, with a flash of remembrance.

"Yes, sir," Thorley said, reluctantly.

The merchant sat down, and, motioning Thorley to a seat, remained some moments thoughtful, and with his face averted. Then touching the bell, he waited, while Frank Thorley covered his face with his hands.

"Tell Miss Roxie I wish to see her here," he said to the servant who answered his summons.

Roxie was just going out; and she came dressed as she was for the party, fleecy white floating about her; her lips red, her cheeks aglow and her eyes sparkling.

She reddened at sight of Frank Thorley's ghastly face.

"Did you send for me, papa?" she asked of her father, who sat with his face in shadow.

For reply he reached and took her ungloved hand in his. It was a dainty hand, slender, small and white, glittering

with rings. He put his finger upon one, a small diamond surrounded by rubies, and lifted his glance to hers.

Roxie shrank a little, and looked as if about to cry.

Turning toward Frank Thorley, Mr. Lyle said, "Upon one condition I will forgive you. Repeat what you have just said to me, in the presence of this misguided girl."

Poor Frank Thorley! Perhaps he thought even exposure would be preferable to such humiliation before her whom he loved. Perhaps a second thought of his mother came and nerved him. He hesitated only a moment, and told the story with a half desperate, half sarcastic eloquence, that took the vivid color out of Roxie's brilliant face.

"Won't you forgive me, Frank?" she cried, and clung to her father with a burst of sobs.

"Will you forgive her, Frank Thorley, or not?" demanded Mr. Lyle.

"Heaven knows I forgive her, sir, as I hope to be forgiven."

"Thank you, sir. I think she has wronged you more than you wronged me, and I will show you, young man, how I can forgive to-morrow."

But when the morrow came, Frank Thorley had left New York, with his mother; and vain were all Mr. Lyle's efforts to discover him.

Years passed. There came a financial crash; and though everybody supposed Lyle & Co. too firmly established to be shaken, they were unable to outride the storm.

Scrupulously honest now as ever, Mr. Lyle gave up everything; made no effort to save so much as Roxie's piano from going under the hammer.

"Never mind, papa," she said softly to him that last night before the sale; "we have still each other, and I am young. Perhaps I may find some use now for those accomplishments you have lavished upon me so freely. You did'nt think," she added, with an attempt at gayety, "that you were putting money by when you were spending it on me, did you?"

"Heaven knows what is to become of us!" moaned the unhappy merchant. "To-morrow, at this time, we shall have no right even to the roof that shelters our heads. But heaven bless you, my child, for this sweet courage. It is something to have so brave a child. You have been used to such freedom from care, though, Roxie—I wish you had married, dear, and you would have had a home now."

"I have got you, papa, and there's nobody I like better——"

"Nobody, Roxie?"

The soft cheek flushed a little, and the red lips trembled.

"Don't ask me, papa; there's nobody *now*," she said, her face on his shoulder.

"Was it some one who went away?"

"Yes," faintly.

"I thought so, dear. It's like you women to love the man they have wronged most."

THE TWO PETS.--SEE PAGE 702.

The two hid away in the remotest corner of the house while the auction was going on next day, and Roxie exerted herself incredibly to sustain her father's heavy heart. He grew old fast in those few hours. This losing his home seemed to hurt him cruelly.

The sale was over, and they still sat there alone, waiting, perhaps, to see if some friend would not come to speak a word of comfort in this trying hour.

There was a hesitating knock at the door presently, and a gentleman came in.

Mr. Lyle, seeing that it was a stranger, said: "You are, perhaps, the new proprietor?"

The stranger bowed, and said: "I bought everything in trust for a friend of Mr. Lyle's, who requested me to say to him that his home was as much his now as it ever was."

Mr. Lyle lifted his head and looked at the man, and from him to Roxie, in a sort of bewilderment.

"What does he mean, Roxie?"

Roxie had come forward, breathless, her face red and white in swift changes.

"Papa!" she cried, running up to him and sobbing on his neck, "it's Frank Thorley."

"No, no, Roxie," the merchant said, incredulously.

"It is Frank Thorley, sir," Frank said, now coming nearer; "I am a rich man, Mr. Lyle, thanks to you, for giving me another chance in life, and I have come ready to discharge my obligation to you with my all. I have nothing that is not yours also.

"Don't, Frank! I was only just, scarcely that; it seems good to see you, though, like the face of an old friend. We haven't many friends now, you know."

Roxie had not spoken. It seemed she could not lift her face from her father's arm. But when Frank asked gently, "Have you no welcome for me, Roxie?"

"Have you forgiven me yet?" she asked, looking up.

"I have never married," he said, in a low voice; "and you——"

"Nor I," flushing and trembling.

"Roxie"—with sudden heat and eagerness—"I have loved you all these years."

"And I you."

The firm is Lyle & Thorley. Frank would have it so.

AFTER A DAY'S HAYMAKING.—FROM A PAINTING BY BRETON.

# GLADYS ARDEN'S DISLOYALTY.

By the Author of "She Never Told Her Love," "The Last of the Carnes" Etc., Etc.

## Chapter I.

The quaint old streets of Mount Linford were well-nigh deserted under the still golden glory of a hot June sunshine—a cloudless, sultry afternoon sunshine. The broad, though rather uneven, pavement lay white and dry and littered over thickly with fine Summer dust. But there was not a breath of wind in the air to whirl the dust unpleasantly about—not a restless breeze even to fan gently the narrow, glinting, arrow-shaped weather-vane, graceful and exalted, rising heavenward from the cupola on the roof of the Town Hall, which stood with blinking windows in the sun-rays, square and substantial, at the end of the Market Place, which in Mount Linford was also known as the High Street, being, as it was, the widest, cleanest, and best part of the town, as in well-to-do provincial towns generally the High Street is usually supposed to be.

Mount Linford, in the pages of a modern gazetteer, would perhaps be described as an old-fashioned borough, governed by a mayor, with markets on Wednesday and Saturday. On those two days the thoroughfares were lively enough. Business in the High Street was particularly brisk, and the friendly encounters amongst the neighboring country-folk numerous and characteristically hearty.

This day, however, was not a market-day, and Mount Linford in consequence was very still. The grocers' shop-windows in the quiet High Street looked as if they were asleep beneath their motionless, blue-striped awnings, upon which the flies crawled drowsily in discontented exile, driven forth by the yellow-bodied wasps from the sweets of the bulky sugar-barrels, empty, and rolled clumsily over into the dried-up gutter opposite the grocers' shop-doors, and blistering and bursting their withy bands under the intensity of the fierce golden light streaming down from the clear sky above them.

Up the whole range of the wide, sunny street there was little or nothing of importance going forward, or any sound to cleave the sleepy stillness, save the harsh, monotonous droning of a dismal barrel-organ grinding out "Ah, che la morte," in another and distant part of the town.

Within the very shadow of the white Town Hall, and on the shadier and pleasanter side of the Market Place, was situated a big red-brick house, massive, and of an imposing aspect. In the front there were three rows of windows, all long and narrow, and with heavy, old-fashioned frames; and the door, before which was a lordly flight of steps, was likewise heavy and old-fashioned, with a ponderous brass knocker in the middle of it. Adjoining the big house, on the left, was a much smaller one, with "Office" marked plainly in faded gilt letters on each of the lower windows. Upon the office-door, which was hung on swinging hinges, there was a polished metal plate, and on this metal plate the name "Paget" was engraved.

The larger house of the two was Mr. Paget's private residence, the smaller his offices or business-place. He was the chief and most respected solicitor in all Mount Linford, being distinguished in that town from other gentlemen of the same vocation as himself by the appellation of "Lawyer Paget," as his father, and even grandfather before him, had been similarly distinguished for many years.

The present Lawyer Paget was a magistrate, and naturally, therefore, of very high standing in Mount Linford; but he was nevertheless a thorough and most indefatigable man of business, and was noted for his abhorrence of idleness in any shape or form whatever. He worked simply because he liked work, and active life agreed with him; not because there was a necessity for toil did he stick to his musty offices.

The lawyer was a widower, with a family of three children—one son and two daughters—his wife having died when the youngest was born. Leah, the eldest of the three, was now four-and-twenty; Rooke, the son, just one-and-twenty;

and Mattie, the youngest, to whom the blessing of a mother's love had ever been a sorrowful mystery, on the threshold of her twentieth year.

The interior of the Pagets' big house was comfortable and roomy in the extreme. The hall at the entrance was wide but low, and all the sitting-rooms opened into it. Opening into it also was a passage which led to the office—a passage seldom or never used except by Lawyer Paget himself. At the farther end of the hall the great staircase rose up grim with dull oaken sides of quaintly-twisted banisters; and near to the stairs was a green baize door, which opened on to a spacious lobby and another passage leading off to the kitchen. In the lobby—which, in reality, was more like a conservatory—and facing the green-baize door, was a long and unusually broad French window, which looked out upon the many-tinted shadows of Lawyer Paget's garden, rich in a wide expanse of lawn and borders dotted plentifully with old-fashioned flowers, with here and there a ragged, spreading cedar, dusky and sombre as their ancestors on Lebanon's gloomy hills.

On this hot June afternoon, between the hours of three and four, Leah Paget and her sister Mattie were seated deep in the shade of the cedars grouped on the lawn, reading, in a desultory sort of manner, a couple of gayly-bound volumes out of Mount Linford circulating-library. They were fond of the old garden, with its abundance of cool shade, its hilly lawn, and straggling, ancient flower-beds. All their idle half-hours in the glorious Summer time were spent in this quiet old retreat.

They sat, one at either end of a rustic wooden bench, two fair, sweet-faced girls, with their pocket-handkerchiefs thrown negligently over their smooth dark hair. Their complexions were clear, though slightly tanned, and their eyes soft and womanly in expression.

Leah Paget was much taller than Mattie. Both were dressed simply, and pretty much alike, in pale-hued clinging muslin dresses, adorned tastefully about the neck and sleeves with a bow or two of faint-blue ribbon.

On the closely-mown grass, at full length at his sisters' feet, was Rooke Paget, lying, half asleep, upon his back, with a cigar between his boyish, hairless lips. His hat was tilted forward over his forehead and eyes, and his hands were clasped indolently at the crown of his dark head. He was "taking his ease," as he phrased it.

It was a well-grown herculean young form that lay stretched here in the noontide shade—strong, athletic and muscular; the face, almost hidden by the hat, was dark, warmly tinted, and wonderfully handsome, in spite of its present boyishness and want of either beard or whiskers, and in the clearly-cut features and molding of the firm square jaw there were obstinacy, will, and determination in lines that were very powerfully marked. It was a face in which the bright, frank beauty of a lingering youth was reluctantly giving place, as it were, to the graver dignity more befitting the consciousness of an approaching manhood—a brave, fearless kind of beauty, with an outline as perfect as a Grecian god's.

Rooke Paget for two years and a half had been reading hard at Oxford, but for the last month or so—since the short Easter recess—he had been resting at home in pleasant idleness after recent labor, and would not return to college again. The choice of his future profession was altogether in his own hands; but betwixt himself and his father there had always been a sort of understanding that he—Rooke—at the termination of a brief university career, should become a student in the venerable family offices, that eventually he might succeed his father in the honorable calling which was his, and thus, by so doing, maintain, as head solicitor in the town of Mount Linford, the long-standing credit and reputation of the Pagets.

And yet ever since Easter he had been doing nothing—absolutely nothing—and now it was the early part of June. His father on this afternoon was busy in the next house—had gone there to his assistant-clerks the moment luncheon was over in the dining-room. Rooke, instead, with the girls, had left the table for the garden and the shade. For the very life of him, he told himself, he could not have settled down steadily during this beautiful Summer weather in those dusty, musty offices, smelling so strongly of parchment, and so horribly, so insufferably hot, although he was quite aware that his father would have been better pleased with him could he have betaken himself cheerfully to parchment and pens at once without further murmuring or idle delay. For surely, if Lawyer Paget could stand the offices, his son could too.

It was not that Rooke had any objection to follow in the well-beaten track of his forefathers—on the contrary, he was rather proud of the idea than otherwise; but somehow he could not make up his mind clearly and thoroughly and to his own satisfaction just yet. A vague unrest had taken firm hold of Rooke Paget of late, and try how he would, he could not shake it off. It made him unstable as water, unsettled as shifting sands, though no one penetrated the secret cause of all this unrest.

The afternoon sunshine, fast losing its power, cast the shadows of the dense, dark cedars longer and deeper athwart the lawn. Rooke Paget, throwing away the stump of his cigar, jerked his hat from his brows, and looked up helplessly into the two fair faces above him.

"Girls, what's the time?"

Mattie, at the sound of his voice, closed her book and yawned gently behind it. Leah pulled out her watch.

"Just four," she answered. "What an endless afternoon it seems! It is strange that no one should have thought of calling."

"Too hot," observed Rooke, catching Mattie's yawn. "Couldn't reasonably expect a fellow to turn out on such a day as this."

"Leah didn't say 'a fellow,'" corrected Mattie, with her light girlish laugh; "she didn't specify at all. She means, of course, lady visitors. We usually have such an influx on ordinary afternoons."

"This is by no means an ordinary afternoon," murmured Rooke, pathetically; "I should call it extraordinary—preternaturally warm."

"I have been thinking that perhaps Miss Robinson might call," explained Leah, mildly, her cheeks redder and redder as she spoke. "I know that she is anxious to consult me about the election of the other matron for the infant school. I have been expecting her daily."

"Oh, hang Miss Robinson!" muttered Rooke, with closed eyes, his handsome mouth parting in a scarcely perceptible smile. "That dreadful old woman is forever repeating to you girls all the scandal she can think of. What does she come for really though, Leah?"

Leah Paget's fair face turned scarlet, and she bent her head low over her book.

"You are not very kind or respectful, Rooke," she said, with quiet severity. "You know that I at least am fond of Miss Robinson. She may be eccentric, but nevertheless she is a harmless old gentlewoman. You may smile, but it is the truth."

"And I suppose the Reverend Michael Robinson is a harmless young clergyman, eh, Leah dear?" put in Mattie, "Ah, the exquisite fineness of his white ties!"

Leah looked greatly displeased; Rooke, still at full length on the grass, whistled softly to himself.

"Her father, isn't he?" asked he, innocently, ceasing his whistling and looking up again into Mattie's face. "I surely have heard as much, haven't I, Mattie?"

"Michael Robinson, do you mean?" interrogated Mattie, with praiseworthy gravity. "Oh, no, Rooke! That is quite a mistake. He is Miss Robinson's own nephew—not her father. Whoever could have told you such nonsense?"

"Leah, I think," answered Rooke, hypocritically. "Didn't you, Leah?" he added, looking up to that young lady, now grown suddenly dignified.

"You know I did not," said she, coldly.

Mattie shook her head at her brother, as an intimation that he had gone too far, so he obediently, but with a feigned glance of blank surprise in return, checked the words that rose on his tongue, and said no more.

It was tolerably well known in Mount Linford that the new Rector of St. Jude's Church, who lived at the Rectory belonging to it, with his maiden aunt Miss Robinson, was often to be seen on the doorstep of Lawyer Paget's big house. It was also tolerably well known that he was smitten with the charms of Leah Paget; and Mount Linford, in its wisdom, had decided that it would be "a case."

"Hark!" cried Rooke, presently, lifting his hand from the turf. "Wasn't that the bell and knocker, girls?"

"Yes, I heard it," Leah said, now nearly recovered from her passing displeasure. "Somebody has called at last, I presume."

"Miss Robinson, doubtless," ventured Mattie.

"The Reverend Michael, for a wager," sighed Rooke.

"Hush!" whispered Mattie, reprovingly. "We mustn't annoy Leah again—it is too bad."

In a minute or two the great French window facing them opened, and a shrill feminine voice came out upon the afternoon stillness. A servant held the glass doors back, and two ladies—one young, the other much older—passed through into the quiet of the garden.

"We won't trouble you to accompany us any farther," said the elderly lady, who was the owner of the squeaky voice, to the prim parlor-maid; "I see the young ladies yonder on the lawn, and—ah, yes!—Mr. Rooke, I declare, with them. We will go to them, thank you."

The maid retired, and the old lady nodded her head in smiling friendliness towards the three in the shadow of the cedars.

At sight of their visitors Leah and Mattie threw aside their books and rose from the rustic wooden bench. Rooke Paget, too, sprang up from the grass, a deep crimson blush overspreading his boyish face. Into his dark eyes came a glad, restless light, and his breath came quickly.

"Dear Miss Robinson!" exclaimed Leah, ecstatically, to no one in particular. "I thought she would come soon."

Amongst the callers on the new arrivals were the Pagets, and Leah had at once established quite a friendship with them. Miss Robinson liked her, and so did the Reverend Michael; for Leah Paget was a great authority on parish matters generally, and the training-up in the way they should go of neglected little urchins in particular.

She was an odd-looking individual, this elderly maiden lady—indeed, as odd-looking as her manners were queer. Her nose was unfortunately red at the tip, and her face pale and painfully shriveled. The small twinkling eyes were very kindly though, and the old lady's puckered-up little mouth was forever on the smirk. Her iron-gray corkscrew curls were parted altogether on one side; and she did not mind confessing to her friends that to part them in the centre was impossible—any more than she hesitated to inform them that the redness of her nose was owing to indigestion—which was the truth. She seldom sallied forth without a huge brown silk umbrella, which served her alike for wet days and fine. She had her umbrella with her this afternoon; and, standing in the garden, she put it up.

"My dears," exclaimed Miss Robinson, after shaking hands all round, each hand-shake accompanied by a nod and a smile, "are you not surprised to see us arrive together—myself and Miss Arden, I mean? But it so happened that we met at the street-door, and so of course one knock answered for both of us. I said to Michael, after our early dinner, 'Michael, when my unfortunate complexion'"—gingerly tapping her nose with her finger, and dropping her voice to a mysterious and confidential whisper—"'is a trifle less ruddy, I will venture out to call upon my dear Miss Paget. There are many things I am anxious to speak to her about, especially as to the formation of a committee for a Winter Clothing Club, which is an institution that I think is sorely needed amongst the poorer classes of Mount Linford.' And Michael, you must know, my dears, said, 'Do, aunt Priscilla—by all means call upon Miss Paget.' And so," concluded the little old lady, with another beaming smirk all round, as though she really had something witty reserved with which to wind up her explanation, "when my complexion had cooled down to a respectable hue—indigestion is perfectly dreadful, my dears—I came."

"I am sure we are charmed to see you, dear Miss Robinson," said Leah—"as we always are."

"Mr. Rooke, am I to believe your sister?" queried Miss Robinson, playfully turning, with marvelous agility, to the young fellow who stood by quietly amused. "She is truthful?"

"She is everything that is good, madame," answered he, gravely.

"A youthful philanthropist where forlorn little ragamuffins are concerned," put in Mattie, "but a very dear sister, with all her faults."

"Ah, that I really believe," nodded Miss Robinson, energetically.

Leah Paget laughed.

"The garden-paths will be nice and cool," she said, taking the old lady's arm; "let us walk round them, and talk over our business quietly, dear Miss Robinson—if you are not too hot or too tired for the stroll."

"I am neither, my dear, and should like to go," returned the rector's aunt, briskly. "Your shady, old-fashioned garden is always pleasant, always sweet and cool, let the day be ever so warm."

With a parting smile to the others, Miss Robinson moved off with Leah, and was soon chattering glibly away about infants and the raiment the raimentless ones required.

Not until the old lady was out of sight, hidden by an angle of the garden-wall, did the other visitor—Gladys Arden—open her lips to speak.

"Mattie," she began, abruptly, with something after the manner of a spoilt child, "whatever can Leah see so irresistibly bewitching in that chattering old horror? One would think that her tongue must grow weary with such incessant wagging. I detest her!"

"Leah says she is quite harmless," laughed Mattie, "and so I suppose she is. Did you walk, Gladys?"

"Yes, I was obliged to do so," answered the girl, petulantly, "for the pony has gone to Great Linford. Mamma would send him, although she knew I was coming into the town to-day. Let us return to where we found you—there, in the shadow of the cedars—and I will tell you what I am come for."

"On purpose to see us, I hope," said Mattie.

"Yes, of course," returned Miss Arden, lightly, "and to ask you something as well."

They sauntered back to the rustic bench, Miss Arden between Rooke and Mattie Paget. The young man's face was clouded and moody now, and his firm mouth and chin looked firmer than ever. Gladys Arden seemed as though totally ignorant of, or indifferent to, his presence.

The girls sat down on the rustic seat, and Rooke Paget, on one of the rough wooden arms, kicked his long legs

restlessly to and fro. The light was gone from the brave, dark eyes—the sunny smile that had lurked in their quiet depths.

Miss Arden, near to him, felt that those eyes were fixed upon her, but not a sign or moving muscle was there in the girl's clear, half-averted face to tell him that she was conscious that he was there. And what a rarely beautiful face it was, too—beautiful with a certain willful loveliness, an insolent, nonchalant beauty, as charming as it was faultless—white eyelids deeply fringed, vailed eyes as darkly violet as the flower the color of which they outrivaled, with soft, richly-colored red-brown hair, shimmering like burnished gold beneath the wide brim of a coquettish straw hat; small, disdainful nose and curved red lips, a low forehead, and dusky, straightly-marked brows, over which the soft, gold-tipped hair strayed lightly in feathery negligence.

She was a beautiful, graceful, slender-waisted woman, and perhaps a cruel and willful one; and lately she had grown inexpressibly dear to Rooke Paget. For him the world held no fairer woman than his sister Mattie's dearest friend, Gladys Arden—Gladys Arden, who was more than a year his senior.

They were friends of many years, the Ardens and the Pagets. In the days of Mrs. Paget's lifetime, Mrs. Arden, the comfortably-rich widow of a military officer, together with her fatherless little girl, had come to Mount Linford in heavy mourning, and had taken up her abode at a house called Linford Grange, which was situate about half a mile from the borders of the town itself.

The widow was thought much of at the time, when her advent was yet new, because her appearance was youthful and her worldly advantages were good, which of course was everything in the opinion of admiring would-be-friends—at first. By-and-by people said that Mrs. Arden was not a woman to be depended upon, that her tongue was as false as the smile of her lips, that she was very fickle, and as vain and frivolous as she well could possibly be. But her little girl had taken wonderfully to the children of Lawyer Paget, and the friendship from childhood upwards had never flagged or dropped; Mattie and Gladys had ever been inseparable allies.

Miss Arden had had a wearying walk from Linford Grange to Lawyer Paget's house; and now, in the shady garden at the back of it, she was thankful for the rest she found there.

Rooke saw that the lovely face was looking tired and pale, and, forgetting for the moment her utter indifference to himself, he spoke in the kindness of his boyish heart the thought that came into his mind.

"I am sure you must be thirsty, Gladys," he said, wistfully; "let me get you some lemonade or——"

She raised her eyebrows, and glanced up at him languidly.

"You are very kind, Rooke," she interrupted, slowly, "but I wouldn't trouble you for the world. Now please don't move—I shall not have anything if you bring it here."

"As you will," he returned, almost rudely, resuming his position on the arm of the seat. "Perhaps you will let Mattie get you a cup of tea?"

"Yes, Mattie shall, if she will be so good—by-and-by," Miss Arden replied, turning to her friend, laying a small determined and detaining hand upon hers, and ignoring Rooke completely. "Not at present, but at five o'clock, when you and Leah have yours, dear; and then afterwards I must hasten home as quickly as I can, or mamma will be in 'fits,' or desperate at my absence. We have some one coming to dinner to-night, Mattie."

Rooke Paget's brow grew dark.

"Who is it, Gladys?" asked Mattie, curiously. "Anybody we know?"

"He is mamma's guest," explained Miss Arden, indifferently; "don't run away with the notion that he has anything to do with me."

"Well?" Mattie interrogated shortly, stealing an anxious glance at her brother's discontented brow.

"He is only our landlord," answered Miss Arden, speaking softly and distinctly—"our landlord, Sir Bethel Oswestry. He is often at our house, Mattie, as you may perhaps have heard lately. People in Mount Linford will talk, I know."

"Miss Robinson has told us a little," admitted Mattie, quietly, "but Leah and I scarcely believed what she said."

"What have you heard, Mattie?" broke out Rooke, with fierce impetuosity, the warm blood leaving his cheeks, his attitude interested and eager. "Why didn't you tell me? Why——"

Gladys Arden lifted her beautiful eyes in capricious gentleness to meet his above her, and interrupted him again.

"She has probably heard—though she may not have told you—that Bethel Oswestry is going to marry me," she said, simply—"me, Rooke, of all women. It is not likely, is it? I am not a girl that would marry for title, wealth, or position, even if the chance were mine—am I? It is not likely, is it, Rooke?" she repeated, the transient gentleness vanishing and a light mocking tone taking its place.

"Heaven knows," he returned, roughly—"I don't."

"Nor care?" said Gladys, inquiringly, the willful mouth smiling, while her heart ached.

"No, nor care," he echoed, savagely, lying boldly in the sharp temptation. "Why should I?"

"Ah, why should you?" she rejoined, heartlessly.

Rooke Paget got up, and strode without another word towards the house. Miss Arden sighed.

"He is very quick-tempered, Mattie," she said—"very impatient."

"And do you wonder?" asked Mattie, warmly. "You are cruel and unjust to him, Gladys, and it is not fair. The game you are playing is a dangerous one, and you will suffer from it if you do not take care. Gladys, darling"—lowering her voice and taking one of Miss Arden's hands caressingly into her own—"I always thought you cared for Rooke; and not long ago I know you did. Since he has been home for good you have altered strangely in your manner towards him, and yet I am convinced that he would lay down his life for yours, so great is his love for you. I am certain of it," concluded Mattie, enthusiastically and, womanlike, illogically.

"He is only a boy," observed Miss Arden, dreamily. "How could I love him, Mattie, in—in the way you mean? I am older than he, you know."

"A year!" cried Mattie, contemptuously. "And what is that?"

"A year on the wrong side, as everybody would tell you," returned Miss Arden, emphatically.

Mattie Paget was getting angry—angry in Rooke's cause more than her own. Idolizing her brother as she did, she gloried in fighting his battles when he was absent and could not fight for himself.

"We never used to have secrets from each other," she cried, indignant and reproachful. "Gladys, you are not fair to Rooke; nor are you to me."

For a few moments Miss Arden became thoughtful, as though Mattie Paget's appeal had fallen upon deaf ears, and then a smile stole over her face—a smile so full of sadness that, seeing it, her friend's impulsive, short-lived wrath changed quickly to forgiveness and the old trustful love.

"I don't believe you're happy, Gladys," cried the girl, tenderly. "I did not mean to speak angrily. Oh, dear, I wish you would confide in me and tell me what it is that makes you so variable! Why do you snub Rooke so persistently and unmercifully? Why do you——"

"Mattie," came the sudden interruption, "don't waste your words on me; I'm not worth them—indeed I am not. I cannot confide in you, for I don't believe I have anything confidential to tell you. But listen, Mattie—this is no confidence, recollect, but what all the world may know, for aught I care. I am selfish, heartless, mercenary to the very core; I am of the world worldly, and would not be different if I could. That, dear Mattie, is my character; and I for one will not have it called despicable."

"You are not speaking the truth," said Mattie, with deliberate solemnity; "and you know it as well as I, Gladys."

"I am—I am!" cried the girl, recklessly, sweeping feverishly back with her hand the red-brown feathery hair from the low, white brow it was straying over. "And the sooner you acquaint Rooke with what I have said the better."

"You may tell him yourself," said Mattie, stoutly. "I will not."

"Let him find it out for himself, then," answered Gladys, with a bitter little laugh. "It would be the wiser way, perhaps. Who knows?"

Mattie looked up sharply, and was about to make another attack, but footsteps warned them that Leah and Miss Robinson were near.

"Come," said Miss Arden, rising hurriedly, as though anxious to avoid all further parrying with Rooke's sister, "we will go to them. I have not yet told Leah or yourself what I came expressly for this afternoon. If the weather should continue fine, mamma and I hope to have a croquet-party next week. You must come, of course, although at present the day remains unfixed."

"Oh, Gladys, how jolly!" Mattie exclaimed, quite naturally.

"Rooke and all," said Miss Arden, doubtfully. "He must not refuse."

"My dear Miss Arden," called out Miss Robinson, "I am about to say good-by. Are you coming with me?"

Mattie and Gladys joined the other two.

"I cannot persuade Miss Robinson to stay for tea—and it is nearly five o'clock," said Leah, in deep distress. "I do so wish she would."

"It is out of the question, my dear," cried the old lady, who upon the subject of parish babies and parish babies' clothing had undoubtedly talked herself dry-throated enough. "My nephew will be waiting for his by the time I reach home. No, I really must not stay, much as I should like to do so. Do you come with me, Miss Arden?"

"She is more sociable," interposed Mattie, smiling. "She will stay with us."

"Well, then, good-by once more, my dears," Miss Robinson said, nodding and smirking, eyes, mouth, and little red nose all twitching together. "Good-by!"

Miss Paget accompanied the old lady into the house, saw her depart, and returned to the garden. Gladys told Leah then about the croquet-party in prospective, and Leah was—as Mattie had been—delighted with the news, though croquet parties and picnics were not such very rare occurrence in Mount Linford.

"Are you going to ask Miss Robinson?" said Leah.

"I dare say mamma will call at the Rectory and invite both her and her nephew," replied Miss Arden.

"Oh!" Leah Paget ejaculated, with gentle satisfaction.

A maid appeared at the broad French window, and rang a hand-bell.

"There's tea!" cried Nell. "Leah, Gladys—come along!"

"But where's Rooke?" asked Leah, looking back.

"Indoors," answered Mattie, carelessly.

So the girls went in to the kettledrum.

### Chapter III.

THE skeleton clock on the mantelpiece in the drawing-room at Linford Grange was striking, bell-like, the hour of six. It was a pretty, spacious apartment, with books and flowers, draperies and chintz coverings of the palest green and white, and faintly scented in every nook and corner with dry and invisible last Summer rose-leaves.

Before the two long, low windows stretched a tastefully-planned flower-garden, bordered with delicate evergreens, and divided from the roadway by a high, thick hedge. The croquet-lawn was on the southern side of the house, where were elms and larches and cool groves of laurel to shield the dark, springy turf from the heat of the Summer sun.

Linford Grange was not at all a large house, as the rather high-sounding name by which it was known might indicate, but, on the contrary, a pleasant-sized, stucco-walled, cheerful-looking habitation that had sprung up in the neighborhood within the last half-century. The old lord of the manor had built it upon a waste acre or so of his estate—that is to say, the father of the living Sir Bethel Oswestry, who was the reigning lord of the manor now.

Oswestry Wold, the family seat of the Oswestrys, was immediately opposite to Linford Grange, but it lay considerably farther back from the Great Linford Road, which, running between the grounds of the two houses, separated them from each other. Great Linford was the county town, and from Mount Linford it was seven or eight miles distant. There was a beautiful and well-wooded park surrounding Oswestry Wold, the tiled roof and great tall chimneys of which ancient building were visible above the park timber from the dainty, sloping flower-garden of Linford Grange.

It was undeniably a grand and ancestral-looking place, Oswestry Wold; and Mrs. Arden was more than proud to be on friendly, not to say on intimate, terms with Sir Bethel, the present owner. But doubtless, had she not been his tenant, she could never have boasted of the acquaintance. He had returned only within the last few months from his wanderings in other lands; he had been traveling for several years preparatory to settling down at Oswestry Wold as country squire amongst his friends and tenants.

Linford Grange had been originally let to Mrs. Arden under an agreement with Sir Bethel's father, when Bethel Oswestry was still a lad at Eton, and the old gentleman himself in the full possession of his vigor and health. But a stroke of apoplexy killed the old squire, and the young one, as people said, now reigned in his stead. Lady Oswestry, the mother, followed her lord soon afterwards, dying with startling suddenness from unsuspected disease of the heart.

After the death of both parents, Sir Bethel shut up the grand old house, which just then was too mournful a place to live in alone, and went abroad. He had neither brother nor sister to leave behind or take with him, and everybody said that it was about the best thing he could do, and pitied the young man in his wealthy loneliness.

Sir Bethel Oswestry had departed from Mount Linford in the days of his youth, leaving his tenant's daughter a child of thirteen at Linford Grange, to return himself a man of thirty years, and find the child he had left a beautiful, capricious woman with a woman's every attribute, with a face more beautiful than any he had met with in his travels, fairer than his wildest dreams of loveliness or any hazy poetical conception. And since his return his visits to the Grange, at first originating in a quiet, ceremonious call, had gradually and almost imperceptibly grown very frequent indeed;

and worldly Mrs. Arden, noting well the fact, sketched out a future in her mind's eye wherein her daughter Gladys should play no mean or inconsiderable part. Next to contracting a wealthy marriage for herself—and Mrs. Arden at an early period of her widowhood had fondly cherished the idea—an idea, which, in spite of her own share of the good things of this world, had been, however, doomed to die a natural death—was surely the settlement of her child in most advantageous circumstances for life. And Mrs. Arden told herself that it should be no fault of hers if Gladys should fail to win the prize which her mother would have her win.

Something of this Miss Robinson had carried to the Paget girls in one of her morning calls; but they had only laughed at the news. Still they had never mentioned it to Rooke.

As the clock in the drawing-room at Linford Grange struck six, a lady who was seated by one of the long windows, in a sort of lounging-chair, tapped her small foot impatiently on the soft velvet pile of the carpet. She was watching from her post by the window-curtains the iron gate at the end of the gravel-drive which, turning with a curve from the Linford Road, led up to the front entrance of the house.

Mrs. Arden strongly resembled her daughter, but the mother was fairer-skinned and stouter, while her beauty was spoiled in a general way by gross affectation and falseness. She lacked, too, the glorious tawny coloring of the eyebrows and eyelashes which made Gladys Arden's violet eyes so rarely and wondrously lovely. Mrs. Arden's brows and lashes were of an insipid flaxen hue, and her white even teeth had been bought many years back. As a girl, she had been admired as the belle of a garrison town, and the forgotten fact was one that she herself had never forgot, and she thought she was irresistible still. Certainly she did not look her age, which was nearing the brink of fifty; but she wore no cap on her fashionably-dressed hair—nothing save an end or two of flimsy ribbon, and a bunch of fine cobweb-like lace nestling amongst the heap of natural-looking, false plaits that crowned the top of her head.

On this evening, though full early, she was already dressed for dinner, and, across her white smooth forehead a frown was slowly gathering.

"Tiresome girl!" she muttered, as she took her watch from her pocket, speaking in a natural and ordinary voice, for, alone or with her daughter, she could be sensible or unaffected. "She ought to be home—fidgeting me like this! The man coming to dinner, too; and her dress not on, and——"

The iron gate clanged to, and Miss Arden appeared in the garden. She walked up the lawn, nonchalantly swinging her sunshade.

Mrs. Arden opened the window.

"Come in this way," she began, fretfully. "Where on earth have you been all this while? At the Pagets'?"

"Yes, I stayed till after tea," said Gladys, stepping into the room through the open window and throwing herself into a chair opposite to her mother. "I am very tired," she added; "the heat was intense."

"You might have waited until to-morrow, and had the pony-carriage," observed Mrs. Arden.

"I preferred going to-day," rejoined Gladys. "It didn't matter."

Her mother made a gesture of impatience.

"Did anybody come part of the way home with you?" she asked, suspiciously.

"No," answered Gladys.

"Not Rooke?" interrogated Mrs. Arden, nervously.

"No," said Gladys, again. "Why should he? It was daylight. But, if you must know, he didn't offer to do so, and I didn't ask the girls."

"And what did they say about the croquet-party?"

"Oh, they will come!" replied Gladys, indifferently, as she rose from her chair wearily and went towards the door.

"All?" inquired Mrs. Arden.

"Yes," replied the girl, with a strange, angry flash of the eyes at her mother—"Leah, Mattie, Rooke—all!"

Mrs. Arden bit her lip, and her flaxen eyebrows twisted themselves into a pucker of secret displeasure.

"Well, I shall be pleased to see them," she said, hesitatingly; "but I do hope that Rooke will—will—make himself civil to Bethel Oswestry."

"I did not tell them that Bethel Oswestry would be here," observed Gladys, carelessly. "And I suppose Rooke Paget is capable of behaving himself as a gentleman should. Mamma"—with the door-handle in her hand, her hat dangling from her arm—"at what time do we dine?"

"At seven to-night," answered Mrs. Arden; "but Sir Bethel will come early. I—I asked him to do so. Make haste with your dressing, or he will be here before you are down. Do hurry a little."

Miss Arden shrugged her shoulders as she moved away, and the door closed.

She had barely gone, when the iron gate clanged to again, and again Mrs. Arden looked quickly and expectantly out of the window. This time she got up suddenly, and crossed hastily to a hanging mirror. She returned to the window after a few seconds, her pale face wreathed with smiles.

Coming up the lawn, amongst the flower-beds, was a big, bronzed, broad-shouldered man, a light Summer overcoat partly concealing his black evening-dress, and with a beard so long and luxuriant that it flowed down over his chest.

For the second time this evening Mrs. Arden opened the window wide, and now stood framed within its wood-work, in a gracefully-studied attitude, her white jeweled hands extended in flattering welcome towards the man in the garden.

"Ah, Sir Bethel," she called softly to him, showing all her teeth, and craning out her neck, "how good of you to keep your promise, and to come so nice and early! Come in—come in."

And Sir Bethel Oswestry, hurrying forward, courteously raised his hat to his sweet-tongued graceful hostess.

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## Chapter IV.

IN the waning light of the purple June evening Gladys Arden sat playing to Sir Bethel Oswestry. He stood by the side of the instrument, reverentially staring down at the slim, girlish hands flitting lightly between the black and white ivory keys; and, standing there in the dusk, dreamily spell-bound with the melody around him, he longed, with a longing that he could scarcely control, to hold those wandering little hands within his own, to tell their owner how much he had learned to love her, and to lay his name and wealth at her feet for acceptance, in humble hope that she would not spurn the offering.

Somewhat after this fashion his musings were shaping themselves; but Mrs. Arden was at the other end of the room. It was after dinner, and Sir Bethel had joined the ladies. Gladys, at his earnest request, was playing some of Beethoven's noble music, and Mrs. Arden discreetly, in a far shadowy corner, was reclining in a low easy-chair, one eye partly closed, the other really shut. She was supposed to be asleep; but the partially-closed eye in reality was peering through the gloom towards the piano. Sir Bethel Oswestry was passionately fond of music, and presently he called Gladys to sing.

"Sing!" she said, listlessly. "I don't think I can to-night."

"Do," he pleaded, bending wistfully over her—and Mrs. Arden pricked up her ears—"you have sung to me before."

"But I am not in the humor now," she answered, capriciously, nay, pettishly. "I cannot always sing, Sir Bethel."

He sighed, as though disappointed, and her hands glided idly over the keys. Mrs. Arden thought it was high time that she awakened; so accordingly she cunningly performed a little restless movement in her chair, as though rousing from a refreshing nap, and spoke softly.

"Did I hear you say that you were going to sing, Gladys?" she asked, meaningly, though sweetly. "Ah, Sir Bethel likes singing, I know, and so do I! What are you going to give us, Gladys—something dreamy and pathetic that you can play without your notes, so that we needn't have the lights just yet—is that it, dear? The dusk is so lovely for singing."

Bethel Oswestry grew eager again.

"Yes, yes," he said, gently. "Don't refuse, Miss Arden."

And Miss Arden, intensely angry with her mother for placing her in a position that she could not well withdraw from with grace and becoming ease, answered, maliciously and quietly:

"Since mamma and you both really seem anxious to hear me, I will try to oblige you. Will you ring, Sir Bethel, so that the candles may be lighted? I sometimes play, but cannot sing in the dark—and won't," she added, with great calmness to herself.

"But, Gladys," begun Mrs. Arden, with soft reproach—inwardly wrathful, outwardly unruffled—"you always say, dear——"

"I cannot sing without the lights," insisted the girl, with a quiet, peculiar obstinacy of her own which annoyed Mrs. Arden. "Sir Bethel, will you ring? The song which I think I can sing you I do not remember without my notes."

And yet, at the old red-brick house in the Mount Linford High Street, how often had not she and the girls sung songs to Rooke Paget in the gloaming—ay, songs without number?

Had Gladys Arden been less sure of the stake that she, in her earthliness, was playing for—the game that Mrs. Arden herself, too, kept from flagging, by her tact and airiness of touch, as it were—less confident of the success that must come to her sooner or later—never surely would she have been so utterly reckless, so utterly forgetful as to the possible construction Sir Bethel Oswestry might put upon the indifference which, since the full knowledge of her own power over him had dawned upon her, she had not hesitated to display towards him, whenever it so happened—and it was not seldom—that they were thrown together.

As dear as life almost to Gladys Arden were wealth and position and the good things of the world; but still there were times when Mrs. Arden positively trembled for the future realization of her hopes and dreams. She always trembled more, though, when Gladys had been with, or was in the company of, her friends, the Pagets. She did not know—if she had known, her mind would have been easier—that the girl was striving with all her wavering strength to steel her heart's best love against Rooke Paget. And with Gladys Arden there were moments when life seemed very dreary, when she despised herself, hated herself, and was—as she deserved to be—thoroughly miserable.

Sir Bethel rang for candles, and they were duly lighted in the Linford Grange drawing-room, but they showed Mrs. Arden all smiles and affected interest, and Gladys's nonchalant, exquisite face as stolidly calm and indifferent as ever.

In the full light Sir Bethel Oswestry looked, as he truly was, every inch an English gentleman of birth and breeding. His features were not handsome, but his figure was fine and powerful; a good, noble, and earnest face it was, with patience and sweet temper in the candid brown eyes. His beard was very long, and the tropical sun had bronzed him; and his hair, sparse on the broad high temples, gave signs of premature baldness.

Miss Arden, after quietly turning over several heaps of music, at last found the piece she was seeking. She never inquired what her eager listener might care to hear.

"I will sing you this," she said, then glanced up at him and smiled—the smile thrilled the man's very soul—and struck a few chords on the board.

"Something very dainty and light, dear, I hope?" cooed Mrs. Arden from her corner. "Is it one of Claribel's last?"

For answer, Gladys commenced in a low, plaintive voice the well-known ballad, so touching and tender in its mournful simplicity, "Auld Robin Gray."

And Mrs. Arden, listening with Sir Bethel, writhed in torture—not that the song was exactly applicable to the case in her thoughts, but it certainly was not the most *àpropos* selection that her daughter Gladys could have made to please him.

Presently the last notes ceased to quiver, and Miss Arden's hands dropped into her lap.

"Thank you so much," Bethel Oswestry said, gratefully. "I am fond of old ballads; that one especially is a great favorite of mine."

"Thank you, love," murmured Mrs. Arden, devoutly hoping to herself that Sir Bethel Oswestry was a man who meant what he said.

"And do you care for it really?" Miss Arden inquired very listlessly of Sir Bethel.

There was a vacant chair near to the music-stool, and he sat down on it. Mrs. Arden dozed immediately.

"Yes," he said; "but it is a sad love-story, very sad—one of the saddest and simplest I know."

His words appeared to rouse the girl, for she faced him sharply in a moment.

"And are not all love-stories sad?" she cried, with suppressed passion. "Do not love and misery ever go hand-in-hand together?"

Sir Bethel Oswestry leant forward, his long beard almost sweeping a pale rose at her bosom. His kind brown eyes were all aglow with his love; she felt his breath upon her neck and cheek.

"Not always, Miss Arden," he whispered. "Believe me, some love-stories end happily and beautifully. Love glorifies many lives—it certainly destroys few."

The perfume of the rose at her breast seemed to intoxicate him, the marvelous loveliness of her face was dangerously near to his. His breath came shorter and quicker.

Miss Arden trembled from head to foot. She did not speak.

"Gladys," he breathed, softly, her Christian name springing to his lips for the first time; "Gladys——" more passionately.

What more he might have said then she never knew. A sense as of suffocation was strongly upon her, and she put up her little hands involuntarily, as if to stop all he would say.

"Let me pass, Sir Bethel, please," she uttered, faintly, rising abruptly from the music-stool. "This room is so terribly warm—I want a breath of fresh air."

He rose likewise and stood aside, miserable lest he had offended her, mute contrition in every line of his face. She passed him swiftly and left the room.

When she returned to it, Mrs. Arden was making tea, gingerly and affectedly, as she was accustomed to make it before a guest.

"Naughty child!" exclaimed the mother, blithely.

"Naughty truant, where have you been? We have been quite lost without you. Oh, fie, to desert us for so long!"

But there was no answering false gayety on Gladys Arden's countenance; it was cold and serenely listless in its usual insolent beauty.

And Sir Bethel Oswestry was happy again, for he was once more in the presence of the woman he loved.

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He was gone at last. He had grasped her hand almost to pain at parting, but, thank Heaven, he had left unsaid those words the utterance of which Miss Arden dreaded with a dread as inconsistent as it was deeply rooted and intense. Did she not know the answer she would give him when the evil hour could be put off no longer? Ah, yes, she knew—and she hated herself right well for knowing!

He was gone, and she was alone—alone in her own chamber, with no eye to witness her pain and abandonment. She was kneeling by the bedside, crying unrestrainedly—crying bitter, willful, passionate, scalding tears, the tide of which she could not nor wished to stem.

"Oh, Rooke, Rooke, my love!" she was sobbing, the proud, insolent face all wet and dejected now, "what must you think of me? How you will hate me, base, sinful as I am! Ah," cried Miss Arden, vainly and foolishly, "if things were only ordered differently—if positions might only be reversed sometimes, and those we loved be blessed as one would have them if one could—happiness, then, in this world, would be very cloudless, and there would be fewer heartaches and still fewer tears to water the graves of buried hopes!"

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### Chapter V.

It was the early morning of the day that Mrs. Arden had fixed upon for her croquet-party at Linford Grange. Rooke Paget, undecided at first, had at last promised Mattie that he would go, and she, not caring to go without him, had been made happy by the promise he had given her. As for Leah, she was delighted at the prospect of meeting Miss Robinson and her clerical nephew, the rector. She—Leah—anticipated great pleasure from the impending excitement of the afternoon.

Lawyer Paget was in his private office, and, for a wonder, Rooke was in there, too. There was a clock in the room, and its hands pointed to the hour of ten. The substantial mahogany chairs were seated with dark crimson leather, and the carpet which covered the floor was a Turkey one, and rich in color. On the whole, Lawyer Paget's private room was not unlike a banker's parlor.

The father was at his desk, in the full light, and the son stood leaning by the shutters of the window, his dark eyebrows drawn together in thought. His hands were thrust deeply into his pockets, and his legs crossed carelessly as he stood. Breakfast over, father and son had come straightway to the office, for Lawyer Paget had expressed a wish this morning at the table, before the girls, that something definite should at once be settled as to Rooke's future plans, before, as the lawyer said, the baneful indulgence of too much play had made the idea of work distasteful.

"You know, my boy," the old man was saying, "that you, in my opinion, have been idling quite long enough, as I have remarked several times before to-day. 'Make hay whilst the sun shines' is no doubt an admirable old proverb; but 'Work in your young days, and you'll never regret it in your old,' is, in my opinion, as good a one, if not a better, to go upon. What say you, Rooke?"

Lawyer Paget's favorite phrase was "in my opinion," always spoken with great stress on the pronoun.

"Yes, father," Rooke answered, thoughtfully and slowly, "I've no doubt you are right. But still——"

The young fellow hesitated, and his dark eyes sought the carpet.

"Well?" said the lawyer, interrogatively.

"I—I—if you have no objection—— That is," went on Rooke, vaguely. "I should like a little more time, father, before I decide anything irrevocably and finally."

Lawyer Paget tugged viciously at his high white collar, with equal viciousness pushed up his gray hair on either side of his bald forehead, set his thin lips together in ominous firmness, and looked as determined as Rooke himself could look occasionally when the lion was roused within him, and a strong will clashed with his own.

"In the name of goodness," said the lawyer, gruffly, at length, "how much longer do you want? If you intend becoming a lawyer like me—and, in my opinion, that is about the best and only thing you can do with propriety—what is there to prevent your settling down here with me this morning, or to-morrow, or the day after—eh?"—sharply. "Nothing, I should think."

"I do not ask for long," Rooke said, looking up—"not many hours, in fact. Father, you know I am going to the Ardens' this afternoon"—speaking hurriedly, his handsome boyish face flushing hotly—"and whilst there I mean to ask Gladys Arden to be my wife. Should her answer be favorable—and I pray with all my heart that it may be—I will settle down here with you then, father, and will help you, and work for you unwearyingly until you may think fit to give your consent to our union. I love her dearly. I have known her nearly all my life. You, sir, have known her, too, and therefore can have no personal objection whatever to make in the matter of my choice. Should she"—drawing in his breath hard—"refuse me—why, then I must go away for a time. I cannot stay here, but will embrace your profession all the same, father, only with this stipulation—I cannot, will not, make the beginning within fifty miles of Mount Linford."

Lawyer Paget was not astonished at this outbreak and confession. It was not at all wonderful, he thought, that Rooke should entertain a warm regard for Gladys Arden, the two having known each other from earliest childhood, when they had been lovers together even then.

"This, then, Rooke," said his father, reflectively—"this uncertainty and doubt as to whether Gladys's love were yours—has been the cause of your late instability, eh?"

"That, and nothing else," the young fellow answered.

"Why haven't you asked her before?" inquired the lawyer, naturally.

Rooke Paget shrugged his shoulders.

"I really don't quite know," he said; "but there are times when one feels an experiment to be hazardous, and when one shrinks, although it must be tried sooner or later, from the actual trial, until very cowardice makes one ashamed of oneself."

"Umph!" was all the old man said, in reply, adding, "Then, my boy, I may expect your answer to-night."

"Yes. We shall not be late."

"I shall be at home," said the lawyer.

"Very well, father. You have no objection to raise?" Rooke asked, deferentially.

"None, in the least."

"I suppose," the young fellow said, wistfully, his dark face flushing again, as he moved towards the door of the office, "you would not be very hard upon us, father, if Gladys were to say 'Yes.' I mean you would not require us to wait an unconscionable number of years before we could—could——"

"No, I understand," the old man interrupted, grimly, but charitably, helping him. "There would be no occasion for you to wait longer than Gladys wished, if she should agree to have you, you know. Why," continued Lawyer Paget, generously, for he loved and was proud of his only boy, and this morning particularly, since he had decided and spoken without reservation to his father, "should you wait? You are rich, and so, I should think, is she. There must be a decent engagement, I suppose; but what more is required—eh?"

Rooke Paget went back again to the old man, and grasped his hand warmly.

"Thank you, father," he said, gratefully, earnestly—"thank you!"

Just then Rooke had entirely forgotten all about the rumor concerning Miss Arden and Sir Bethel Oswestry which was afloat among the busybodies throughout Mount Linford; and, as for the lawyer, gossip and scandal with him went in at one ear and out at the other.

"Tut, tut!" he said, hastily. "I hope there may be no disappointment in store for you, my boy." And then, recurring again to the old question, he added, "And I am to understand you will be a lawyer in either case?"

The young fellow had once more reached the door.

"Yes," he answered, cheerfully, looking round—"either way." And then he went out and closed the private door behind him, passing through the midst of the scribbling clerks in the outer office, with a nod and a pleasant smile to each one there involuntarily envying him his handsome presence and superabundance of worldly advantages.

Rooke Paget's heart was feeling very light, and all presentiment of failure in his love-affair with Gladys Arden was for the time being wholly cast aside. His father's genuine kindness, and promised graciousness towards the girl whom

PATIENCE AND IMPATIENCE.

he loved, had doubtless done wonders towards dispelling the young man's fears on the score of the success of his wooing. All her past indifference and strange, unaccountable vagaries were likewise, for the time, forgotten; and he felt confident that, if he could only gain a favorable opportunity for speaking with her quietly, during the time that he would be at Linford Grange, in the end it would all come right, and be satisfactory both to himself and to Gladys.

Crossing the hall on his way from the office, he met his sister Mattie. She, seeing him emerge from the business-passage, guessed that the conference was over.

"Well, dear boy?" she cried, lightly. "What have you said, and what has he said?" nodding her head mysteriously in the direction of the passage-door. "Nothing settled, I hope—nothing, I mean, that will take you from us?"

"I hope not, too, Mattie," he said, gravely; "I pray not. But I cannot tell you for certain until by-and-by."

Mattie opened wide her eyes.

"Why cannot you tell me now, Rooke?" she asked.

"I will tell you after the Ardens' party is over," he answered.

"You puzzle me, Rooke," said the girl, thoughtfully. "What do you mean?"—lifting her fair, frank face inquiringly to his.

He smiled at her evident curiosity.

"I will whisper the secret," he said.

She raised herself on her toes, and he lowered his dark head to a level with her neat chignon. The whisper seemed rather a long one, and, when it was finished, Mattie exclaimed:

"Oh, Rooke, is that it, really?"

"Really! Won't you wish me joy?"

"I do," she replied, with soft earnestness.

"You needn't mention it to Leah," Rooke observed—"not until I give you leave, you know, dear—or she, in all probability, will get telling that awful old Miss Robinson, and she, in her turn, will——"

"Rooke," interposed the girl, reproachfully, "do you not know me better?"

"All right," he answered, smiling again. "Hark, Mattie! There's Leah upstairs calling you."

"But you do trust me, Rooke?" pleaded Mattie, a trifle hurt at his apparent want of faith in herself. "I do not like to be doubted by you."

"You are as true as steel!" he returned, tenderly. "That was only my nonsense. Leah's calling again. Trot along!"

And Mattie did "trot along," but her face, when she joined Leah upstairs in the small sitting-room which the two sisters shared in common, was clouded and sorrowful. It was strange, but somehow Mattie Paget could not bring herself to view in so hopeful and confident a light as he himself viewed it, that which Rooke had just now told her.

"Is he too sanguine?" she asked herself over and over again. "I trust not. Oh, if he should be disappointed! Is it possible that my fears may be groundless?"

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### Chapter VI.

The afternoon proved very pleasant, and most propitious for a garden-party, the sunshine being tempered by a soft, sighing wind that blew restlessly from the southwest.

By half-past three o'clock the lawn at Linford grange, shadowy and tolerably cool under the clustering elms and larches, was gay with the colors of the many pretty dresses of the lady-visitors who had honored Mrs. Arden with their company.

They had not yet commenced the play, but were strolling and chatting in small detachments beneath the pleasant shade of the trees. Some were sitting on garden-seats, which were placed round the stumps of the elms, and some of the gentlemen were hovering at that part of the lawn which was near to the house, where, by the open dining-room windows, the elegant refreshment-tables were situated.

Mrs. Arden was undoubtedly a woman of taste, if not a woman of genius. Her taste and delicacy of arrangement in such an affair as this were acknowledged generally to be unquestionable; and, being conscious that it was so, she naturally always did her graceful best to keep up the reputation she had won.

Nearly everybody expected was already at Linford Grange except the Pagets, and Gladys refused to make up the sides until their arrival.

She and her mother, Sir Bethel Oswestry, the rector, and Miss Robinson—whose shrivelled little nose was unfortunately brighter than usual, due to the combined effects of an early dinner and a walk immediately after it along a dusty, sunlit road—together with a few more of Mrs. Arden's "dearest friends," were in lively consultation by one of the garden-tables.

"Oh, let us begin at once!" cried Mrs. Arden, lightly laying her plump white hand, with affected pleading, on Sir Bethel Oswestry's coat-sleeve. "We are wasting all the afternoon, and everybody is growing impatient."

Mrs. Arden looked inexpressibly juvenile, in pale mauve silk and Honiton lace. She wore nothing on her hair except a dainty mob-cap, with a band of black velvet round the crown of it, and a half-blown maiden's blush-rose on the side. She was not going to play croquet. Her part was to move about the lawn, look graceful, smile sweetly upon all, and see that each one present did exactly that which he or she liked best.

"I am quite agreeable," Sir Bethel answered, glancing toward Gladys, lovely and nonchalant as usual, in a misty white muslin dress—"only we must make up the sets first."

"Of course," said Mrs. Arden; "nothing can be done until that is accomplished. Gladys, we must see about it."

"The Pagets will soon be here," returned Miss Arden, willfully. "You, mamma, and Sir Bethel may make up a set. I am going to wait for Mattie."

"Ah, then," said Mrs. Arden, annoyed at what she secretly termed Gladys's obstinate blindness, and determined nevertheless on getting the two, if possible, into the same game, "I must leave my daughter in your charge, Sir Bethel, for here come the Templetons, and I must go and speak to them. Miss Robinson, you do not know the Templetons, I think? Come with me, and I will introduce you."

"With pleasure," simpered Miss Robinson.

With the maiden lady under her wing, Mrs. Arden rustled off, smiling.

"I suppose, Miss Arden," remarked the Reverend Michael Robinson, anxiously, "it is not likely the Pagets will disappoint you? Miss Paget told my aunt yesterday that without fail——"

"They would come, I hope?" interposed Gladys, smiling graciously. "We need not fear, I think, Mr. Robinson; they are sure to come. They are only a little late. Ah, here is the wagonette just turning the corner of the road, Rooke driving, and the girls behind!"

At the distant sight of Leah Paget's hat the Rector of St. Jude's Church flushed a joyous pink. Gladys Arden turned abruptly to Sir Bethel.

"You know the Pagets," she said, "do you not?"

"I know young Paget slightly," he answered. "I have never had the opportunity of knowing his sisters."

"You will like Mattie," she returned.

"Shall I?" said he, with a certain gentle humility. "If you say so, I do not doubt it."

The wagonette stopped at the iron gate.

Gladys Arden went to meet the Misses Paget, and Sir

Bethel Oswestry sauntered after her. She could not fail to notice how dark Rooke's face became on observing Sir Bethel Oswestry so near to her side. The two men shook hands civilly. Although Rooke Paget regarded Sir Bethel in the light of an enemy and rival, Paget, in Sir Bethel Oswestry's eyes, was nothing more than a very old and privileged friend of the Arden family.

"Sir Bethel," said Gladys, "let me introduce you to Miss Paget. Miss Paget—Sir Bethel Oswestry; Miss Mattie Paget—Sir Bethel Oswestry."

The girls bowed gracefully and easily in acknowledgment of the introduction; and Mattie Paget, glancing swiftly up at him from beneath the border of her sunshade, told herself that she liked the kind, bronzed, bearded face much on close inspection, and wondered if, upon further acquaintance by-and-by, the baronet would prove as nice as he looked.

Mrs. Arden, in all the splendor of her mob-cap and mauve-colored silk, now bore down on the little group.

"Ah, Rooke," she said, prettily, "how do you do? Leah—Mattie, I am delighted to see you both. What a beautiful day for us, is it not? Gladys, perhaps now, dear, you will help me to get the people together, and find out those who want to play, and those who prefer sitting about. Sir Bethel, I am sure, will assist you—will you not?"—this very sweetly to Sir Bethel.

Of course he would only be too glad! Miss Robinson suddenly turned to Leah.

"You will play with us, I know," she began, gushingly. "I am not going to make any rash attempts, but Michael is an execrable player; and so you must come and fight his battles for him whilst I look on. Lady Templeton is making up the side over there. Come along, dear Miss Paget."

Blushing brightly, Leah willingly acquiesced and went.

"Mattie," whispered Rooke, "you stay here with me. If I take a mallet at all, it will be with you and Gladys—not otherwise. That fellow will play on her side, of course."

"Which fellow, Rooke?"

"Oswestry," he answered, shortly, staring gloomily at that part of the lawn where Miss Arden and Sir Bethel were beating up recruits.

"Oh, he is not so bad!" observed Mattie, magnanimously. "People, I think, must be wrong in saying that there is anything between him and Gladys. Observe, dear, how cool she is to him!"

"That is her way, Mattie," was the young fellow's reply. "Presently I'll tell you the truth."

"Mattie and Rooke, we want you here," called Gladys, "and Agatha Templeton and Beryl Summers. That will complete our set exactly."

"You'll be near Gladys, at any rate, dear boy," whispered Mattie, soothingly, to Rooke. "It will be a jolly game—mind and play your best."

"I hate a side of four," returned he, discontentedly; "the game is always interminable."

"There's such a lot of people to amuse," she reasoned gently. "It is impossible for them to arrange matters differently."

"Hang the whole lot of 'em!" he muttered, unkindly, as with Mattie he crossed over to their party.

And then, in a business-like manner, friends and enemies intermingled, and the first player on Gladys Arden's side commenced. Sir Bethel was voted "captain" of one four, and Rooke of the other.

Rooke Paget, after all, was on Miss Arden's side, as that young lady, in a moment's caprice, declared that she could not possibly do without him.

"I shall want your strong arm and unerring aim, Rooke, to rescue me from all chance perils," she said.

And this slight and unexpected mark of favor from her completely restored his good-humor, and for the time rendered him unspeakably happy. Sir Bethel was too much of a gentleman to reveal by either word or deed the deep chagrin which he felt at being against, and not for, Miss Arden's interest, as he had fondly hoped to be. As her enemy in the game, he was separated from her continually; and separation, no matter in what shape or form, from Gladys Arden meant misery to Sir Bethel Oswestry.

The stillness was broken very pleasantly with the sharp "click" of the croquet-balls and the laughter and voices of the players. The lawn was an extensive one altogether, and several sets were in full play. But many of the guests preferred sitting about on the wooden garden-chairs, beneath the cool shade of the whispering elms, sipping claret-cup and seeing that the games were played in accordance with the most approved rules.

"I for one," confessed Mrs. Arden, slyly, "do not care for croquet unless I can play unmolested in my own peculiar way."

"Which way," laughed Lady Templeton, coming up, mallet in hand, to the group of which Mrs. Arden formed the centre, "is, I suspect, illegal."

"You would perhaps call it so," said Mrs. Arden, all teeth and smiles—"a leetle kick with one's foot, if one's ball is at all fractious, you know, and a clever cavalier who will aid one in getting it through the hoop either by hook or by crook, and after that style, you know."

"I should not care to play with you," said Lady Templeton, laughing; "I——"

"Three Red wanted!" called Leah Paget.

"I am Three Red," said Lady Templeton; "I must leave you."

Miss Arden's side, with Rooke's strong arm and clever aim dealing out destruction wherever the ball sped, was doing well. The young fellow's spirits were as light as air again, for he was near Gladys. She snubbed him unhesitatingly. But then she snubbed Sir Bethel Oswestry likewise, so he didn't care. And Mattie too saw with relief that he was perfectly civil to Sir Bethel; and, if they did not fraternize quite so readily as she could have wished, it was a great deal better than she had expected. On the whole, it was a pleasant afternoon for all.

Toward seven o'clock, however, the combatants began to show symptoms of weariness; the idlers and strollers about were growing tired also, and some of them, thinking of dinner-time, were impatient for the ordering of the carriages.

Miss Arden's side had come off with flying colors; after a fight of nearly three hours, the victory had been signal and complete—thanks to Rooke Paget's judgment and skill.

Mrs. Arden had ordered tea and coffee, and her guests now, cup and saucer in hand, under the cool, spreading branches of the trees, were laughing and chatting gayly over the late contests; Gladys on a camp-stool, with Sir Bethel and Rooke Paget both in her vicinity.

"Look at them," whispered Miss Carrisford, a gossip-loving spinster; "which is the favored one?"

"What do you mean?" inquired Lady Templeton.

"There, yonder—Miss Arden," said Miss Carrisford; "is she engaged to Sir Bethel Oswestry?"

"My dear Miss Carrisford, how should I know?" returned Lady Templeton. "But I should say not—Sir Bethel is merely a friend—their landlord, in fact."

"But he is here more frequently," rejoined Miss Carrisford, significantly: "at least so Miss Robinson tells me. It would be a remarkably good match for the girl."

"I don't believe she's trying," said Lady Templeton. "Come, Agatha"—to her daughter—"our carriage is waiting, and, besides, is stopping the way for others. Come, my dear." And mother and daughter moved away to bid adieu to Mrs. Arden.

*(To be continued.)*

# REST AFTER SORROW.

By the Author of "Magdalen's Legacy," "Could Aught Atone?" Etc., Etc.

## Chapter IX.

"WE had been living in Paris for some months," Pearl resumes, paying no heed to Christian's outburst—"Deighton is partial to Paris. Only a few evenings back we were together at a grand reception, and most unintentionally I gave him great offence. It was such a simple matter; no other man would have thought of noticing it; and—I speak in all truth—the fault was not mine. But I had to bear the blame, and upon our return to our hotel the storm of his passion burst. Such fury I never saw before; I pray Heaven that I may never witness such a scene again. At last he left me to myself, swearing, as he went, a terrible oath that on the morrow my child should be sent away from me. All my mental strength appeared to fail me then; my courage died out. Entreaties, I knew, would avail me nothing. What he had sworn to do, that he would accomplish. He would force my boy from me unless I took some decisive step; and of what value would my life be without my child? I was half mad at the thought. I declare to you, Nell, that I scarcely knew what I was about. All my thought was that before the morning dawned I must be far away from his reach, if I would keep my treasure. I went hastily to the room where my little one slept, and took him from his bed. The nurse was sleeping heavily; she never heard me. Then I dressed him hastily, but I did not forget a single thing that would add to his warmth or comfort. I never waited to remove my own dress—I was afraid; I tucked it up under a thick cloak, donned a bonnet and vail, and, taking my boy in my arms, I stole quietly from the house. Oh, Nell, how my heart beat as I descended the stairs! I dreaded at every step lest I should meet my husband; but I escaped unnoticed. I had picked up my purse, and I found, on examining it, that, with care, there would be sufficient to bring me here—so I came; I could not think where else to turn. Ah, dear, you will not send me away?"

"Never!" Nell Verny says, her voice scarcely audible through her sobs. "My home is yours and your boy's, as long as you choose to make it such."

"But your husband? What will Mr. Verny say?" Pearl asks, in doubtful hesitation.

"That he will help me to take good care of you both."

"Do you suppose that your husband will seek for you?" Christian asks.

There comes again into Pearl's eyes the old look of terror.

"He surely will. Once, when I was begging that he would let me go away in peace, he told me that, if I ever attempted to leave him, he would hunt me through the world till he found me."

"Never fear," Nell says; "we will care for you, and the law will protect you."

There comes just then a low knocking at the door. It is from Royce.

"Hannah has just told me that the master has returned," she announces, addressing her mistress. "I thought, ma'am, that you would like to know."

"Christian," Nell says, turning to her brother, "will you go to Frank and tell him whom we have with us, and then bring him here?"

"I am very pleased to welcome Mrs. Frith," Frank Verny says, coming in a few minutes later with Christian, and taking the delicate hand Pearl extends tremblingly towards him in his own. "I hope you will make a very long stay with us. Your little fellow will make a capital companion for our daughter. Christian says he is a fine boy. He has quite excited my curiosity."

Poor, sorrow-stricken Pearl looks up into the honest, handsome face of Nellie's husband, and from it she gathers confidence and strength; she listens to the kindly words, the kindly tones, and her wounded, sorely-tried heart gains new hope, new courage. She has found rest at last!

A few days later Christian sits alone in the old room which Time has run past and left unaltered—the study with the one window looking out over the old-fashioned garden. Bare now are the apple-trees, save for the thickly-growing, white-berried mistletoe; shorn of their fleeting glory are the rose-bushes—standing now to outward view only as dry, sapless briers and branches. But a few months more and the apple-trees will put forth tender leaves and blossoms; a little golden sunlight, a few southerly breezes and refreshing showers, and the dead-looking briers will bud and blossom, and break forth into glorious living beauty.

But something to be seen from the other window attracts Christian's attention—it is a sight not often visible at the gates of the quiet, unfrequented Parsonage. A gentleman, a stranger, is alighting from his horse, opens the gate, and, with bridle thrown carelessly over his arm, walks deliberately up the garden path.

On hospitable thoughts intent, Christian turns toward the fire. That is blazing brightly; so he again looks out. The man is by the window now—Christian can see him plainly. The dark, handsome, sensual face, bloated from excesses—surely he has seen it before? Only once—but it can never be forgotten. It is the face of Deighton Frith. A mingled expression passes over Christian's face. He sets his teeth firmly, and, when Judith ushers in the visitor, is calm and composed, and quite prepared to meet him.

The two men regard each other for a few moments in perfect silence. Deighton Frith is the first to break it.

"Christian Graham," he says, "I am come for my wife! I demand that you give her up to me!"

"Then you must seek her elsewhere," Christian answers him, coolly; "she is not here."

"You lie!" Deighton Frith shouts, hoarse with passion. "I have followed her, step by step, from Paris to Hallam; she must be here. Where else should she be?"

"And I repeat," Christian says, still with calmness of voice and manner, "that she is not here, and never has been."

"I do not believe one word you utter! Give me my wife!"

In silent indignation, mingled with a strange pain, Christian regards the man—evidently beside himself with drink and passion—standing before him. Sorrowfully he calls to mind the pure, dainty, sensitive woman whose sweet springtime of life he has shadowed and blighted.

"Why don't you answer me?" Deighton Frith demands, his tones coarse and loud. "Why don't you bring her forth, you mean, sneaking hypocrite?"

"She is not here," Christian Graham replies, naught but a slight accession of color in the cheeks and a slight compression of the lips telling how keenly the insult is felt. "I am not given to lying, Mr. Frith."

In spite of Deighton Frith's blind, besotted fury there is something in Christian's voice and manner that partly convinces him that he is upon the wrong scent.

"Why should you think your wife was here?" Christian demands.

"I suppose I am not bound to account for my thoughts or actions to every one who asks," Mr. Frith says, sullenly.

"Certainly not, Mr. Frith."

"I have not forgotten"—and the momentarily smothered passion blazes out again—"how years ago you went to my wife's father and tried to prejudice him against me, in order that you might clear the way to win his daughter for yourself. I have not forgotten! When I first heard it, I wished that you had been standing before me, that I might have struck you to the earth; but I found a better and surer revenge. I struck at all your fine hopes and wishes; I taught you, in an effectual lesson, how useless was any attempt at interference when Deighton Frith had once set his mind upon obtaining anything."

All the color has faded from Christian Graham's face, the pupils of his eyes are distended, his hands are clenched tightly.

"Mr. Frith," he says—and his voice is very low—the man whom he addresses can perceive that it is only by a violent effort that he controls himself—"I am by nature a peace-loving man, by profession a minister of that Gospel which inculcates lessons of peace and forbearance; but I am only human, and human patience has its limits. Mine is exhausted; I can hear no more from you, and I insist that——"

"You shall hear me!" Deighton Frith cries. "I will not stir one foot until I have said what I have come to say. I hate you—the very sound of your name, the sight of your face, the tone of your voice! I have never forgotten you—I never shall. So, for all your white, hateful face and solemn, canting manner, you can feel passions the same as other men! But for the remembrance of that same hateful face, Pearl might have cared for me. I know that I could have loved her if she would have let me—madly, passionately loved her. But no, my lady was cold and disdainful; she took no pains to conceal how more than indifferent I was to her. So at last I grew to hate her. When her child was born, the love which should have been given to me she lavished upon him, and then I hated him too. I hate both, yet none the less am I determined that they shall not live apart from me. If she is not here, you know where she is. Ah," he continues, as he sees a flush come to Christian's white cheeks, "deny it if you can! Minister of the Gospel, as you term yourself, I defy you to say that you do not know—that you have not seen her!"

"I do not attempt to deny it—I could not."

"Where—where? Tell me where I shall find her?"

"That I decline to do," Christian replies, firmly, meeting unflinchingly the fiery eyes, the passion-worked face. "I will only tell you that she is with friends who will care for her tenderly—in a home where she will find the rest for which she has sought and longed through many a weary month and year."

"Then you will not tell me?"

"Most decidedly I will not."

"Then, by the heaven above us, you shall! You shall, or I will murder you!" Deighton Frith cries, springing forward and laying a heavy hand upon Christian's shoulder.

But with one prompt, decisive movement Christian puts the infuriated, senseless man aside.

"You are mad, Mr. Frith," he says, his tones a little louder, his manner more haughty than before. "You are surely beside yourself when you imagine that force will compel me to forego my resolve of declining to say where your wife is."

Something in Christian's voice, in Christian's bearing, cows the man. He steps backward a few paces; his arms drop nerveless at his side. Then there is silence, save for the crackling of the fire and the heavy breathing of Deighton Frith. Suddenly he raises his head; a triumphant smile flickers across his face, his sullen eyes light up with a glitter of crafty intelligence.

"Your sister married young Verny, of Birchfields!" he cries. "It is there I shall seek Pearl. Once more, Christian Graham, your well-laid schemes will be defeated! Once more I shall triumph over you!"

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## Chapter X.

With the words, "Once more I shall triumph over you!" ringing in his ears, Deighton Frith rushes out of Christian Graham's presence, muttering curses vindictive, bitter, and deep. Down the gravel path, through the gate he goes, blindly and madly, to his doom.

With a rough hand he releases the reins of his horse, which he had secured to the trellis-work of the verandah before entering the house. With a cruel dig of the spurs into the flanks of the noble, impatient animal, he essays to pursue his merciless, pitiless errand. But the horse is of high breeding, and resents the unusual treatment; his nostrils distend, he plants his fore-legs firmly on the ground, and kicks out viciously.

Then there ensues a struggle for mastery between man and beast, so akin in their wild, ungovernable fury. Deighton uses both whip and spur unmercifully; Christian, standing within his shadowy room, sickens at the painful sight.

At last, with a great bound, the horse darts forward down the path. The movement nearly unseats Deighton Frith. He has scarcely recovered himself when the loud slamming of the gate behind him further alarms the animal, and the contest is again renewed. Now the horse dashes furiously to one side of the road and now to the other, and now he rears wildly, his feet beating the air. Christian can bear to look no longer. Though the man has insulted him with bitter insult, hard to be borne, shall he stand by quietly and see his life in danger, and never put forth a helping hand? Knowing the Master he serves, shall he return cruel indifference for scorn and contumely, hatred for hatred?

He rushes out of the house, never waiting even to snatch up his hat as he passes through the hall, and hurries down through the gate and out on to the broad high-road.

All too late is any interference from him. Just then there came from Deighton a blow heavier and an application of the spurs sharper and severer than any that have preceded him, and from the horse a plunging and rearing and kicking more vicious, and then Deighton Frith is thrown to the ground. His head strikes heavily against a large stone by the roadside; his foot is entangled in the stirrup, and for some few yards he is dragged along; then another jerk and it is free, and all that remains of Deighton Frith, battered, bruised, and bleeding, lies upon the wayside.

Christian hastens to him. He kneels down, and raises the crushed head; he wipes tenderly the soiled, ghastly face; he speaks low, soothing words of kindness. Others have reached the spot now, others begin to gather around him, but he never heeds them. All his attention, all his interest, is centred upon the still form he holds, breathing so faintly that the respirations can scarcely be heard—upon the face, gray with death's shadows—upon the closed, darkened eyelids.

"He be dead, Maister Graham, for sure!" says a voice close beside him.

"Lor, if it beant the new Squire as belongs to Banner Cross!" another announces, in a hushed, scared whisper.

"The new Squire?" the first whispers, in response. "How do 'ee know that? I thought un wor away in furrin parts."

"That be him, for all. I see'd him years ago, afore ever he married Miss Pearl, the old Squire's daughter."

"Well, he be dead enough, any way."

"My men," Christian says, turning to them, agitated as he has never been before," the Parsonage is nearer than Banner Cross—help me to lift Mr. Frith and carry him there."

Not all at once has Christian brought himself to utter those words—there has been another secret struggle, a conflict with passion and self.

"He be dead, sir."

"Not so," Christian replies; "his heart still beats."

Yes, the heart beats, but very faintly; it has almost ceased. Another moment, and the dark eyes open; and then they close again. A little, hasty movement of the trembling hands, a quick, gasping breath, a shudder that convulses the whole frame, and Deighton Frith's heart has given its last beat; his eyes have looked their last forever upon earth's brightness.

* * * * * * *

A soft westerly wind goes gently breathing and whispering throughout the heart of the bounteous land. Through the fruitful cornfields near to the Castleford Parsonage it moves, murmuring soft, plaintive sighs to the gorgeous scarlet poppies, all aflame in the radiant sunlight, and to the intermingling blue thistles; and the ripe, full-eared, golden-brown grain bends its stately head to listen to the sweet complaining sounds.

It sweeps up the prim, broad alleys of the quaint old Parsonage garden, robbing the rose-bushes of some of their treasures, and strewing the smooth lawn with sweet-scented leaves. It rustles amid the foliage of the great apple-trees and pear-trees, and shakes with quiet oscillation the rosy, golden fruit, the tempting lusciousness of which seems to cry, "Come, gather us!" And the blue of the sky is fair to behold, with its radiance of gold and purple and crimson surrounding the sun, whose day's work is almost ended, and who is sinking to rest in his gorgeous bed. Earth and sky alike are pleasant to look upon.

"It will soon be two years since Pearl returned to us," Christian Graham whispers to himself, as he stands in his garden, the murmuring westerly wind playing amidst his chestnut curls, in which a few streaks of gray are very perceptible. "She is very quiet and reserved when we meet. Her smile does not greet me so freely and gladly as it did months ago—her sweet, frank eyes do not turn to me so frequently as they used. She never seeks my opinion or asks my counsel. She is gentle and kind and courteous—she could not fail to be all that—but she shuns me, I am sure. Perhaps she sees my love, and in her pitying gentleness would save me the pain of a refusal. Must I go on through life unblest and uncheered by her sweet, dainty companionship, an alien and outcast, as it were, from the joys that crown other men's lives, no little hand resting trustingly in mine for protection and guidance, no gentle woman's heart leaning upon the strength and love of mine, no little child's head to nestle against my breast, nor prattling baby-tongue to lisp the name of 'father'? Shall I go on through life, content to be lonely and sorrowful, with this great, craving hunger ever unsatisfied? Or shall I risk a refusal—even cold, averted looks—and tell her that I love her?"

And the soft, westerly wind coming up the alley seems to whisper to the fruit-trees and the rose-bushes, "He should tell her that he loves her." Then Christian Graham lifts his eyes to the blue sky above him, and their gaze lingers upon the spot where the sun is going down in a grand sea of golden glory.

"What a magnificent sunset!" he thinks, as he looks in reverent admiration. "I wonder if Pearl is looking upon it and enjoying it. I am resolved that I will go to her to-morrow and tell her that I love her. Anything is better than this uncertainty. I will know to-morrow."

And the soft westerly wind seems to repeat to the fruit-trees and to the roses, "To-morrow, to-morrow!"

* * * * * * *

The branches of the trees that, surrounding Birchfields, give the house its name are no longer bare and naked; they are covered with abundant green, luxuriant foliage, and amidst them the soft westerly wind also goes gently, murmuringly, whispering; and the golden sunlight fades, watched by Nell Verny and her husband.

"What a lovely day it has been, and what a glorious sunset!" says Nell. "I wonder, Frank, that Christian has not been here. I quite thought that he would come."

"The day might have tempted him, one would think. Nell, don't you think, dear, that your brother grows quieter and graver every day—more inclined for solitude?"

"I often think of it, Frank; it is my one trouble. When I contrast my life, blessed with the dear home-ties of husband and children, with his—cold and barren and lonely—it grieves me, dear."

And Nell leans her head upon her husband's shoulder, and he kisses away the tears which gather thickly in her eyes, and, brimming over, fall quietly down her cheeks—kisses them away as fondly and as tenderly as though he had not been her husband for six years.

"I cannot think why he does not marry," he says; "he would be better and happier in every respect. I used to fancy at one time that he really would grow attached to Pearl Frith; but it appears that it was all fancy. He never attempts to go near Banner Cross, though, as a minister, one would imagine that he might pay an occasional visit. And she, when they meet, is freezingly polite, and has lately become aware that Christian has a second name."

"What do you mean, Frank?"

"Why, she has always addressed your brother as 'Christian.' The last time she was here he called, if you recollect, and I noticed that she never failed to address him as Mr. Graham. I felt rather disappointed at the frustration of my hopes, I assure you, Nell. I should have liked Pearl for a sister-in-law."

A great wistfulness appears in Nellie's eyes.

"Oh, Frank, if it might only be!"

"But I cannot hold out the slightest hope, Nell. I don't really think there is the faintest chance that your wishes will meet with fulfillment."

"One cannot tell, Frank," Nell returns, her manner and voice alike eager and hopeful. "Don't you remember, dear, the time when you thought that I was cold and indifferent toward you? And yet all the while—— But I won't say another word; you are vain enough already."

"But then you know that I loved you, Nell; whereas Christian does not love Mrs. Frith."

"I am not so sure of that," Nell declares, in dreamy thoughtfulness.

"Not so sure of what?"

But Nell makes him no reply. Not now—not for many long months to come—does Frank Verney learn from his wife the story of her brother's long, almost hopeless waiting, for his patient, enduring love.

"I wish Christian were as happy as we are," Frank says, after a few moments' silence.

A beautiful smile, a smile of great, inexpressible happiness, lights up Nell Verny's face.

"As happy as we?" she says, very softly. "Would that he were! Ah, dear, we are, indeed happy—very happy!"

* * * * * * *

The soft westerly wind also goes faintly, sweetly murmuring amid the Banner Cross woods; and from the windows of the great house Pearl Frith and her child watch the sun go down.

Very small and delicate still is the child, Mark Elton Frith, heir to Banner Cross, but not so frail, not so pallid now, as on a past, well-remembered, stormy, gusty, November day. Very sweet and grave and thoughtful is the face of the

mother, but it has lost the expression of fear and dread it then wore. The boy clasps his tiny hands in delight as he looks upon the gorgeous golden sunset.

"It is pretty, isn't it, mamma?" asks the lisping, soft, childish voice.

"Very," Pearl replies, fondly caressing the eager, upturned face—"most beautiful!"

"Mamma," the child whispers, with slow, lingering hesitancy, "am I a very naughty boy?"

"A very naughty boy?" Pearl repeats, in her great amazement. "My darling, what makes you ask such a thing?"

"I was coming through Castleford yesterday with nurse," the child replies, "and I saw Mr. Graham—you know Mr. Graham, mamma?—go into a little house—such a small, funny place it is! Mr. Graham had to stoop his head ever so low when he went inside. I asked nurse why he went there, and she said it was to see a little boy who was ill."

"There have been many children ill in the town," Pearl says to herself rather than the boy.

"But I asked nurse why Mr. Graham should go and see him if he was ill; and then, mamma, she said it was, she supposed, because he was good—Mr. Graham always went to see good boys."

The tiny voice hesitates again, but a silent caress from his mother encourages him to proceed.

"Mamma, Mr. Graham used to come and see me, but he doesn't now. Am I naughty?"

A shadow passes over Pearl's face; the expression of the dusky eyes is almost sorrowful in its great, intense wistfulness.

"You are my own good darling," she says, her voice a little tremulous, "mamma's only comfort and great blessing."

But she thinks of the child's words long after the bright eyes are closed for the night—long after the childish tongue has hushed its prattling, and the dimpled, agile limbs are laid down quietly to rest.

"No, he never comes here now," she thinks; "and every time I meet him elsewhere he seems to have grown more and more cold and reserved. Well, I have still my child, and I ought to be more than content."

Pearl's life at Banner Cross is one of quiet rest and carefulness—necessarily of carefulness, because at Deighton's death she found his liabilities something enormous, and determined that when her boy succeeded to his estate he should find it unincumbered by debt or claim of any kind. She remained at Birchfield, an honored and welcome guest, lovingly tended by Nell, until she recovered from the shock of her husband's death, and was able to remove, with her little son, to the home of her childhood.

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### Chapter XI., and Last.

"Mr. Graham, this is an unexpected pleasure! I feared that I had in some way offended you."

Christian Graham still holds in his own the dainty hand, which has been given in greeting. Now that he has come to say the words that he hoped to have spoken years before—now that he stands before the woman whom he has loved so long, with the full resolve of learning his fate, his heart beats wildly, his courage seems to fail him. His face is very white—his eyes are full of grave, earnest wistfulness; there is something in their depths that causes those of Pearl Frith to drop beneath their prolonged gaze.

He cannot stand there with those throbbing pulses, that fluttering, bounding heart, and exchange empty compliments, vain, idle words. No, let him try his fate at once—let him speak now.

"Pearl," he says, in tones very low—a little unsteady too, from his great emotion—"I love you! I am come to Banner Cross this morning to ask you to be my wife!"

The words are spoken now; as to whether they will be rejected or favorably received he cannot form the least idea For all time they are spoken; they cannot be recalled.

For a few fleeting moments she fails to comprehend his meaning. He sees pass over her face an expression of mingled doubt and wonderment.

"I have loved you so long," he whispers, "I cannot tell you when my love had birth—it seems as though I had always loved you."

The blushing face is not turned away, the delicate hands are not withdrawn; and yet Pearl fully understands the meaning of Christian Graham's words. He puts his arm tenderly around her, and draws her a little closer to his side, and yet she makes no resistance.

"May I hope? Will my darling bless me with her sweet companionship?" he murmurs, fondly, his heart elate with joy.

He bends his face close to hers—he catches the soft, low response. Oh, the gladness of the moment—the joy which no words can express! The days of his sadness and lonely, patient waiting are ended—Pearl's love crowns and beautifies his life. At last—at last!

Then, presently, still holding her in his arms, he tells the story of how, long before, he sought her father and told him of his love for her—of the cruel, bitter disappointment that was his fate, and the long years of sorrow he lived through, uncheered by even the faintest glimmer of hope—tells the plain facts truthfully, but with a rendering so softened that it is very evident to Pearl—remembering those days preceding her father's death—how much he holds back.

"If I had only known that you loved me then," she whispers, "how many years of pain, how many days of sorrow and anguish, might have been spared both of us! It seems a little hard, Christian, that such things—so much misunderstanding and wrong—should be permitted."

"But, since they are permitted, be very sure they are for the best. Should we have appreciated our present happiness as we do, would it have appeared so bright, if we had not suffered, if there had been no storms and cloudy weather? Oh, my darling, be very sure that the all-wise, all-seeing Father knows what will be well for each of His children, and that in His own good time He causes all things to work together for good!"

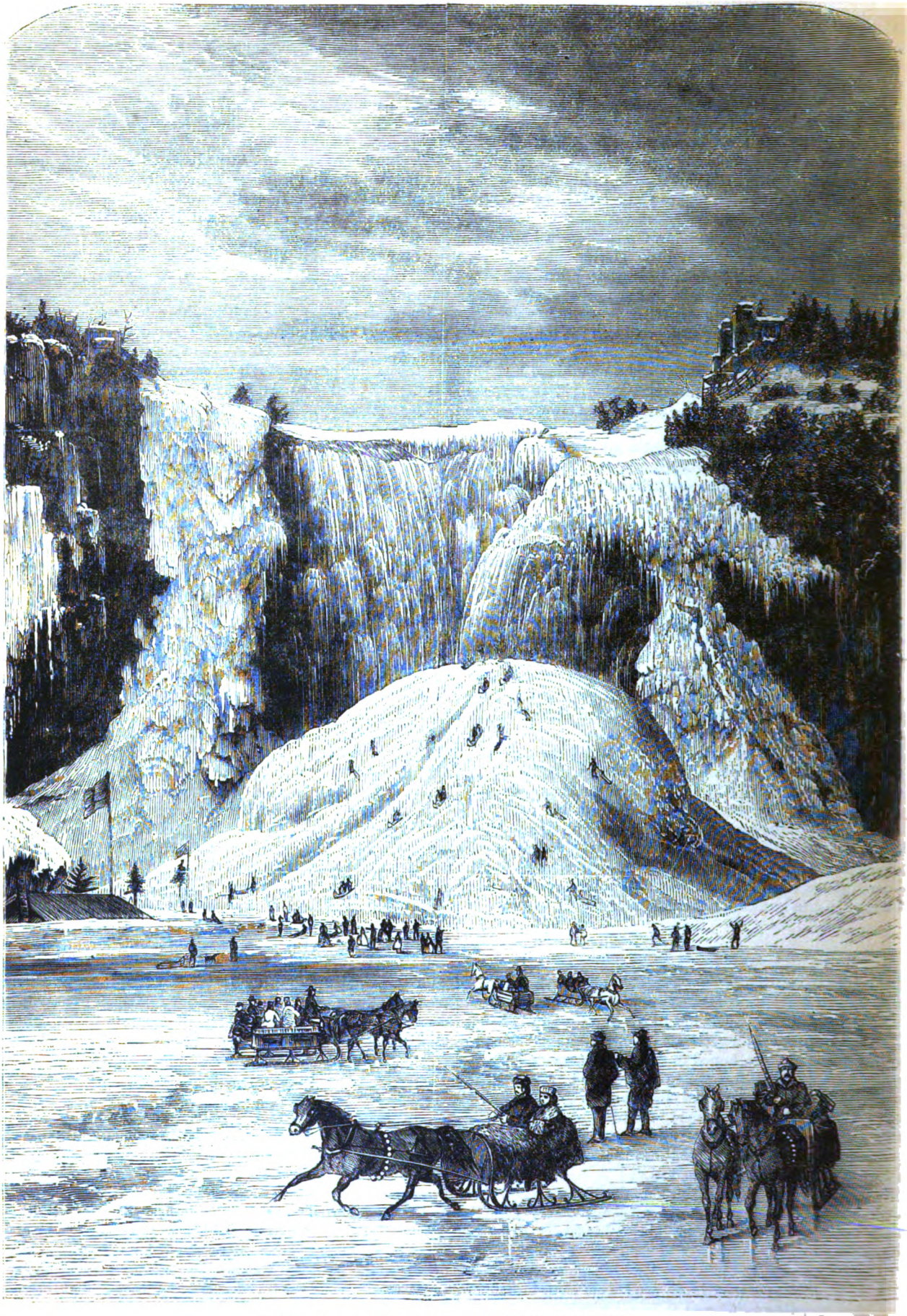
"I have been presuming that marriage with me will make you happy," Christian says at last, endeavoring to speak in a tone of light gayety, but entirely failing in the attempt. "Pearl, my dear one, let me hear you speak the words; let me have the assurance from your own lips. Tell me that you will be happy with me—happy and content."

There is a passionate quiver in his voice; from his eyes looks out his deep, earnest, abiding love.

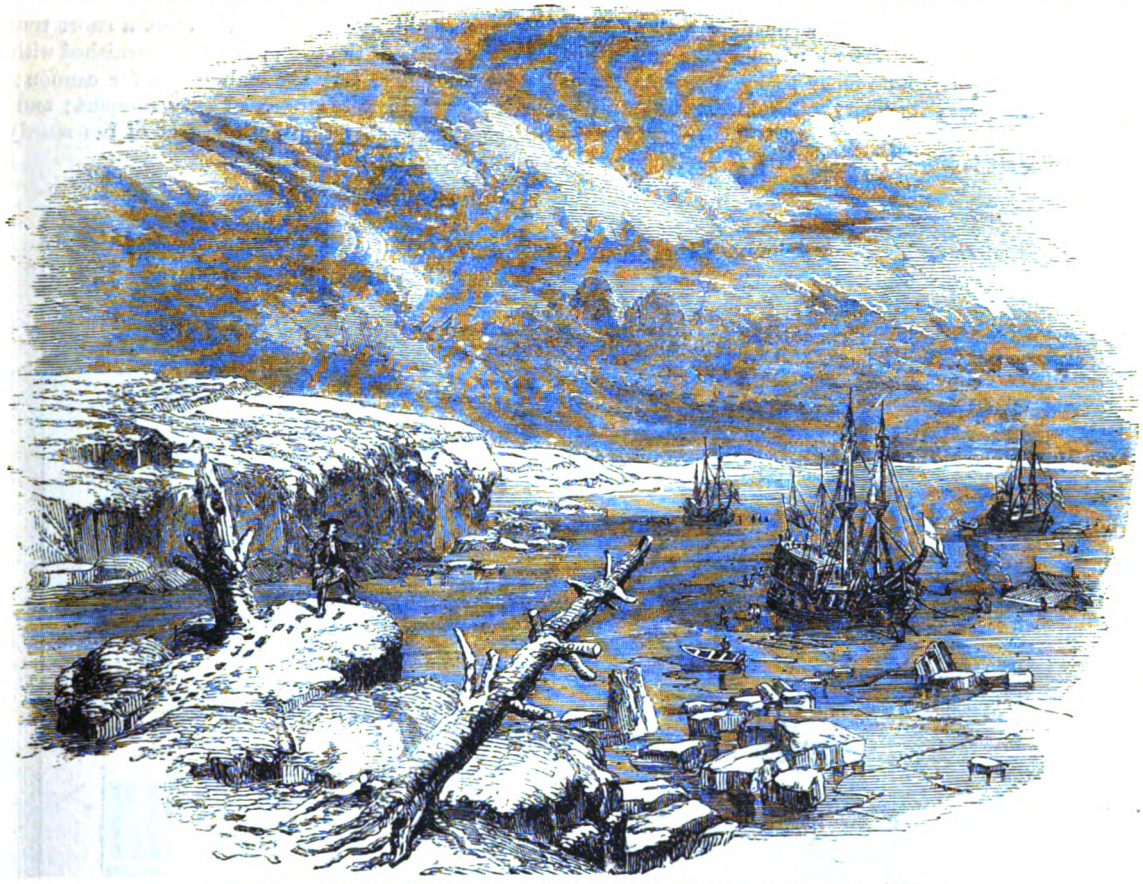
"I am happy," Pearl replies, speaking very steadily, but with the tears standing in her sweet eyes—"with a calm, restful happiness, with a sense of joy and thankfulness too deep for words. It is like light after darkness—sunshine after clouds and rain—rest after sorrow!"

* * * * * * *

There are no happier homes in all bonnie England than Birchfields and the Castleford Parsonage; there are no happier wives and mothers, no prouder husbands and fathers, than Pearl and Nellie, Christian Graham and Frank Verny. Over their lives love casts a radiant halo; in their dwellings peace and contentment and happiness abide. From old Judith's heart Nell's first-born is dethroned; but Nell does not complain. Through the Parsonage and along the broad alleys of the quaint garden patter the feet of Christian's children; in the shadowy rooms the prattling tongues make sweet music, while the tiny forms bring light and gladness. Nell does not complain, for she knows that to her brother has come the fullness of joy—Rest after Sorrow.



THE ICE CONE AT THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCI, NEAR QUEBEC.



JACQUES CARTIER AND HIS SHIPS IN THE ST. CHARLES RIVER, NEAR QUEBEC, IN 1535.

# THREE DAYS IN QUEBEC.

QUEBEC, the old capital of Canada, and now second only to the city of Montreal, has a triple claim to the title of the most picturesque and interesting city in North America, from its historical associations, its numerous monuments, and the lovely scenery that environs it. Every foot of the city and surrounding district is hallowed with mementoes of the past; and of the monuments with which the streets of Quebec are thickly strewn, many have been silent witnesses of the greatest events in the history of the country.

For years the pristine glory of Quebec has been on the wane, but it still possesses wonderful attractions for tourist and traveler, upon whom it produces an impression that is not easily effaced.

We give a *résumé* of a recent visit to the old city, accompanied by numerous illustrations of some of the chief objects of interest. Although we must confirm the verdict of other visitors as to the dullness of Quebec, and the entire absence of the bustle which we meet with in our own cities, and even in other cities in the Dominion of Canada, we nevertheless love the old spot, and can never resist the pleasure of revisiting it. We can, therefore, heartily recommend tourists not to ignore the claims of Quebec, assuring them that it will take a week "to do" properly the objects of interest in the city, and the charming adjacent scenery.

A traveler who combines a taste for the picturesque with a love of letters, ought not to omit a visit to Quebec, and ought not, we suppose, to pass through this, "the most picturesque city in America," without making an attempt to commemorate his impressions, the first of which will certainly be that Quebec is a city not in America, but in Europe.

JACQUES CARTIER.

No matter whether you arrive by steamboat or railroad, this feeling is certain to arise. After a somewhat tedious night-journey, as you rattle toward your destination in the faint dawn, you begin to consult the misty window-panes of state-room or railroad-car, and descry through the glass darkly, little but a huge monotony of most unstoried wilderness, and you feel that the land will have much to do to take on the graces of antiquity, but, in fact, the feat is achieved with an almost magical suddenness. The Old World rises in the midst of the New in the manner of a change of scene on the stage. The St. Lawrence shines before you, gray with

smoke and masts, and edged by a bustling water-side *faubourg* of an unmistakably European coloring; and beyond it, over-against you, on its rocky promontory, sits the ancient town, belted with its hoary wall, and crowned with its granite citadel.

The place, after all, is of America—American; yet it appeals to you so cunningly with its little stock of Old World associations, that you overlook its flaws and swallow it whole.

The walls, to the American vision, are of course the sovereign fact of Quebec; they are neither very high nor, after all, very hoary. The clear air is hostile to those mellow deposits and incrustations which enrich the historic masonry of Europe. Still, they are walls; till but a short time ago they quite encircled the town; they are garnished with little slits for musketry, and big embrasures for cannon; they offer here and there a stretch of gray rampart; and they attest most agreeably that antique fact of the sturdy and definite personality of the city.

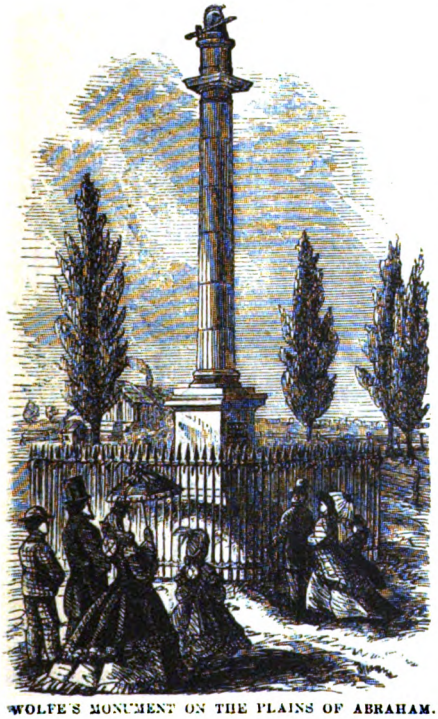
FLIGHT OF STAIRS COVERING THE GRAVE OF SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN, WHO FOUNDED THE CITY OF QUEBEC.

Before you reach the gates, however, you will have been reminded at a dozen points that you have come abroad. What is the essential difference of tone between American and French-Canadian street life? It seems something subtler and deeper than external accidents—than the names on the street-corners—than all the pleasant crookedness, and

DEATH OF WOLFE, FROM BENJAMIN WEST'S PAINTING.

narrowness, and duskiness, the quaint economized spaces, the multifarious detail, the brown French faces, the ruddy English ones. It seems to be the general fact of detail itself —the hint in the air of a slow, accidental accretion, in obedience to needs more timidly entertained, and more sparingly gratified, than our own.

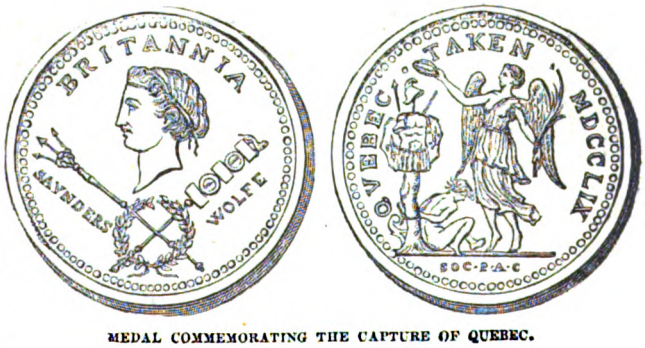
But, apart from the metaphysics of the question, Quebec is rich in the superficial graces of foreign towns. You note the small, box-like houses, painted with uncompromising *naïveté* in some bright hue of the owner's own choice. You also note with joy, perhaps envy, the innumerable *calèches* and cabs which contend for your selection; and you note, on your arrival at the hotel, that it has a true provincial aspect, with slender promise of the "American plan." On the occasion of our last visit we resorted to a private house, where we enjoyed a transitory glimpse of the *vis intime* of Quebec. We fancied that it would be a compensation for worse quarters to possess the little bit of picturesqueness enjoyed from our windows. Certain shabby sheds encumber the foreground, but we will not relate of them. Beyond is a piece of garden, attached to nothing less than a convent of the cloistered nuns of St. Ursule. The convent chapel rises inside it, crowned with what seems, in view of the circumstances, a neat little "*clocher de France.*" The "circumstances," we admit, are simply a couple of stout French poplars—French, because planted here by French hands; they thrive lustily, and most notably Gallicize the landscape, whilst in our latitudes they decay utterly, as if unconscious of any picturesque commission. We do not say that the little convent belfry, roofed and coated as it is with quaint scales of tin, would, by itself, produce any very deep illusion, or that the whispering poplars would transport us to the Gallic motherland; but poplars and belfry together constitute an "effect"—strike a musical note in the scale of the picturesque.



WOLFE'S MONUMENT ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

We look fondly even at the little casements which command this prospect, for they too are an Old World heritage. They open sidewise, in two wings, and are fastened together by that bothersome little iron handle over which we have fumbled so often in European inns.

The convent is well worthy a visit, and many paintings of high merit, and many other pleasing works of art, are exhibited. In a glass case, on a table in the chaplain's parlor, is the skull of Montcalm, with its base inclosed in a military




MEDAL COMMEMORATING THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC.

THE PROVISIONAL PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

collar. His remains were buried in the garden of the convent, and when they were disinterred a few years ago the skull was thus preserved. Upon the wall of the chapel is a small mural monument, erected by Governor Lord Aylmer in memory of Montcalm, bearing the following inscription in French :

HONNEUR
A
MONTCALM !
LE DESTIN EN LUI DEROBANT
LA VICTOIRE
L'A RECOMPENSÉ PAR
UNE MORT GLORIEUSE.

"Honor to Montcalm ! Destiny, in depriving him of victory, recompensed him with a glorious death."

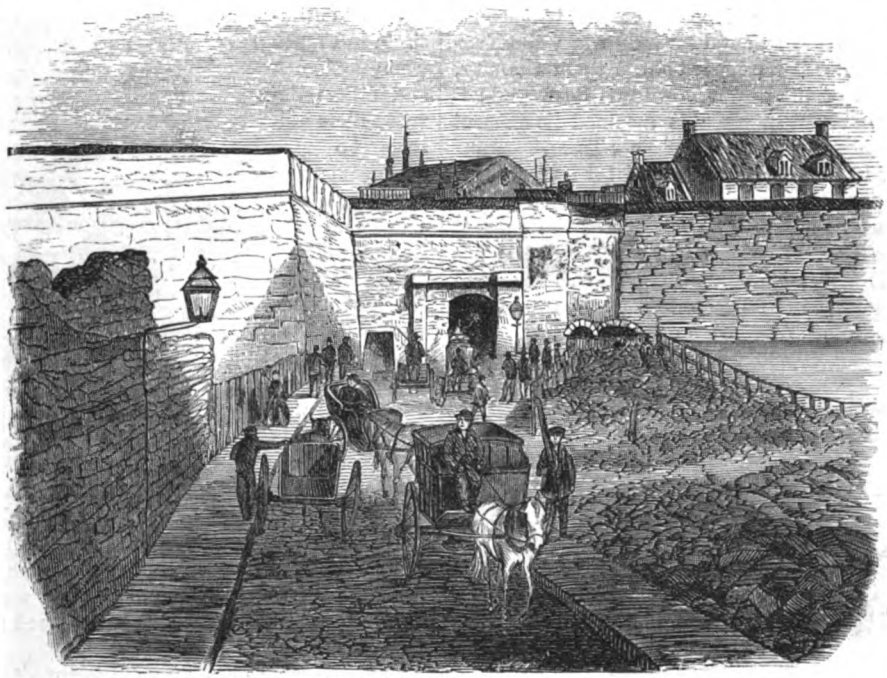
The convent was founded in 1641 by Madame de la Peltrie, a young widow of Alençon, a person of rank and fortune, who left France for that purpose in 1639, devoting her entire fortune to accomplish the work. She is said even at one time to have worked with her own hands in the cultivation of the ground on which the convent now stands. She divested herself of all superfluous clothing, and parted with her wardrobe to supply raiment to the poor children of the colonists, whom she fed as well as clothed; indeed her whole life was a series of charitable deeds, which have rendered her name illustrious in the annals of Canada. The fruits of her valuable foundation are to this day experienced, in the excellent education which is afforded to young females in the school of the Ursuline Convent.

THE NEW ST. JOHN'S GATE.

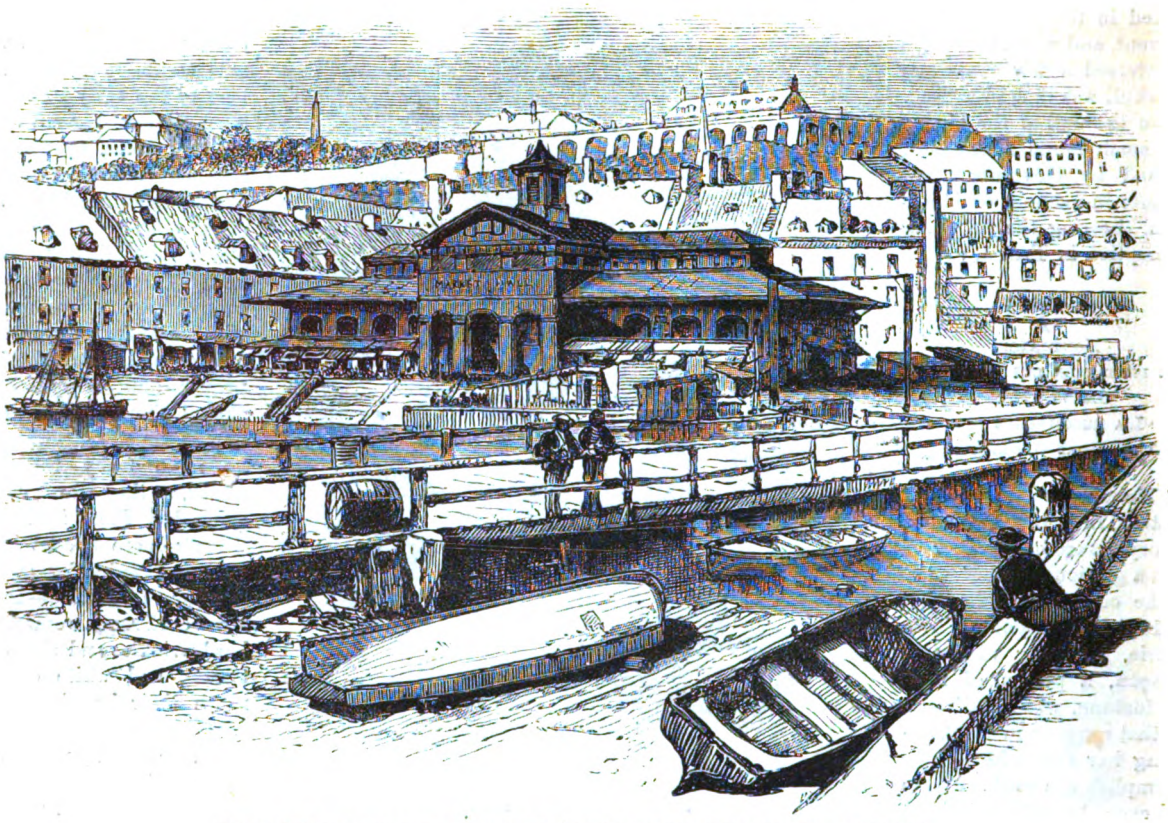
In this paper we do not propose an exhaustive treatment of the sights of Quebec; this we may leave to the guide-books, but we prefer to ramble hither and thither and find "something to please, and something to instruct" at every turn in our walks through the quaint old city.

Your very first steps will be likely to lead you to the market place, which is a genuine bit of Europeanism. One side of it is occupied by a high edifice of yellow stucco, with stone copings painted in blue, and a manner of *porte cochère*, leading into a veritable court—originally a college of the early Jesuits, in later times, barracks and military stores. On the other side stands the French cathedral, with an ample stone façade, a bulky stone tower, and a high-piled tin-scaled belfry—not architectural, of course, nor imposing, but with a certain gray maturity, and, as regards the belfry, a proper antique quaintness. Round about are shops and houses, touching which, it is no mere fancy that they might, as they stand, confine some dull *Place* in France. The stalls are booths in the centre — tended by genuine peasants of tradition—brown-faced old French women, with hard wrinkles and short petticoats, and white caps beneath their broad-brimmed hats (and more than one price, we think you'll find)—these, and the stationed *calèches* and *cabriolets*, complete a passable French picture.

Of course you enter the cathedral, and how forcibly that swing of the door recalls old strayings beneath other skies; you find a big, gairish church, with a cold, high light and a mild renaissance promiscuity of stucco and gilding. It is, perhaps, a shade or so more sensibly Catholic than it would be with ourselves; but, in fine, it has pews and a boarded floor, and the few paintings are rather pale in their baldness, and you are forced to admit that the Old World tone which sustains itself so bravely elsewhere, rather falters in its application to the needs of ecclesiasticism. It is one of the oldest churches in the city, having been erected by Laval, first Bishop of Quebec, and consecrated in 1666. It was nearly consumed by fire during Wolfe's bombardment, but it was afterwards repaired, when the Province was ceded to England.


THE OLD ST. JOHN'S GATE.

The English Cathedral is a pleasing though plain specimen of architecture, borrowing much of its beauty from the elevated ground

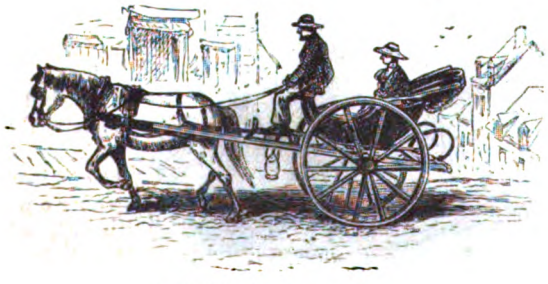


THE MARKET IN THE LOWER TOWN, WITH THE FORTIFICATIONS IN THE BACKGROUND.

on which it stands, amidst a cluster of verdure. The glittering tin-covered steeple is seen from afar, and is one of the most prominent objects in a view of the city. The church was consecrated in 1804. There is here a handsome monument to the memory of Dr. Mountain, first Protestant Bishop of Quebec; and beneath the altar are the remains of the Duke of Richmond, a former governor-general, who died of hydrophobia near Ottawa, in 1819.

In the Lower Town stands the ancient church of Notre Dame des Victoires, which fronts upon the little market-place, and stands upon the site of the fort erected by Jacques Cartier's men in 1535. It suffered severely when the English batteries at Pointe Levis hurled shells upon the city, and a great portion of the Lower Town was destroyed; it was subsequently renovated, when it assumed its present form. It is the only church in the Lower Town.

The old capital has ever been renowned for its extensive charitable and educational institutions. Bishop Laval founded the seminary in 1663—the nucleus of the present flourishing university. It adjoins the seminary, and has also attached to it a massive edifice intended as a medical college. The collection of philosophical and astronomical instruments is one of the largest on the continent. The library contains about 40,000 volumes, amongst which are some manuscripts on the early history of America, of priceless value. A museum of the birds of Canada has been added; and a collection of Indian remains and curiosities, dug up in the neighborhood of the old Huron settlements, on Lake Simcoe, and elsewhere, are likely to add much to the interest of the Laval University. The founder, the Rev. L. Casault, died only a few years back, and has left a name justly venerated by all friends of education in Quebec.



A FRENCH ROCKING-CHAIR.

The Hotel Dieu is another institution which dates back to that era of religious enthusiasm in France when noblemen and others devoted their millions to the advancement of religion and charity in the New World.

A MARKETWOMAN DRIVING INTO TOWN.

The General Hospital stands on the bank of the St. Charles, opposite the peninsula of Stadacona. It was founded in 1603 by M. St. Valier, Bishop of Quebec. The object of the institution was the relief of sick and disabled poor of all descriptions. It is in charge of the nuns of St. Augustine, a separate and independent community.

The building has the same appearance as when Arnold and many of his companions-in-arms were carried thither from the field of battle and experienced the kindest treatment.

It is a singular piece of good fortune for Quebec that she has so many illustrious names intimately connected with her

history. Jacques Cartier, Champlain, Richelieu, Wolfe, Montcalm, Montgomery and Arnold, all rise to memory in visiting the old city. One of the earliest points of interest is the peninsula of Stadacona, formed by a bend in the river St. Charles, where, in a little estuary, Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of the St. Lawrence, passed the Winter of 1534–35.

Quebec is the oldest city in British North America, having been founded by Samuel Champlain in 1608, on the site of the Indian village of Stadacona, signifying "the place of a strait."

THE CATHEDRAL, QUEBEC.

Being the key to Canada, and having witnessed beneath its walls the two foremost nations of Europe arrayed in battle to decide the fate of the empire in the New World, Quebec must ever awaken the deepest interest in the eyes of every student of history. Viewed from any one of its approaches, it impresses the stranger with the conviction of strength and permanency. The reader of American history, on entering the gates of Quebec or wandering over its squares, ramparts and battle-fields, puts himself at once in communication with the illustrious dead. The achievements of daring mariners, the labors of self-sacrificing missionaries of the Cross, and the conflict of military heroes who bled and died in the assault and defense of its walls, are here re-read with tenfold interest. Here, too, the lover of nature, in her grandest and most rugged forms, as in her gentle and most smiling moods, will find in and around an affluence of sublime and beautiful objects.

We have seen that it is an old city. We may add that it is also very quaint, but very respectable. It was laid out by its original founders, who followed all the surface irregularities of the bold, rocky bluff on which it stands, and its crookedness and other defects are now past cure. The old French notions which presided at its erection seem to have become peculiar institutions; and even the modern houses display the solidity and gaunt solemnity which distinguish the earlier edifices.

CHRISTIAN BROTHER AND POLICEMAN.

The city is divided into the Upper and Lower Town; the former stands perched upon a rock 350 feet above the level of the river, and is surrounded by massive walls, surmounted by cannon; here and there are embrasures from which equally ugly-looking specimens protrude their gaping mouths, which speak as plainly as guns' mouths can do, that they would deliver very powerful arguments against an uncivil approach. The fortifications cover 40 acres, and shut in the ground upon which the city is built. The Upper Town includes the citadel and fortifications, and the Lower Town is an aggregation of stores and warehouses, wharves, shops, and other adjuncts of trade, with hundreds of dwellings for mechanics and laborers. It is situated directly at the foot of the cape upon which the Upper Town sits enthroned in pride, but it is here that the shipping trade of Quebec is transacted. Yet, the small slip so occupied, is not over an eighth of a mile wide by a mile in length. Wharves and stores, booms inclosing untold quantities of timber, piles of deals and boards almost defying measurement, bewilder the eye, and suggest the question, When and where will it all go?

It is one of the greatest sights in Quebec, to behold, from some eminence in the neighborhood, the acres upon acres of squared pine, oak and elm logs which the coves present, and the sight cannot fail to impress the observer with the vast extent of the lumber-trade of Canada. Back of Quebec are situated the two suburbs, inhabited chiefly by mechanics and traders; each of these is much larger than the walled-in city, and they assist in swelling the population to about 70,000 souls. Back of these suburbs, again, are the residences of the

OLD MARKETWOMAN.

merchants who prefer a country residence to the narrow streets and circumscribed dwellings in the Upper Town; and no city in Canada has finer or more tasteful cottages or villas in its vicinity than Quebec.

It is famed for the courteous manners of its citizens, and not less for their generous hospitality. On the whole, it is a most comfortable and cozy old affair; and as it is the only city which boasts of walls and ramparts all round, and of old reliquary buildings which remind you of the Old World, one could hardly wish to modernize it much, for then all its poetry would be gone. Seen from the river on a sunny

day, it is a most gorgeous spectacle, and always elicits the enthusiastic admiration of visitors.

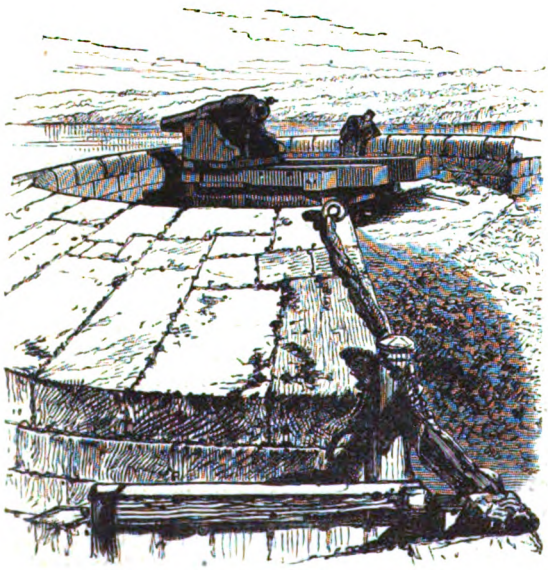
One of the chief branches of industry here is shipbuilding, which is carried on very extensively; as many as forty or fifty vessels being often on the stocks at the same time. One fact in this connection may not be generally known, viz.: that the first steamship that crossed the Atlantic, wholly under steam, the *Royal William*, was built at Quebec; launched there on the 29th of April, 1832, and left Quebec for London on the 4th of August, 1833. On her arrival in England, she was sold to the Spanish Government, and did satisfactory service as a frigate.

THE MONTCALM HOUSE, WHERE HIS BODY WAS LAID OUT.

Durham Terrace, a favorite promenade of the citizens, and an object of great interest to visitors, occupies the site of the old Castle of St. Louis, the foundation of which was laid by Champlain in 1620; and although when originally built it was intended as a stronghold of defense rather than an embellished ornament of royalty, it became the residence of the Governors-General of Canada for more than two centuries. It was destroyed by fire in 1834, and since then the spot has been preserved as a public promenade. The old castle was a fine old building, over 200 feet in length. It stood near the precipice; and on that side its walls and spacious gallery were supported by solid stone buttresses. These yet remain; and the platform of Durham Terrace, from which fine views down the St. Lawrence, and of the shores opposite, are obtained, occupies the place of the old broad gallery. On Summer evenings the Terrace is usually filled with promenaders, who linger until the light fades, as the air is delightful and the views unsurpassed.

The present popular and enlightened Governor-General of Canada proposes to rebuild the old Château St. Louis as a Summer vice-regal residence; and while beautifying and improving the old city, keeping in view the preservation of its historic monuments. Plans have been proposed, and we hope that such a grand project may promptly be carried into effect.

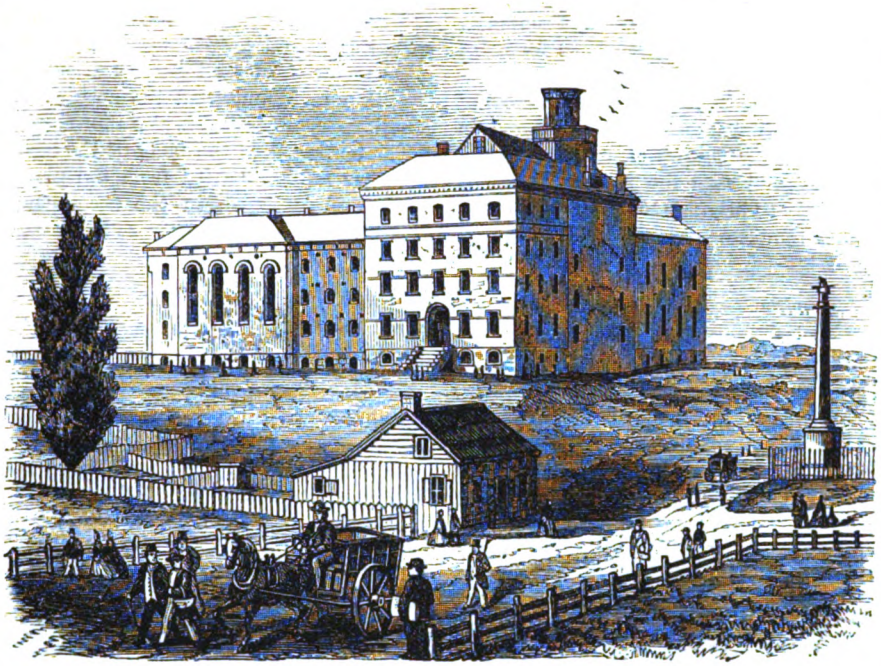
The Citadel is entered through a massive portal, the Dalhousie Gate, and occupies the summit of Cape Diamond. The fortifications, consisting of bastions, curtains of solid masonry, and ramparts 25 to 30 feet in height, mounted with cannon, encircle the Upper Town. The approach to the Citadel, which is nearly 200 feet higher than the ground on which the Upper Town is situated, is by a winding road through the acclivity of the *glacis* from St. Louis Gate, and commanded everywhere by the guns of the different bastions. From the flagstaff a panoramic view may be obtained which may rank among the finest in the world. From this point the position of the city is well defined—the St. Lawrence and the St. Charles are seen forming the promontory



INTERIOR OF THE CITADEL.

HOUSE TO WHICH GENERAL MONTGOMERY'S BODY WAS CARRIED

on which it is built. The beautiful Isle of Orleans, with many a picturesque spot; the long, bold, wooded line of the river, as far as the eye can reach; the range of hills to the left, indicating the portals of a country traversed only by the Indian hunter; the St. Charles River, winding through a beautiful undulating plain to the northward, and the spires of the parish churches of Beauport, Charlesbourg, and Lorette, with the neat, whitewashed cottages of the French habitans, form pleasing features in the landscape. The bustling village of Pointe Levis on the opposite shore; the railroad terminus, with its wharves and wood-cribs, and antiquated and picturesque situation—houses and people nestled at the winding base of a wooded declivity; the grand St. Lawrence, with its ever-changing, ever-interesting scenery of merchantmen, ocean steamers, mighty rafts of timber, ferry-boats, river steamers, yachts and canoes, form a fitting foreground to the lofty mountains in the distance encircling the whole.



THE NEW JAIL, QUEBEC.

The gates (five in number: Prescott, Hope, St. Louis, St. John, and Palace) were interesting to visitors. Prescott was the chief entrance to the city, from the Lower Town up Mountain Hill. It was built in 1797, and demolished in 1871. Hope Gate, built in 1786, demolished in 1873. St. Louis, built in 1751, removed in 1871. Palace, probably built originally about 1720—not, however, the handsome structure with which we have been familiar of late years, which was a copy of one of the gates of Pompeii, and was erected in 1831. This was also demolished in 1873. The earliest of them all, that of St. John, was commenced in 1694, and, after many alterations, was re-erected in 1865. This is the only one of the city gates now remaining, and this, we hear, is likely to be removed during the coming Spring, and a new market erected on its site.

Quebec has been five times assaulted. First in 1629, when, in the infancy of the colony, it fell into the hands of

THE MONTCALM MONUMENT.

VIEW IN LITTLE CHAMPLAIN STREET.

the English, and was restored to France in 1632. Secondly in 1690, when under the command of the gallant Frontenac, a vigorous and successful resistance repulsed the forces of Sir William Phipps, Governor of Massachusetts.

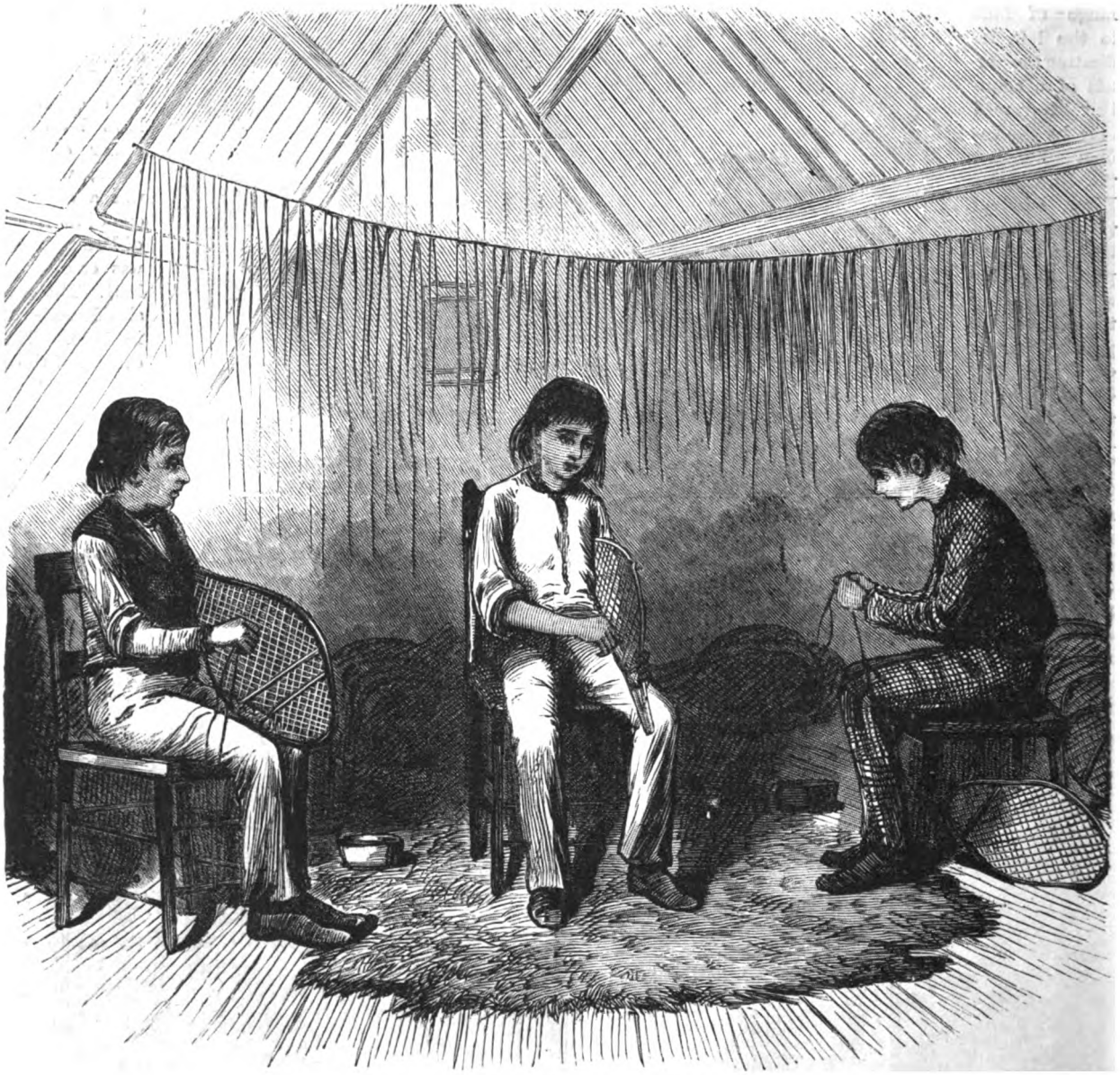
Immediately on receipt of the intelligence of the defeat of the English, Louis XIV. ordered a medal to be prepared in commemoration of the event. The obverse of this medal bears the head of Louis, whilst on the reverse France is seated on a ledge of rocks (typifying Quebec), surrounded by banners and other emblems, with the inscription, "Francia in novo orbe Victrix"—"Kebeca Liberata, MDCXC."

Thirdly, in 1759, when, after the battle of the Plains of Abraham, it was once more won for England by Wolfe. Fourthly, in 1760, when it was unsuccessfully besieged by De Levis; and lastly, in 1775, when, after it had sustained an unsuccessful siege and blockade of six months, General Arnold was obliged to abandon his camp in despair.

The details of the capture of Quebec by Wolfe, and the unsuccessful assault, on 31st of December, 1775, by Montgomery and Arnold, are too well known to be repeated here. Montgomery had formed a plan of attack which promised success, and it is not improbable that had his death not occurred, he would have entered the city in triumph. The place under the Grand Battery where Arnold was wounded is still pointed out, and the spot at Pres-de-Ville where Montgomery was killed is also shown.

The house where the body of the brave general was laid out after he was carried from the place of his death still exists, and is shown in the accompanying sketch. The sword which Montgomery wore that night is still to be seen in the museum of the Literary and Historical Society. The body was removed and buried near the bastion at the St. Louis Gate, and in 1818, at the request of his widow, presented through the Governor of the State of New York, the remains—having been identified by one who had been present at the funeral forty-three years before—were disinterred and given over to the State, and were deposited in a vault under St. Paul's Church, in Broadway, N. Y.

On the centennial anniversary of the midnight attack of Montgomery and Arnold (December 31st, 1875), a ball and other festivities were held at Quebec in commemoration of

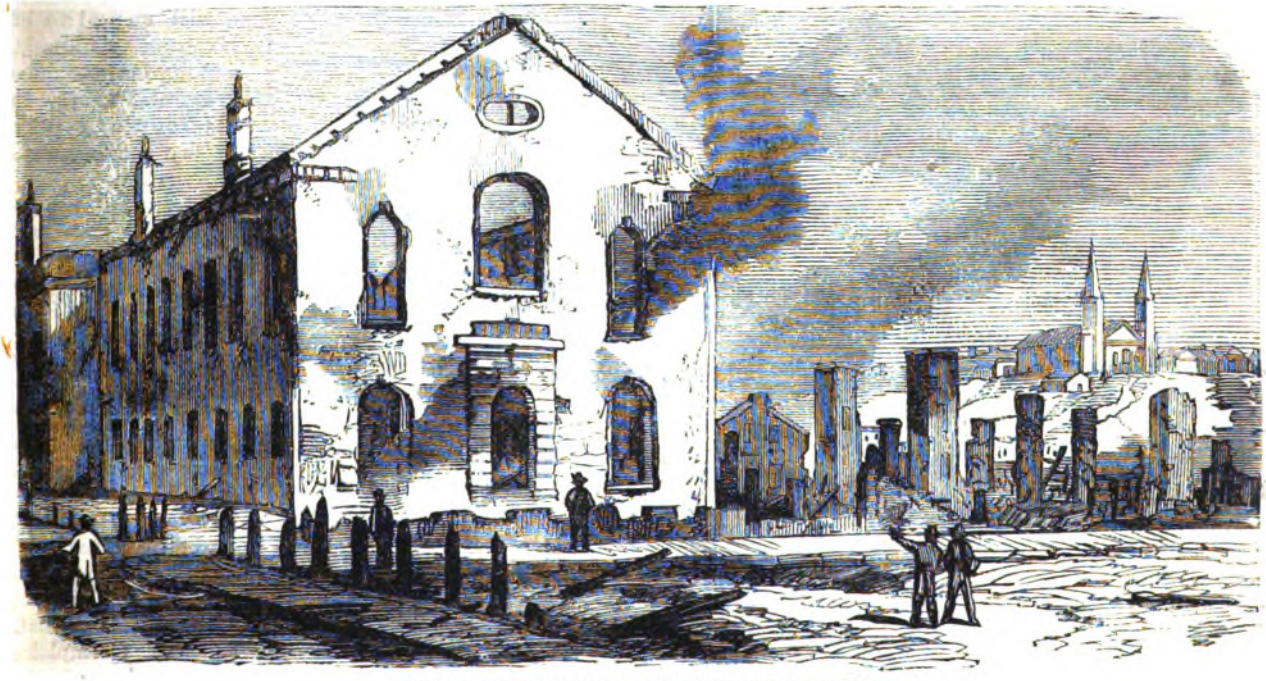


INDIAN BOYS, AT LORETTE, MAKING SNOW-SHOES.

CITY HALL AND ST. LOUIS GATE.

the event, and amongst the interesting incidents of the programme, we find the following:

"As the hands of the clocks verged on the midnight hour which should add still another year to our earthly existence, there were mysterious signs and evidences that something unusual was going to happen. There was a hurrying to and fro, but so noiselessly and carefully were the preparations made, that the throng who perpetually circulated through the rooms took little heed; when suddenly the clear, clarion notes of a trumpet sounding the 'assembly,' thrilled the hearts of all present. A panel in the wainscoting of the lower dancing-room opened as if by magic, and out stepped a jaunty little trumpeter with the slashed and decorated jacket of a hussar. The blast he blew rang in tingling echoes far and wide, and a second later the weird piping and drumming, in a music now strange in Quebec, was heard in a remote part of the barracks. Nearer and clearer every moment came the sharp, shrill notes of the fifes, and the quick detonation of the drums. A silence grew over the bright *cortége*, the notes of the band died into the nothingness of quiet, the company clustered in groups around the stairs where was placed the thin steel blade whose hilt, a century



RUINS OF THE CHURCH OF ST. SAUVEUR, BURNT IN 1866.

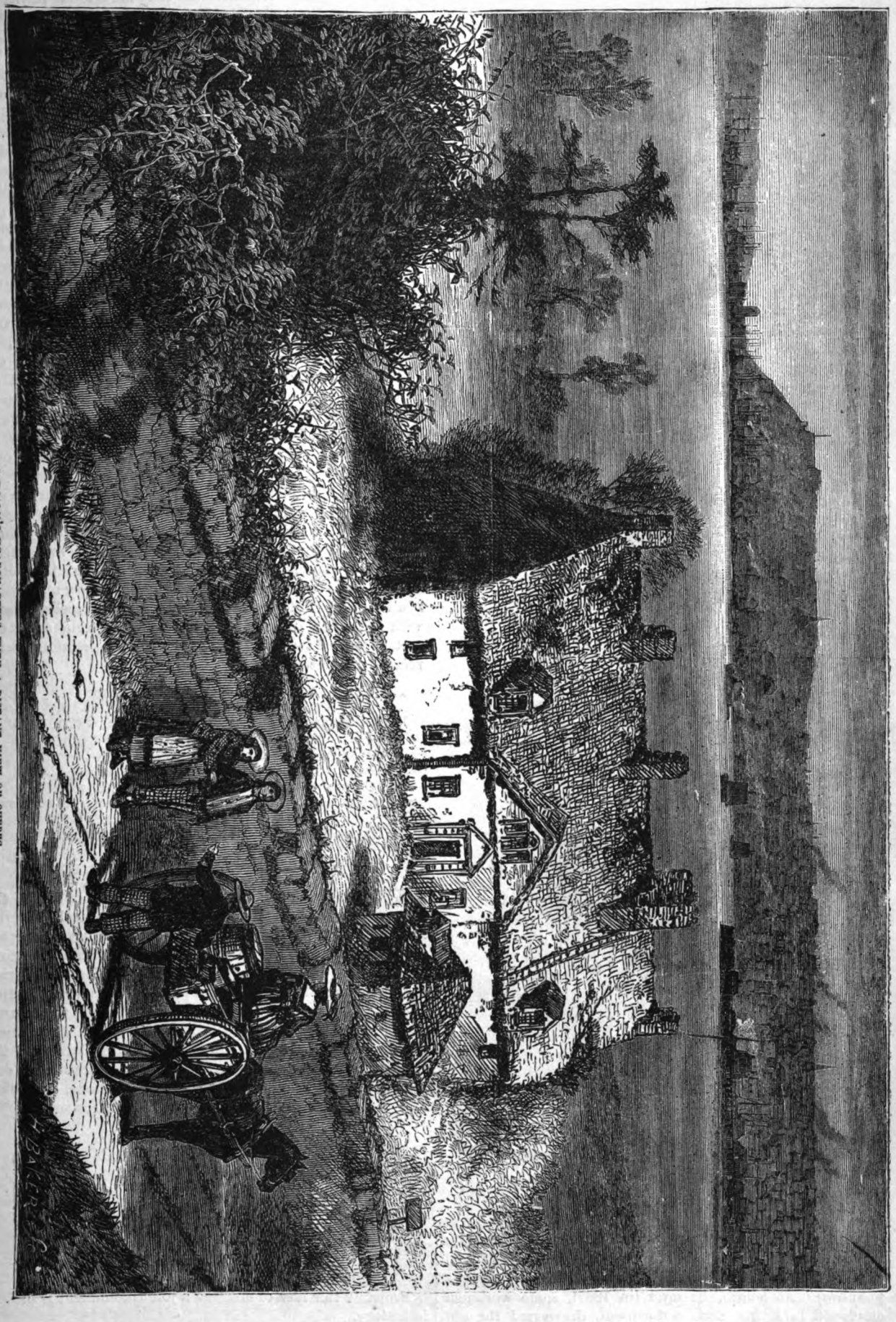
SCENE OF THE DESTRUCTIVE CONFLAGRATION IN THE ST. LOUIS SUBURB OF QUEBEC, MAY 30, 1876.

gone by, was warmed by the bounding, blood-filled pulse and hand of the brave Montgomery!

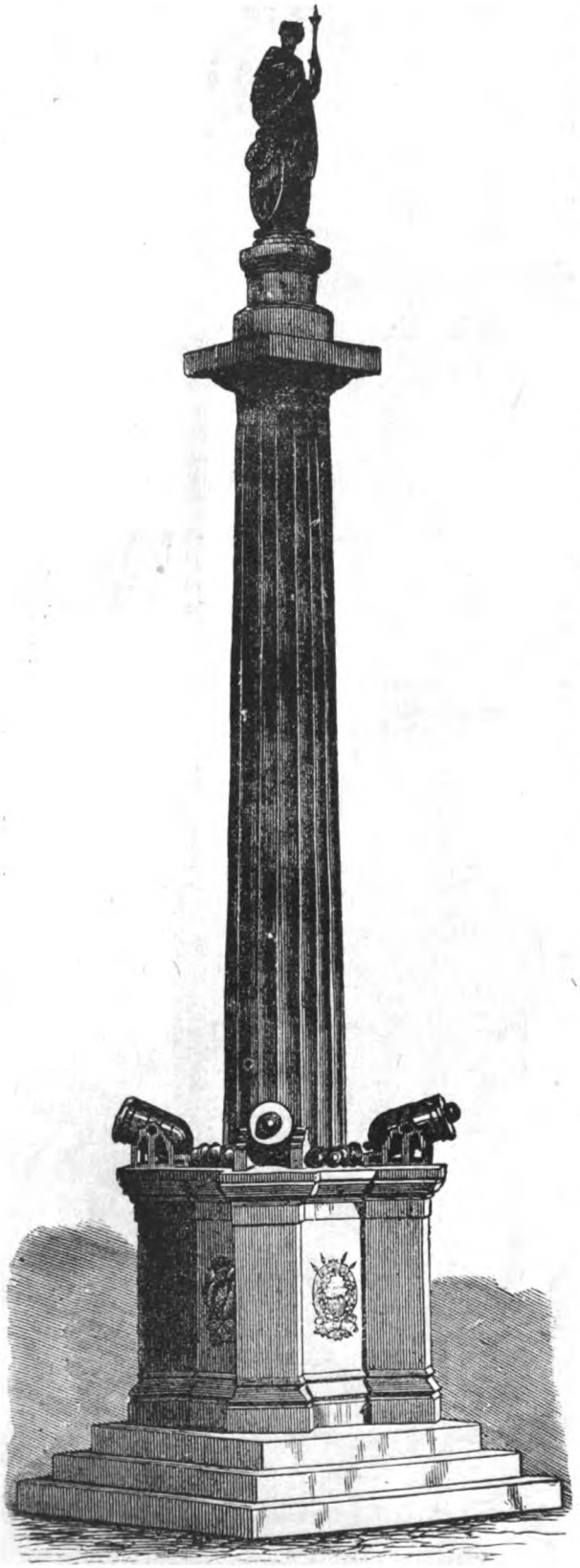
"The rattle of the drums came closer and closer, two folding-doors opened suddenly, and through them stalked, in grim solemnity, the 'Phantom Guard,' led by the intrepid Sergeant Hugh McQuarters. Neither regarding the festive decorations, the bright faces, nor the dazzling uniforms around them, the Guard passed through the assemblage as if they were not; on through saloon and passage, past ballroom and parlor, they glided with measured step, and halting in front of the Montgomery trophy, they paid military honors to the memento of a hero's valiant, if unsuccessful act! The Bombardier, Mr. Dunn, who impersonated the dead sergeant, actually wore the sword, and blood and brain-bespattered belt, of a man who was killed in the action of 1775."

Quebec may well commemorate the successful repulse of Montgomery's attack, and the foregoing was a graceful tribute to the memory of a worthy and generous opponent.

Interesting memorials of the past meet us at every turn. A flight of steps for pedestrians, leading from Mountain Hill to Little Champlain Street, are somewhat oddly called "Breakneck Steps." They are quite a curiosity in their way, and to add to their interest, it is well established that 200 years ago the old church of Recollet stood on this ground. Samuel Champlain, the founder of the



MONTCALM'S HEADQUARTERS, WITH A DISTANT VIEW OF QUEBEC.



MONUMENT TO COMMEMORATE THE BATTLE OF STE.-FOY.

city, who died on Christmas Day, 1635, was buried in this church. Some years afterward the church was destroyed by fire, and for a long time the place of his tomb was unknown. At length, however (in 1867), some workmen employed in laying some water-pipes, discovered the old vault, with the remains of the illustrious navigator. Also, a little to the west of Hope Gate, within the fortifications, stands the building once inhabited by the brave Montcalm. It is now divided into three private residences. The entrance appears originally to have been through a courtyard in the rear; and it is very probable that it was once intended for defense on the side looking to the basin.

The ruins of the Intendant's Palace may still be seen in Craig Street, in the rear of some stores. The Intendant was next in power and influence to the Governor-General. It was built of the black lime slate with which the locality abounds. In this palace the deliberations concerning the province were held, and when those who had the management of the police and civil power met, the Intendant presided.

When affairs of great consequence demanded a general council, the Governor-General usually attended. After the conquest of Quebec by the English, in 1759, this building was neglected. It fell into decay, and its ruin was completed in 1775. When Arnold blockaded the city, he established a body of troops in it. These were soon dislodged by shells thrown from the garrison, which set it on fire. It was nearly all consumed, and in the great conflagration of the suburb St. Roch, in 1845, the destruction of its woodwork was completed.

On the Plains of Abraham stands a monument erected over the spot where Wolfe fell in the moment of his victory, on September 13th, 1759. This monument stands upon the site of an older one which Lord Aylmer had caused to be erected a quarter of a century earlier, but which had become shamefully defaced by the hands of relic-seekers, who were carrying it away piecemeal. It was of granite, about ten feet in height, surrounded by an iron railing. The new monument is a beautiful Doric column made of granite blocks, crested with a Roman sword and helmet, and bearing upon the eastern side of its pedestal the following inscription, which records its history:

THIS PILLAR WAS ERECTED BY THE
BRITISH ARMY IN CANADA, A. D., 1849.,
HIS EXCELLENCY LIEUT.-GENERAL D'URBANA, G.C.B., K.C.B.,
K.C.T.S., ETC.,
COMMANDER OF THE FORCES,
TO REPLACE THAT ERECTED BY
GOVERNOR-GENERAL LORD AYLMER, G.C.B., IN 1832,
WHICH WAS BROKEN AND DEFACED, AND IS DEPOSITED BENEATH.

On the western side is the inscription upon the old monument:

"HERE DIED WOLFE, VICTORIOUS, SEPT. 13, 1759."

While rendering this tribute to the bravery of Wolfe, the memory of the chivalrous Frenchman, Montcalm, is not ignored, and to Quebec belongs the honor of having erected a joint monument to the two heroes. A most appropriate spot in the Government garden was chosen for this memorial. This garden was formerly a part of the grounds attached to the old Chateau St. Louis, and the part where the column stands is finely shaded with ornamental trees. The cornerstone was laid November 20th, 1827, by Earl Dalhousie, the Governor-General. It bears two Latin inscriptions, one setting forth the laying of the foundation-stone, date, etc., and the second, from the pen of Dr. J. C. Fisher:

WOLFE—MONTCALM.
MORTEM VIRTUS COMMUNEM,
FAMAM HISTORIA,
MONUMENTUM POSTERITAS
DEDIT.

Valor gave them a common death,
History a common fame,
Posterity a common monument.

Probably this idea of erecting a joint monument is unique in history.

We must not omit notice of the four Martello towers erected at different distances across the heights of Quebec from the St. Lawrence to the St. Charles. These towers have cannon mounted upon their summits, with which the Plains might be swept, and are so constructed that, if taken by an enemy, they can easily be laid in ruins by heavy shot from the garrison; while on the opposite side, facing the open country, the walls are of immense thickness.

Near the city walls and the bank of the St. Lawrence, the mounds and ditches of the French lines are still visible, and on the other side of the city, facing the River St. Charles, towards Beauport, the remains of an extensive "horn-work," erected by Montcalm, are still distinctly visible.

The ruins of "The Hermitage, or Château Bigot," should also be visited. They may be seen in the forest near the hamlet of *Bourg Royale*, at the foot of the mountains seen northward of Quebec. There is a (we fear) well-authenticated story of a scandal against the last Intendant, Bigot, told of the old château. The house was abandoned, and, during the siege by Wolfe, in 1759, the ladies of the city found safe refuge there. Bigot returned to France at that time, where he lost his fortune and his liberty, and the château fell into decay. Thick shrubbery has grown up around and within its broken walls, and nothing but the lines of some walls and some old currant-bushes show that the hand of civilization was ever there.

Near Beauport we see the house occupied by Montcalm as his headquarters in 1759. It is yet inhabited, and is owned by Colonel Gugy. It is a short distance eastward of Beauport Mills. It is a stone building, covered with stucco, and commands a fine view of Quebec and its environs. In the vicinity of the house are to be found slight traces of the French works. In short, wherever we turn, it is "classic ground," and some point of historical interest awaits our admiration.

Quebec *en fête* is a noteworthy event; and to see this, one should visit the city on the great anniversary of the Roman Catholic Church, and see the procession of Corpus Christi, when the population turns out *en masse*. On October 1st, 1874, Quebec celebrated with great splendor the two hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the old diocese of Quebec. The procession, the religious services, the music, and the illumination, had their significance to those who profess the same creed as those who worshiped in the old cathedral two hundred years ago; but even to those who hold different tenets this bi-centennial was invested with curious importance, on account of the historical associations which were connected therewith.

In this country, where everything is new, it is something to be able to go back two centuries in an unbroken line, thus uniting, in a kind of living sympathy, the present with the respectable past. Quebec is a legendary city; in war and diplomacy it is replete with recollections, and in religion it presents a record of unrivaled interest. On the 1st of October, 1674, François Laval de Montmorenci was appointed Bishop of Quebec. Canada was then only a sparse settlement, fringing both banks of the St. Lawrence, as far up as Montreal. But there were plenty of Indian stations in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, and in the neighboring State of New York. To these was specially to be devoted the attention of the new prelate. Within a few years, however, his spiritual domain was destined to be immeasurably enlarged. In the list of the clergy resident at Quebec in 1674, we find the plebeian name of Jacques Marquette. We might perhaps pass it over without notice, did we not remember that at Mackinaw, a small station on the road to Thunder Bay, is a little cross bearing the same name, which the State of Michigan intends to replace by a granite column, looking out afar on the blue waters of Lake Superior. Marquette, the discoverer of the Mississippi! In his birch canoe, accompanied by Joliette, this great man descended the Father of Waters from the Falls of St. Anthony to the mouth of the Red River of Louisiana. All the lands which he discovered became the property of his king, and the harvest-field of his bishop. The cross was everywhere entwined with the *fleur-de-lys*.

Thus it came to pass that the Diocese of Quebec extended over the whole Mississippi and Ohio Valleys, and 59 bishoprics are now said to comprise what was once the spiritual jurisdiction of Laval's successors. This is, indeed, a striking picture. But it was soon succeeded by another more striking still. The empty basin of the St. Lawrence is at present covered with flourishing provinces. The Huron and the Iroquois survive only in the obscure hamlets of Lorette, St. Francis, Caughnawaga, and Two Mountains. A few Mohawks linger near Oneida Lake and at Brantford. The great Valley of the Mississippi has become the granary of the world. The Illinois and Missouris are only a name, and the last of the Delawares turned his face eastwards from Council Bluffs for a farewell look, then disappeared in such a mist as bore Hiawatha away for ever. The old Diocese of Quebec still remains beneath the sway of Laval's fifteenth successor, but under circumstances of wondrous change. Not the least remarkable of these changes is the fact that the sermon at the ancient cathedral of Quebec on the day of the bi-centennial celebration was preached in English. New France has been merged into New Britain, and though the beautiful language of the pioneers is still spoken, the spirit of British institutions is every day manifesting itself more and more, in freedom of thought, in energy of action, and in noble aspiration after more exalted forms of civilization.

When we think of the many illustrious names connected with "Nouvelle France," and especially the city of Quebec —Jacques Cartier, Champlain, Laval, St. Vallier, Frontenac, Richelieu, Montcalm, Wolfe, Montgomery, Arnold, and others, whose names flow in the pages of the Canadian historian Garneau,

> "Departed spirits of the mighty dead!"

and remember that memorials of these men exist in every crooked street; when we recall their heroism, their devotion, their hardships, their self-sacrifices, may we not say:

> "Fairer seems the ancient city,
> And the sunshine seems more fair,
> That *they* once have trod its pavement,
> That *they* once have breathed its air."

From "Lambert's Travels in Canada," published in 1813, we take the following description of the dress and manners of the Canadian "*Habitant*," or countryman, and they are so conservative in their habits, that they are almost without any change to this time:

PORTRAIT OF F. X. GARNEAU.

"The dress of the *habitant* is simple and homely; it consists of a long-skirted cloth

coat or frock, of a dark-gray color, with a hood attached to it, which in Winter time or wet weather he puts over his head. His coat is tied round the waist by a worsted sash of scarlet or varied colors, and sometimes ornamented with beads. His vest and trousers are of the same cloth. A pair of moccasins, or swamp-boots, complete the lower part of his dress. Upon his head is a blue or red nightcap. The *tout ensemble* of his figure is completed by a short pipe, which he has in his mouth from morning till night. The visage of the '*habitant*' is long and thin, his complexion sunburnt and swarthy, and not unfrequently of a darker hue than that of the Indian."

A curious sort of jargon is carried on in the market-place, between the French who do not understand English, and the English who do not understand French. Each endeavors to meet the other halfway. in his own tongue, by which means they contrive to comprehend one another, by broken phrases, for the common French marketing terms are soon picked up.

The carriages made use of in Lower Canadian cities and villages are for the most part *calèches* in Summer, and *carioles* and *berlins* for the Winter. The calèche is in general use, and employed alike by gentry and *habitants*. It is a sort of one-horse chaise, capable of holding two persons besides the driver, who sits in front upon a low seat, with his feet resting upon the shafts. This carriage has no spring, but it is suspended by two broad leather straps, upon which the body is fixed. These straps are secured behind by two iron rollers, by which they are tightened when too loose. The body of the calèche has a wing on each side to prevent the mud from being thrown in by the wheels. Those of the better sort are handsomely varnished, and fitted up with linings and cushions; the inferior sort used by the country people are roughly built and miserably painted.

MADAME DE LA PELTRIE WASHING AND DRESSING INDIAN CHILDREN.

We are bound to admit, however, that the calèche is fast going out of use, and is being superseded by carriages of a more modern construction

The post-calèches, which are the very worst of the kind used in the country, are most abominable machines for a long journey. They are most commonly driven by boys, but if you are unfortunate enough to have a fat, unwieldy driver sitting in front, the body of the calèche bears forward, and renders your seat not only extremely irksome, but also difficult to maintain; added to which, your shoulders and hips are jolted against its sides without mercy, and your journey becomes completely painful and distressing.

The *carioles* nearly resemble the body of a horse-chaise, placed upon two runners like the irons of a pair of skates. The driver generally stands up in front, though there is a seat for him similar to that in a calèche. Between him and the horse there is a high panel, which reaches to his breast, and prevents the splashes from being thrown into the vehicle. The body is sometimes placed on high runners of iron, though the low, wooden runners are preferred, as they are not so liable to be upset as the others.

In addition to its other attractions, Quebec is singularly fortunate in the numbers of picturesque drives to places of interest in its vicinity. To Cap Rouge, eight miles above the city, the road is surrounded by beautifully-wooded scenery, studded by the country houses of the gentry and merchants. Ste.-Foye, Sillery and Mount Hermon Cemetery are also well worthy of a drive, the road commanding very extensive and charming views.

The Falls of the Chaudière are on the opposite side of the river; they are only a short distance from the junction of this river with the St. Lawrence, and are extremely beautiful.

The village of Lorette is about eight miles distant from Quebec. The winding course of the St. Charles is followed along a fine road fringed with hawthorn hedges, and leading past many pleasant mansions. There are two villages at Lorette, occupying both sides of the St. Charles at the Fall, one containing French *habitants*, the other half-breed Indians, who claim to be lineal descendants of the ancient Hurons, who welcomed Jacques Cartier nearly 350 years ago.

But the chief attraction outside of the city is a drive to the Falls of Montmorenci.

We cross the St. Charles by Dorchester Bridge, and the road is macadamized all the way. On both sides are pleasant embowered residences for about two miles, when, on crossing a stream, the old Canadian village of Beauport is entered by a gentle slope. The one-storied houses are nearly all alike in size, form, and feature. They stand obliquely to the street, to let the drifting snow pass by, and to each is attached a narrow strip of land, extending in the rear. The village is upon an elevation known as the Heights of Beauport, whereon Montcalm established his fortified camp.

The rest of the distance to Montmorenci is over a good

road, dotted here and there with the white cottages of the peasantry. Following a pleasant pathway through sloping meadows and along shaded fences to a zigzag road that leads to the bottom of the almost perpendicular bank of the St. Lawrence—near where General Monckton, with grenadiers and other troops of Wolfe's army, landed, and had the first conflict with the forces of Montcalm—and along the river's edge for an eighth of a mile, we reach an admirable position to view the Fall from below.

The waters descend in a bright, fleecy sheet twenty-five yards in width (unbroken except by an enormous rock half-way down) into a gulf about 250 feet below, so that this Fall is about 100 feet higher than those of Niagara. From brink to base the sheet is covered with sparkling foam; and from the cauldron rises a continual mist. The banks on each side rise many feet above the crown of the cataract, and are nearly perpendicular, presenting bare rocks at the base, but covered with vegetation and shrubbery at the summit.

We climb the steep banks along the zigzag road and rest in the shade of a pleasant grove near the residence of the Seigneur of Beauport. It is an elegant old mansion, close by the bank of the Montmorenci, at the head of the Fall. It was built by General Haldimaud, the last Governor of the Province of Quebec, before the union of the Canadas. The Duke of Kent (father of Queen Victoria) resided here while he was a sojourner in the province; it is now owned by G. B. Hall, who is the proprietor of the extensive saw-mills at the foot of the Falls. It is a most delightful spot, commanding a fine view of Quebec and the country on the south side of the St. Lawrence, the harbor, and the beautiful fertile Isle of Orleans, which here divides the river into two broad channels.

THE FRIGHTENED TIGER.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

It was near this place that General Wolfe made his first attack against the French works, and was repulsed with the loss of 700 Hessians.

From the opposite bank, over-against this mansion, is the best view of the Falls, as it also embraces a fine view of the village of Beauport. The road to it is over a wooden bridge thrown across the River Montmorenci, which here rushes down with considerable impetuosity. Another good view of the Falls may be taken from the top of the aqueduct by which the water is conveyed from the river, above the Fall, to the saw-mills.

A few years ago a suspension-bridge was constructed over the Fall, from which passengers might look into the gulf below. It hung over that fearful spot but a short time. The first persons (a man and his wife and child, in a cart, on their way to visit a daughter in one of the nunneries in Quebec) who attempted to pass over it after it was opened to the public lost their lives. The supporting cables were drawn from their shore-fastenings by the weight upon them, and the whole structure, except the towers, with its living burden, fell into the boiling cauldron and disappeared forever. The towers yet stand, mementoes of a sad calamity.

The Fall should also be seen in the Winter, for then the mist from the falling foam forms a huge cone of porous ice, sometimes 100 feet in height, and when the river below is frozen, a lively spectacle is exhibited, for hundreds of people may be seen slowly climbing to the summit of the mist-hill, and shooting down it upon sleds with an arrowy swiftness. It is true that accidents happen occasionally, but the exhilarating out-door exercise makes amends for all the risk which is run.

It must not be supposed that the good people of Quebec are compelled to stay in their houses throughout their protracted Winter, for the Winter sports of Canada are unsurpassed—hunting, snow-shoeing, toboganing, skating; and lastly, when the Winter has fairly set in, and they have good roads, the true enjoyment of sleighing begins.

Quebec, even in Winter, is not such a bad place after all; and Canada, from being styled "a few arpents of snow" in the time of Louis the XV., has gone on from that day to this, until she numbers within her borders nearly four millions of souls. "Canada in Winter" was once an awful theme of terror to nearly everybody out of Canada. Canada has often been unjustly condemned for her climate. Canada is not Paradise, neither is England (think of 240 rainy days per annum in Lancashire, while Canada boasts of having only 120). Every country has its disadvantages and its objections; national perfection was apparently never intended.

We have said enough of Canadian Winter sports and pastimes to show that it is possible to live and enjoy oneself even in Quebec, with the ground well covered with snow. It may not be generally known that skating, snow-shoeing, and sleighing have each found (we hope) their road to immortality in song. An unknown poet thus sings of snow-shoeing:

"Men may talk of steam and railroads,
But full well our comrades know,
We can beat the fastest engines
In a night-tramp o'er the snow!
They may puff, sir; they may blow, sir,
They may whistle, they may scream,
But gently dipping, slightly tipping,
Snow-shoes leave behind the steam!

"Tramp, tramp! on snow-shoes tramping,
All the day we marching go!
Till at night, by fires encamping
We find couches 'mid the snow!"

It is a fortunate event that the gifted Irishman, Samuel Lover, timed his visit to this country in the Winter, for he has placed on record his impressions of a Canadian Winter's pastimes in his charming song of "Slaying the Deer":

"But I know a sport
Which is safer resort,
For wives will repine when too far
You are tempted to steer
In pursuit of the deer.
And they wonder "wherever you are.'
So give me the sleigh,
On the white frozen way,
With woman beside me to cheer,
Who is never complaining
How long you're remaining,
When *thus* you are *sleighing the Dear*.

* * *

"If she would, she can't scold,
For the weather's so cold,
Her mouth she can't open at all,
In vain would she cry.
For the tears in her eye
Would be frozen before they could fall.
Then hurrah for the snow
As we merrily go,
The bells my fleet horses can cheer,
While the *belle* by my side
Is my joy and my pride;
Oh, there's nothing like *sleighing the dear!*"

On November 12th, 1871, Quebec received a severe blow in the withdrawal of the English troops and the removal of the British flag, which through all changes had floated so proudly from the flagstaff on the citadel for 112 years. By a singular coincidence, the honor of removing it was reserved for the Sixtieth Regiment, which regiment had been present on the occasion of its being first planted there on the 18th of September, 1759, five days after the capture.

Quebec had survived the removal of the seat of government, but the withdrawal of the troops was a deathblow; for Quebec was *par excellence* a garrison town, and the brightest, cheeriest, most hospitable, and most entertaining garrison town over which the royal standard ever floated. Society never closed its front doors, and "welcome" was written upon every lintel. The chief difficulty with the youthful ensign was to find time to get through the business—that is to say, the amusements, of the day. Picnics, dinner-parties, and balls ("kettle-drums" had not at that time been invented); and then the Winter sports, skating, snow-shoeing, toboganing, and sleighing, kept them pretty well employed, and the Queen, we suspect, had to be satisfied with a small portion of his services. But however much hospitality the British soldier received, it must be admitted that he amply repaid it. He may have "loved and ridden away" occasionally, it is true, but such things will happen sometimes, and on the whole his conduct was "*sans peur et sans reproche.*" Quebec thinks so, at any rate, for she would be glad to have him back again, and she sadly mourns over his departure. Quebec, the cheery, the genial, the hospitable old garrison town is no more, and she is endeavoring to turn over a new leaf, and go in for "commercial enterprise." But the change is difficult, and the ancient city going in for business is almost as much out of place as an elderly lady in high-heeled boots and a Grecian-bend screaming out for women's rights. There are, no doubt, several large and prosperous firms, mostly engaged in the lumber trade, but they appear to have it very much to themselves.

Time was when a robust trooper took charge of you at the entrance to the fortifications, and conducted you through endless acres of belligerent masonry. We do not speak of the place as engineers, but only as tourists; and the tourist is chiefly concerned with the view. This is altogether superb, and if Quebec is not the most picturesque city in America, it is no fault of its incomparable site. Perched on its mountain of rock, washed by a river as free and ample as an ocean gulf, sweeping from its embattled crest a vast expanse of village-studded plain, and surging highlands of nearer and further blue, single, beautiful, and strong, the warden of an imperial province—as it has managed from our scanty annals to snatch an honorable past, we pray, in the name of all that's handsome, it may enjoy a well-earned, glorious and peaceful future.

## THE TIGER.

It was proverbial among the ancients, that "as the peacock is the most beautiful among birds, so is the tiger among quadrupeds." Nothing can be more beautiful than this animal; the glossy smoothness of his hair, the extreme blackness of the streaks with which he is marked, and the bright color of the ground which they diversify, cannot fail to excite the admiration of every beholder; while his slender, delicate, and truly elegant form, bespeaks extreme swiftness and agility. Unhappily, however, this animal's disposition is as mischievous as its form is admirable; for it is fierce without provocation, and cruel without necessity.

In attacking a flock or a herd, it gives no quarter, but levels all indiscriminately, and scarcely finds time to appease its appetite, while intent upon satisfying the malignity of its nature. The beasts, both wild and tame, become victims of its insatiable fury, and it not unfrequently ventures even to attack the lion, the "king of the forest."

The tiger's method of taking his prey is, in general, by concealing himself, and springing suddenly on his victim, with a voice or roar horrible beyond description.

Mr. Pennant relates "that a company seated under some shady trees near the banks of a river in Bengal were alarmed by the unexpected sight of a tiger preparing for its fatal spring, when a lady, with great presence of mind, quickly unfurled an umbrella in the animal's face; which, being confounded by so extraordinary and sudden an appearance, instantly retired, and thus gave the party an opportunity of escaping."

## SOUTHERN SCENES.

RETURNING FROM THE AFRICAN CHURCH, RICHMOND, VA.
AN ARTIST SELECTING AN INSTRUMENT.

Music is the one thing in which the negro is not liable to imposition, and this characteristic is clearly indicated in Mr. Sheppard's spirited sketch. There is no cheating this artist—no palming off on him a worthless instrument. The

dealer may flatter himself at the prospect of getting rid of an inferior article, but if the strings will not yield a clear, resonant, and agreeable sound, he had better let it remain on his shelves; for if there is anything suggestive to a negro of agony, it is a violin, banjo or guitar that does not realize his musical conceptions or respond to the skillful manipulation of his fingers.

The dealer may delude himself with the idea that, if he can convince the purchaser by argument that the instrument is the best of its kind ever made, it will be quickly taken. But he will soon realize his mistake. A lively description of the beauty of shape, costly ornamentation, ease of manipulation, purity of tone, and notoriety of manufacture, does no more good in this instance than if applied to a horse. One brush of the fingers across the strings is convincing, and if the result is not satisfactory, the dealer will very likely be advised to lay the instrument aside for some person who knows nothing of musical harmony. A negro's ear never fails to catch a pure, sweet tone, and when the instrument which produces it is found, no argument will prevent its purchase. A banjo may lack the highly-polished rim and gorgeous silver-plated screws and bosses with which the "minstrel" likes to ornament his favorite "cremona," but if it responds harmoniously to the touch all other considerations are of little account. And despite the advantages of superior musical training, no white imitator can hope to equal the intuitive power and facility with which the untutored darkey "strikes de ole banjo."

The old African Church in Richmond, Va., stands on the north side of Broad, corner of College Street, and was built by the Baptists, in 1808. It was the first Protestant church erected in Richmond, except the old St. John's, on Church Hill, which belonged to the Episcopalians, and was rendered immortally memorable as the place where Patrick Henry made one of his most eloquent war speeches, prior to the Revolution.

The African Church is substantially built, of English brick, and, like all the Virginia churches of that day, in the form of a cross, but without tower, spire, or any external architectural ornament. It would, probably, seat two thousand persons; but the roof being low in proportion to its base, destroys the effect, and gives to the whole edifice a contracted, suppressed look.

Many memorable events, both of local and political interest in the history of the city, are connected with this church. One of the first occurred when the old theatre, which stood on the square above, was destroyed by fire, in 1811. Both history and romance have recorded and reproduced this fearful event, in all its harrowing details of aggravated horror, that curdle the blood and make one's nerves quiver, even now, at the repetition.

The Governor of the State, and many representatives of its first families, were victims of this terrible tragedy. Those who were snatched from the furious flames—scorched, suffering, writhing in agony, or in the dead stupor of insensibility, some crushed by the crowd or in leaping from the windows—were carried to the African Church, near by, and laid on the floor, till assistance was rendered, or the mangled sufferers could be recognized and claimed by their friends.

This church has also been, for fifty years past, the scene of many memorable and exciting political events; as the Democratic and Whig Assemblies were held here in the great Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison and Tyler, Clay and Polk nominations and public debates.

It was in the African Church that the sessions of the Virginia Conventions of 1820 were held, and rendered illustrious by the talents of James Madison, James Monroe, Randolph of Roanoke, Benjamin Watkins, Leigh, and others of the mighty dead—those giant intellects, in comparison with which the corrupt and crafty politicians of the present day are mere dwarfs and pygmies. They were statesmen, these are politicians; and around those old walls there lingers the memory of masterly orations, whose thrilling, fervid eloquence once made them ring, and their echoes haunt them still.

The large white congregation, who, until 1842, had worshiped in this church, then divided, and built two other places of worship, in more modern, ornate style; the First Baptist, on Broad, the Second, on Grace Street—Dr. Burroughs and Rev. Mr. Peter, pastors; while the colored congregation, of some two thousand members, organized separately, under the Rev. Dr. Ryland, and retained the old church, which they have ever since held as their peculiar property.

The first pastor of this church, Rev. Mr. Morris, was succeeded in his ministrations by John Courtney, widely known and distinguished in the traditions of the city as "Old Father Courtney."

In 1841, when the colored congregation was formed into a separate church, they numbered about seventeen hundred, but have increased rapidly, and now estimate their numbers at thirty-five hundred. Their first pastor, the Rev. Dr. Ryland, of Richmond College, continued his ministrations until the close of the war, when he resigned; and a colored man was elected to fill his place, who is assisted by twenty-five or thirty deacons. These visit among the congregation, acquaint themselves with their wants, and assist the pastor in his general work. The members of this church have been remarkable for the exercise of rigid discipline, and for liberality in supporting their pastor and promoting the missionary cause. The Baptist missionaries from this country to Africa—Lott Carey and Colin Teague—were sent out from this congregation.

The choir of this congregation were distinguished for their splendid singing. The sacred concerts on Sunday afternoon attracted many white persons, both citizens and strangers, who loved fine music, or sought amusement and excitement.

On a beautiful afternoon in the sweet Spring-time, when even the birds seemed sending forth glad "Hosannas," in wondrous warbling, from their tiny throats, the writer and a party of friends found themselves among a crowd that swept steadily down the street, and into the open doors of the quiet, sombre old church.

To describe the various colors of complexion and costume would be utterly bewildering, so the reader must compromise for a slight sketch as memory serves us. The complexions can best be portrayed in the words of a popular song of the olden time, known as "Dan Tucker":

> "Some were black, and some were blacker,
> An' some was de color ob a chew o' tobacker."

The almost grotesque gorgeousness of costume at once struck the eye—it was simply stunning—while the prevailing passion for every shade of scarlet was especially noticeable.

Blue, green, yellow, were mingled in distracting contrast, while the frantic-looking flounces and furbelows would have rendered a Parisian *modiste* hopelessly insane.

After entering and seating ourselves, a glance around revealed the striking features of the scene. Near us, and corpulently conspicuous, sat a portly matron, flanked on each side by her progeny—fat, frolicsome little darkies, sandwiched between "mammy and daddy," and some "auntie" on the other side. Over her ample bust floated broad strings of scarlet ribbon from a bonnet of gigantic proportions, compared with the present microscopic marvels of millinery, that rest like brilliant butterflies over the complicated combination of braids and curls adorning the cranium of the "girl of the period." In those days bonnets were respectable

BOLTING ROSES.—RETURNING FROM THE ARTISTS' GRAND BALL, NORFOLK, VA.—BEN LYON 750.

institutions, made to cover the head, though they *were* excruciatingly unbecoming, and made the belle's face look like a rose at the bottom of a coal-scuttle.

A dress of some light material, in brilliant colors, like an exaggerated bandanna handkerchief in pattern, accompanied the wonderful bonnet, and was completed by a thin shawl, of rainbow hues; yellow cotton gloves, which looked as if the fat hands had been melted and poured into them, and were in peril of bursting out; while a large white handkerchief (about half an acre of cotton) was spread conspicuously on the expanse of lap, and a flourishing palm-leaf fan waved over the *tout ensemble.* Such was the "Sunday-go-to-meetin'" costume of excellent Aunt Phillis, my neighbor's incomparable cook.

"Daddy," or "Uncle Cy" (short for Cyrus) sat near, in a "long-tailed blue"—a "double-breaster"—with spotless shirt-bosom, buff vest, black inexpressibles, white cravat, and white cotton gloves; his hat—a "bell-crowner" once, evidently, "old massa's" best; shoes polished to painful brilliancy, the feet extending as much behind as before, while his arms were solemnly folded; his excellent, honest face wearing an expression of intense reverence. The two children were bobbing up and down between their parents, swinging their well-shod feet, rolling up their eyes till nothing but the whites were visible, peeping over mammy's broad shoulders, grinning and stuffing handkerchiefs in their mouths—being frequently admonished to behave, by a sudden poke of her elbow into their ribs, which by no means extinguished their irrepressible spirit of mischief. This family group was a type of many others, while the youthful beaux and belles of darkydom occasionally exchanged amorous or coquettish glances, with sometimes a whisper and

SOUTHERN SCENES.—AN ARTIST SELECTING AN INSTRUMENT.

suppressed giggle, behind their fans or handkerchiefs. On an elevated platform, at the extremity of the church, sat the choir, some forty or fifty in number, men and women, about equally divided, both young and middle-aged, with singing-books before them—the leader, a fine-looking man, in front. In a few moments there was a flutter, a turning of leaves, some whispered directions, some tittering among the young people, and then, at a sign from the leader, they began. It was a burst of magnificent music that filled the church, rolling, swelling in waves of melody that seemed bearing the listener's soul upward on the wings of heavenly harmony, plaintive, triumphant, as the exquisite prayer of the sweet Psalmist of Israel, "Oh ! had I wings like a dove," was chanted by those glorious voices ; the effect was indescribable.

There followed a variety of hymns and anthems, all splendidly rendered ; for the development of music in the African race, and their gift of voice and song, is remarkable. When the singers at length paused for a rest, the deacons, or elders, handed hats around *ad interim*, into which every one dropped a contribution—the money being used for charitable or church purposes of various kinds.

After this we were about to leave, thinking the *finale* had been reached, when suddenly, electrically, the singers burst forth again ; but this time it was no solemn, sacred strain—only the inspiring measure of an old song, that went rippling, ringing around, to the words, "Riding on a Rail," fairly taking us by storm, and bringing down the house in irrepressible applause.

As the chaotic crowd surged out of the church into the street, it was pleasant to note the happy faces, cheerful voices (Mrs. Stowe to the contrary), and kindly greetings between friends, and occasionally a burst of laughter.

Soberly the old men carried their inevitable umbrellas, the young ones executing fanciful flourishes with their canes ; while fans, handkerchiefs and ribbons were fluttering like a swarm of large butterflies.

Here comes a sable "Beau Brummel," with a couple of stylishly dressed girls on his arms ; they were probably a gentleman's "body servant" and two "lady's-maids." This latter class were usually, in gait, dress, and manner, correct copies of their young mistresses ; though sometimes the imitation became an exaggerated caricature.

We passed near the trio, who seemed enjoying themselves immensely, the two girls vieing with each other in coquettish attempts to elicit some expression of positive preference from the beau each wished to monopolize. But it was a "draw game"; he skillfully parried their attacks, and divided his admiring looks and remarks quite equally. *En passant*, we heard the following climax of compliment :

"I'm walking between you, ladies, an' ef I had to selec' my choice, 'twould be onpossible, for I'se mighty partic'lar ; an' ef I choosed one, I'd lose de brightest jewel from my crown ; ef I choosed de oder, den I'd lose de diadem itself !"

With a Chesterfieldian bow to his admiring audience, the darky diplomatist stepped along, with an air of triumphant satisfaction, evidently feeling himself master of the situation.

We have portrayed a scene in that past which is rapidly sinking into a gulf of forgetfulness, when the Peculiar Institution was happily unconscious of impending "irrepressible conflicts."

The illustration on page 740 represents the present enlightened era ; with a congregation of "American citizens of African descent," or, as they call themselves, "colored gentlemen and ladies," coming from the same old church. Here we see the walking-dresses and high-heeled gaiters while jaunty hats and ponderous chignons, puffs, and panniers, illustrate the new *régime* of fashion.

Those respectable institutions, Aunt Phillis and Uncle Cy, have become Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Johnson ; but they both look changed — somewhat by time, somewhat by being thinner, and lacking the well-fed corpulence of former days. Aunt Phillis's nose supports spectacles ; and a cap, with imposing ruffles, fills the interior of her quiet, Quaker bonnet. Uncle Cy stoops, and leans heavily on his cane, though he still wears "old massa's" hat, and carries his well-preserved umbrella. Their grandchildren, hymn-book in hand, walk in front, while behind comes the youngest Miss Johnson, the colored "girl of the period," on the arm of an ardent adorer. Behind, another dainty young lady, with carefully elevated skirts, exchanges greetings with a smiling beau, who has just advanced to proffer his escort, while a promiscuous crowd follow.

Unconscious of change, we can see the old church looking grandly, grimly down ; history, tradition, romance, weaving their charmed web about its uncompromising old walls, clinging to them like the iyy, and making their memory green.

## HEROIC WOMEN OF AMERICA—REBECCA MOTTE.

Fort Motte, the scene of the occurrence which so strikingly displayed the patriotism of one of South Carolina's daughters, stood on the south side of the Congaree River. The height commands a beautiful view, several miles in extent, of sloping fields, sprinkled with young pines, and green with broom-grass or the corn or cotton crops ; of sheltered valleys or wooded hills, with the dark pine ridge defined against the sky. The steep overlooks the swamp land through which the river flows, and that may be seen to a great distance, winding, like a bright thread, between the sombre forests.

After the abandonment of Camden to the Americans, Lord Rawdon, anxious to maintain his posts, directed his first efforts to relieve Fort Motte, at the time invested by Marion and Lee. This fort, which commanded the river, was the principal depot of the convoys from Charleston to Camden and the upper districts. It was occupied by a garrison of 165 men, under the command of Captain M'Pherson, having been increased by a small detachment of dragoons from Charleston, a few hours before the appearance of the Americans.

The large, new mansion-house belonging to Mrs. Motte, which had been selected for the establishment of the post, was surrounded by a deep trench, along the interior margin of which was raised a strong and lofty parapet. Opposite, and northward, upon another hill, was an old farmhouse, to which Mrs. Motte had removed when dismissed from her mansion. On this height Lieutenant-Colonel Lee had taken position with his force ; while Marion occupied the eastern declivity of the ridge on which the fort stood ; the valley running between the two hills permitting the Americans to approach within 400 yards.

M'Pherson was unprovided with artillery, but hoped to be relieved by the arrival of Lord Rawdon to dislodge the assailants before they could push their preparations to maturity. He therefore replied to the summons to surrender—which came on the 20th May, about a year after the victorious British had taken possession of Charleston—that he should hold out to the last moment in his power.

The besiegers had carried on their approaches rapidly, by relays of working parties ; and aware of the advance of Rawdon with all his force, had every motive for perseverance.

In the night, a courier arrived from General Greene, to advise them of Rawdon's retreat from Camden, and urge redoubled activity ; and Marion persevered through the hours of darkness in pressing the completion of the works.

The following night Lord Rawdon encamped on the highest ground in the country opposite Fort Motte, and the despairing garrison saw with joy the illumination of his fires; while the Americans were convinced that no time was to be lost.

The large house in the centre of the encircling trench left but a few yards of ground within the British works uncovered; burning the mansion, therefore, must compel the surrender of the garrison. This expedient was reluctantly resolved upon by Marion and Lee, who, unwilling, under any circumstances to destroy private property, felt the duty to be much more painful in the present case.

It was the Summer residence of the owner, whose deceased husband had been a firm friend to his country, and whose daughter (Mrs. Pinckney) was the wife of a gallant officer, then a prisoner in the hands of the British. Lee had made Mrs. Motte's dwelling his quarters, at her pressing invitation, and with his officers had shared her liberal hospitality. Not satisfied with polite attention to the officers, while they were entertained at her luxurious table, she had attended with active benevolence to the sick and wounded, soothed the infirm with kind sympathy, and animated the desponding to hope. It was thus not without deep regret that the commanders determined on the sacrifice, and the Lieutenant-Colonel found himself compelled to inform Mrs. Motte of the unavoidable necessity of the destruction of her property.

The smile with which the communication was received gave instant relief to the embarrassed officer. Mrs. Motte not only assented, but declared that she was "gratified with the opportunity of contributing to the good of her country, and should view the approaching scene with delight."

Shortly after, seeing by accident the bow and arrows which had been prepared to carry combustible matter, she sent for Lee, and presenting him with a bow and its apparatus, which had been imported from India, requested his substitution of them, as better adapted for the object than those provided.

Everything was now prepared for the concluding scene. The lines were manned, and an additional force stationed at the battery, to meet a desperate assault, if such should be made. The American entrenchments being within arrow-shot, M'Pherson was once more summoned, and again more confidently—for help was at hand—asserted his determination to resist to the last.

The scorching rays of the noonday sun had prepared the shingle roof for the conflagration. The return of the flag was immediately followed by the shooting of the arrows, to which balls of blazing resin and brimstone were attached.

Simms tells us the bow was put into the hands of Nathan Savage, a private in Marion's brigade. The first struck and set fire; also the second and third, in different quarters of the roof.

M'Pherson immediately ordered men to repair to the left of the house, and check the flames by knocking off the shingles; but they were soon driven down by the fire of the six-pounder; and no other effort to stop the burning being practicable, the commandant hung out the white flag and surrendered the garrison at discretion.

If ever a situation in real life afforded a fit subject for poetry, by filling the mind with a sense of moral grandeur—it was that of Mrs. Motte contemplating the spectacle of her home in flames, and rejoicing in the triumph secured to her countrymen—the benefit to her native land, by the surrender of her own interest to the public service.

After the captors had taken possession, M'Pherson and his officers accompanied them to Mrs. Motte's dwelling, where they sat down together to a sumptuous dinner.

Again, in the softened picture, our heroine is the principal figure. She showed herself prepared, not only to give up her splendid mansion to insure victory to the American arms, but to do her part toward soothing the agitation of the conflict just ended. Her dignified, courteous, and affable deportment adorned the hospitality of her table; she did the honors with that unaffected politeness which wins esteem as well as admiration; and by her conversation, marked with ease, vivacity, and good sense, and the engaging kindness of her manners, endeavored to obliterate the recollection of the loss she had been called upon to sustain, and at the same time to remove from the minds of the prisoners the sense of their misfortune.

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## FOR TWENTY YEARS.

IT don't seem much of a story to tell, though it was a tough one to live. You see, it was more than twenty years ago that my twin-brother and I sold out our homestead in New York, and went to California to seek our fortune. All the rest of the family were dead, and we two were the more attached to each other for that.

Well, we tried mining, and we tried trading, and we tried everything we could think of, but nothing seemed to prosper with us; we only grew poorer and poorer.

Finally, we thought of the idea of separating, so as to work two fields at once, before the last of our capital was gone. There was great talk just then of some new gold region, and we agreed that one of us should go there and try his luck, while the other staid in San Francisco, and carried on a little business we had started there.

Of course, everything was in partnership. I never thought of an interest separate from his, and he, I knew, felt the same.

Well, the question arose which of us should go. It wasn't very tempting, the mining life, and neither of us was anxious for it, and so we drew lots to see who should go.

The lot fell to me.

There was another reason why I didn't want to go, besides the uncomfortable life, but I wouldn't tell Rob; for I wouldn't drive him off to the mines, and I knew his generous heart so well, that I was sure he would insist on going, if he were aware of all.

But—well, the truth is, in a word, I was in love, and I couldn't bear to leave my dainty Susy to fight the world alone—she was a music-teacher, poor thing!—nor for other fellows to fall in love with.

However, I submitted, of course, to the lot, and made my preparations to go. It was a sad heart that I bore around to Susy's rooms that night, and I couldn't bear to tell her; but, bless you! she no sooner saw my face than she knew something was coming, and she braced herself up to meet it before she asked me a question. After we had spoken of the weather, and the book I had brought her the day before, at last she said, quietly:

"Well, Ralph, what is it? I know you have bad news for me."

"It's bad for me, Susy, and I'm afraid it will be bad for you; though you know——"

I couldn't go on, and she spoke again, brave as she always was:

"Ralph, you know I'm used to misfortunes. Tell me at once."

So I told her, and she bore it nobly—as I knew she would—though I was the only friend she had in San Francisco, except her pupils.

But I had thought of another plan to make my going a

little easier. That was, to make her my wife before I left, so as to leave her in the care of Rob, and relieve her from the hard life she was living.

After some persuasion, she consented to it.

So, a day or two afterward, we three—I had told Rob—went into a quiet church, and Susy was given to me to cherish and protect till death.

Brave little woman! how trustingly she gave me her heart, and how basely I failed her! How ready I was to believe——"

But let me go back. I took her to our cozy boarding-place, which was indeed a home to us, installed her as its mistress, made every provision that love could suggest for her comfort, enjoyed the bliss of a few hours' honeymoon, and then left her.

I needn't speak of that. It was hard, I tell you.

Ah, well! I'm an old man now—older by sorrow than by years; but I shall never forget the fresh, dainty look of my darling, as I left her on the steps that bitter day—a bride in the morning, a widow at night. And I never did forget it through all the black years, though it seemed as if the very memory of it would drive me mad.

Well, I went to the mines, and I tried faithfully, eagerly, for my heart was longing to get back to her. But I could not succeed. Mails were not then established, so I did not hear from my two dear ones; but all the harder I toiled, for never a thought of doubt entered my mind. I was only too glad to have my dear brother to care for her, and save her from all rough contact with the world.

HEROIC WOMEN OF AMERICA.—"SHE SENT FOR LEE, AND PRESENTED HIM WITH A BOW AND ITS APPARATUS, AS BEING BETTER ADAPTED FOR THE PURPOSE THAN THOSE PROVIDED."—SEE PAGE 742.

Finding no luck in the mines, I determined to push on into the Indian country, and try a little hunting and trapping—for that was good business then. I succeeded a little better at that, but wandered on, and finally came out at Frazer River, where the gold excitement had broken out fiercely.

I don't know now whether it was months or years—days and weeks were alike to me for a long time—but at last I was successful, and got together five thousand dollars in the yellow dust. Of course, my only thought was of my wife, and I seized the first opportunity to send off the treasure.

A miner, going home, willingly took charge of my little pile, and soon I began to look for letters.

Bob's I could easily imagine—noble, manly, like himself. Susy's I thought of, and tried to fancy, hundreds of times, for I'd never had a letter from her. I knew it would be delicate and dainty, and like my pretty snow-drop.

Well, well, fancies may do very well, but they won't feed a hungry heart.

Day after day passed by, and no letters. My soul grew sick. I made all sorts of excuses for them. I imagined all sorts of delays. But the long, dreary days went by with leaden feet, and not a word came to the wanderer.

I grew morbid and bitter, and at last I wrote to an acquaintance in San Francisco, asking for tidings of my brother and wife.

The friend was not so neglectful as the wife and brother.

Soon—too soon—I got a reply. I can see it now, in letters of fire. "My dear fellow," it ran, "I have made inquiries, as you requested, about your wife and brother, and I can only find that they disappeared from here a few months ago, telling no one whence they were going, but evidently having plenty of money."

What more the letter contained I never knew; that much of it was burned into my brain, and at that point I lost myself. They do say I was a raving maniac. Perhaps so; I don't know.

I only know I found myself an old man, blasted before my time, like a tree struck by lightning.

Yet, I could not feel angry. How could I blame him? Was I not mad to leave him, with his loving heart, to care for a tender young beauty like my Susy? How could he help loving her? Wasn't she all that was lovely? He was not to blame, poor fellow.

And she? Did she not love me, and was he not my twin-brother? What so strange that, seeing his love, she should grow to return it?

What should I do? Should I search them out, and blast their lives for ever? Should I come with my ignoble revenge and tear her from his arms? Would she love me for it? Should I get back my wife and brother?

Oh, no! I had been gone long enough to give her a divorce—she had undoubtedly got it, and was even now his wife. His wife! Oh, God, and I could live!

Weeks, months, years, dragged on. I scarcely knew they passed. Mechanically, I worked on. Fortune, no longer sought, showered gold on me. I cared naught for it, but

instinct prevented me from throwing it away. Gambling was utterly repugnant to me. No form of dissipation lured me. I was an old, old man at thirty. I only worked and thought, and lived over the old days—my one brief day of perfect joy.

I never cursed them. The hurt was too deep and too sharp for curses. From the depths of my torn heart I pitied them.

Well, twenty years rolled on, and I had got to be forty-five years old, feeling and looking more like sixty-five, bent and stiff and gray-haired.

One day, in my wanderings, I came on a traveling party of miners, bound to the gold regions. I joined them, frontier fashion, and was soon seated at their fire, exchanging news of the Indians and from the States. I chanced to mention my name.

"We've got a namesake of yours in camp," said one fellow.

"Have you?" I said, carelessly. "It isn't a common name."

"No; and that's why it's odd," said he. "Besides, you somehow remind me of him, though you're much older than he. By-the-way, there he comes!"

I turned—something, I knew not what, shot through me; I rose, and knew my brother.

FOR TWENTY YEARS.—"I SAW THE COLOR COME TO HER FACE, THEN LEAVE IT PALE AS DEATH. I SAW HER TURN TO THE DOOR AND FLY. I SPRANG TO MEET HER."—SEE PAGE 743.

My heart gave one great bound. I forgot my wrongs. I saw only my dear other self, the companion of my boyhood. I sprang forward.

"Robert! dear old boy! is it you?"

He looked at me eagerly—incredulously.

"Ralph! it can't be you!"

"It is!" I cried, and—well, I don't know as I'm ashamed of it—I embraced him like a school-girl, and wept.

And so did he, poor fellow, though he could hardly believe the wrecked old man was his brother.

But what struck me, even then, as strange, he did not shrink from me, nor act as though he had injured me.

"Robert," I said, when we were alone, and calmer, "I've forgiven you long ago. We won't speak of the past—let me only be happy in the bliss of seeing you once more. I'll never come around to trouble you."

"Forgive me?" he said, inquiringly. "I don't understand. You'll never trouble me—and we'll not speak of the past? Why didn't you write to us, Ralph? Your poor little wife——"

"Don't speak of her!" I cried, in sudden agony. "I can bear anything else—spare me that!"

"But, Ralph, there's something very strange here. Why didn't you let us hear from you? Why can't I speak of her? Since you are not dead—as we supposed—why did you desert her?"

"Desert her! My God!" and I fairly laughed.

A horrible laugh, I dare say, for Robert turned pale. I could see he thought I was mad. I resolved to control myself, and since we must have it out, talk it over. So, after a turn or two, I came back, and stood by him once more.

"Now, Robert, if there is any mistake here, let us under stand it at once. I left you, twenty years ago, in charge of my wife, in San Francisco——"

"You did, and I——"

"And you," I interrupted, "took good care of her, and did not hear from me; and she grew tired of waiting, and loving a shadow; and you—and you—loved her!"

"Hold!" he shouted, his eyes blazing. "Who told you that infamous lie?"

"And she," I went on, not heeding him—"she grew faint and tired; and she saw your love, and she—returned it."

Robert seized my arm as though he would murder me; but I went on, coolly:

"Hush, till I have done. When you received the money I sent, you were too far gone to go back. She got a divorce; you married her, and left the city. I don't blame you."

"And you!—you've believed this thing for twenty years?"

he said, calmly now, though it was the calmness of a smothered volcano.

"I have."

"You have for twenty long years believed that your wife and your brother were infamously false to you?"

"I have."

"Then, hear me, Ralph, while I swear"—and his form seemed to fairly dilate, and grow grand, as he said—"solemnly, that the whole story is a most infamous falsehood! That your wife is as true to you to-day as she was the day you left her, twenty years ago!"

"What do you mean?" I cried, frantically, overwhelmed by his manner and his words.

"What I do say, Robert. Oh! there has been some damnable mistake! Hear my story. After you left us, I struggled on with the business, though not succeeding very well. Susy drooped at first, but soon grew cheerful, and began to plan for your return."

His words brought the dear little creature so plainly before my eyes, that I sank to the ground, and covered my face.

"As weeks and months and years passed on," he went on, slowly, "her cheeks grew thin and pale, and a hungry look came into her eyes. I saw she was pining, and wrote letter after letter to you, but no word could we hear. There came to me in a simple envelope, directed to both of us, a draft of five thousand dollars, with not a word to tell how or from whom it came. Of course we know it was from you, but whether gift or legacy, who could tell?

"We instituted new inquiries. Nothing that love could suggest was left undone. At last we were forced to conclude you were dead. By my advice the money was invested in a farm some distance from San Francisco, and Susy went to live on it, while I started out on a sort of vagabond, wandering life, in hopes at least to find your grave—for we never believed you could be alive these long years and never let us hear. That life I have lived for fifteen years, returning once in three or four years to see to the comfort of Susy; and now I find you ——"

"You find me," I interrupted, "a wreck—a miserable wretch, who has blasted three lives by his criminal weakness, his childish credulity in believing evil, and who will soon rid the earth of his presence," and I started to go, for verily despair had seized upon me.

That I should have believed that horror for so many years, and find it all a stupid mistake; that I should have thrown away my life, the blessed love of my true wife, the warm affection of my brother, for an idle scandal! It was too much to endure.

Robert laid a detaining hand on my arm.

"But Susy, Ralph! what shall I say to the loving little woman who has suffered so much for you?"

"Let her still believe me dead," I said, gloomily.

"Nay, brother; let me rather restore you to her. Ralph, go home, and let us be so happy together as to partly make up for these years of mistakes and error and grief."

Well, he persuaded me, and soon I was eager enough myself. Now the gold I had despised was valuable, as it could add to Susy's comfort. I gathered it up, and we started for home.

Home! I had not spoken the word for fifteen years.

As we went, Robert tried to prepare me for a change in Susy.

"She has had a life of sorrow as well as you, Ralph, and you must remember she isn't the girl of eighteen you left. She is nearly forty years old."

As I drew near, I seemed to grow young again, and I wanted to rush through without stopping a moment. But Robert refused; and he wanted to get me into civilized clothes, and under the hands of a barber. He wouldn't take such a wild man of the woods home to the little, waiting wife.

So we stopped a few hours in San Francisco. I had my long white hair and beard trimmed, and my dress arranged to suit Robert, and hastened on toward home.

As we approached the blessed spot where my darling lived, I could scarcely breathe, and I dreaded to frighten her to death. In sight of the house, I sent Robert ahead to tell her, and I basely hid in the shrubbery, where I could look into the window.

There she was! the same dainty figure—the same lovely face; but dressed, oh, my God! in widows' weeds, and her bonny brown hair thickly sprinkled with silver.

I saw the rapid, eager conversation. I saw the color come quickly to her face, then leave it pale as death. I saw her turn to the door, and fly. And I sprang to meet her, and—and ——

Well, I can't tell about that.

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On hearing her story, I found that Robert had left out the tale of his own griefs. That he had warmly loved a gentle girl, but never let her know it; had sacrificed his own happiness to spend his life seeking me, and caring for my wife; that she had married another, and Robert was forced to see her the very unhappy wife of a poor, miserable wretch.

And what said the little woman, when she knew that I had staid away all these long years, had blasted her life, disappointed my brother's life love, made deep misery for four, by my stupid belief of a piece of gossip that, even to hear repeated, she shrank from as though it would wither her? I always knew she was an angel. She said, though with quivering lips and tearful eyes:

"Dear Ralph, let us speak of it never again. It was a dreadful mistake. Let us be happy in the years we have yet to live, and leave it to another life to adjust the errors of this."

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## ADVENTURE WITH HIPPOPOTAMI IN NATAL (SOUTH AFRICA).

A FEW years ago, I arrived in the British colony of Natal (South Africa), well equipped for a hunting expedition to the far interior. I got there about the close of the regular annual drought, or dry season, at which time it is all but impossible to proceed far inland, owing to the great lack of water and almost total absence of grass for the horses, mules or oxen employed in the conveyance of travelers bound on such errands; and, as if intent upon rendering travel during that season an object utterly out of the question, the colonists and natives of the territory—extending between the Quathlamba, or Drachenberg mountain-range northwest of the colony, forming the frontier-line between Natal and the Republic of Orange River, or, as the colonists call it, the Orange River Free State) and the Orange River or Gariep itself, across which the road from Natal to the far interior leads—set fire to the dry grass of the plains, for the purpose, it is alleged, of improving the next growth of grass, and thereby effectually cut off for a few weeks all communication between Natal and the far interior, by which latter term I mean the whole of that hitherto but partially-known immense region of the African continent situated north of the Orange River and south of the equator.

Immediately after the dry season, the annual thunder and rain-storms set in, during which latter the rain falls in a perfect deluge, and causes brooks and rivers to rise so much, and the miserable roads, or, rather, wagon-tracks, to become so impracticable as to delay travel thereon for another month.

Under these circumstances, what was I to do? I was sim-

ply compelled to postpone my preparations for the inland journey for two months at least, by which time the young grass could be expected to cover the temporarily arid territory above mentioned.

Port Natal, or D'Urban, the small town built within a mile of Natal Bay (the only port of the colony), however, was not at that time the lively and attractive place where two months' leisure time might be spent pleasantly by a stranger who came to the colony with other intentions than attending weekly auction sales, knocking about bar-rooms, billiard-saloons and the like; and the two struggling semi-weekly colonial newspapers were, at that period, probably in consequence of the interrupted communication with the interior, so dreadfully innocent of interesting news, that I was soon completely at a loss what to do with myself.

In despair, I bought two strapping horses, just fresh from the breeder, and utterly "unbroken." To break these two animals well in for the saddle and chase, I thought, would give me for some time to come all the employment I wanted; but, experiencing a sort of philanthropical interest in a fine young fellow, who seemed to anxiously look around for somebody to save him from utter ruin, incident to a life spent in gin-mills and other resorts of the drone, and knowing him to be a professional horse-breaker, it struck me that I might as well kill two birds with one stone, as the saying is, by engaging him to accompany me on my daily excursions on horseback into the adjacent country, in the triple capacity of horse-breaker, guide, and companion, and I hired him for a trifling consideration.

On one of these excursions I happened to become acquainted with a middle-aged Scotch gentleman, a very successful sugar planter, and proprietor of the, at that period, largest and finest plantation in the colony.

A few days after making this gentleman's acquaintance, I paid him a visit at his estate, located on the right-hand side of a small lake known as Sea-cow Lake (Sea-cow is a colonial expression derived from the Dutch word "Zee-koe," Lake-cow), by which name the hippopotamus is known to the "Boers" (Dutch Africans). This little lake, about a mile in length, and from two hundred to three hundred yards in width, is situated close to the left bank of the river Umgeni, scarcely five miles northeast of the town of D'Urban, or Port Natal. It is fed by the waters of a sluggish but pretty deep rivulet, which meanders through the bottom of a narrow valley, called the Avoca Valley.

Both banks of the rivulet and lake are densely overgrown with tall, coarse reed grass, bulrushes, water-lilies, and other aquatic plants, which, in the course of time, have formed such a formidable and intricate network over the shallower portions of the lake, that it is strong enough to support the weight of a man. The water of the lake finds an outlet at the lower end of the latter, the one nearest to the Umgeni River, into which it flows through a narrow, marshy channel, lined with an almost impenetrable thicket of reeds.

Barring the sugar plantation referred to, which gently rises from the brink of the lake to the top of a low hill, upon which the plantation buildings stood, there were, at that time, no signs of civilization on either side of the lake, but the summits of the hills on the lake-shore opposite the sugar estate were crested by a few solitary Kaffir kraals (kraal is a word of Portuguese origin, meaning an enclosure or stockade, but signifying in the Caffir language a cyclus of huts or houses, a village).

The scenery of the valley at the bottom of which the silvery lake glitters was, at that period, highly picturesque; the soil was of the very richest kind, covered with a carpet of perpetual verdure of a truly tropical character. The slopes of the hills surrounding the lake were covered with patches of virgin forest and thickets of bushes, profusely interwoven with lianas, and endless other creepers, bearing blossoms of every hue and fragrancy—a very elysium for the gaudy-colored butterflies, brilliant beetles, and innumerable other denizens of the insect world; as well as for the ever-changing chameleon, the shining iguana or leguan (a species of the lizard tribe, measuring from two to six feet in length); the venomous tree-snake of lustrous green color; the lory, and thousands of other birds of equally magnificent plumage; the nimble monkey, the sneaking wild-cat, and the savage panther.

Whilst these representatives of the animal world inhabited chiefly the evergreen tree-tops and shady retreats of the thicket and virgin forest, the stag, the deer, the boar, etc., roamed among the tall grass of the localities which were free from forest and underwood, and hardly ever ventured into the gloomy twilight which reigned supreme in the dense forest and thickets, even during the hours of noon.

The lake was literally alive with fish of every size, and with huge alligators, numbers of the latter of which could be seen floating like logs on the surface of the water, some immovable and fast asleep, others drifting, hardly perceptibly, toward some drowsy water-fowl, which they had selected for their prey, and of which there was no lack indeed, as myriads of wild ducks, geese, water-hens, cranes, flamingoes, etc., could be seen scattered over the entire surface of the lake, rising only in the air when one of their number disappeared, fluttering and amidst loud shrieks, below the surface of the water, unexpectedly pulled down by some invisible alligator, snake, or voracious fish.

Turtles of great variety swam about the lake, and then suddenly disappeared in the carpets of water-lilies, which floated on the water-sheet, and looked like so many little islands.

Here you might see one of these flowery islets occupied by a solitary snow-white crane, standing immovable in a sort of pensive attitude; there, another one tenanted by a flamingo of rose-colored or even bright crimson plumage, combing its wings with the odd-shaped bill, and casting now and then a glance into the watery mirror, which reflects with wonderful accuracy the image of the bird.

The labyrinth of tall reeds and bulrushes along the lake, however, is the most dangerous locality in the whole valley, for there lies ensconced the horrid boa-constrictor, from twenty to thirty feet in length, patiently waiting to pounce upon some hapless quadruped of the forest, which may come down to the water's edge to quench its thirst, when it is sure to fall a victim to the deadly coil of the herculean snake, which squeezes the life even out of a full-grown buffalo in a very short time.

In the course of my conversation with the sugar planter above mentioned, I learned from him that Sea-cow Lake had in former years been a favorite haunt of sea-cows, or hippopotami.

He told me that none of these amphibious monsters had been seen there for nearly two years; but that, only a few weeks previous to our acquaintance, some of them had returned to their old quarters, whereof he would furnish me with convincing proofs if I would accompany him to the lower end of his estate. I did so, and I was grieved to see that nearly two acres of fine sugar-cane had been all but utterly destroyed by them. Some of the cane was torn out by the roots and strewn on the ground; some was still standing, but broken off or chawed off two or three feet above the roots. A large quantity of cane was trampled down and imbedded in the soft soil by the ponderous feet of the monstrous animals, and broad zigzag passages had been forced by the creatures through the entire cane-field closest to the lake. The damage from the sugar-cane consumed by the animals was not near so large as that caused by the uprooting, breaking-off, and tramping down of the cane;

CHRISTMAS AT THE OLD HOUSEKEEPER'S.

nevertheless, the pecuniary loss of the planter by these devastations was scarcely less than one thousand dollars.

The various-sized foot-marks (from six to twelve inches in diameter), clearly pointed to the presence of several hippopotami at the time of the raid on the sugar-cane, although neither the plantation laborers, nor the Kaffirs of the neighborhood, had ever seen more than two hippopotami at one time.

The planter said he had offered a reward of twenty pounds for any hippopotamus slain within two miles of his estate, but that as yet nobody had succeeded in killing one, though some of the hunters had been lying in wait for them ten days in succession.

I told him, then, that if he would put a little flat-bottomed row-boat on the lake, and furnish me, at his own expense, with a small tent, two Kaffir servants, and provisions during the time, I would watch the monsters for a whole month, day and night, and would try to render one or more of them harmless, not for any moneyed remuneration in case of success, but for a young colt of the planter's, which took my fancy.

My offer was promptly accepted. I pointed out the crest of a hill adjacent to the lake, where I wanted the tent pitched, as from there I could have a full view over the entire water-sheet.

Thereupon I returned to D'Urban to fetch my traps, and already on the following day I was on guard on the top of the hill.

Nothing could be seen of the gigantic brutes for many a day. During the nights, however, I often heard their loud bellowing, which somewhat resembles that of an angry bull, but it was not yet full moon, and too dark for me to think of going after them.

As there was little probability of my ever getting a sight of them in plain daylight, I got tired of watching between daybreak and nightfall, and began to spend the day in going after other game, leaving my two Kaffir attendants, Pama and Inyamba, to take the watch alternately during my absence.

One day, about noon, while engaged with Pama in looking for one of my horses, which had strayed into the dense underwood at the back of the hill, I was unexpectedly and vociferously hailed by Inyamba, who had been left on guard at home. He appeared to be quite excited, and informed me hurriedly that several hippopotami could be seen gamboling on the lake. I could hardly believe the welcome news, but I knew the Kaffir wouldn't dare to tell me a lie. Running to the nearest spot where I could get a view upon the lake, I was agreeably surprised in espying not less than five hippopotami of various sizes. Two of them were very large animals, nearly as large as elephants, and most likely two bulls. The others were somewhat smaller, and probably female or cow-hippopotami.

The amphibious monsters splashed about the water in high glee, now appearing with their ponderous heads, necks, and shoulders above the water-mirror, spurting the water in jets from their nostrils, then disappearing again below the surface for a moment, but only to reappear above water in some other locality, just like dolphins on the ocean.

The two largest ones of them bellowed every now and then, chased each other madly above and below the surface of the water, and were undoubtedly quarrelling with each other. It did not take me long in ascertaining the cause of their animosity: it was jealousy, and they were fighting for supremacy in the favors of their female companions.

I was loth, however, to waste my time in idly witnessing the fight of the two rivals. Anxious not to miss this extraordinary chance of having a blaze at them, I hastened to my tent for my firearms, which I had kept constantly loaded and wrapped up in woollen blankets, so that the ammunition should not suffer from moisture. They were of the very best quality: one of them a double-barreled rifle, by "Reilly, of London," carrying six conical bullets, armed with steel points, to the pound; the other, a double-barreled elephant-gun by "Westley Richard, of London," carrying four spherical bullets, hardened with zinc, to the pound.

Armed with these two bone-smashers, I ran down to the water's edge, but was mortified to see that the hippopotami had gradually drifted to their old haunt, the deepest and most inaccessible part of the lake.

After waiting in vain behind the tuft of tall reeds for the monsters to return to their original playing-ground, and fearful that they might finally break into the reeds, and thus disappear altogether from my sight, I made up my mind to risk an attack upon them in my little boat, quite forgetful of the risk I ran by doing so.

Suiting the action to the thought, I crawled up to the boat, deposited my firearms on the bottom of the same, and pushed through the reeds out upon the lake. Anxious, however, to make as little noise as possible, and not to expose myself to their eyes, I took in the oars, lay down flat upon my chest, and paddled and steered with both my hands, an extremely dangerous proceeding, by-the-way, as I was liable any moment to have my hands bitten off by the numerous alligators which floated about the lake.

From time to time I raised my head a little in order to reconnoitre. I had shortened the distance between me and the monsters considerably, but had thereby naturally attracted the attention of the animals. They had abandoned their gambols, and, floating immovable, they all faced right toward the approaching boat, exposing only their noses and foreheads above water, and pricking their short ears, evidently wondering what on earth was coming down upon them so steadily and noiselessly.

Although I felt by no means safe in the frail little shell, I could not help smiling at the extremely ludicrous expression of unfeigned wonder depicted upon the physiognomies of my uncouth, amphibious spectators, especially so when I noticed for the first time two funny-looking baby-hippopotami, about six months old, and of the size of a full-grown pig, standing, the very picture of innocence, on the broad backs of their respective mothers.

This latter discovery, however, cooled down my bump of combativeness considerably, for I confess I was much more afraid of the two matrons than I was of all the rest of the family, because I had been informed, by hunters and others, of the terrible ferocity of female hippopotami when their offspring is wounded or killed. I therefore did not want to meddle with the matrons at all, and in order not to rouse their temper, I thought it about high time to stop the progress of my boat, as I had already got within sixty yards of the foremost of the monsters, which appeared to be the head of the family, a gigantic old bull, to judge from his enormously broad forehead over a pair of particularly wicked-looking, bloodshot eyes, a pet which would have probably tipped the scale at four thousand pounds. Believing him to be the leader of the gang, I thought it best to make him suffer for the damage done to my neighbor's sugar-cane.

Without taking my eyes for an instant off the ugly customer, I groped for my "Reilly," feeling confident to be able to perforate his monstrous head with the very first bullet, which, striking vertically, certainly would have passed through solid iron half an inch thick.

The sequel will show that my opponent was blessed with a pretty hard skull.

Owing to the current of the lake, my boat had drifted to within forty yards of the brute, when bang! went my first shot, which, as I could not get a fair aim at the eye, I had directed at the centre of the forehead of the animal, and I

felt sure that the bullet had done some serious damage there, as the recoil of my rifle, caused by the heavy charge of gunpowder, was so terrific that I was nearly knocked overboard.

As soon as the smoke had dispersed, I noticed that the hippopotami were gone except one of the cows with a calf, and the old bull, which latter was sprawling about in the water, apparently in a dying condition.

The former had taken up her position close by the reeds, and was continually appearing above, and then disappearing below the surface of the water, with the calf always steady on her back.

When, finally, the bull's head appeared above the water, it was quite in another direction than where it was fired at. The bullet had struck right into the centre of the forehead, but had, evidently, not penetrated the skull, as I could distinctly see the skin of the forehead ripped open several inches, with the blood trickling from the wound.

The reason of the bullet thus glancing off the skull, was owing to its not striking the latter vertically, but at an angle of about thirty degrees.

After having nearly recovered from the shock which his brain must have received from the bullet, the bull began to bob his cranium continually up and down, like the cork of a fishing-line pulled by a fish. He took, however, good care not to expose more of his body than was absolutely necessary for respiration, and every time his huge nose reappeared at the surface, the nostrils ejected powerful streams of water. I noticed, however, that by this dodge he managed to considerably increase the distance between himself and my boat.

Determined not to let him escape into the reeds, and emboldened by his apparent showing of the white feather, I bore down upon him, and got again within forty yards of him, when, to my surprise, he stood at bay.

Instantly my rifle was in position again, and bang went my second bullet, almost on the very spot where the first one left its mark, and again the recoil of the firearm knocked me nearly over.

Springing to my feet, I looked in the direction where I had last seen my antagonist; but lo! he had disappeared from me altogether, and the whirling and bubbling and seething water alone indicated the spot where the colossus had sunk.

This time I had no doubt that I had killed him stone dead; but I was not long in finding that I was again mistaken, for I had no sooner sat down in the boat, and seized my oars, than an unearthly shriek from the shore fairly chilled my blood!

On turning round to see what was the matter, I espied my Kaffir servant, Pama, half-way up a tree, close to the water's edge, pointing with his outstretched arm to a dark shadow in the water, which rapidly moved toward my boat!

The numerous bubbles that rose to the surface of the lake, all along the line of progress of the dark spot, at once convinced me that that spot was nothing else than the infuriated hippopotamus, either running on the bottom of the lake, or swimming below water toward me, in order to attack my boat!

My hair stood on end at the thought of the terrible onset which I was to experience before I was a quarter of a minute older, after the lapse of which time I should most likely be a dead man!

Never did a culprit, standing on the fatal drop of the gallows, feel closer to his doom than I did at that awful moment. I thought of my dear old mother, far away, who would never learn the sad fate of her reckless son.

But though I felt that I was doomed to die there and then, the same instinct which causes a drowning man to catch at a straw made me grasp my oars. Despair gave me superhuman strength, Providence piloted my little skiff, and, with the rapidity of an arrow, the boat shot clean over a perfect labyrinth of aquatic plants. And to those very plants, which have so often proved fatal to the boldest and most expert swimmers, I owe my safety; for my vindictive pursuer, maddened with rage and pain, already within three yards of my boat, dashed right into the midst of the inextricable network of extremely tough water-ivy, creepers and roots of water-lilies, and but for his mammoth strength, he would have got hopelessly entangled in them.

As it was, however, it only checked his furious onset for a moment, when, to my horror, I saw him close at my heels again, determined to annihilate me.

By this time I had fortunately arrived within about ten yards of the shore. Noticing that the water was not over six feet deep, and perfectly free from vegetation, and seeing with terror that the monster already opened his mammoth jaws to seize and crunch the boat, I grasped my firearms, and with one desperate leap, got clear of the boat and splashed into the water, which luckily did not reach beyond my shoulders.

The next instant, I heard a gurgling noise, a violent snort, a crash of breaking timber, and I knew that my boat was crunched into splinters.

I felt confident that my vindictive pursuer would not follow me into too shallow water; but I was not so sure of the safety of my legs, as that locality of the lake was fairly teeming with alligators.

Much to my astonishment, I reached the bank without further accident. On looking for my antagonist, I saw him fishing after the oars of my broken boat, determined to destroy them, too. By doing so, however, my opponent committed a sad blunder, for the oars had drifted into pretty shallow water, and in following them up, the vicious customer exposed a little more of his body than was good for his health.

Profiting by this slight indiscretion, I let fly at him the contents of my elephant-gun, aiming at the base of his neck.

A terrific snort, a plunge, a gurgling noise, a stream of dark blood gushing from his wide, open mouth and nostrils, and the monster reeled back into deep water, and was soon lost to me.

"*Moi! moi! baas!*" (Well done! well done! my master!) shouted a voice in South African Dutch—the only lingo by which the Kaffirs and I could converse together, as I did not then understand the Kaffir language.

On turning round, I saw Inyamba, my other Kaffir attendant, with a bundle of *assagais* (javelins) in his hands, near the water's edge, grinning and dancing with joy at my fortunate escape, and his good prospect for a large share of hippopotamus meat, of which the Kaffirs are very fond.

Inyamba and Pama had secretly followed me to the lake; but on seeing the hippopotamus making such a violent onset, the latter, being unarmed, had climbed the tree with the agility of a monkey; while the other hid in the reeds, well aware that he could be of little assistance to me with his miserable javelins against such a formidable enemy.

Early on the following morning I sent for my neighbor's other boat, and then turned to with all hands to search all over the lake and among the reeds for the dead hippopotamus. We did not meet with any success, however, though we all felt sure that my antagonist was dead by that time.

Nearly a fortnight elapsed. The hippopotami could be seen or heard no longer on Sea-cow Lake, for they had removed to quieter quarters, up the valley, and so did, probably, my old bull, I thought; for I began to believe that he had not succumbed to my bullets, after all, as his body would long since have floated on the surface of the lake, and been found by the keen-sighted Kaffirs.

One morning my attention was attracted to a large

number of vultures, which gyrated above the lake, and from time to time settled down among some of the tallest reeds along the border of the lake.

Wondering what might cause such a gathering of carrion-birds, I proceeded to the lake, jumped into my neighbor's boat, and, by dint of hard labor, managed to penetrate with it into the thicket of reeds in question, the atmosphere around which was impregnated with an intolerable stench.

Judge of my astonishment when I discovered that the carrion lying there was no less than the remains of my long-looked-for antagonist, who had retired into the thicket to die of the wounds which I had inflicted upon him.

As may be pre imed, the huge body was by that time entirely putrid, and partially torn to pieces by alligators. Nevertheless, I resolved to save the splendid tusks of the animal as a trophy.

For this purpose, I returned to camp, ordered all hands to accompany me to the lake, where, by means of an adze and a rope, we secured the ivory without difficulty. Each of the two tusks was fully twelve inches long, and weighed five pounds.

The skull was nearly two inches thick in the centre of the forehead, and showed only two slight scratches from my two steel-pointed bullets, consequently, the monster must have died from hemorrhage, caused by the two large wounds which I had inflicted upon him at the close of our contest by means of my elephant-gun.

As soon as the planter heard of my discovery, he brought me the coveted colt, and congratulated me, and himself, too, upon my success.

## THE FIRST UMBRELLA.

An old English record states that as early as in the middle of the eighteenth century some enterprising genius introduced umbrellas at Oxford and Cambridge, letting them out like Sedan chairs, to the students at so much per hour, thus enabling poor young men to pass from building to building to their lectures without being drenched by rain. But people no more thought of taking an umbrella through the streets of a city or town than they did of taking their beds to sleep in, or a stove to warm themselves by, as they went about their regular business.

The first person who ventured on such an innovation was Jonas Hanway—the same benevolent old gentleman to whose exertions England owes the foundation of its "Marine Society," and to whose memory there is a monument in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Hanway had traveled in China and other parts of the East, where umbrellas were in general use, and having brought one over with him as a sort of curiosity, he at length determined to avail himself of its protective benefits, and so one day ventured in the streets of London holding "the queer-looking apparatus" over his head during a heavy rain.

Perhaps if he had known what a shower of ridicule, and even abuse, he was provoking, he would rather have faced the rain. For groups of men hustled him on the sidewalks and called him mad; women from windows clapped their hands and laughed; and boys in crowds ran after him, hissing, hooting, and even pelting him with stones. But they soon grew tired of such shameful sport, and took it quite as a matter of course as Mr. Hanway, day after day, walked through the streets, umbrella in hand, whether in rain or sunshine. Occasionally he invited a friend to share the comfortable shelter, and all agreed in pronouncing it very pleasant; but so afraid were they of ridicule that it was more than three years after Mr. Hanway's first experiment before another man in London found courage to own or carry an umbrella.

Jonas Hanway died in 1776, and for the last thirty years of his life he carried an umbrella whenever sun or rain rendered one desirable; yet the present century had passed more than its first decade before the use of umbrellas became general.

## THE POLAR BEAR'S CUNNING.

According to the Esquimaux, the seal constructs its habitation beneath the surface of the ice in such a manner that it can enter it from the water below; here the young seal passes its infancy, and when the returning heat of Summer has destroyed its igloo or dwelling, the young seal is old enough to take care of itself; but this mode of lodging its young beneath the ice is well known to the bear, who, with his keen scent, soon detects the whereabouts of the seal's nursery, and in order to gain entrance makes a spring and comes down heavily with all its weight on the top of the igloo, crushes it in, and seizes the young seal with its paw.

Here, it might be supposed, the hungry bear at once devours his prey; but no, it is far too wary to do so; it knows full well that where a baby is, there must of necessity be a mother, and that she will be in search of her darling; therefore the bear scrapes away the snow from the seal-hole, and, holding the young seal by the flippers, allows it to flounder about, and when the mother approaches, the bear slyly draws the young seal towards it until the old one is within reach, when he seizes her with the other paw, and thus captures both.

The mode in which the bear captures the seal on the ice is equally ingenious. When at a distance, the bear throws itself down and stealthily crawls towards the seal, and if the seal looks up it lies perfectly still, and makes, at the same time, a noise which lulls the seal. The bear repeats the operation until it approaches its victim, when it falls a prey to Bruin's appetite.

When attempting to catch a seal in the water, the bear sinks its body beneath the surface of the water, leaving only the head above, which resembles a piece of ice; and when the seal raises its head above the surface, Bruin quietly sinks, and swimming under the seal, seizes it.

## A NEW USE FOR PARROTS.

That notable type of precocious depravity, the *gamin de Paris*, has again been distinguishing himself by a brilliant invention, which seems to have been a great success until detected the other day and exposed at the police court. The professor of the new science began by providing himself with a tame parrot, which was trained, like a falcon in the age of chivalry, to return to the fist of his owner in obedience to a particular word of command. Accompanied by this ally, safely housed in a small cage, the urchin would go into a grocer's shop, as if for the purpose of making a purchase. Hardly had he entered the shop, however, when the prisoner escaped, to the intense apparent alarm of the poor owner. Of course the sympathy of all present was instantly aroused, and every one—shopman, assistants, and chance customers—rushed about in pursuit of the lost bird. While the chase was at its height the adroit youth would be filling his pockets with all the most costly delicacies within his reach, and as soon as a sufficient quantity had been collected, would recall the bird to him, pretend to catch him, and having returned him to his cage, march off with him and with the booty. The trick was ruined by its own success, a too frequent use of it having excited the indignation of the tradesmen, and brought about an application to the police, who have now been down on two offenders caught in the very act.

ADVENTURE WITH HIPPOPOTAMI IN NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA.—"THE NEXT INSTANT I HEARD A GURGLING NOISE, A VIOLENT SNORT, A CRUSHING OF BREAKING TIMBER, AND I KNEW THAT MY BOAT WAS CRUNCHED INTO ATOMS BY MY VINDICTIVE PURSUER."—SEE PAGE 749.

## GOLD-BROW.

Long ago, a certain woman, named Audur the Wealthy, lived at a farm called Hvammur, in the west country. The farm stood on the bank of a river, on the opposite side of which were rich corn-fields. But Audur had forbidden any seed to be sown on a particular spot where the land happened to be best, nor did she allow her servants to graze any cattle there, and if by chance any cows had been there, she forbade them to be milked the next day.

Once it happened that when Audur was very old, a young and handsome woman came to Hvammur, who declared her name to be Gold-brow, but nobody knew either whence she came or who she was.

She bought the land of Audur's steward, at which his mistress was very angry. By her magic arts Gold-brow accumulated great wealth, but had to retire to a gloomy valley where she died. Audur did not endeavor to reclaim from Gold-brow the ground which she had bought, but destroyed all the corn-fields round it, from the sea to a rocky river-gulf in one direction, and from the mountain to the river in the other. She also set up three crosses where the gulf joined the mountain (whence its name Cross-gulf), and said, "During my life Gold-brow shall never cross the boundary." And this came true, for during the life of Audur, Gold-brow neither brought her sheep and cattle to graze anywhere near the crops nor approached them herself. Now Gold-brow built on her piece of ground a farm and a large temple, where she made great offerings, and performed all sorts of witchcraft.

GOLD-BROW.—"IN THE GULF SHE POINTED OUT THERE WAS A VAST WATERFALL, AND THE WATER AT THE FOOT OF THE FALL WAS VERY DEEP, AND ITS EDDYING AWFUL."

On her deathbed she told her servants to bury her in a deep and precipitous gulf, where neither was the sun ever seen, nor church-bells ever heard. In the gulf she pointed out, there was a vast waterfall, and under the waterfall a cave, and the water at the foot of the fall was very deep and its eddying awful. To this cave Gold-brow was carried, and in it buried, with her head upon a chest of gold. Long afterward her ghost haunted all the mountains round, so that neither man nor beast was safe after twilight, and much mischief was done.

At this time a farmer lived at Hvammur, named Skeggi, who was a heathen, and addicted to witchcraft. This man suffered much from the persecutions of the goblin Gold-brow, who killed his herdsmen and his sheep for him one after the other.

Skeggi became more wroth with her every day, and in proportion to his anger increased his desire to become possessed of her golden treasures under the waterfall, for he considered that her gold would be of infinitely more use to a living man than a dead witch.

With this idea in his head, he one day started off for the waterfall; but so long was the way that it was evening before he arrived there. He commanded his two servants, whom he had brought with him, to let him down into the gulf with a rope. They did so, and he disappeared into the cave under the waterfall. The two men who held the end of the rope, heard, after a little while, the sound of heavy blows and shrieks beneath the water, and it was plain that some fearful struggle was going on there.

At last they became so horrified as to be on the point of taking flight, when Skeggi gave them the signal to pull up the rope. When they did so, they found the chest full of gold fastened to the end of it. They had scarcely pulled it up to the edge of the gulf before they saw the whole valley filled with a strange and spectral fire, whose flames flared higher than the very mountains, and letting go of the rope in their fright, they took to their heels, while the chest fell down again into the abyss.

Skeggi came home some time afterward very weary, and covered with bruises and blood, but bringing on one of his arms a kettle full of gold, which he had managed to take out

of the chest of Gold-brow, and climb with up the rope. But though he had fought hard with the ghost of the troll, he had been unable to subdue her, and she now became more dangerous than ever, killing his sheep and his herdsmen, till at last he could get no servants at all.

Skeggi from this time became a changed man, and was so affected by the constant loss of his servants, that he fell ill, and took, for a long while, to his bed.

At last one day, after his recovery, being without any herdsmen, he went out himself as if to watch the flocks. But he did not return either that night or the next. On the third day, however, he came back, more dead than alive, bearing on his back Gold-brow's treasure-chest.

He said: "You will not see much more either of the troll or of me."

And after these words he took to his bed, whence he never rose again.

Before he died, he ordered that the gold contained in the kettle should be expended in timber for building a church at Hvammur.

"For," he continued, "the first time I went to the waterfall and struggled with the ghost of Gold-brow, I called upon Thor to aid me, but he deceived me and played me false. The last time I went to seek her, in my despair and anguish I called upon Christ, the God of the Christians, to aid me, promising to build a church to Him, and then leaped down the waterfall. Suddenly a bright gleam of light struck full into the eyes of the phantom-troll, and she became a stone in the midst of the gulf."

But in spite of all this, Skeggi died a heathen, and refused to be buried in the consecrated ground of the church which he had commanded to be built. So they buried him in the open country, and under his head placed the chest of Gold-brow.

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# YAN YOST, THE SPY;

## OR,

## THE SACHEM'S JOKE.

THE aborigines of North America are reputed a taciturn race, and not particularly given to laughing, or the perpetration of practical jokes. Yet nothing could be further from the truth.

It is true, that when at the council-fire, on the blood-path, or in the presence of the pale-faces, they are apt to put on a grave countenance; but none have a keener appreciation of a witticism, or indulge, in their own villages, in quainter conceptions than they.

During the War of the Revolution, which resulted in the severance of the American colonies from the "mother country," and the acknowledgment of their independence, Benedict Arnold, who had been appointed to be chief of the forces of the United States on the Mohawk River—a stream which courses through Central New York, contributing, above the city of Troy, to the waters of the "lovely Hudson"—found, on taking command, that his "body of troops" was altogether too weak to successfully, in the open field, cope with the British soldiers, under Colonel St. Leger, and the Indian warriors of the celebrated Six Nations, influenced and often led into action by Sir John Johnson.

Arnold, who was a master of the art, at once resorted to stratagem. His enemies must be dislodged, and without his firing a gun—but how was he to bring about the end he desired? While scheming and pondering, and arriving no nearer a conclusion than when he commenced—no one of his plans sound enough to "hold water"—accident put him in the way of furthering his ends.

In the valley of the Mohawk resided a man by the name of Yan Yost Cuyler, a reputed fool, but who was in reality a cunning rascal, and who had been employed, to his great profit, as a spy upon the Americans.

This Yan Yost had the temerity to enter the American camp on the German Flats, pretending that he was tired of serving the Indians and Canadians longer, and that he wanted to see his brother, who was in the American army, and stationed in the fort.

The arrival of so important a personage was at once made known to the general. But Yan Yost, instead of finding himself received with all the honors of war, was arrested and dragged to headquarters, where he was at once interrogated by Arnold.

"Do you not know, sirrah!" cried Arnold, angrily—"do you not know that you are a spy, a traitor, and that it is my duty to have you tried by a drum-head court-martial, and, on conviction, hang you from the stoutest limb of the nearest tree?"

Yan Yost put on an expression in which puzzled innocence and idiocy were about equally combined, as he answered the important question:

"I don't know. Perhaps it's so. I want to see my brother; and I'm tired of the Indians and the Britishers."

"Were you not sent here to spy out our strength?" asked Arnold.

"Oh, no," answered the prisoner with a grin. "They were a-going to hang me up there for being sent thither by you! I didn't like it, as I wanted to see my brother, you see; and, besides, the rope chokes so, and makes you black in the face, and your eyes stick awful out of your head!"

The general was confounded at this language. He turned to his aid-de-camp, who was standing near, and requested him to send for the prisoner's brother.

A few minutes later, a tall, powerful and sensible-looking man entered the apartment, and saluted his superiors.

"The prisoner is your brother?" interrogated Arnold.

"Yes, sir. He is not very wise. We never thought him smart in the family; although at times he does, very unexpectedly, shrewd things."

"Does he love you?" continued the general.

"He would lay down his life for me, sir," returned the soldier, casting an affectionate glance at his kinsman, who, during the conversation, had gradually worked himself to his side, seized one of his hands and placed it to his lips.

The commander noticed this action, and said, in a less severe tone:

"Yan Yost, are you willing to serve me, if I order your liberation?"

"Yes, if I can, sir. But I don't like to be hanged by anybody."

"You can return to the camp of St. Leger without danger?"

"Oh, yes. I can go back among the Indians. They wouldn't hurt me."

"You are a great rogue, Yan Yost, and deserve to be punished. Your brother is a true man, and I'm informed that you greatly love him. Now, I want you to return to the English encampment, and there say to the Indians that you have been in the American garrison on the German Flats, and that the soldiers, being very strong, are getting ready to march upon and destroy them; and so persuade them to retreat. Now listen, Yan Yost: if you'll do as I have told you, I will reward you handsomely. If you play the traitor, I will hang your brother to a tree until he is as dead as ever a man was made by bullet or rope. What say you?"

The spy was greatly terrified at this threat to take the life of his brother if he failed to accomplish the duty imposed upon him, and, throwing his arms around his neck, promised that he would do all that lay in his power to frighten the English and Indians, who, he said, numbered about one thousand fighting men.

On retiring from headquarters to set out on his adventurous journey, he was told by two or three Indians, whom he met, and who were not unfriendly to the cause of the Americans, that, if he would be believed by the English commander and the Indian chiefs, it would be well for him to have his clothes perforated in two or three places with balls, that it might show how very narrow was his escape from death or capture at the hands of the Continental soldiers. These also agreed to follow at stated periods, in order to confirm his story—namely, that two bodies, numbering one thousand men each, were approaching, and would be near enough the next day to offer St. Leger battle.

Yan Yost, on running into the English encampment, put on his face an expression of great alarm, and instead of going to the commander, he went among the chiefs, and told them that the Americans, in very large numbers, were marching upon them.

"How many are coming?" asked the excited savages.

"A thousand in one body," answered the spy and alarmist, "and a thousand in another, and how many more I can't say; but," looking into the surrounding trees, "they seemed to me to be as numerous as the leaves."

The chiefs at once ran to St. Leger, and told him what Yan Yost had seen.

The commander was not unacquainted with the asserted "fool," and believing him to be strictly honest, requested he should be conducted into his presence.

"How came," he said to the spy—"how came you to run to those chiefs with your strange story, and not to me? Is there truth in it?"

"Look at my clothes, colonel," answered the rogue. "See how near I came to going to the place you threatened to send me the other day, in your anger. There's a bullet-hole, there's another, and there's a third! How did I escape all that, eh?"

"How many did you say there were with General Arnold?" demanded St. Leger.

"Thousands—thousands!" answered the unabashed Yan Yost, looking exceedingly nervous. "And they'll be here soon, and wipe us all out."

While this conversation was going on, an Indian came into camp, and disclosed in a breathless voice that there were two large armies of the Americans coming up the valley, and they were afraid the English and Indians would run away before they could get at them.

This story, also, flew over the camp, and the savages insisted on an immediate retreat. St. Leger could scarcely credit the report that he had heard, and proposed waiting—placing three hundred of his best men in the front rank—for the enemy. If they were then too powerful for them to cope with, they could have time to retreat in good order, he sending his sick on in advance.

The chiefs were very angry at this, and upbraided him for daring to suggest such a policy.

"You mean to sacrifice us!" they cried. "When we marched down, you told us there would be no fighting for us Indians, and that we might go home and smoke our pipes. You spoke then, and do now, with a forked tongue. How many of our braves have you caused to be killed?"

The English commander used all his eloquence to allay the fears of his allies. In this—although they undisguisedly hated each other—he was seconded by Johnson. But words were useless. Go these braves of the Iroquois would; and, that the Canadians and English should follow them, they seized upon the personal baggage of the officers, and sent it far up the valley of the Genesee.

While the preparations for retreat were making, two more Indians came in, and repeated, with some little exaggeration, the story of Yan Yost and the first savage, adding that all Burgoyne's army had been cut to pieces.

The Indians now became panic-stricken, "grew furious, and," adds St. Leger, "became more formidable than the enemy we expected." The retreat was conducted in so disorderly a manner, that they even forgot the bombardiers who were asleep in the bomb-battery. Tents were left behind, and much valuable *matériel* of war.

The supposed idiot and his savage accomplices having succeeded in demoralizing the army and Indians under Colonels St. Leger and Johnson, stole out of the camp, and made their way without detection out to the German Flats, where they reported to Arnold the tricks they had played on St. Leger and the sachems of the Six Nations. They were suitably rewarded, and the brother of Yan Yost Cuyler was relieved from duress.

Arnold was not slow to take advantage of the disorderly retreat of the panic-stricken soldiers and Indians of the British camp. He hastily gathered his troops together, and, making with them as formidable an array as possible, marched toward the northern end of the valley.

The Indians, who had been induced to follow St. Leger, began to entertain for him great contempt, and very much enjoyed the constant altercations that were going on between him and Johnson. When, toward evening of the day of their retreat, they had reached a tract of land that was of soft clay, and exceedingly difficult to march upon, and next to impossible for horses to drag wagons and artillery over, two sachems, who were standing on a hill, with light enough to observe their situation, and near enough to hear the wranglings of the two white war-chiefs—who had proceeded so far in their anger as to come near to drawing their swords upon each other—directed an Indian to withdraw some considerable way behind them, and then to run after St. Leger and Johnson, crying out, with all imaginable earnestness and terror, in the Indian language, with which the white chiefs were conversant, "They are coming! They are coming!"

The dismal note, prolonged into a howl, so startled the undignified disputants, that, for the time, they forgot their quarrel, and started, like a trained pair of athletes, at their utmost speed to run across the clayey and slippery ground. In their efforts to get away from, as they imagined, imminent capture, they would lose their footing, and, puffing like a pair of brown porpoises, roll upon the dirt; then jump up, only to receive other tumbles further on.

The scene in the twilight was so ludicrous, that the Indians, who followed them, were convulsed with laughter, and kept up the joke until the whole command reached Oneida Lake, where the savages left them, to take their way back to Canada the best they could.

The *ruse* saved the American garrison in Fort Schuyler, and added no little to the reputation of Arnold as a strategist.

Our story, which is strictly historical, proves that, however imperturbable the Indians may appear to those unacquainted with them, they are not averse to a practical joke.

## A LAWYER'S STORY.

When old Squire Abbott, of Southford, died, and I became his successor to the legal practice of the town, I was barely six-and-twenty.

Gilbert was the most influential name in town then. The old Gilbert House stood near the cross-roads—a solid brick

YAN YOST, THE SPY.—"'LOOK AT MY CLOTHES, COLONEL,' ANSWERED THE ROGUE. 'SEE HOW NEAR I CAME TO GOING TO THE PLACE YOU THREATENED TO SEND ME THE OTHER DAY. THERE'S A BULLET-HOLE, THERE'S ANOTHER, AND THERE'S A THIRD.'"—SEE PAGE 754.

mansion, painted cream-color, with old yews in the yard, and spacious stables in the rear. What first attracted my attention was a splendidly-handsome girl riding a blood horse out of the gates every morning. A servant would open and close them for her, and then, until her return, an unbroken stillness and silence would reign about the place. I used to wonder what the life within those stately walls was. At length I discovered.

One morning I received by a messenger a note written on creamy paper, thick and yellow, requesting me to call upon Agatha Gilbert, at the cross-roads, at a certain hour of the following day. I took occasion to inquire of a friend who Agatha Gilbert might be.

"Why, the old squire's rich client."

"Well, who is she?"

"I have told you *who* she is."

"*What*, then?"

"An eccentric maiden lady, aged sixty, who lives in the home of her forefathers, and worships her money. Though she is sixty years old she is more active and alert than most girls of twenty. Everything is under her direction. She sees everything; knows everything that takes place under her roof. She is whimsical, irascible, and leads those girls a pretty life, I imagine."

"What girls?"

"Kate and Bessie Staniels. Kate is a beauty. Bessie is a pretty little thing, hardly sixteen. They are the old lady's nieces, born South, and went North when their father died—poor as church mice, and may, or may not, be worth a hundred thousand at the old lady's death."

"Which is it I see riding a Black Hawk filly every morning?"

"That's Kate. Ain't she a Juno? The old lady has her match with her, I guess. She has been engaged to Rick Lawton two years, and she means to marry him."

"Who is Lawton?"

"A young doctor in the city."

"Why does the old lady object?"

"Because he won Kate without her consent."

"Characteristic."

"Exactly."

The next morning I drew rein at the Gilbert gate. A great wolf-dog approached, and after examining me carefully escorted me up the drive. A touch of the bell-handle made the bell peal loudly through the house. In a moment I heard light footsteps approaching, and the great door was unbolted from within, and swung back. A young girl, with golden curls about her neck, and very sweet blue eyes,

awaited my wishes. I asked for Miss Gilbert, and presented my card.

"Oh, yes," she said, sweetly. "Aunt Agatha will be ready to see you in a moment. She never keeps people waiting long," she added, as she ushered me into a large room wainscoted in mahogany, with horrible old portraits on the walls, and a fire upon the hearth behind a fender.

The April air was chill, and I stood before the blaze, getting the stiffness out of my legs, when the door opened quickly, and a little, withered woman in black entered. She was evidently near-sighted, and came peering across the room at me, without speaking a word. I bowed; she repeated my name, and begged me to be seated.

The interview was ordinary enough. During the time I sat there I tried with difficulty to realize that the tiny morsel of humanity before me was as important a personage as she really was. But figures proved her immense wealth and her power in the community. I was anxious for a sight of Kate Staniels; I imagined I had already seen Bessie. I searched the spare brown face, trying to discover some hope for these dependent girls; but Miss Gilbert, disdaining the back of a chair at sixty, seemed as far removed from physical enfeeblement as the Hebe Kate herself, and as little in need of sympathy and aid as a bronze woman. The interview was for legal purposes, as I expected, and at last I took my leave—possibly a little elated by the patronage of such a client.

As I drove slowly down the road, I met a gentleman on horseback—a handsome fellow, with a curly blonde beard, and with a pair of blue eyes keen as a Damascus blade. They met mine with a flash that I considered quite uncalled for, until I saw him enter the Gilbert gate, whence I had just emerged. He was Kate Staniels's lover. I snapped my fingers at the discovery. Though I might have been favored with brunette Kate's utmost graciousness, Rick Lawton need not have been jealous, for the little soft-voiced blonde girl was much more to my taste. The moment I met her lovely blue eyes, I was under the conviction that I would snap her up quickly enough if I had but a chance.

Wondering what kind of a reception Rick Lawton would get from Miss Gilbert, I drove on. It was a bright April day, the thin shadows of the half-leafed elms flickering in the grass, and the roads heavy with the late Spring rains.

Suddenly my horses pricked up their ears. An unusual object attracted their attention. It was a heavy coach, minus a wheel, deeply sunk in the mud—a break-down of the mail and passenger stage from the railroad station.

I came up and drew rein. It was the trip from the early train, and there was only one passenger. The driver was getting the horses out of harness. The passenger was standing daintly on the steps of the coach, and looking about in the gloomiest distress.

He was a weak-eyed young man, delicately attired, with a dressing-case in his hand, and hair so strongly red that it seemed to have drawn all energy and vigor from the rest of his body. He looked quite helplessly from the driver to the mud, and from the mud to the sky, as if he had sent for a chariot from the heavens (perhaps Apollo's), and momentarily expected its arrival.

"Can I do anything for you, Jem?" I asked the man who was unharnessing the horses.

"No, thank you, Mr. Ronaldson. The mail's to go up, and I can take that up on my leader. I've a passenger, and I s'pose he can ride on another of the horses, seein' the mud's so deep. Can't you, sir?" with an amusing glance of doubt at the gingerly figure on the coach-steps.

"Wide won of those animals! No, I couldn't do it, possibly. I've paid my fare, dwiver. You must manage some way to get me to town."

This, in a languid voice, from the young man with red hair.

"We're in town now," answered honest Jem, a little roughly. "You're wantin' to go half a mile to Miss Gilbert's house. Well, there's no way now but to ride one of these horses, or to wait here until I can go to the hotel and get a hack for yer."

"How long must I wait, fellah?"

"An hour or so. I've got to get the mail up to the office in time."

And, jumping on his horse, bareback, Jem seemed about to leave his passenger to his fate.

"If you like to take a seat with me, I will take you to Miss Gilbert's," I said, addressing the young man, whose pallid face was growing as red as his hair at Jem's unceremonious treatment.

"Thank ye, thank ye!" he said, eagerly; and then, seeing the oozing wheelruts—a pit of destruction to his polished boots—he gave me a glance of such pathetic appeal that I instantly

A LAWYER'S STORY.—"THERE WAS A TERRIBLE CRY, AND PETER GILBERT'S SALMON-COLORED PANTALOONS LEAPED IN AT AN OPEN WINDOW."—SEE PAGE 755.

turned the buggy within reach of the steps, and in a moment received the weak eyes, red hair, lilac pantaloons, and dressing-case in close companionship.

"Howwid wude these stage-dwivers are!" he exclaimed, settling himself comfortably beside me.

"I have just come from Miss Gilbert's," I said, as I turned my horses' heads.

"Aw, you don't say so! Well, how is she now? Do you know, I've never seen her!"

"Indeed!"

"'Pon my honaw, never set eyes on her."

"Miss Gilbert is well, I believe."

"Natural, now, my asking first thing if she's well. Ha, ha! You see, I'm her heir."

"Indeed!"

"She don't know it, though; don't know I'm living. I'm her brother's son. The old gent died down in Alabama a few years ago. All the brother the old lady ever had. Of course I come in for the property."

"I have understood that Miss Gilbert had a sister."

"Only half-sister. Married, and had some children; but they are only number two. I'm her own brother's son, you see."

"I can't see that you are unmistakably the heir."

"Can't ye, now?" with a look of bewilderment. "Oh, well, I am!" after a moment, brightening up; and, evidently in the most serene frame of mind, I put him down at Miss Gilbert's gate.

If I was anxious to know how Rick Lawton would be received, I wondered yet more how this newly discovered relative would be welcomed by the little brown woman. But I had no opportunity for observation for a day or two. Then, to my surprise, I received an invitation to a party at the Gilbert mansion.

It was singular—all the gossips said so; but who could account for Miss Gilbert's whims? People looked curiously at the lights streaming from the old mansion, as they passed the house that night.

A dignified servant ushered me into the drawing-room. It was filled with people. Miss Gilbert performed her duties with precision.

"Have you met my nieces, Mr. Ronaldson?" she asked, quite unnecessarily.

I said no; but I should be very happy to do so.

She led me across the room, and presented me to queenly Kate. That gracious young beauty gave me a rose from her bouquet, and presented me to Bessie. Bessie was looking a little pale, I thought.

"The dancers are forming a set in the other room; will you honor me?" I said.

She declined to dance, and I saw that she was trembling.

"You are fatigued. Pray be seated," I said, bringing her a chair.

She sank down wearily.

"Aw! how *are* you, Ronaldson? This is an unusual proceeding in this ghostly old house, they say," drawled a voice in my ear.

I turned, and encountered my red-headed friend of the stage-coach, stunningly gotten-up in a white waistcoat and salmon-colored pantaloons. He put his glass to one of his weak eyes, and stared about the room.

"My cousin Kate's a beauty, now! Don't you think so?"

"Miss Staniels is very handsome," I assented.

"Wouldn't be a bad match," he added.

I was silent.

"I wouldn't like to live in this old castle alone—and Kate's got life, you see."

I bowed.

Dropping my glance upon Bessie Staniels's face, I thought she was going to faint. I bent down.

"Are you ill? I am afraid you are. Pray let me take you to a seat nearer the window."

She took my arm and crossed the room. A fiery glow burned upon her delicate cheeks. She looked back over her shoulder, with her violet eyes vividly bright. I involuntarily followed her glance, and saw it fastened upon her sister Kate, who, languidly fanning herself, was yet listening, with a glowing face, to a man with heavy black beard and bushy, ebon eyebrows, who was talking earnestly to her.

I could see nothing strange in this; but the delicate girl at my side was actually panting with distress.

"Something troubles you. Can I be of any service to you? Pray command me," I said, looking into those beauful eyes, heavy with pain.

"You? What can you do? Nothing. Never mind. And yet," she added, incoherently, "if you would—if you only would attract my aunt's attention from my sister just now! You see," she said, earnestly, "my aunt does not like the gentleman Kate is talking with. Indeed"—the tears filling her eyes—"she would turn us both out of doors this moment if she knew. He knows, and yet he has come again. He and Kate will dare everything for the sake of meeting."

"Is that man with the black beard Rick Lawton?" I said, bewildered.

"Yes. He is disguised, but I should think any one would know him. Aunt Agatha would if she only happened to notice. Every one in town knows about Kate and Rick. He was here yesterday, and aunt ordered him out of the house. And when he had gone she told Kate and me that—that she would turn us bareheaded into the street if he ever entered these doors again! Oh, look! Mr. Ronaldson, do you think she knows him?"

Miss Gilbert was slowly approaching the couple. I thought she had a suspicion of the truth, and stepped into the arena.

"Miss Gilbert, this is a very fine old house of yours. Is there any truth in the report that it is haunted?"

Miss Gilbert's eyes flashed.

"*Haunted!* Where did you hear such nonsense as that, Mr. Ronaldson?"

"Why, I have heard repeatedly that an old mansion of the town has a well-located family ghost, and I have always supposed that this was the one."

"This is not the one. No such report was ever attached to my house. I should consider such a reputation an unpardonable injury, Mr. Ronaldson. Peter, give me your arm to the dining-room."

Miss Gilbert's red-haired young relative hastened to obey. I took Bessie; the rest swept after, with the exception of Kate and Lawton, who lingered under the chandelier, evidently oblivious to supper, or aught else but themselves and each other.

The crowd filled the old-fashioned dining-hall. The gentlemen found seats for the ladies, and circulated among them with oysters and creams. I brought Bessie a cup of coffee, and urged upon her a glass of wine, yet she still looked excessively weary and ill at ease.

"Don't be worried," I whispered. "He will be gone before we go up-stairs again, and there is Miss Gilbert enjoying her salad, yonder, with no thought for the lovers, I am certain."

"Perhaps we have escaped this time; but, ah, Mr. Ronaldson, if I could tell any one of half what I suffer! Oh, don't listen to me! I am crazy to talk like this to a stranger!"

"But I am not a stranger; I am very much your friend; and, more, I have become your family solicitor, so that the family secrets will be sure to get into my possession. Pray tell me what harasses you so, and very likely I can be of some use."

"You are very good. I have told you, partly. It was bad enough before that Peter came, but now it is dreadful! Aunt has taken a fancy to him. He assumes to be the heir, and she does not contradict him. Whether it is for the purpose of hanging a terror over our heads, or not, I do not know. I do not see how she can like him. He is familiar, disagreeable, arrogant, and presumptuous. It is torture to live in the house with him. Kate does not mind it as I do; she is dreaming all the time of Rick. My heart sinks every time they meet, for I suspect they will plan an elopement. Aunt Agatha's fury will then descend on my head; or, if I go with them, I shall be dependent on Rick, and he is poor. I never learned to work. Oh, Mr. Ronaldson, it is a life of constant apprehension!"

Just at that moment there was a terrible cry, and Peter Gilbert's salmon-colored pantaloons leaped in at an open window.

"Miss Gilbert," he shouted, "I saw a man in the garden take off his head!"

"Don't be a fool, Peter!" cried Miss Gilbert, forgetting politeness.

"I did—I swear I did. It's so, it's so!" shouted the young man, greatly excited. "There was a tall man standing right in the path. I was looking at him when he took off his hat, and then *took off his head!*"

"Where did he go?" asked some one.

"Do you suppose I staid to see? I wasn't such a cursed fool as to keep such company as that."

"Peter Gilbert!" cried Miss Gilbert, approaching him, and gesticulating forcibly, "how dare you raise such an infamous tale about my house? How *dare* you set such a disgraceful rumor afloat among all these people?"

"It was so! I'll give my right hand if it wasn't," said Peter, doggedly.

"The process of eating was entirely suspended. Consternation settled upon the company. Miss Gilbert's eyes glittered like two sparks as she heard the whispers:

"There never was such nonsense given rise to before. There never was a whisper of such folly connected with this place. I will have the garden searched. Bessie, Kate, call the servants."

Just after Peter's outcry, Kate Staniels had entered the the room, and stood for a moment quietly behind me. Then she suddenly disappeared.

Miss Gilbert sent two men into the garden.

"Of course they will find nothing," whispered the guests, with pale cheeks.

We stood about the doors and windows, when there was a scream of terror from the shrubbery, and Pompey came running toward the house.

"Oh, Miss Gilbert, I swear to de Lord dat dere's a white figger a-walking down by de summer-house."

"Fool! fool! *You're* a fool too. You senseless wretch!" cried Miss Gilbert. "Peter Gilbert, go out out of my house! You have disgraced it, and ruined my servants. There never was talk of ghosts and spectres until *you* came here. Leave my house this moment, and without a word!"

Interference and remonstrance were useless. She set her face against listening to any one, and when Peter literally took his departure before the assembled company, the irascible old lady surprised every one by sitting down on the stairs and crying like a baby.

"She had hoped to have a son in that fellow, and now he had brought disgrace upon her. She was all alone in the world, and would die as she had lived, unprotected against calumny!"

"Oh, aunt Agatha!" said little Bessie, affected to tears to see her sharp old aunt crying, "you are not alone; I love you—indeed I do! and so does Kate—and no one will believe that the house is haunted, I know."

"Where *is* Kate?" cried the astonishing old lady, jumping up. "She shall marry, and I will fix things so that I shall have some one to depend on. That Lawton isn't so bad a fellow after all, and she shall have him. Kate, you shall have Rick Lawton. I will see if we are to be jeered at and shunned by this town on account of that fellow's stupidity."

The guests had begun to retreat from this *melée*. Either the old lady's mind was breaking up, or she had a monomania on that one subject—ghosts. For hours she walked the the floor, cried, and threatened.

"You hear what I say, Kate? You shall marry Lawton, and live here."

"Yes, aunt,"

It was nearly daylight. I still lingered, fearing some catastrophe from all this excitement. Besides, Bessie seemed to have grown composed, and her blue eyes shone with something very like happiness. She looked so deeply fascinating, and Kate looked so mirthful behind her pockethandkerchief, that I was bewildered.

But I got a whisper of the truth before I left. It was Rick Lawton taking off his wig in the garden that had frightened Peter, and Kate, taking advantage of the situation, provided her lover with a sheet, whereby he personified a walking ghost for the benefit of the poor darkey.

I went home for breakfast, and in three hours was recalled to arrange legal documents concerning a wedding dower. Kate and Lawton were married then and there. They made no tour, but settled down in the old mansion immediately. Privately, I think that it was fortunate that the old lady immediately took to her bed, or matrimonial bliss might have been a myth for the newly wedded pair.

She was confined to her room for several years before her death, but made no trouble. Sometimes when the bell would would peal half-a-dozen times in an hour, summoning the doctor to his numerous patients of the surrounding country, she would smile shrewdly, and say: "Folks don't seem to be afraid to come here."

I was sorry to take her little nurse away, but Bessie attended her a whole year, after she had promised to be my wife, and I could do without her no longer.

A year after Kate's marriage, we heard from the red-haired young man who had so befriended us. He had married a Creole heiress in New Orleans, and wished us joy of our haunted old castle. It *is* haunted with the laughter of merry children—that is all.

## MILAN ARMOR OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

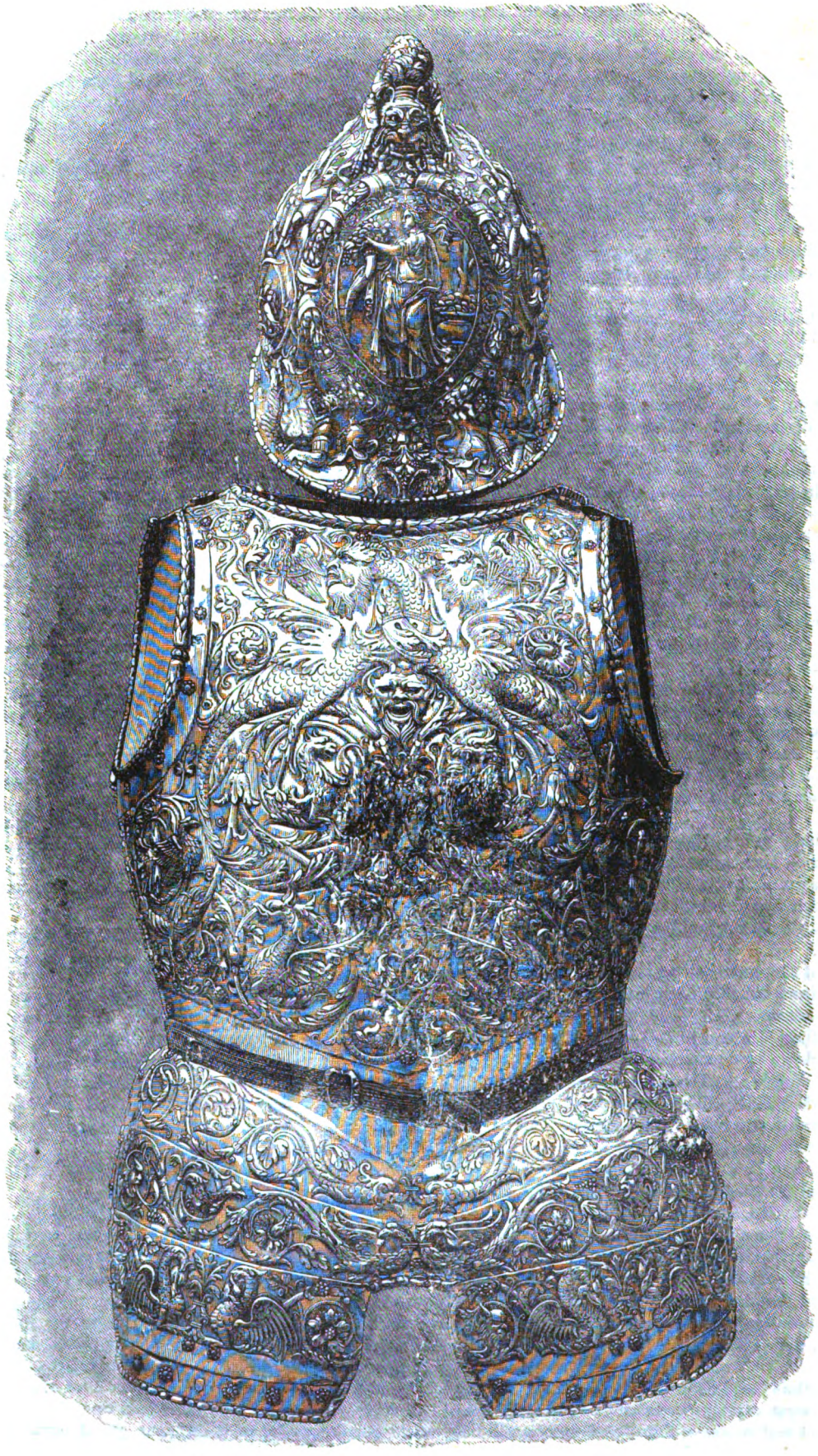
THIS magnincent specimen of ancient armor is not, we confess, all parts of the same suit. The cuirass is in the Museum of the Louvre, and the helmet belongs to a private collection formed by the Emperor Napoleon III.

The helmet is surmounted by a lion-headed chimera, and is covered with elegant relievos, chiseled and worked from the interior. The figure of Pomona, and the vines and smaller figures, are extremely beautiful.

The cuirass is in the same style of ornament, and may have formed part of the same set.

Armor of this kind was in vogue in the middle of the sixteenth century, and was chiefly of Italian workmanship—Florence and Milan being the seats of its manufacture. The great masters of art did not disdain to execute designs for these elaborate works, as their sketches, carefully preserved, attest, while those who wrought, either in the form of the armor or the raised work, chiseling and damaskeening, are all remembered in the annals of decorative art.

As may readily be supposed, the cost of such work was enormous, and these arms were gotten up only for royal and noble personages, to wear on some grand occasion of display.



MILAN ARMOR OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.—SEE PAGE 759.

## WOOD-BORING BEES.

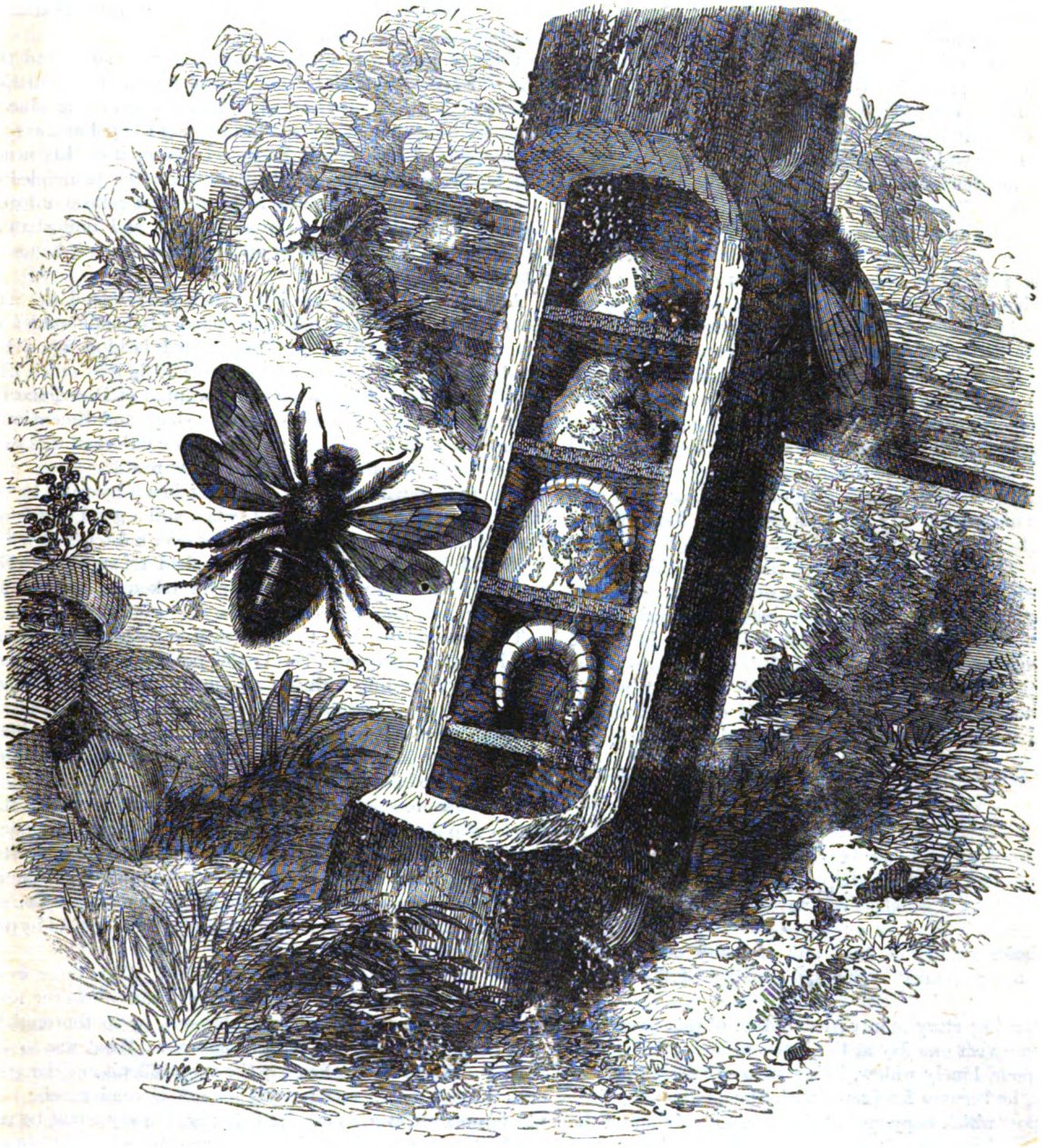
THESE insects work in wood; hence their title. In the beginning of Spring the carpenter bee fixes upon some decayed piece of wood, or upon an old weather-worn post, and commences her excavating labors. By hard dint of boring merely, she sinks a shaft of about twelve or fourteen inches in depth, and of a diameter sufficient to admit a person's finger. Her two strong teeth are the tools which perform this remarkable feat, and no wonder that it should be the task of several days. The work, too, is finished so smoothly that it needs no lining, nor is any given.

During the progress of the excavation, she is careful to remove to a distance all the chips which have been chiseled off. Here is an extraordinary incidental feature of her conduct, and is evidently designed, though not actually by herself, to escape detection. Who teaches her the necessity of the precaution? And what kind of strange impulse is that which obliges her to do it?

The next thing is to contrive the several cells for the prospective young, and that in such a manner that each one may have a separate apartment. A very singular course is taken for this purpose, and which at the same time provides against a serious inconvenience that must happen were it not anticipated and the remedy supplied.

The hole being properly bored, the carpenter bee deposits a single egg at the bottom of the shaft, and with it a ball of pollen; and in order to form a separate cell for this egg, she puts down a partition of clay and wood-dust glued together, at a short and proper distance up the tube. Above this partition another egg is laid, and in like manner another cell is formed for it; and so she continues until the whole tunnel is divided into six or eight compartments, each with its egg and pollen for the unborn grub. the entrance is well stopped up, blocking all safely in, lest they should become the prey of some devouring enemy.

But how is each weak and tender grub to get out of its casemated prison? The lowermost one, too, will be ready



THE WOOD-BORING BEE AND ITS NEST.

to come out first, and this makes the difficulty still greater. The old bee provides against the contingency, and meets the difficulty. She makes a lateral and horizontal opening at the lower end of the tube and fills it with saw-dust paste, which, being more soft than the wood, is more easy to penetrate by the tender mandibles of her offspring, and thus affords them greater facilities of escape. Through this sort of back door the bottom one can make its way out first, and all the others follow in succession, according to the time of their development. This sort of apparent foresight in the animal strikes man, who is endowed with rational powers and accustomed to reason, as something truly wonderful, and he pauses in amazement.

Then there is another thing that puzzles him with respect to the young themselves, and that is, each grub, on turning into a chrysalis, places itself in such a position that its head is turned downward, as if it was aware that it could not go upward, so that it then lies in a direction to break open the cell at the lower end, which is the right one.

And not less remarkable is it that the amount of pollen in each cell should be so nicely proportioned to the exact requirement of the grub it has to sustain, seeing it is neither more nor less than the quantity wanted. How extraordinary and curious is this fact! for the mother herself has no experience of what will be serviceable and necessary, having never before provided for a family, nor having ever known or seen her parents to be taught it by them. Yet she puts in the right kind of food, and all that will be essential for the purpose, and no more. Neither has she ever made a nest before, nor ever seen one made, for she builds but one during the period of her existence, and dies before the next season opens. She goes to work, therefore, not only without a pattern, but without even an idea of it, having never seen one, and without also any previous practice. Let the fact of the enduring uniformity of the plan, and of the manner of putting it into execution—that is, the scheme this bee was made to adopt in the beginning, as well as her method of completing all the parts, which have been continued by the same species unto this day, and ever will be so long as a decayed piece of timber can be found, be taken into reflection, and the reader will have an illustration of the workings of Instinct as beautiful and curious as he ever need wish to revolve in the intelligent and thinking mind.

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## THE UNLUCKY PRESENT.

A Lanarkshire minister (who died within the present century) was one of those unhappy persons, who, to use the well-known Scottish adage, "can never see green cheese but their een reels." He was *extremely coretous*, and that not only of choice articles of food, but of many other things which do not generally excite the cupidity of the human heart.

The following story is in corroboration of this assertion;

Being on a visit one day at the house of one of his parishioners, a poor, lonely widow, living in a moorland part of the parish, he became fascinated with the charms of a little cast-iron pot, which happened at the time to be lying on the hearth, full of potatoes for the poor woman's dinner, and that of her children.

He had never in his life seen such a nice little pot—it was a perfect conceit of a thing—it was a gem—no pot on earth could match it in symmetry—it was an object altogether perfectly lovely.

"Dear sake! minister," said the widow, quite overpowered by the reverend man's commendations of her pot, "if ye like the pot sae weel as a' that, I beg ye'll let me send it to the manse. It's a kind o' orra (*superfluous*) pot wi' us; for we've a bigger ane, that we use for the ordinar, and that's mair convenient every way for us. Sae ye'll just tak a present o't. I'll send it over the morn wi' Jamie, when he gangs to the schule."

"Oh!" said the minister, "I can by no means permit you to be at so much trouble. Since you are so good as to give me the pot, I'll just carry it home with me in my hand. I'm so much taken with it, indeed, that I would really prefer carrying it myself."

After much altercation between the minister and the widow on this delicate point of politeness, it was agreed that he himself should carry home the pot.

Off then he trudged, bearing this curious little culinary article, alternately in his hand and under his arm, as seemed most convenient to him.

Unfortunately the day was warm, the way long, and the minister fat, so that he became heartily tired of his burthen before he got half-way home. Under these circumstances, it struck him, that, if, instead of carrying the pot awkwardly at one side of his person, he were to carry it on his head, the burden would be greatly lightened; the principles of natural philosophy, which he had learned at college, informing him, that when a load presses directly and immediately upon any object, it is far less onerous than when it hangs at the remote end of a lever.

Accordingly, doffing his hat, which he resolved to carry home in his hand, and, having applied his handkerchief to his brow, he clapped the pot, in inverted fashion, upon his head, where, as the reader may suppose, it figured much like Mambrino's helmet upon the crazed capital of Don Quixote, only a great deal more magnificent in shape and dimensions. There was at first much relief and much comfort in this new mode of carrying the pot; but mark the result.

The unfortunate minister, having taken a by-path to escape observation, found himself, when still a good way from home, under the necessity of leaping over a ditch which intercepted him in passing from one field to another. He jumped; but surely no jump was ever taken so completely *in*, or at least, *into*, the dark as this.

The concussion given to his person in descending caused the helmet to become a hood; the pot slipped down over his face, and resting with the rim upon his neck, stuck fast there, inclosing his whole head as completely as ever that of a new-born child was inclosed by the filmy bag with which nature, as an indication of future good fortune, sometimes invests the noddles of her favorite offspring.

What was worst of all, the nose, which had permitted the pot to slip down over it, withstood every desperate attempt, on the part of its proprietor, to make it slip back again; the contracted part, or neck, of the *patera*, being of such peculiar formation as to cling fast to the base of the nose, although it had found no difficulty in gliding along its hypothenuse.

Was ever minister in a worse plight? Was there ever *con'retemps* so unlucky? Did ever any man—did ever any minister, so effectually hoodwink himself, or so thoroughly shut his eyes to the plain light of nature? What was to be done? The place was lonely; the way difficult and dangerous; human relief was remote, almost beyond reach. It was impossible even to cry for help; or, if a cry could be uttered, it might reach, in deafening reverberation, the ear of the utterer, but it would not travel twelve inches farther in any direction.

To add to the distresses of the case, the unhappy sufferer soon found great difficulty in breathing. What with the heat occasioned by the beating of the sun on the metal, and what with the frequent return of the same heated air to his lungs, he was in the utmost danger of suffocation.

Every thing considered, it seemed likely that, if he did not chance to be relieved by some accidental wayfarer, there would soon be *death in the pot!*

The instinctive love of life, however, is omni-prevalent; and even very stupid people have been found, when put to the push by strong and imminent peril, to exhibit a degree of presence of mind, and exert a degree of energy, far above what might have been expected from them, or what they were ever known to exhibit, or exert, under ordinary circumstances. So it was with the pot-ensconced minister.

Pressed by the urgency of his distresses, he recollected that there was a smith's shop at the distance of about a mile across the fields, where, if he could reach it before the period of suffocation, he might possibly find relief. Deprived of his eyesight, he acted only as a man of feeling, and went on as cautiously as he could, with his hat in his hand. Half crawling, half sliding over ridge and furrow, ditch and hedge, somewhat like Satan floundering over chaos, the unhappy minister traveled with all possible speed, as nearly as he could guess, in the direction of the place of refuge.

I leave it to the reader to conceive the surprise, the mirth, the infinite amusement of the smith, and all the hangers-on of the *smiddy*, when, at length, torn and worn, faint and exhausted, blind and breathless, the unfortunate man arrived at the place, and let them know (rather by signs than by words) the circumstances of his case. In the words of an old Scottish song;

> "Out cam the gudeman, and high he shouted,
> Out cam the gudewife, and low she louted,
> And a' the town neighbors were gathered about it,
> And there was he, I trow."

Ludicrous as was the minister, with such an object where his head should have been, and with the feet of the pot pointing upwards, like the horns of the Great Enemy, it was, nevertheless, necessary that he should be speedily restored to his ordinary condition, if it were for no other reason than that he might continue to live. He was, accordingly, at his own request, led into the smithy, multitudes flocking around to tender him their kindest offices, or to witness the process of release; and, having laid down his head upon the anvil, the smith lost no time in seizing and poising his goodly forehammer.

"Will I come sair on, minister?" exclaimed the considerate man of iron, in at the brink of the pot.

"As sair as ye like," was the minister's answer; "better a chap i' the chafts than die for want of breath."

Thus permitted, the man let fall a blow, which fortunately broke the pot in pieces, without hurting the head which it inclosed, as the cookmaid breaks the shell of the lobster, without bruising the delicate food within. A few minutes of the clear air, and a glass of the gudewife's bottle, restored the unfortunate man of prayer; but, assuredly, the incident is one which will long live in the memory of the parishioners of C——.

## MONKEYS ATTACKING TRAVELERS.

Some of the larger species of the monkey tribe are rather formidable antagonists when enraged. Their affection for their young and for each other is well known; and instances are fully authenticated in which they have fearfully avenged insult and injury. The engraving on page 764 illustrates this trait quite clearly. A traveler in the East Indies tells us that, as he was passing through the country on one occasion, in company with the English President, several apes were observed on the trees around them. The President was so much amused that he ordered the carriage to be stopped, and desired his companion to shoot one of them. The attendants, who were principally natives, and well acquainted with the habits of the animals, begged him to desist, lest those that escaped might do them some injury, in revenge for the death of a companion. Being, however, still requested, he killed a female, which fell among the branches, letting her little ones, that clung to her neck, drop to the ground. In an instant all the remaining apes, to the number of sixty or more, descended in fury, and as many as could leaped upon the President's coach, where they would soon have strangled him, had not the blinds been immediately closed, and the number of attendants so great as, though not without difficulty, to drive them off. As it was, they continued to run after the servants for at least three miles from the place where their companion was slain.

## ANCIENT INKS.

The ink used by ancient writers was formed of lampblack, or the black taken from burnt ivory, and soot from furnaces and baths. Some have supposed that the black liquid which the cuttle-fish yields was frequently employed. One thing is certain, that whatever were the component ingredients, from the blackness and solidity in the most ancient manuscript, from an inkstand found at Herculaneum, in which the ink appears as thick as oil, and from chemical analysis, the ink of antiquity was much more opaque, as well as encaustic, than that which is used in modern times.

Inks of different colors were much in vogue; red, purple, blue, and gold and silver inks, were the principal varieties. The red was made from vermilion, cinnabar, and carmine; the purple from murex; one kind of which, called the purple encaustic, was appropriated to the exclusive use of the emperors. Gold ink was much more popular among the Greeks than among the Romans.

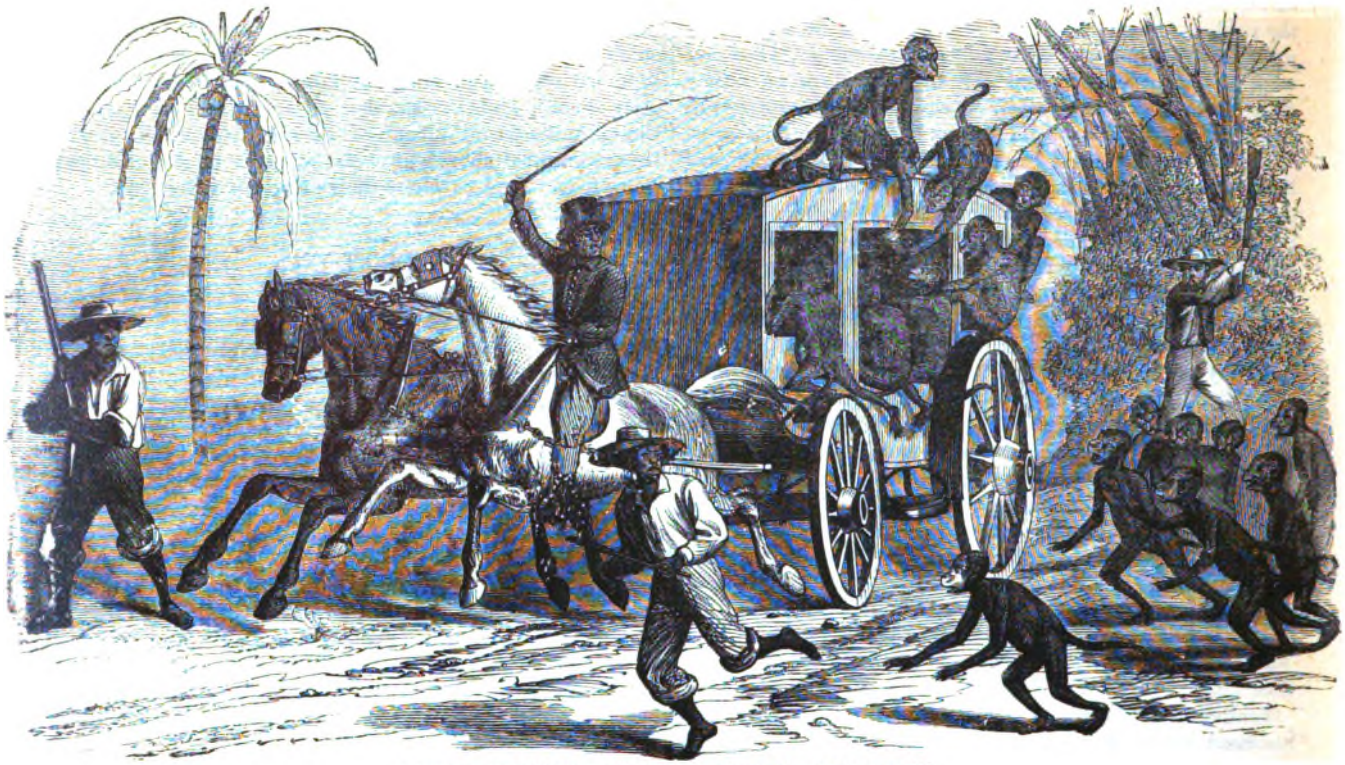
During the Middle or Dark Ages, the manufacture both of it and of silver ink was an extensive and lucrative branch of trade, and the illuminated manuscripts which remain are a striking proof of the high degree of perfection to which the art was carried. The making of the inks themselves was a distinct business; another connected with it, and to which it owed its origin, was that of inscribing the titles, capitals, as well as emphatic words, in colored and gold and silver inks.

## A BABOON MOTHER.

A Mr. Hazely, in a letter on Africa, tells the following story: A woman, belonging to a settlement of about 150 souls, went one day to gather some wood, and left her child on the ground to take care of itself. While the mother was gone, a female baboon appeared on the scene, and, espying the child, approached and began to fondle it. The child was allowed to partake of the baboon's milk, which deprived it of any appetite for its mother's.

When the mother returned, she noticed that the child was carefully covered over with leaves, and had lost its hunger. This was done for several days before the mother ascertained who performed the unthankful act. When the mother did find out the doer, she induced the men of her tribe to lie in wait for the baboon the next day. The animal noticed the men raise their weapons to fire, and began to wave her hand, or paw, as if asking them not to kill her, and, at the same time, pointed to a young one on her breast. But the natives killed her. No sooner had they done so, however, than the male baboon put in its appearance, and, by a loud shout, summoned others of his tribe to the spot. Then, in a body, the animals attacked the natives, and forced them to flee to their huts for safety.

One of the baboons tracked them to their settlement, and the next day they were visited by about 500 baboons, who assaulted them with cocoanuts, and compelled them to run away from their homes. The animals kept a watch over the huts for several days, and prevented the natives from returning to their dwellings.



MONKEYS ATTACKING A PARTY OF TRAVELERS.—SEE PAGE 763.

## DETECTION OF ADULTERATIONS AND FRAUDS BY THE SPECTROSCOPE.

By Professor Charles A. Joy.

A better detective for good and bad has not been found than the spectroscope. By means of it we study the composition of bodies which are so distant that it has required countless ages for the light from them to reach our globe, and we as easily investigate the minutest object immediately under our feet. The instrument is the result of a long series of investigations carried on by men of science during the last two hundred years. The first impulse was given by Sir Isaac Newton, who allowed the light to shine through a prism by boring a hole in a shutter and afterward catching the spectrum on a screen. He found that by this means the light was split up into seven different colors, arranged in the following order: Violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red. Fig. 1 shows how the original experiment was conducted. It was a very simple thing to do, but in its consequences it has led to researches and discoveries which ramify in every direction and are constantly presenting new facts to view. By carefully following the trail in one direction, we shall soon come upon the spectroscope, and learn how it finally found its way into court as a detector of frauds. Fraunhofer, a famous manufacturer of optical instruments in Munich, in the early part of this century, examined the spectrum discovered by Newton through a telescope, and found that it was composed of a great number of lines. If the beam of light examined by Sir Isaac Newton had been let in through a slit instead of a round hole, he, too, would have seen those black lines, and no doubt have traced their origin; on such trifling accidents hang the fate of many great discoveries.

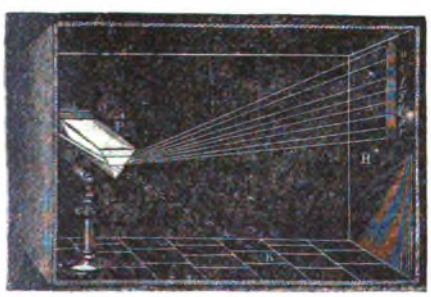


FIG. 1.—SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S SPECTRUM.

Fraunhofer saw that a few lines were very prominent, and these he named from the letters of the alphabet *A*, *B*, *C*, *D*, etc., and they are designated as the Fraunhofer lines in all subsequent researches.

Fig. 2 shows the position of these lines on the solar spectrum.

FIG. 2.—FRAUNHOFER LINES.

Mr. Lewis M. Rutherford, of New York City, contributed another important link in the research by actually photographing the lines of the spectrum, thus bringing them out with great sharpness and detail for future study. The photograph disclosed several thousand lines, and it is now adopted over the world as the chart for laying down all measurements of the spectrum. Fig. 3 shows how numerous the lines on Rutherford's photograph are, in contrast with the few mapped by Fraunhofer.

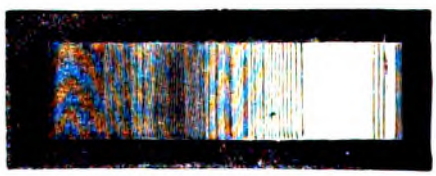


FIG. 3.—RUTHERFORD'S PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SOLAR SPECTRUM.

To pass from the examination of the action of sunlight to an analysis of light derived from artificial sources is a natural transition, and as soon as this was done a remarkable difference was observed. While the sunlight gave lines which always occupied the same relative positions, the lines derived from artificial light were found to be as various as the substances employed, and were scattered in different parts of the spectrum.

Dr. John W. Draper, professor in New York University, was the first to suggest a practical use of these observations.

In the *Philosophical Magazine* for May, 1847, and February, 1848, he published a paper upon "Methods for the Prismatic Analysis of Substances," in which he called attention to this peculiar property of artificial light to give characteristic lines, and he at that time suggested this method as being remarkably delicate for the detection of numerous substances.

His observations were forgotten, and it was not until 1860 that the subject was again taken up by Bunsen and Kirchoff, who founded upon it their celebrated discovery of new metals, and of the constitution of the atmosphere of the sun.

Bunsen had been investigating methods for the detection of substances by flame reactions. He invented a burner to be used for this purpose, which has been called after him, the Bunsen Burner. (Fig. 4.)

FIG. 4.—BUNSEN BURNER.

By screwing a tube three inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter upon an ordinary fish-tail burner, and then boring some holes near the bottom for the air to pass through, he obtained a colorless flame, which he could use for experimenting upon all salts. He examined the colors through all kinds of glasses, and finally it must have occurred to him to see what the effect would be of passing the light through a prism, as Sir Isaac Newton had done, and viewing it through a telescope, as Fraunhofer had suggested. Bunsen called to his assistance his talented colleague, Professor Kirchoff, and the two worked out the problem together. Neither of them was aware of what Dr. Draper had done, so that they were entirely original in their research. In order to study the action of light when transmitted through a prism, an instrument called the spectroscope was invented. It is a very simple contrivance, and consists of a flint glass prism, a telescope, and a hollow tube, with a slit in one end for the passage of the light. (Fig. 5.)

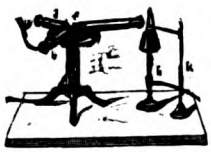


FIG. 5.—SPECTROSCOPE.

When it is used, an alcohol lamp, or a Bunsen burner, is placed before the slit, and the substance to be examined is suspended in the flame on a platinum wire; the light from the burning substance passes through the prism, and its image is viewed through the telescope. Every substance gives a peculiar series of lines, and when we once know where to place these lines, we can detect any metal. Bunsen and Kirchoff subjected everything they could lay their hands upon to this test.

Among other things, Bunsen, in his official quality of Government Inspector of Mineral Waters, had some of the residue from the evaporation of the waters of the Durkheim Spring, and, while subjecting this to the usual test, he observed a couple of blue lines which were not traceable back to any known substance. This was a sufficient clue to enable him to follow the trail, and he immediately caused several tons of the water to be evaporated, so as to obtain enough residue for his experiments. It was not long before he was convinced of the existence of a new metal, and as the blue lines had first led to its detection, the element was called cæsium, from the Latin *cæsius*, meaning sky-blue. (Fig. 6.)

FIG. 6.—SPECTRUM OF CÆSIUM.

It was thus that Bunsen made his celebrated discovery of a new metal. He published an account of it in July, 1861. Since then four other new metals have been discovered in the same way.

The spectroscope as an aid to research now became one of the most important instruments in the hands of scientists. The light from the sun, moon and stars, and from every possible artificial source, has been examined and the phenomena carefully noted. Finally it occurred to some one to study the absorption-bands produced by different colored media, either transparent solids or liquids—it was soon found that the absorption lines are characteristic of a great variety of substances, and afford a way of detecting their presence quite as unerringly as the peculiar lines produced by the combustion of the vapor of metals. The substance to be examined is simply placed before the slit of the spectroscope and the light passed through it. A red glass will absorb all the colors but the red; blue glass admits the passage of the blue rays, absorbs the green entirely and the red partially. Such kinds of glass, therefore, show an elective absorption. It has been found that many gases, liquids, and solids exert at ordinary temperature of the air a selective absorption power upon white light when it passes through them. If we take a solution of blood or of magenta and place the cells containing them before the slit, we get the distinct absorption dark bands characteristic of those substances (fig. 7). The accuracy of this method of detecting blood, was put to the severest test by Valentin. Twenty numbered packages, containing mixtures of different origin, were given to him for examination. He emptied each separately in distilled water, filtered the solutions, submitted them to spectroscopic analysis and pointed out four packages containing blood. The first contained scrapings of a block which had served in the dissecting-room of a medical college, but had lain for three years unused, in a corner; the next contained scrapings from a block still in use for a similar purpose; the third contained rust from an old iron hook on which meat had been suspended in a butcher's shop; and the fourth contained a piece of cloth from a coat. In every case he could recognize the two absorption lines of the blood so clearly as to leave no shadow of doubt of its presence. These lines can be faintly seen, even when the blood has been diluted with 7,000 times its volume of water, when it is

DARK BAND IN MAGENTA.

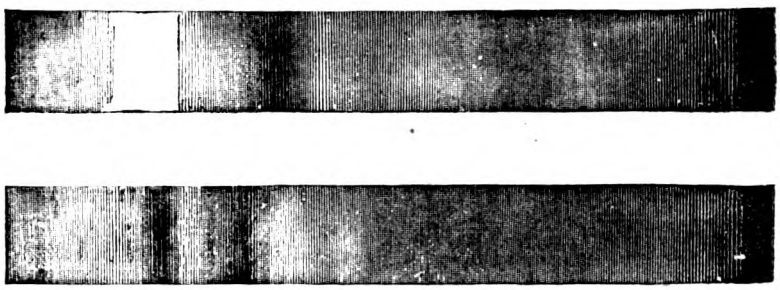


FIG. 7.— DARK BANDS IN BLOOD.

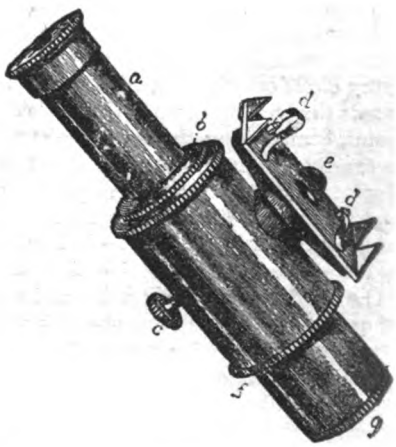


FIG. 8.— MICRO-SPECTROSCOPE.

perfectly colorless to the naked eye by transmitted light, and by reflected light showing, at most, a faint, yellowish tinge. The micro-spectroscope is the name of the instrument employed for conducting this class of researches. The construction of this instrument is represented in figs. 8 and 9. The prism is contained in a small tube (*a*), which can be removed at pleasure, and which is shown in section in fig. 9. By means of this contrivance the absorption spectra of a

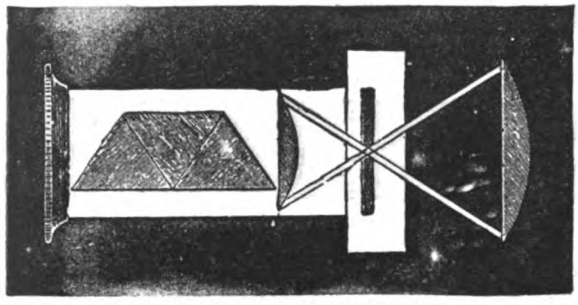


FIG. 9.—DIRECT VISION INSTRUMENT.

great number of substances have been sketched by Sorby, Stokes, Vogel, and others, and methods pointed out for the detection of adulteration.

A new method of measuring the absorption bands in spectra has been communicated to the Royal Microscopical Society by Mr. H. C. Sorby. The apparatus consists of a crystal of quartz, cut so that the light passes along the line of the principal axis: the thickness used is exactly 1½ inches. This crystal is placed between two Nicol prisms, the upper one capable of rotation for the purpose of adjustment; the lower one fixed to an ivory circle, 2½ inches in diameter, each half of which is divided into ten parts, and these again into five smaller divisions, so that there is no difficulty in reading off to 1-100th of a half-revolution. The light passing through this apparatus, when viewed with the spectroscope, divides the spectrum into eight spaces by seven well-defined bands, which in a prism spectrum are apparently at very uniform intervals, but at a much less wave-length interval at the blue than at the red end. When the apparatus is attached to the micro-spectroscope, the pointer of the circle being placed at zero, the upper prism is rotated so that the centre of the second dark band from the red end of the spectrum exactly coincides with the sodium line, or with the solar line D. All the other dark bands are then in perfectly constant and definite positions, depending on the action of quartz on light of various wave-length. On rotating the ivory circle each band gradually passes from the red end towards the blue until, when the circle comes to the next zero point, commencing the next semicircle, the series of bands is exactly the same as at first. The formula for reducing the degrees of the scale to their respective wave-lengths is given, and also a table for an instrument constructed with a crystal of quartz of exactly 1½ inches in thickness, cut and mounted as described. The chief objections to the apparatus appear to be the difficulty of obtaining and cutting a suitable piece of quartz, and also the size of the apparatus, its length being about 3½ inches, which renders the instrument inconvenient for attachment to the ordinary micro-spectroscope, but it has answered well, placed below the stage of Mr. Sorby's binocular spectrum microscope.

The spectroscope affords the simplest method of detecting the adulterations of wine, especially in regard to coloring matter. Pure, concentrated wine absorbs the whole spectrum, to the orange. Dilute wine destroys the dark-blue almost entirely, allows the light-blue to pass, but absorbs the green and yellow-green, and stops at *D*, while red goes through unchanged. Indigo is strongly absorbed. Professor H. Vogel employs for the [illegible] pocket spectroscope, and the liquids are placed in square white bottles about 0.30 inch thick. A novel and ingenious application of the spectroscope as a witness in a case of alleged forgery was recently made in New York City by Professor P. H. Van der Weyde. The *Scientific American* says: "A suit was brought to recover, on a check which the plaintiff alleged had been certified at the bank. The bank, in defense, claimed that the certification was a forgery; and, among other statements, asserted that the ink used was not the same as that employed on other checks certified by the same person on the same day. Dr. Van der Weyde was called as an expert to determine this point, and he appeared in court armed with a powerful microscope having a spectroscopic eye-piece. By carefully observing the spectrum of sunlight reflected from the surface of the paper covered with different inks, and then passed through the micro-spectroscope, he previously had satisfied himself that all inks, other than black, such as Prussian blue, carmine, aniline red, etc., absorb certain parts of the solar spectrum, so that it would be a certain and easy way of recognizing the identity of the two inks to note the fact that both produced an absorption of, and so blotted out, exactly similar parts of the solar spectrum. This, of course, was spectrum analysis produced otherwise than by examining the incandescent vapor of the substance, an obviously impracticable proceeding in the case of the check. On the witness-stand, Dr. Van der Weyde was given a variety of checks from the bank, together with the particular document on which the suit rested. The microscopic part of his instruments magnified the writing so highly that the dot on an *i* was sufficient for all purposes. The result was that the ink of the alleged forged signature and that of the bank's genuine writing gave exactly the same absorption spectrum, and hence were pronounced identical, and this although the check in suit had been handled and exposed to the light until the ink had faded considerably."

It will thus be seen that the micro-spectroscope is the instrument of the future. It is only necessary that the observations of chemists shall be carefully mapped in order to furnish the proper data upon which to base all calculations. No doubt this will be done, and by using the chart thus prepared the chemist can navigate through all the hidden rocks and quicksands which abound in the great ocean of fraud and adulteration, and he can as unerringly point out the danger as the mariner, aided by the labors of previous voyages, can steer clear of rocks and shoals.

## RESPIRATION OF PLANTS.

M. Covenwinder has been studying the respiration of plants, and for the purpose of measuring the amount of oxygen gas consumed and of carbonic acid gas respired, he devised a neat and simple apparatus. He discovered that the green part of a plant, called chlorophyl, was only able in sunlight to absorb carbonic acid and assimilate the carbon while it liberated the oxygen. At night he found that plants gave off carbonic acid, thus confirming the popular notion that it is dangerous to have plants in a sleeping apartment. The presence of chlorophyl is indispensable to the healthy growth of a plant, and the action of sunlight alone can keep it supplied. If it is entirely wanting the plant must either die or maintain a sickly existence.

Sun Steam Engine.—Mouchot, who succeeded so well in cooking by solar heat, has invented a simple engine in which steam is produced by the sun's rays. A cone of polished tin opens to the sun, and concentrates the rays on a metal boiler, lamp-blacked, inside a glass flask. The steam drove a minia-

## RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

**Effect of Extreme Cold on the Mind, and Danger of Using Alcoholic Stimulants during Physical Exposure.**—M. Payer, the eminent Arctic explorer, referring to a certain day on which the thermometer indicated 58 deg. Fah. below zero, says that so great an amount of cold paralyzes the will, and that, under its influence, men, from the unsteadiness of their gait, their stammering talk, and the slowness of their mental operations, seem as if they were intoxicated. Another effect of such cold, mentioned by M. Payer, is a tormenting thirst, which is due to the evaporation of the moisture of the body. It is unwholesome, too, to use snow to quench the thirst, as it brings on inflammation of the throat, palate, and tongue; besides, a temperature of 35½ to 58 deg. below zero, Fah., makes it taste like molten metal. Snow-eaters in the North are considered as feeble and effeminate, in the same way as is an opium-eater in the East. A party of Americans crossing the Sierra Nevada encamped at a spot above the snow line, and in an exposed situation. Some of them took a good deal of spirits before going to sleep, and they lay down warm and happy; some took a moderate quantity, and they lay down somewhat but not very cold; others took none at all, and they lay down very cold and miserable. Next morning, however, those who had taken no spirits got up feeling quite well, those who had taken a little got up feeling cold and wretched, and those who had taken a good deal did not get up at all; they had perished from cold during the night. Those who took no alcohol kept their heart warm at the expense of their skin, and they remained well: those who took much warmed their skin at the expense of their heart, and they died.

**An Apparatus** of great delicacy has lately been devised by Dr. Mosso of Turin, for measuring the movements of the blood-vessels in man. A description of it, with figures, appears in *Comptes Rendus* of January 24. The arrangement of the *plethysmograph* (as it is called) consists in inclosing a part of the body, the fore-arm, *e. g.*, in a glass cylinder with caoutchouc ring, filling the cylinder with tepid water, and measuring, by a special apparatus, the quantity of water which flows out or in through a tube connected with the cylinder, as the arm expands or contracts. An opening in the cylinder is connected by a piece of caoutchouc tubing with a glass tube opening downwards into a test tube suspended from a double pulley with counterpoise, to which the recording lever is attached, in a vessel containing a mixture of alcohol and water. When the vessels of the arm dilate water passes from the cylinder into the test tube, which is thereby immersed further, so that the counterpoise rises; in the opposite case water flows back from the test-tube into the cylinder, the test-tube rises, and the counterpoise descends. Among other applications of the apparatus, Dr. Mosso employs it in studying the physiology of thought and cerebral activity. The slightest emotions are revealed by the instrument by a change in the state of the blood-vessels. The entrance of a person during the experiment, in whom one is interested, has the effect of diminishing the volume of the fore-arm four to fifteen cubic centimetres. The work of the brain during the solution of an arithmetical or other problem, or the reading of a passage difficult to understand, is always accompanied by contraction of the vessels proportional to the effort of thought.

**A New Map of France.**—A magnificent new map of France has recently been completed at the Dépôt of Fortifications, and is now being published in sheets. It is on a scale of 1 500,000, and is intended to replace the map constructed on the scale of 1.864,000, and published in 1820. There are to be 15 sheets, which, when pasted together, will form a map 2 metres long and 2.50 metres wide. For the purpose of giving many details without obscuring the execution, the employment of various colors has been adopted—black for inhabited places, roads, etc.; blue for natural springs, lakes, canals, etc.; bistre for the mountains, etc., and green for forests. As everything is on scale, it will be easily possible to tell at a glance the distance from one place to another. Much information is given by ingenious devices as to population and other important statistics. On the whole, the map will prove a model for other nations to follow in the publication of similar work.

**Technical Applications of Salicylic Acid.**—Professor R. Wagner suggests a number of purposes in the arts to which salicylic acid can be applied. Meat moistened with a solution of salicylic acid in water, showed no signs of decay, and gave off no odor after the lapse of two months. The acid can be further used for the preservation of salted meats, sausage-meat, unsalted butter, dried fruits, and green vegetables. It also prevents soup from souring in warm weather. Professor Wagner also recommends experiments with the acid in the manufacture of leather. In the manufacture of perfumes the acid must prove invaluable. The author remarks that some salicylate of potash prepared by Professor Joy, of New York, underwent spontaneous decomposition, and had the odor of attar of roses. This observation suggests the possibility of manufacturing rose-water from salicylic acid.

**Manufacture of Flat Matches in Sweden.**—Young aspen-trees are cut into sections six times the length of a match, and the bark is removed by children with an ordinary hatchet. The stick of wood is clamped into a lathe, and by means of a horizontal knife and five perpendicular knives, six shavings are pared off of the proper thickness and width for matches. Sixty of these shavings are piled upon each other, and are cut into the length of matches by a guillotine knife, such as is employed in paper-mills. A man and two boys, by aid of this machine, can cut 2,000 matches in a minute, or 1,000,000 in a day. The aspen wood, which is also in demand for paper-making, is fast disappearing from many parts of Sweden. The Swedish safety match is very highly prized in Europe, and ought to be more generally known in this country.

## ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

**A Medical Regiment.**—The Lance-ers.

**"Habits" of American Birds.**—Feathers.

**Temperance League.**—Three miles of water.

**Opera for Teetotalers.**—The *Water-Carrier*.

**Deception** one cannot see through—A glass eye.

**A Pleasant Reflection.**—A pretty girl's face in a glass.

**Note the Difference.**—A ship is decked for use, a woman is decked for ornament.

**Curious.**—We are born into the world, and borne out of it. 'Tis a bourne, however, with a difference.

**Happy Thought.**—Name of a new newspaper (to be on the breakfast-table every day)—*The Morning Appetizer*.

**The** individual who called tight boots comfortable, defended his position by saying they made a man forget all his other miseries.

**The** Sunday-school lessons learned in childhood are never apt to leave a man's mind, except when he attempts to walk over a croquet lawn on a dark night.

**A gardener** of our acquaintance has suffered so much from rheumatism and plum-bago that melon-cholia has ensued. Appleless man! his life is despair'd of!

**A citizen** of a village on the Hudson River has excited great indignation by gratifying his fondness for patting dogs on the head. He uses a heavy steel poker to pat them with.

**A well-known** physician had left town for a few days, and a notice to that effect was posted on the door of his house. Some wag added, "Patients expected to recover in the meantime."

**Forgetfulness too General.**—When Jack was poor, the lad was frank and free; of late he's grown brimful of pride and pelf. You wonder that he doesn't remember me! Why so? You see he has forgot himself!

"On which side of the platform is my train?" asked a stranger, at a railway station, the other day. "Well, my friend," replied a gentleman, passing, "if you take the left you'll be right; if you take the right you'll be left."

**A laborer** employed in breaking stone on a roadside, and having a shade over one eye as a preventive, was thus accosted by a companion: "I say, Tummy, hast 'e lost an eye?" "Why?" replied the other; "hast 'e found one?"

"I make it a principle not to lend money," said a good man to a friend lately, "but in your case I sacrifice principle for interest." And when the latter found he had charged twenty per cent. discount, he said he thought he did.

**It** is said that a young widow in Nevada has a "a silver claim," on which pounds of the precious metal are mined every day, but she doesn't mind it, as she has fixed her mind on minding a little minor, the only son of the departed miner.

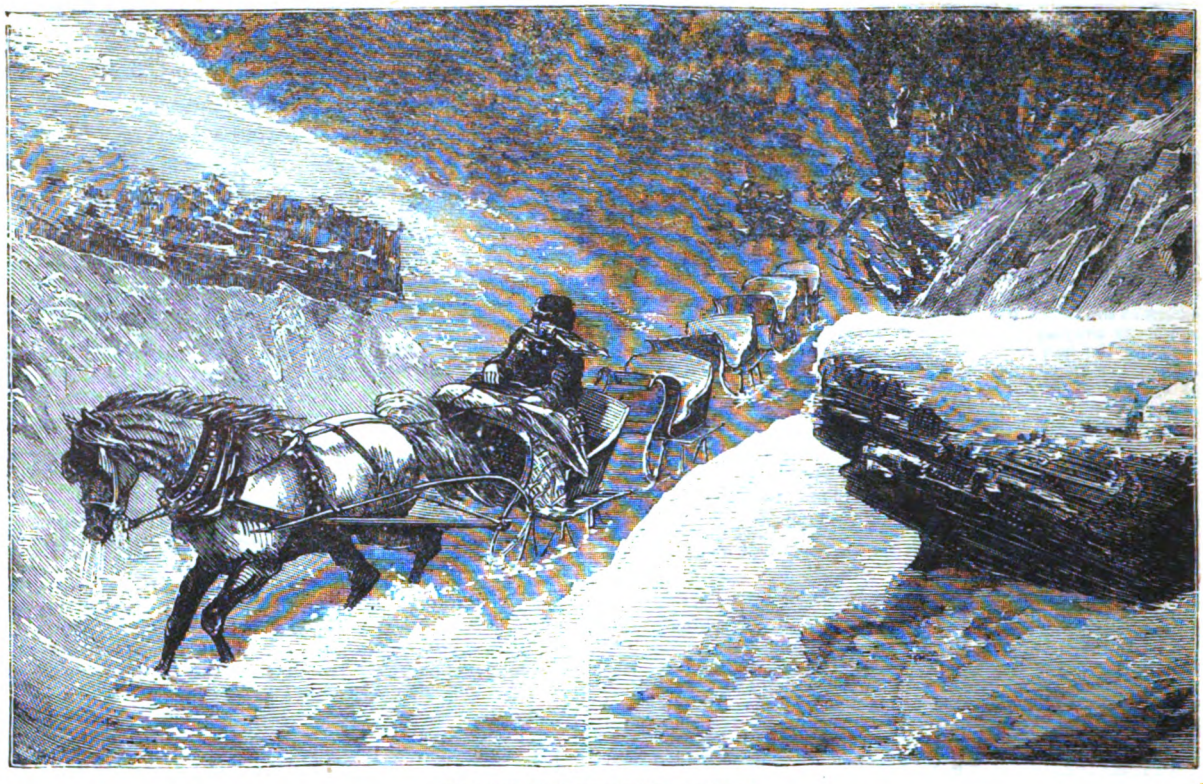
**A Short Creed.**—A skeptical young man one day conversing with the celebrated Doctor Parr, observed that he would believe nothing which he could not understand, at which the doctor grimly said, "Then, young man, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."

**A New Press Gang.**—The latest novelty in journalism is a newspaper published in Sicily in the interests of the brigands of that island, and called *Il Mafirso*. The profits of the journal are divided among the fraternity, who also contribute articles. Here is an instance in the history of the Press, then, where all news gets co-robber-ation.

**Mysore Point.**—The poetic and the practical are no longer to be opposed. A new era has dawned upon us, and a new light descended. To be all things to all men is evidently the burning wish of the gentleman who advertises in the *Echo*, "Tippo Sahib, the Sultan of Mysore: A Poem. With a Treatise on Swimming." Maybe it is only on Swimming in the Head, a procedure not nearly so much opposed to poetry as at first appears. In fact, rather in favor of it.

**Western Oratory.**—Specimens of Western oratory are rather stale; but here is a bit related by a trustworthy authority, which has not been in print before: "Where is Europe with America? Nowhar! Where is England? Nowhar! They call England the mistress of the sea, but what makes the sea? The Mississippi River makes it. And all we've got to do is to turn the Mississippi into the Mammoth Cave, and the English Navy will be floundering in the mud."

**"The Living Humor of Madness."**—A well-known politician has a passion for visiting mad-houses and interviewing their inmates; and recently he has come across an incident almost unparalleled in its incomprehensibility. He went to a private lunatic asylum which he had previously visited, and, seeing there a distinguished-looking man sitting moodily alone, went up and said to him, "How do you do? I think I have seen you before. May I ask your name?" "My name!" returned the man, fiercely, "I am Alexander the Great!" "Why," said the visitor, who suddenly remembered having already had a discussion with the man, "the last time I was here you were St. Paul!" "Yes, of course," the man rejoined, quickly, "but that was by the first wife."



THE NEW ENGLAND SLEIGH PEDDLER.

THE MUSIC LESSON IN THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

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